

# Confederate Veteran.

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NO. 1.



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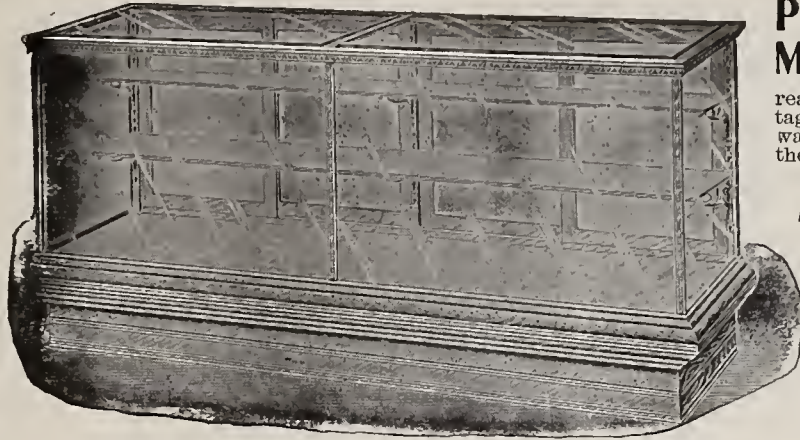
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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1907.

No. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## CENTENARY OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

Official notice has been sent out by Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., in regard to General Lee's hundredth anniversary birthday which contains the following:

"The men and women of any country are made better citizens by the contemplation of the glorious deeds of their ancestry, and to us of the South, whose leaders possessed in a marked degree all that makes men great, this is particularly true. General Lee was such an ideal personification; and, whether considered as a soldier, statesman, or Christian citizen, whether viewed in the family and social life or in the 'fierce light that beats upon a throne,' he stands out possibly the grandest character the world has ever produced; and no occasion should be lost to induce the boys and girls of the Southland to emulate his pure and holy life.

"Gen. S. D. Lee therefore urges Department, Division, Brigade, and Regimental Commanders of our glorious order to see that proper notice is sent to the various branches, begging their hearty coöperation in these exercises. He requests that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the various Memorial Associations of the South all join with the Veterans in thus honoring our beloved hero. He makes no suggestion as to the form of the services, but requests that they be held on Saturday, January 19, 1907, at twelve o'clock M., and that the hymns 'How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord' and 'For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest' be used, thus having simultaneous exercises wherever services may be held."

## TRIBUTE TO GEN. R. E. LEE IN ALABAMA.

Mrs. J. C. Lee, Vice President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, wrote a timely appeal to Governor Jelks, of Alabama, in behalf of a worthy observance of the centennial birthday anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee, and he issued the following proclamation:

"In view of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, it seems proper to me that a proclamation from this office looking to a suitable celebration of the event would be appropriate and timely. General Lee was one of the best-rounded characters in the world's history. He was an accomplished scholar, a Christian gentleman, an immortal military genius. No name perhaps in all the realms of reading offers a finer example for the emulation of our youth than the name of this modern and knightly person.

"Wherefore it is requested that all of the schools in the State celebrate January 19, 1907, in such a way as may be suggested by the management of such schools or in a way which may be suggested by the State Department of Education.

"It is further suggested that every Camp of Veterans and every Camp of Sons in the State arrange for a recognition of the worth and sacrifice of this heroic soul. In this movement the Camps, we know, will have the cordial sympathy and assistance of the Daughters.

"Other Southern States which have not made Lee's birthday a holiday, it is hoped, will follow a like course, and in future these, together with those States which have already declared it a legal holiday, will, as near as they can, agree on a similar plan for its general celebration in the South."

## LETTER OF THE U. D. C. PRESIDENT.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, GREENWOOD, MISS.

I hope it is not too late now to correct a good many errors the Chapters are falling into. In the first place, I sent to the President of each Division a circular calling attention to the change in rules regulating the Cross of Honor. Several letters have come to me recently from Mrs. Gabbett, the former Custodian, telling of the great number of orders which are sent to her instead of to the Recorder of each Division, as they should be. Louisiana, whose Division President sent circulars to each of her Chapters as soon as she received the circular from me, is, I believe, the only State from which Mrs. Gabbett has not received some orders. You Division Presidents, by attending to your duty of communicating all such things to your Chapters, could save an infinite amount of trouble and expense to the General Order. Mrs. Gabbett has been ill almost ever since she went out of office, and has been obliged to employ the time of a secretary to return these orders to the Chapters, with instructions that she is not now the Custodian. Stamps must be provided by the U. D. C. for all those unnecessary—if the Presidents of Divisions had done their duty—letters returning the orders to the Chapters. I hope this will all be rectified before another date arrives, for many Chapters must now be disappointed about getting the crosses for January 19. If we will all, each of us, do our duty in every instance, the new rules will enable the new Custodian to keep her office in beautiful condition. Mr.



Crankshaw, the maker of the Crosses, is now getting prices on a better-made Cross, and I hope we may have them for the next distribution. They need to be made better, I am sure, and you will all be glad to hear of this change.

All the decisions rendered by the President General last year were sustained by the Convention except the one that it is unconstitutional for the U. D. C. as Divisions and Chapters to contribute to any but Confederate work. Unfortunately I think the report of the committee on these decisions was brought in so late that the President General did not think she could take the time to defend her position except to state that she had been sustained in that decision by two of the Supreme Judges of her State. Every argument advanced against it was based on the expediency of the thing—the best thing for Chapters in certain parts of the country—and not on whether or not it was according to our constitution. Now I have been brought up with the greatest respect for the constitution of anything to which I may belong, and I believe that when our constitution is against our doing a thing we should not do it, no matter how much the doing of it might benefit our Chapters or Divisions. If it is not for us to give to other than Confederate work, let us change our constitution so that we can do so, and not do it regardless of the constitution.

The Convention at Gulfport was the largest we have ever had. This I speak of because it shows such a real interest in the U. D. C. work, as we know there was nothing specially interesting in the way of scenes or places of interest except the visit to Beauvoir. And while no part of the country could have been gladder to have the U. D. C. with them than Mississippians were, nor could any people know better how to give the United Daughters of the Confederacy a real warm welcome than Mississippians gave us, still everybody did not know that until they had been to Gulfport, so that to me the great number present is convincing proof of the real interest in the work; for when a woman leaves her home and family for a trip like that, there is something she is deeply interested in to be attained by her going. Over four hundred registered, and I have seen a great many who did not even know there was a register, so that there must have been at least five hundred Daughters present.

I call your attention, Chapter Presidents, to the pamphlet which will be sent you within the next two weeks containing the minutes of the Convention. Take the time to read it all carefully. You have no idea how it will help you with your work to keep up with the new rules, by-laws, and amendments to the constitution passed at each Convention. I append to this a copy of the new rules regulating the bestowal of the Cross. Keep this copy of the VETERAN where you can lay your hands on it easily, and follow these rules strictly, for you will observe that no one has the right to lay them aside or change them. I find that much confusion has been caused recently because of the ignorance of the Chapters as to the new rule requiring all orders for crosses to be with the Custodian three weeks before date for presentation. On receipt of the statement from one Division President that she did not receive my circular till December 16, I looked up the dates when they were sent. I returned from Gulfport on November 21. Much correspondence had accumulated during my twelve days' absence that had to be attended to immediately. Two new officers I felt were needing some letters of suggestions from me, the old and new Custodians had to be written to to arrange for the transfer of the work, so that three or four days passed before I could see my way to writ-

ing the circular. It was then written and put in the hands of the printers. In three days the copies were ready, and on December 1 were sent by registered mail to the Corresponding Secretary to be sent out. She receipted for them on December 4, and I am sure she sent them out not later than December 6, so they ought to have reached every Division President three weeks before the date on which the orders for crosses had to be with the Custodian. If they were later than that, I am sure it was the fault of the mails. Anyway, I got them to you just as soon as I could. Write to your Division President and get the name of the Recorder of Crosses for your Division, and then send all of your communications with regard to crosses to her. Ask her for any information you want on the subject that you cannot find in the rules.

On the new leaf which we turn over to-morrow let us put the first thing at the top, "I will be methodical, business-like, and prompt about my U. D. C. work," and let us stick to that resolution all this year and see with what strides we go forward and how much easier the work will be for everybody. If we would just do this one year, I am sure we would never want to go back to the old way. It is now our parliamentary authority, and the next Convention will be conducted according to it. Help the presiding officer by becoming familiar with it by the time the Convention meets. We can transact our business in half the time, and do it much more intelligently and leisurely, if each Chapter will get one of these books now and conduct its meetings from now on by it. It really is a very interesting study, and will certainly pay for all the trouble it will cost when you are in your first Convention. And remember that you are not to memorize a lot of rules just to get up and repeat them in a convention. Memorize them and get the real meaning of them in your mind, so that you may know what to do under any conditions which may arise. And I would call your attention to this one common mistake made by so many. When you wish to kill a motion, don't move to "lay it on the table." If it is laid on the table, it can be taken off the table and brought up for consideration at any meeting during the session. Move to "indefinitely postpone it." That, if it passes, kills it. Go to the Convention with pencil and paper, for the standing rules require all principal motions to be written, and the presiding officer isn't going to put a principal or main motion which isn't written. It is almost impossible to get the minutes correct without the written motions.

I do want very much for us to get to be businesslike in our ways about the work. I am going to ask each of you to help this much: that you will conduct your part of the work in such a manner. Try this one year; and if you are not in love with it by that time, I will let you go your own way. Mr. Cunningham has made it possible for me to be of real service to all of you, I hope, this year by giving the year's subscription to each Chapter with as many as ten members. I will, whenever it is possible, have an article in it for you. Not that I believe myself so much wiser than you are, but I have had such an active U. D. C. life ever since I joined, nearly nine years ago, and I have given so much thought and time to it, that I am sure I can help the Chapters and their Presidents in many ways.

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Mrs. Henderson sends the revised rules on Crosses of Honor, which appear on pages 41 and 42.

The VETERAN will supply "Robert's Rules of Order" at the Publishers' price, 75 cents, and it will send a copy free to the Chapter sending three new subscriptions with \$3.



## ABOUT SPONSORS FOR U. C. V. REUNIONS.

A decided sensation occurred in the Gulfport Convention, U. D. C., by an address of Mrs. Carrington Mason, of Memphis. She had honored the VETERAN editor weeks before by asking a conference on the subject discussed, and she had correspondence with Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who supplied her with his official publication on the subject at a time when smaller cities, patriotic as the best, shrank from the inclination to entertain Reunions.

When Mrs. Mason concluded her address and presented the resolutions, there was animated spirit with nearly every State delegation for distinction in favoring the adoption, and there was not a negative vote.

The Associated Press report made a sensation over it, and leading papers intensified the situation by editorially presuming that it meant opposition to such charming additions as sponsors and their maids attending the Reunions, whereas the purpose of the Daughters was to prevail upon the management as far as they might to use all the funds contributed for entertainment of Veterans. Of course they knew that the old soldiers desired the presence of many beautiful women.

The larger cities may feel that they can afford to ignore this feature, but they should be considerate of other cities which cannot afford this large expense in addition to what is necessary for the Veterans.

## MRS. MASON'S PLEA AND THE RESOLUTIONS.

Being myself a Confederate Veteran, I come into frequent and sympathetic contact with the old soldiers of the sixties. Formerly the Reunions formed a common source of pleasant gossip, but of late the reply has been almost invariably: "No, I didn't go to the Reunion. Why should I? The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is used only as an advertisement to bring a crowd to a city, while all the comforts, pleasures, and attentions are bestowed on sponsors and maids of honor."

At the close of the war many of the soldiers were still young men; they had been deprived during four long years of all the pleasures of social life. It was fitting that our people should tender them the gayest and most cheerful greetings. But now they are old men; they no longer grace the ballroom and boudoir. The handclasp of an old comrade or a story of tent and field is more to them than all the "pomp of circumstance." It is time that the hospitalities of our Reunions should be modified to suit changed conditions.

The following is a resolution which was carried at the Reunion held in New Orleans May 22, 1903:

"Whereas the increasing expenditures made by the citizens who have invited the annual Reunion to be held in their cities have a tendency to deter other communities from tendering invitations for the future sessions, and it has become desirable that some expression of opinion shall be made by this body: therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Confederate Veterans give notice that they will not expect from their future hosts the splendid and lavish hospitality which has been poured out by New Orleans at this session and heretofore by other cities. All provisions which may be made for the entertainment of Veterans will be cheerfully accepted; but in matters of decorations and expenditures not absolutely essential, we urge the great virtue of moderation."

General Lee said there was a general sentiment that this organization was growing top-heavy, and that there was too much of the spectacular. They did not want to impose burdens which would make cities hesitate to invite them. To a

suggestion from a Daughter of the Confederacy that the Reunion hosts no longer assume the care and expense attendant on the office of sponsors and maids of honor, General Lee replied: "Our women have built our monuments and cared for our destitute comrades, and it would seem ungrateful in us not to show them every honor and courtesy." We appreciate the gallantry of the Southern gentlemen; we are its blessed beneficiaries. True, we have cared for our surviving veterans and we have built monuments to our dead heroes. These monuments are not the gifts of rich men to a successful soldiery; they are the widows' mites, our tribute to martyrs. But our hearts have gone with our treasure, and we esteem it a privilege to contribute in any way to the comfort and pleasure of our Veterans.

Of all the people on the earth, the Southern girl is the most blessed and favored. Her father, mother, friends, sweethearts, all combine to make her life one long holiday, and surely she will not begrudge the old soldier his one day in the year. It is said that Alexander the Great once visited Diogenes in his tub. He asked the old philosopher: "What can I do for you?" "Only stand out of my light," he replied. Let us stand out of the light and let the world see our heroes—not like blind Belisarius begging in the streets of Rome, but as war-scarred veterans making a triumphal journey through the streets of that city which for four long years they defended with a skill and bravery that are still the wonder of the world.

To this end I offer the following resolution:

"Whereas Confederate Reunions have been of late years devoted more to the entertainment of sponsors and maids of honor than to that of Confederate Veterans, for whose benefit they were inaugurated; and whereas it is the wish of the Daughters of the Confederacy that every Confederate Veteran shall have the privilege and opportunity of witnessing the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument; and whereas the city of Richmond will be so crowded on the occasion of the unveiling of said monument as to tax to the uttermost the hospitality of citizens; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assembled at Gulfport, Miss., request the Confederate Veterans to dispense with the offices of sponsors and maids of honor at the Richmond Reunion, and that entertainments for that occasion be such as are adapted to the aged Confederate Veterans."

These resolutions were adopted with great enthusiasm, and Mrs. Mason was thanked for bringing up the subject, presenting it so clearly, and for the resolutions. There was not a dissenting vote, but with one voice the convention indorsed the order. A telegram was sent to Gen. Stephen D. Lee apprising him of the action.

Since the foregoing proceedings correspondence has been had with several Divisions of Veterans by General Lee, and the inclination seems apparent to continue sponsors. General Lee, however, has decided to appoint no sponsor in chief, and has issued an order that Division and other sponsors and their maids are to be entertained by their escorts. This deference General Lee gladly pays in response to the United Daughters, whose great work for our common cause places every Southern patriot under obligations to them. The VETERAN approves the action of the Daughters. The sponsor feature gives great advantage to sponsors and their maids of honor, and the fact deters many worthy lovely young women from attending. Let us try a change. It will enable the hosts to do much more for our comrades in need.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## PROBLEM OF THE NEGROES.

The VETERAN has been silent on this most important question; but every phase of it has been considered constantly and diligently, especially from the standpoint of friendship for that thrifless but most amiable race. Antagonisms exist as they never did before, and the neglect of white people in behalf of these issues has been greatly to their discredit. We all like the old negroes, and those of the fast-decaying remnant of ex-slaves are still faithful and loyal to the families of their former masters. The same instincts are much more prevalent among their offspring than is generally realized. While the Associated Press flashes a horrible account of a fiendish deed by one negro, ten thousand others are going quietly about their business as law-abiding and worthy of consideration as could be expected of them.

It seems that education has been a curse rather than a blessing to them. The editor of the VETERAN soon after attaining his majority, early after the close of the war, took an active part in behalf of their education. He antagonized some of his people as editor of a country newspaper in advocacy of public schools, which required that as good facilities be given to the blacks as the whites. He attended a venerable divine, President of the Davidson County School Board, who, when the movement was quite unpopular, canvassed his native county of Bedford in their behalf from purely benevolent motives, making the one argument that all men should learn to read the Bible. It seems, however, that when a negro has learned to read he ceases to work, and his idleness begets mischief, and often of the worst kind.

There is not sufficient cooperation of the two races. Besides, many whites are not justly considerate of negroes. White people should confer with the better classes of blacks for the common good, and they should cooperate cordially.

The separate car laws are proper, and became a necessity because of the insolent presumption of negroes. It was quite the rule for them to string out the length of cars, so as to compel whites to sit among them, and every act toward social equality has proven a tendency to insolence. The negroes made this isolation a necessity, and they may expect its perpetuity. With these laws in force the whites should be very considerate and see that no injustice is done the negroes. Again, there is a sore lack of consideration for negroes in conversations by white people. The negro is not to blame for his color and not wholly so for his odor; and, inasmuch as we declare his inferiority, we should be diligent that justice be done him. Often are remarks made in the presence of negroes that instinctively create hatred not only toward those who are inconsiderate but against the white race. Every white person should be on guard to avoid giving offense in this manner.

At the first annual dinner of the Alabama Society (of one hundred and fifty members) in New York near Christmas day the Hon. Seth Low, of that great city, was a special guest. This race question was the theme of the evening, and Mr. Low, with exquisite deference, suggested that the white people of the South consider these unhappy disturbances as

fairly as possible, looking at the situation from the standpoint of the negro. The condition confronts us, and the sooner we grapple it the better. White people intend to control, and the negro will be the greater sufferer in the end for all disturbances, so that both races should do all in their power for the friendliest relations possible. Southern whites know the negroes best, and they should do their best to restore helpful relations.

No more negroes should be admitted to the army, and the amendment to the Constitution giving negroes the ballot should be repealed. This ballot feature is the luring one in social as well as political strife. In compelling the negro to keep his place the highest instincts of life should be exercised to treat him kindly and justly in every way.

The servant problem should be solved. Many white women succeed in making earnest friendships with their servants, and all goes well. There is a certain way of being kind to servants which wins. Dignity must be maintained, and yet a kindly consideration shown to the servant that commends the spirit of justice.

Let us confront the problem honestly. The negro did not come among us of his own accord, and they can't all get away. If proper tact were exercised, it would be quite sufficient. Let the white people of the South revive the old rule of kindness, and never, anyhow in their presence, speak ill of the negro race.

The following will be a timely hint as to a gift for all seasons of the year: "In thinking of a Christmas present for some Southern friends in the Far West, I have decided on the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as probably an acceptable one."

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES OF U. D. C. OFFICIALS.—Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Recording Secretary, Opelika, Ala.; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian Cross of Honor, 408 Duffy Street, Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. L. Eustace Williams, Treasurer, Box 55, Anchorage, Ky.

On June 6, 1864, Captain Wirz wrote calling attention to the inferior quality of bread issued to the prisoners, saying that one-sixth was husks and that it was bad for the prisoners. He then begged that the commissary be required to have it bolted or sifted before issuing. He explained "before issuing" to save the loss of issue it would entail of the food the prisoners needed so badly. This in behalf of the prisoners.

OFFICIAL U. C. V. TRIBUTE TO MRS. DAVIS.—From the official General Orders, No. 57, U. C. V., New Orleans, the following statement is copied: "Mrs. Davis was such a part of the people of this section, participating in their griefs and sorrows and rejoicing in their prosperity and happiness, and was for so many years intimately associated with them in every way, that an extended notice is unnecessary and out of place. She was in every sense of the South Southern, and her earnest wish was to live and die among the people she loved so well; and what she suffered that ill health compelled her to take up her residence among strangers, far from her own people, is known only to those who were intimate with her; and, though denied the pleasure of being with them in body, she was ever present in spirit, and delighted in dwelling upon the heroic deeds of our incomparable armies. As an author, as a wife, as a mother, as a patriot, as a SOUTHERN WOMAN, she attained a high eminence in the estimation of the world, and died, full of years and of honors, respected by all and beloved by all survivors of the Confederate armies."



## ELLEN GRAHAM PATTON.

The olden-time aristocracy of Eastern Tennessee is gradually fading from memory or notice. The decision of many people in that section to side with the Union in the sixties caused a breach that is not yet fully healed, and the most advanced and forceful men of that section moved to other parts of the country. Atlanta secured the best share of those who could not live there in peace and safety after the war. Superb stone residences erected a century or more ago are of the faithful landmarks. An interesting story of family histories might be given which would illustrate the claim of the highest aristocracy of the best type, but in connection with the purpose of this article reference is made to the family of Graham. Annie Kendrick Walker, in the Birmingham Age-Herald, February 21, 1904, gave an interesting story of Hayslope, a noted home near Russellville, some twenty miles from Tazewell C. H., the home of Hugh Graham. Hayslope was presented by Mr. Graham to his daughter, Louise, who became the wife of Theophilus Rogan. This place was founded by Col. Thomas Roddy, commissioned colonel through his gallant service in the battle of King's Mountain. Colonel Roddy had an esteemed servant, "Harry," whom he bought from General Marion and whom the General had captured from a British officer. Colonel Roddy was a devout Baptist; and when he said "grace" at meals, the dining room doors were thrown open, so that the blessing sought was to benefit the servants in the kitchen as well as the family. The old home is still standing and occupied by the widow of Mr. Rogan, whose death occurred not long after the celebration of their golden wedding, early in 1904. Another daughter, Cornelia Graham, married Mr. W. H. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

During the War between the States Hayslope became quite noted by the presence of distinguished Southerners. Father

Ryan celebrated mass there. It was occupied by General Longstreet when his corps was camped in that vicinity. Generals Breckinridge's and Duke's commands fought in that vicinity. After the battle near Bull's Gap, this house was occupied as a hospital. It is said that a Major Fairfax, Federal, granted protection for the cows at Hayslope on condition that he be furnished a gallon of milk a day for his egg-nogs. The Federal General Bryan made his headquarters at Hayslope. A pathetic story is told of a young Confederate being executed there for desertion, because he went to see his fatherless sisters without permission. A pardon reached there the day after the young man's death.

Hugh Graham came to this country from Ireland during its early days at the age of fourteen. He was successful in business, and married the daughter of Patrick Nenny, a man of a noted patriotic family. While both were quite young, Hugh Graham and his future brother-in-law were sent to Richmond to buy slaves for the large estates of William Graham and Patrick Nenny. The negroes "enlivened the march from Richmond by their musical singing."

Hugh Graham was an intimate friend of Andrew Jackson and of Sam Houston. He was ardent in literature while maintaining his large business interests, and it was said of him that he subscribed for more magazines and papers than any other man in the United States; and, while a Presbyterian, there was a room in his house known as the "Preacher's Room" for any gospel minister who could accept his hospitality. His draughts from the Pierian Spring made him a secessionist, and he was independent. Once the Federals took away all of his provender, and, calling their attention to it, he said, "Why don't you take all of my stock?" and they did, driving away forty mules and other stock.

The Grahams were ever splendid soldiers through many generations. Castle Rock, Mr. Graham's home, was a noted place. The engraving presented herewith will give an idea of its extent, as well as show the dilapidation that has come to it in recent years. A battle was fought at Tazewell, witnessed by Mr. Graham from the upper windows of Castle Rock, and that night he gave his barn for shelter to Ashby's Cavalry. The next morning he called early to greet his friends, but was met with the remark, "We are not your boys, but Uncle Sam's," and soon the house and grounds were occupied by bluecoats, who ransacked and plundered to their content. The splendid old residence was erected about 1837 by Maj. Hugh Graham, brother of Wm. Graham, mentioned below. Dilapidation may be seen in the picture. A large porch is entirely gone, and yet for its time it may well have been called the "great house" in darky terms. During the disasters of a battle at Tazewell and subsequent marauding parties through that section it is quite remarkable that the residence was not burned. It was in that house that Ellen Graham was reared, and in it she hid after the Federals learned of her scheme to liberate the prisoners—by putting a file in a peach cobbler—until she



CASTLE ROCK, TAZEWELL, TENN.



made her escape in the garb of a servant. Other splendid houses were built in that vicinity, notably a fine stone residence which is yet in good condition.

Miss Ellen Graham had recently come into possession of an estate of about \$50,000, her father having died, and confiscation would have been swift and complete if the "Home Guards" (?) could have gotten it in possession. After reaching the house of her sister in Philadelphia, she was quite safe. She was wooed and won by Mr. Thomas R. Patton, who had acquired a fortune by that time. She lived only a few years after, her death occurring in 1868. Since that sad event Mr. Patton has never opened his house for any public entertainment, but has lived much in retirement. The venerable gentleman maintains a zealous interest, however, in public matters.



ELLEN GRAHAM PATTON.

It is a coincidence worthy of note here that he and his friend, Mr. William Woodside, also a successful merchant of Philadelphia, made the perilous journey to Richmond in the midst of the war period, and so deported themselves as to carry back to their Northern homes the God's blessing of President Jefferson Davis. While it is believed that they contributed liberally of their own funds to needy persons in the South, there will hardly ever be any positive knowledge.

William Graham, the founder of a large estate about Tazewell, procured special legislation during 1840 whereby he could liberate some three hundred slaves. He bought a township in Ohio and gave it to them, providing temporary subsistence as well, and gave his bond that they would not be a burden to that State for three years.

#### STORY OF MISS GRAHAM'S EXPERIENCE.

[From a most interesting paper read by J. W. Yoe, now dead, before the Fred Ault Bivouac at Knoxville, Tenn., upon "Reminiscences of the War."]

I recall a pleasant little episode that occurred near Tazewell, and I will relate it to illustrate the times and the sympathy that the true Southern women had for our soldiers.

The Federals were in possession of Cumberland Gap, and had their pickets and scouting parties out as far as Tazewell, in Claiborne County. Our company was placed in the gap of Waldron's Ridge, on my father's farm, south of Tazewell, on the main road leading from Cumberland Gap to Morristown, where it was supposed the Federals might wish to reach so as to stop supplies, etc., from passing over the East Tennessee and Virginia road. The Federal videttes were then in Tazewell. The fences around the farms between our picket post and Tazewell had either been burned or torn down in many places, and roads or paths had been made through and around the fields. On looking out one day we saw some one approaching our videttes through the bushes along one of these paths. It turned out to be a negro boy riding a donkey and carrying a huge hamper—all the horses were in the army—and as he came into the road, the vidette brought his gun to bear on the boy and called: "Halt!" The little negro's teeth glistened and his eyes sparkled as he yelled: "Missus Ellen sent me here wid dese things fur de picket." He was told to advance, as we knew that nothing ever went from

Miss Ellen Graham to a soldier but something for their good or comfort. The contents of the hamper consisted of a big pot pie, three bottles of pure, homemade wine, a razor, strap, shaving brush, and soap, two cakes of toilet soap, a comb and brush, and a clothing brush.

Learning from the boy the position of the Union pickets and guard, and knowing the country thoroughly, we concluded to go and return thanks in person; so we ate the pie, drank the wine, shaved, washed our hands and faces and brushed our clothes, and started for Tazewell. We filed down the ridge through the paths and bushes a few at a time until we reached a swale at the foot from which we could approach the Union videttes a good part of the way under cover. This we did cautiously until we exposed ourselves, when we raised a yell, put spurs to our horses, and charged upon the Union guard. The surprise was complete; they fled and stood not on the order of their going. We chased them some distance beyond the town, and then returned. Passing along the main street, we saw a bevy of as beautiful ladies—Miss Graham among them—standing on my father's porch as could be found anywhere, who seemed to be not only pleased and happy but amused; and on looking just in front of us, we found our way blocked by yarn strings tied across the street. Recognizing this as a friendly banter and invitation to stop, John Brooks called a halt, and we gave a rousing cheer and broke ranks, greeting all we knew and scattering around and abandoning ourselves to the enjoyment of the hour; and so keen was the enjoyment that we lost sight of the fact that we were practically within the enemies' lines and had out no pickets; but Miss Graham was more thoughtful of a soldier's duty than we, for it was she who gave us notice that the enemy were returning in force, and we rode out of town as the enemy rode in. Whether she had stationed the colored boy on his donkey to keep watch, I never knew, but she gave us notice in some way. After we returned to the picket post and under the influence of the occasion, the pause struck John Brown, and he got off what he called a little piece of jingle which we sang around the camp fire that night to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," by the aid of E. W. Crozier. I have been able to recall a part of the words as follows:

"As we came riding down the street  
In Tazewell Town,  
A lovely band we chanced to meet  
In Tazewell Town;  
But they had thrown across the street  
A blockade so very neat  
That we remained until quite late  
In Tazewell Town.  
Miss Ellen Graham, who lives here  
In Tazewell Town,  
Was on this occasion there  
In Tazewell Town—  
She who with such a bounteous hand  
Sends luncheon to our picket band  
Who on post are called to stand. Hear,  
Hear, Tazewell Town!"

Miss Graham was a bright example of the typical Southern lady of that time. She was strong in her convictions, true to her views of right, sympathetic, faithful, and determined in doing that which she felt right and just, yet womanly in the best and truest sense. No soldier ever met her but felt that he was in the presence of a noble and pure woman, who dared to follow her convictions. Her acts of kindness and charity



were abundant, and the lives of many were brighter and happier because of her sympathy and help.

At another period there were some thirteen prisoners (what might be called political prisoners) in jail at Tazewell with a guard around the jail, among them a nephew and friends of hers. She believed they were wrongfully imprisoned, and continuously supplied them with food and other comforts until they finally escaped during a heavy storm which drove the guards under shelter. She was accused of baking a loaf and putting in it tools which enabled the prisoners to escape, and she was forced to leave her home in those troublesome times. She went to Philadelphia, and there met and married Mr. Thomas R. Patton and died there.

Mr. Patton is the Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania. In December, 1889, he presented the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, a little later two other payments, in the aggregate \$100,000, stating in his address: "I am conscious of a natural desire to benefit my race and contribute to the necessities of the unfortunate, and especially of my brethren in the Freemasonry, their widows and orphans. In this connection I have a controlling solicitude to leave a worthy memorial of sacred affection to the memory of my lamented wife, Ellen H. Graham Patton." This noble charity was accepted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania as a sacred trust, and it declared that the style of the fund shall be the "Thomas R. Patton Memorial Charity Fund," and that it shall be used as provided by its founder: "for the relief of the poor but respectable widows of forty-five years of age and over, and whose husbands were Master Masons in good standing in this Masonic jurisdiction within three years of death." I take pleasure in presenting to the Bivouac the deed of gift and by-laws governing this noble charity in memory of a pure

and noble woman. It has been said that Southern women were fanatics—a mistaken conception of their character. They would not have been human if they had not sympathized with their fathers, husbands, and brothers; but they were true, noble, sympathetic, and dared to do what they deemed right, and every true soldier, every brave and true man will join in saying: "God bless them!"

Ellen H. Graham Patton's memory has been honored by her husband because of his affection for her, and yet there is something beautiful and poetic in the thought that, after the mantle of peace covers a united country and the passions and hates of the war have largely passed away, the widows of some of those who wore the blue are now being aided and helped through a fund dedicated and founded in memory of one who respected and honored those who wore the gray. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Ellen H. Graham Patton, "though dead, yet speaketh."

Philadelphia is said to have one of the finest Masonic temples in the world, and "Egyptian Hall" has been dedicated to Thomas R. Patton's memory, an honor that has perhaps never been conferred on a living Mason before; and thus the soldiers' friends of long ago are indissolubly connected with Masonry, the good and beautiful for all time. You will pardon this digression, and my only apology is that I never know when to quit when I begin to talk of the women who sympathized with and aided a soldier boy.

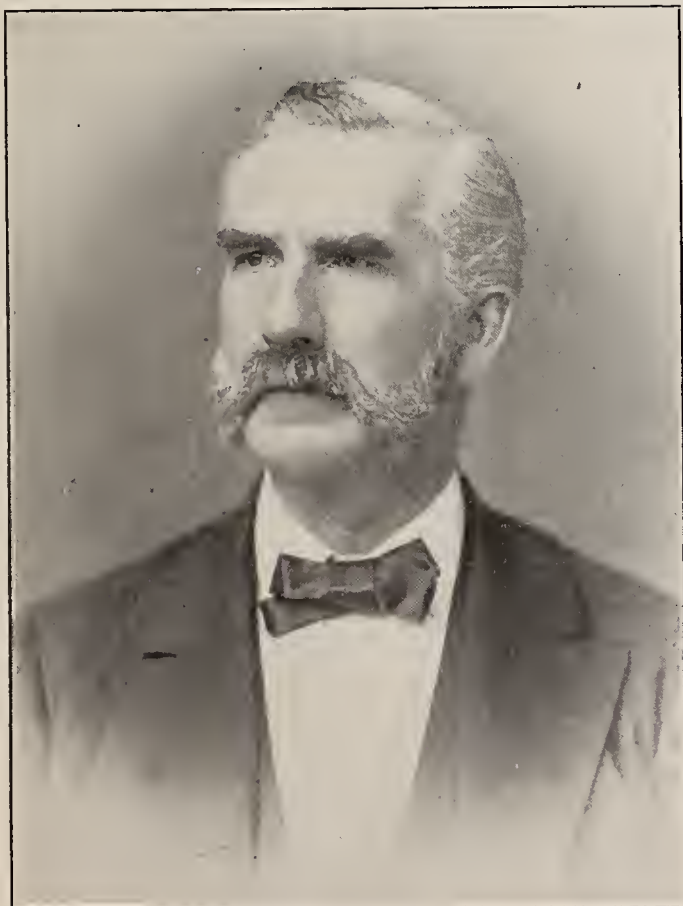
## AN ESCORT OF MISS ELLEN GRAHAM IN HER ESCAPE.

Capt. Thomas S. Gibson, Sr., wrote from Gibson Station, Va., July 2, 1898, to Mr. Joshua A. Graham, a nephew of Mrs. Patton as follows:

"*Dear Friend:* In answer to your inquiries, I give you a statement of what your Aunt Ellen Graham did just after the surrender of the Southern troops in 1865. My information was from her own lips.

"Some of the Rebel boys after the surrender who were citizens of Claiborne County and living near Tazewell, Tenn., were caught up by the Federal authorities and placed in jail. Of these parties were Tom and Fish Miller, Daniel Jones, and others. In the latter part of November, 1865, I left the house of H. C. T. Richmond on my way to Wythe County, Va., after some stock I had sent there for safe-keeping. I told Mr. Richmond of my purpose to reach John McElroy's, eight miles above Jonesville, that day, which I did. That night about eleven or twelve o'clock I heard a 'hello.' I recognized the voice as that of H. C. T. Richmond, who wished to stay the remainder of the night. He was accompanied by Miss Ellen Graham, who desired to go east with me. I soon dressed myself, went out, and assisted Miss Graham in alighting from her horse and in escorting her to the house.

"We started quite early next morning, and on our way she told me she was accused of furnishing tools to some of her friends in jail with which they made their escape. The court convened that week, and while in session a friend of hers came down to where she and her mother were living and informed her that she had been indicted and that the sheriff would be down in a few minutes to arrest her. She told me that she went into the cook room, where a colored woman was cooking, exchanged dresses with the negress, taking the colored woman's old black bonnet, which she put on and stepped out, and, crossing the town creek, went to Mr. Frank Cloud's, and from there to Joseph Buis's, who furnished her a horse and escort to H. C. T. Richmond's, and from Mr. Richmond's to Mr. McElroy's that night, as stated. She told me that she furnished the tools with which the boys made their escape.



THOMAS R. PATTON.



"We went on out of Lee County, up through Scott County, and through Russell County into Washington County, stopping at or near what was called the Seven Mile Ford Depot. A long train came up shortly with many Confederate soldiers on board. At the sight of these she became anxious lest some one from Tazewell might be on the train hunting for her. I told her there was no danger, and assisted her on the train. There was but one lady on the train, who divided seats with her. She was a Virginia lady who lived near to Bedford C. H., Va., with whom, she wrote me, she stayed two weeks, and from there she went to her sister's in Philadelphia.

"I found Miss Ellen Graham to be one of the strongest of Rebels, true and unspotted to the cause of rebellion, and a perfect lady. She told me of many things she did for the poor Rebel soldiers, particulars of which I did not remember."

#### THOMAS R. PATTON'S MASONIC RECORD.

In connection with the magnificent memorial to Ellen Graham Patton by her husband, Thomas R. Patton, of Philadelphia, at a cost of \$100,000, his fraternity will appreciate an account of his extraordinary Masonic relations. His degree is Thirty-Third. He was Past Master of Union Lodge, No. 121; Past Master of Excelsior Mark Lodge, No. 216; Past Thrice Illustrious Grand Master, Philadelphia Council, No. 11, Royal Select Mason; Past High Priest of Oriental Chapter, No. 183, Royal Arch Mason; Past Eminent Commander Kadosh Commandery, No. 29, Knights Templar; Past Illustrious Commander in Chief of Philadelphia Consistory, Lodge of Perfection, Council of Princes of Jerusalem, Kilwinning Chapter of Rose Croix; thirty-three years Treasurer of Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; thirty-three years Treasurer of Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania; Honorary Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania since 1902; Representative of the Grand Lodge of England, King Edward VII. Grand Master; Representative of the Grand Commandery of Canada, and many others.

#### MARYLAND CONFEDERATES AT FIRST MANASSAS.

Col. Winfield Peters has written for the Baltimore papers an account of the 1st Maryland Infantry in the battle of Manassas July 21, 1861. He quotes from the unsent message by President Davis: "Indeed we were saved from a fatal defeat at the first battle of Manassas only by the promptness of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who, acting without orders and moving by a change of direction, succeeded in reaching the battlefield in time to avert a disaster."

He further states:

"Gen. Kirby Smith assumed command of the brigade under Col. Arnold Elzey, of the 1st Maryland, which had come over from the Valley of Virginia. Smith, knowing the desperate straits of the Confederates and the need of more troops, awaited the arrival of the railroad train which brought Elzey's Brigade and met them as they alighted. Anxiously seizing upon the 1st Maryland, General Smith hurried that regiment to the support of Jackson, who received that day his sobriquet of 'Stonewall.'

"General Smith's brigade marched five miles at double-quick step over roads deep with dust and under a broiling sun within an hour. There was no water to slake the thirst, and the physical exhaustion was almost complete. But the dust clouds warned the enemy of approaching reinforcements. The odds against the Confederates had been heavy.

"The Maryland Regiment, keeping in the lead, first met and charged the enemy, drove them from the left and rear of

Jackson, pushed steadily on, and fought until the 3d Tennessee Regiment caught up, when the two regiments promptly made a sweeping charge which broke and put to flight the Federal line. At this point the 10th Virginia Regiment caught up and aligned on the left of the 1st Maryland. A simultaneous advance of the Confederate line, extending to the right, likewise broke and defeated the enemy, and then began that which has become the famous Bull Run rout. Pursuing the flying foe being a physical impossibility, the three regiments moved to the Henry House plateau, where the battle had raged for hours, then followed the enemy until darkness overtook them, when they returned to the main battlefield and slept on their arms.

"In this and other battles in which the 1st Maryland made bayonet charges six companies carried Mississippi rifles that had no bayonets, but the remaining companies carried smooth-bore Springfield muskets with bayonets. The riflemen were taught to reverse their pieces and use them as clubs.

"President Davis arrived on the battlefield about the time Smith's Brigade did. He first assisted in rallying troops on Jackson's right flank; then, learning of the splendid conduct of the 1st Maryland, he rode over to them on Jackson's left flank, saluted Colonel Elzey as 'General Elzey,' congratulated him, then raised his hat to the regiment. General Beauregard also promptly appeared and dubbed Elzey the Blucher of the day, that general, as is known, having saved Wellington's allied army at Waterloo. This was the sublimity of glorious victory, with the Maryland line in the forefront. But Elzey's Brigade was subordinate, of course, to Stonewall Jackson's and Bee's victorious troops. General Bee, upon baptizing Jackson and his Virginians as a 'stone wall,' fell, mortally wounded.

"General Smith, leading the 1st Maryland, fell under the first fire from the enemy with a terrible wound, supposed to be mortal. Colonel Elzey, likewise mounted (keeping in the saddle through the fight), was prompt to assume command in Smith's place. Apprehending the desperate situation, Elzey said to Maj. Bradley T. Johnson, 'This means for me six feet of ground or a yellow sash' (worn only by general officers). And so it transpired.

"Recovering from his dangerous wound, General Smith in October returned to the army a major general commanding a division, in which was General Elzey's brigade. A parade of his division occurring soon afterwards, the Maryland Regiment sent up a rousing cheer for General Smith, who responded in a short speech, highly complimenting them, saying: 'I hope for the honor of leading you up Charles Street, Baltimore.' Gen. Kirby Smith was shortly thereafter ordered to the West, where he proved himself an able commander, and was promoted to full general and given command of the army in the Trans-Mississippi Department, retaining it until the end of the war, being the last to surrender. He badly defeated the Federal army under General Banks in Louisiana, near the Red River, and thereafter found no occasion to fight a great battle.

"It is conceded that a defeat at Manassas such as was threatened the Confederates, in the then formative condition of their army nearest Washington, with a preponderance of untaught, untrained volunteers, would have resulted in the abandonment of Richmond, the newly established seat of government, and as a sequence the collapse of the gallant Confederacy. And as an indication of the treatment in store for the defeated Confederates by their Northern conquerors, it will be remembered that the Confederates captured at Ma-



nassas thousands of manacles brought along by 'our friends the enemy' for the entertainment of the so-called Rebels; likewise the real spirit of the North was manifested during the reconstruction era. The glory of the Confederate armies and people would not have been, but instead the South would have been as serfs to the intolerant, heretical North, with the negro in the saddle boasting that 'De white man am as good as de cullud man ef he 'have hissef.'"

Colonel Peters was a private in the 1st Maryland Infantry (Company H, Captain Murray's) in 1861-62, and participated in the Valley and Manassas campaigns under General Johnston. That regiment was formed largely from the 1st Rifle Regiment, Baltimore, Col. George Peters, father of Col. Winfield Peters. Colonel Peters, senior, also served the Confederacy in charge of a department in the army. He died August 29, 1865, from the effects of such service.

## GEN. MARK PERRIN LOWREY.

BY P. W. SHEARER, VICKSBURG, MISS.

Referring to an article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I have read with sincere pleasure the just tribute of Col. W. D. Pickett to Brigadier General Lowrey, my beloved old chief.

There were two Mississippi brigadiers of the same name, though spelled differently. One is Gen. Robert Lowry, twice since the war Governor of the State of Mississippi, and now the honored Commander of our State Division, U. C. V.; the other, Gen. Mark Perrin Lowrey, to whom Colonel Pickett so eloquently and gracefully refers. He was a Baptist clergyman, whose unaffected piety, gentleness, and purity of character won the affection of his men, while his courage and skill commanded their entire confidence. The writer, who had the honor of serving on his staff for more than two years, recalls many occasions when the dear old General at suitable times on hard marches during active campaigns, as

well as when in quiet camps, called the brigade together and preached to us so earnestly, so hopefully that only eternity may tell the effects of the wise counsel and the good example of this brave Christian soldier.

I am glad to be able to tell Colonel Pickett something of the subsequent life of this useful man. Soon after the war he established at Blue Mountain, Miss., a school for girls, which is now one of the largest and most flourishing colleges for young ladies in the entire South, and is now controlled by the General's sons and daughters. The eldest son, Rev. W. T. Lowrey, D.D., is President of the Mississippi College at Clinton, Miss., ranking high as a preacher and an educator. All of the sons are, as Colonel Pickett surmises, "chips of the old block" in manliness and high character. General Lowrey passed to his reward in 1885, leaving the memory of a life of lofty virtue and high endeavor as a soldier and citizen that places him high on the roll of heroes.

## MONUMENT TO EMMA SANSOM.

ADDRESS BY MRS. N. A. HAMMAN, SECRETARY U. D. C., GADSDEN, ALA., TO FORREST'S VETERANS.

The Gadsden Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized by Mrs. Alto V. Lee, Sr., President, in March, 1904. It has been the earnest desire of its members since its incipency to raise funds for a marble equestrian statue of Gen. N. B. Forrest and Emma Sansom to be erected on Broad Street, Gadsden, Ala. This monument is about completed, at a cost of thirty-five hundred dollars, and represents this brave young girl mounted on the horse behind General Forrest showing him the old ford as they rode under shot and shell to Black Creek after Streight's Federal cavalry had burned the bridge. By untiring efforts this Chapter has secured by donations of our generous citizens, entertainments, etc., the sum of one thousand dollars, and earnestly solicits aid to complete the payments.

The old homestead on the hillside above the ford, now within the environs of Alabama City, ~~is still here,~~ a fast-decaying memorial of Emma Sansom, the girl heroine of the War between the States; while in far-away Texas the sighing winds of heaven are singing their sad requiem over the grave of one of the truest-hearted and bravest women of the Confederacy. But it is here near the home of her childhood and young womanhood, beside the bright waters of the Coosa, that the Gadsden Chapter of U. D. C. would erect a gleaming statue that will tell to generations to come our appreciation of one of our beautiful Southland's daughters, the brave Emma Sansom; and as we honor her memory in giving this memorial, we perpetuate the name and honor the memory, so dear to every Southerner, of that brave and matchless cavalry leader, Gen. N. B. Forrest, who rode to victory that day in 1863 guided by a tender woman's hand.

Can any mother teaching her children this true story of the War between the States withhold a donation to this memorial fund? Our noble, gray-haired veterans who, with their wives, sons, and daughters, have gathered here will hear this appeal and lend a helping hand. All are earnestly requested to assist us in this laudable undertaking. Monuments to women are few in this land. Let this beautiful statue appeal to the gallantry of our Southern brothers and generous sisters all over the South. We hope for a hearty response.

[Contributions may be sent to Mrs. N. A. Hamman, Corresponding Secretary of the U. D. C. Chapter, Gadsden, Ala. The foregoing paper comes from R. A. D. Dunlap, Registrar.]



GEN. M. P. LOWREY.



## SOLDIERS OF BOTH ARMIES AT GETTYSBURG.

On September 15-17, 1906, inclusive, there was a Reunion at Gettysburg of the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade, composed of the 69th, 71st, 72d, and 106th Pennsylvania Regiments, and of Pickett's Division. One of the happiest incidents of this joint Reunion was the return of the sword of the gallant Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, who fell mortally wounded inside the enemy's lines, to the survivors of Pickett's Division on the spot where Armistead fell. At this place is a monument on which is carved:

"Here Gen. L. A. Armistead, C. S. A., fell mortally wounded.  
The high-water mark of American valor."

The sword had been carefully kept, and the presentation address was made by Joseph McCarroll, of the 72d Pennsylvania Regiment, and the response was by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, of the 56th Virginia Regiment, for Pickett's men. Mrs. Pickett, the widow of General Pickett, was present, as was also her son, Maj. George E. Pickett, U. S. A. There was an immense crowd, and it was a lovely evening. Captain Jeffress stood by the monument in full view of the audience and spoke gracefully. Concluding a suitable address, he introduced Mrs. Pickett, who was standing just behind him, and she made a most appropriate address. The battlefield was in full view, the hundreds of monuments and statues glittering in the golden sunshine. The Confederate uniform appeared side by side with the blue, and the large concourse of attentive old soldiers and spectators marked the memorable occasion.

On the return from Gettysburg a meeting was held of the men of Pickett's Division present, when the sword was returned, and it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That the sword and the small United States flag accompanying it be placed in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., to be kept in perpetuity, unless claimed by some descendant of Gen. Lewis A. Armistead."

Captain Jeffress, of Chase City, Maj. Henry A. Edmondson, of Houston, and Col. C. T. Lochr, of Richmond (all of Virginia), complied with this commission on September 18, 1906.

SEVENTEEN CONFEDERATES BURIED AT BRUNSWICK, TENN.—During the war, the hospital at Memphis being too small to accommodate all the sick soldiers, many of them were taken care of by the patriotic citizens of Memphis and the adjacent country. Some of Price's men were sent to the small village of Shelby, now called Brunswick, about nineteen miles from Memphis on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. They were cared for in a church. Seventeen of them died and were buried in the church graveyard. Recently Mr. Russell Jones, an old Confederate veteran living in the vicinity, has at his expense caused to be erected stones marking their graves. Fifteen small stones with "C. S. A." carved thereon were put at the head of fifteen graves. In the center of the plot a large stone was erected with the following inscription on it: "This plot contains the remains of seventeen soldiers of Price's army. Names unknown. Removed from hospital in Memphis in 1862, and died in a church that was converted into a hospital near this spot." Mr. Jones is a member of Company A, Uniformed Veterans of Memphis. He was a member of Company I, 51st Tennessee Infantry, during the war, and was paroled May 5, 1865. He takes great interest in anything pertaining to the Confederate cause. Any one wishing to communicate with him in regard to the above can address him at Brunswick, Tenn.

[The above is from W. B. Stewart, of Arlington, Tenn.]

## PRINCETON, KY., WANTS A MONUMENT.

The Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., Princeton, Ky., has published a letter, directed to "our comrades and friends and to the advocates of the cause for which we strove four long years to maintain," to which cordial response from comrades everywhere is solicited. Some opposition has been made to the building of a Confederate monument in that community, but the Veterans and Daughters are determined to have it. Contributions will be thankfully received.

"In order to commemorate the cause we so much loved and for which we fought, we take it to be a duty to leave to our posterity something to perpetuate the remembrance of that cause, and we think the erection of a standing monument in one corner of our courthouse yard in Princeton, Ky., to the memory of our Confederate dead will be the most impressive and most lasting heritage that we can leave them. Our Camp and Chapter being unable to perform alone this most sacred duty, we feel and hope that our comrades and friends will not think us presumptive when we ask others to assist Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., and Tom Johnson Chapter, U. D. C., in the accomplishment of this great undertaking. We make this appeal because we cannot build this monument without aid. Send subscriptions to T. J. Johnson, Princeton, Ky.

G. R. WHITE, *Commander*;

T. J. JOHNSON, *Adjutant J. P. C.*"

## ANDERSONVILLE AND MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

BY REV. JAMES H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There are various so-called patriotic societies of men and women through the North, and also various so-called historians of the War between the States writing from a Northern point of view, who have made and are still making the effort to link the names of Andersonville and Maj. Henry Wirz in a bond with eternal infamy. They charge that Federal prisoners of war were deliberately starved to death or died of disease contracted in a place which was chosen "because of its unhealthfulness," and that the terrible death rate among the prisoners was due to the cold-blooded cruelty of Major Wirz, the commandant. And so "the horrors of Andersonville" and the "brutality of Wirz" are emphasized to Northern prejudice, set forth with all the exaggerations that hatred can suggest.

As soon after the war as possible Major Wirz was sent to his death by a court organized to convict, and ever since his name has been held up to execration as a fiend incarnate. A calm, dispassionate study of the facts will show Major Wirz a man of kindly heart, who did what he could for the prisoners consistently with his duty to his country; yet this man was sacrificed to the malignant, vengeful spirit of a triumphant fanaticism.

The true history of the exchange negotiations between the Federal and Confederate authorities will show that the Confederates made every honorable effort to secure a general exchange of prisoners; and when that failed, they sought to protect their prisoners from the hunger and disease incident to our poverty of resources by negotiation with the Federal government. It will show, too, that the Union leaders deliberately refused every offer made to them, however generous, and left their own soldiers to sufferings and to death under conditions which the Confederate government was helpless to remedy unless it should abandon its cause and surrender its dearest rights. And one, reading the history of the time, must believe that all this heartlessness on the part of the authorities



at Washington was for the purpose of arousing and keeping alive the war spirit of the Northern people by holding up the Southern people as monsters of cruelty.

General Grant, himself a magnanimous soldier, wrote General Butler August 18, 1864, from City Point, Va.: "If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners when taken, we shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here." What a humiliating confession!

But how did his government treat them? How much better were the prisons at Rock Island, Camp Douglas, Elmira, and other places than Andersonville? If the word of a multitude of our men who were prisoners is to be accepted, they, in a land of plenty, where food and clothing were abundant, suffered the pangs of a hunger which welcomed a diet of rats and dogs instead of moldy bread, wormy beans, and rancid bacon furnished in small doses, endured the severities of a rigorous climate in scant summer clothing, suffered the cruelties of cowardly guards, who shot down many of them in cold blood.

The horrors of those prisons are seldom revealed except as they are told by some old Confederate who endured and survived. But the figures of the comparative death rate in Northern and Southern prisons compiled by Federal officers can be neither explained nor revised away. Out of 220,000 Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons, 26,536 died; out of 270,000 Federal soldiers in Southern prisons, 22,756 died—in the Northern prisons over twelve per cent; in Southern prisons a little over eight per cent.

All this sad record might have been left to the pages of some future historian as the story of an era of strife and passion to be deplored and forgiven, but the United States government has purchased land and inclosed a national prison park and

placed monuments with inscriptions false and slanderous and insulting to a brave people who are unable to protect themselves against such petty malice. This park is quite adjacent to the United States National Cemetery, and Northern States have erected magnificent monuments therein.

The proposition of the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a monument to Major Wirz seems to have stirred the indignation of the Grand Army of the Republic, and they protest against it as an insult to the loyal sentiment of the Northern section of the Union.

There is in the South a deep feeling that the execution of Major Wirz was an injustice perpetrated against an innocent man, that he was the victim of a spirit of revenge, and that the inscriptions in Andersonville Prison Park which perpetuate the injustice to the memory of Major Wirz are believed to be false. It seems never to occur to the Northern people that these inscriptions are an insult to the South.

No one objects to the monuments scattered over the South to honor the courage and devotion of the brave soldiers who fought honestly against us; but when a monument is made simply a means of dishonoring our cause and slandering our soldiers, then we can't be expected to be quiet under the reproach.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, noble guardians of the memories of the sixties, stung by a sense of injustice done to the name of one who suffered death and obloquy for the Confederate cause, feel that the time has come to rescue his name from the undeserved odium which has been heaped upon it for more than a generation.

The charge which has been made and repeated in every form of exaggeration is that Major Wirz willfully starved Federal prisoners of war to death and was guilty of the grossest brutality in the treatment of them. The facts are that he was a physician of kind heart, who tried in every way to relieve the severe conditions to which the prisoners were subjected by reason of the slender resources of our country. The prisoners received the same ration that was issued to the Confederate soldier in the field. It is true, the rations were small. It could not be otherwise when the land from which we drew our supplies was devastated by our enemies with the confessed purpose to starve us into submission. Our fields were desolated, our crops destroyed, our stock wantonly slaughtered, our mills and factories burned, medicines made contraband, and our coasts blockaded. The effort was to shut up heaven, earth, and sea against us. General Sheridan could boast that he left the fertile Valley of Virginia so bare that a crow flying over it would have to carry its rations. General Sherman could well report that on his much-glorified yet unhindered "march to the sea" his braves destroyed one hundred millions of dollars' worth of property of the citizens of Georgia. He said, "War is hell," and he did all he could to make it so. [The popular song, "Marching through Georgia," glorifies (?) as terrible a record of vandalism as was perpetrated by Alva in the Low Countries. Yet Southerners have never protested against that song of praise to brutality.]

Of course our soldiers' daily ration was small—little corn dodgers and a little piece of fat bacon, with sometimes a few black-eyed peas or beans or other vegetable. If it happened to be beef issued to us, it was so poor that it was about equal to a diet of twine—it was so stringy. Yet small and poor as it was, we managed to march and to fight on it. We didn't grow fat, but we kept up our spirits.

Let me give some of my personal experiences, which were shared by my comrades. For the last year of the war I sel-



MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

(From the family picture owned by Mrs. J. S. Perrin.)



dom cooked my portion of bacon, for I couldn't afford to lose a drop of the grease; so I ate it raw. Sometimes we fried out the grease and crumbled up a dodger or two of bread in it; and then, pouring in some water, we boiled it until the bread was soft; and this, with the bacon crackling, made an appetizing mess. We called it "cush," but the more fastidious called it "puppy feed." It is true that three little corn dodgers and a piece of bacon one-quarter to half a pound isn't a very luxurious menu, but a prisoner with any genius might devise a good deal of variety out of it.

In the campaign into Tennessee under General Hood in 1864 we often found parched corn a substitute for bread; and meat was so scarce that in my mess each of us kept his piece of bacon to boil on successive days as "seasoning" for the black-eyed peas which we gathered from the fields we passed. I remember that my piece, from repeated boilings, became as black as soot; and when I finally ate it, I might as well have swallowed my dish rag. Twice during the war I was literally three days and nights without a bite to eat: once when Sherman came out through Mississippi and burned Meridian; again on the retreat of Hood's army from Tennessee in December, 1864. On both occasions the country through which we passed had been so devastated that there was nothing left for us. I was in the rear guard in the retreat from Tennessee, and at Pulaski three days' rations of meat and bacon were issued to us. Just as we had finished cooking our bread and had eaten our supper a band of Federal prisoners were halted by their guard by our bivouac fires. They were captured the day before, and had eaten nothing for thirty hours. As they asked us for food, I proposed to my comrades that we give them our rations, to which all heartily agreed. I told our men that we could get enough to eat from our own people as we went on to the Tennessee River; but we were so hard pressed and the country along our line of march was so bare that it was seventy-two hours before we got a bite to eat. When we got across the river, three days' rations were issued to us of beef and corn bread. I remember that I ate all of mine at one meal.

This cry of the Confederate authorities starving prisoners is a falsehood manufactured for a purpose. Prisoners were fed as well as our soldiers were, and our government did the best it could while our country was harassed by an enemy who carried on war by reducing even women and children to starvation and destroying the very sources of our food supply.

When General Lee went into Pennsylvania to the fatal field of Gettysburg, he scrupulously protected private property. But parts of North Mississippi, North Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina were given up to destruction by the Union armies; and were left with only homes in ruins, solitary chimneys standing gaunt and bare, fenceless fields, deserted cabins, the silence of death marking the path of the invader. Burke's celebrated description of the desolation wrought by Hyder Ali in the Carnatic, when he descended on that devoted land like a cyclone of wrath, was reillustrated in parts of the South after they had been visited by some of the Federal troops. It surely comes with poor grace from those who wrought this ruin to object to any effort the Southern people may make to correct the slanders which have been current against them for more than a generation, and especially to repel those slanders which have been carved in stone to perpetuate the falsehood.

One of the worst features of this persistent defaming of Major Wirz is the inscription over a spring which is inside the stockade and which has been flowing for centuries. It is called the "Providence Spring," and this fable is inscribed as an explanation of the name: "The prisoners' cry of thirst

rang up to heaven. God heard it, and with his thunder cleft the earth and poured his sweet water rushing here." This blasphemous attempt to make the Almighty a party to a false and malignant charge can be palliated only on the plea of an ignorance which will accept any statement to the discredit of a foe. There is great profession of reconciliation between the sections; but the idea seems to be that we must quietly accept the judgment of the North that we were wrong, and that we must not offend the sensibilities of our conquerors in our monuments to our dead. Yet the South is covered all over with monuments to those who invaded her, and she has uttered no protest nor cherished any feeling of resentment.

We of the South are constantly charged with still feeling the bitterness of the war and being narrow and provincial, while the North has magnanimously forgotten and forgiven the past. But when a test comes up like this proposal of a monument to Major Wirz, then the spirit of sectional hatred is manifest in the North. I trust that the monument will be erected.

#### OTHER ORDERS TO DEVASTATE FROM GENERAL GRANT.

CITY POINT, July 14, 1864.

*Major General Halleck:* If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose they have, we should have upon his heels veterans, riflemen, men on horseback, and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provisions with them.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*

CITY POINT, July 15, 1864.

*Major General Halleck:* If Hunter cannot get to Gordonsville and Charlottesville to cut the railroad, he should make all the Valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio road a desert as high up as possible.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, MONACACY  
BRIDGE, MD., August 5, 1864.

*Maj. Gen. D. Hunter:* In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions and stock wanted for the use of your command, and such as cannot be used destroy.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*

CITY POINT, VA., Aug. 26, 1864.

*Major General Sheridan, Halltown, Va.:* If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,  
HARRISONBURG, Sept. 28, 1864.

*Brig. Gen. W. Merritt, Commanding First Cavalry Division:* Destroy all grain and forage. You can drive off or kill all stock and otherwise carry out the instructions of Lieutenant General Grant, an extract of which is sent you and which means: "Leave the Valley a barren waste."

JAMES W. FORSYTHE,

*Lieut. Col. and Chief of Staff to Maj. Gen. Sheridan.*

HARRISONBURG, Sept. 29, 1864.

*Lieutenant General Grant, City Point:* Torbett retiring by way of Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major General.*

CITY POINT, Nov. 5, 1864.

*Major General Sheridan, Cedar Creek, Va.:* So long as the war lasts they must be prevented from raising another crop both there and as high up the valley as we control.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*



## LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

The twelfth annual convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., concluded its sessions at Americus on November 2. The next convention is to be held in Augusta. This Americus meeting is said to have been the largest held for years.

Mrs. John E. Donalson, of Bainbridge, formerly Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, of Atlanta, introduced a resolution to reconsider the decision of the convention at the Thursday night session upon the location of the Wirz monument, which, by a close vote, was to have been located in Americus. Mrs. Donalson urged patriotic women of the South to place the monument at its rightful place, Andersonville. Her resolution was adopted, and the location of the shaft will be definitely announced at the next meeting of the convention.

Colonel Donalson made a patriotic address and paid a beautiful tribute to Capt. Henry Wirz. He likewise thought the monument should be placed at Andersonville amid the scene of Captain Wirz's labors and sufferings for the cause he loved.

While the above is reported, a succeeding paragraph states that the question of location is still an open one, and will be determined at the Augusta meeting next year.

In a personal letter Mrs. Donalson referred to this subject as follows: "You see even in Americus I had to express my opposition to having the Wirz monument there or anywhere except Andersonville. If we wish to honor Captain Wirz as a martyr, we must bravely place the shaft to his memory where it belongs; and if we wish to make history, we will place it at Andersonville, is my view of it. If we place the monument elsewhere than at Andersonville, it seems to me that we do so fearing vandalism that would reflect upon the North, and it would also seem that we too are fearful. If we haven't the right spirit about the monument, we shouldn't have it at all; and if we build it, we should not fear to have it where it belongs! I honor the North for placing the monuments to their heroes where they feel that they should have them, and they will honor us more for doing the same. The right place to put the monument is the question after deciding that it is right to have it at all, no matter what any section of the country may think."

Rev. J. P. Wardlaw, pastor of the First Methodist Church, was asked for an expression of opinion. Dr. Wardlaw argued that the location of the Wirz monument at Andersonville would forever create a wrathful feeling against those who erected it, and that it could almost be counted on as a certainty that every year at the Federal memorial exercises there speeches would be made that would engender strife and open old wounds long since healed. The VETERAN concurs in the views of Mr. Wardlaw. It would rarely ever be seen there by sympathizing friends.

"On Monday next the committee of the Union War Prisoners' Association will have an interview with the President concerning the proposed erection of a grand national monument to the memory of the thirty-five thousand prisoners who died in Southern prisons during the war. The Association contemplates asking from Congress the grant of a public square on Pennsylvania Avenue on which to erect the proposed monument."

Such is the extract we cull from a Radical sheet. Here is the exciting falsehood that thirty-five thousand prisoners died in "Southern prisons during the war." What is the official evidence that we have, as laid before the country, of a fact that we now assert? It is this: Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army and War Office, year before last made a full report on this subject, showing these startling

statistics: that from first to last during the war the Confederates captured of Union soldiers and held in Southern prisons in round numbers 270,000 men, and that the Unionists captured of Confederate soldiers and held in round numbers 220,000 men; yet that there died in Northern prisons in round numbers 28,000 Southern soldiers and in Southern prisons in round numbers 22,000.

Although the Confederates captured and held fifty thousand more men than the Union armies captured and held, yet in Northern prisons six thousand more men died from alleged ill usage, exposure, and deprivation than died from the same causes in Southern prisons. It is a striking fact in this regard that the average percentage of mortality in Northern prisons was greater because Southern prisoners were mostly taken toward the close of the war, and were therefore the shortest time in confinement. But who is there now in the land that does not know, if General Butler is to be believed, that General Grant and Edwin Stanton are directly personally responsible in large part for the deaths of Union men in Southern prisons, and particularly for most of the suffering and harrowing misery at Andersonville?

General Butler has stated on the floor of Congress that, in view of all and every official responsibility attaching to his position as a Representative, as well as in view of every responsibility attaching to his assertion as a man, after he had arranged with the Confederate authorities for the exchange of the Union prisoners upon the fairest—indeed, upon the most exacting Union—terms, the whole arrangement was defeated by the direct interposition of General Grant and Mr. Stanton, upon the ground that "the exchange would give to General Lee thirty thousand fresh troops," which, it is plain they thought, would hazard the safety of Grant's army upon the Petersburg line, as indeed it would have been, though not probably with much prospect of ultimate success. Yet the best military officers of the South only desired, so they say, one additional full army corps at the back of Lee to have cut in two Grant's great army, and thus prolonged the war indefinitely.

We thus cut the head of this systematic Radical Hydra off again, as we have repeatedly done heretofore.

In connection with the well-known fact of the cold-blooded neglect of Secretary Stanton and General Grant to send vessels to carry off Andersonville prisoners, as desired by the Rebel authorities, without stipulation of any sort as to exchange, and their refusal also to provide medicines for them, as also asked by General Ould at Richmond, it must be borne in mind that a resolution which was introduced in Congress to ascertain officially as to facts of deprivation and suffering by Rebels in Northern prisons was deliberately voted down.

We would simply say to the rancorous and revengeful element of politicians that infest the Executive presence and promise to raise monuments and do one and several other things to prolong the hates of the war, provided that they can get office, that a vast number of the very best men in the Republican party are disgusted at their efforts to tear open the wounds that come of civil war. They say: "Let us have peace."

I hereby certify that this is a true copy of the editorial in the National Intelligencer of June 2, 1869, page 2, column 1.

G. T. RITCHIE, *Library of Congress.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of September, 1904.

HENRY E. TRIPP, *Notary Public, D. C.*

Hon. T. C. Catchings, member of Congress, wrote from Vicksburg to Gen. S. D. Lee on September 19, 1904: "I have



yours of the 17th inst., inclosing copy of a letter to you from General Boynton, which I return herewith. . . . It does seem rather late in the day for a denial to be made of General Barnes's report. We have all been under the impression for all these years that such a report was made; and as for myself, I do not doubt that it in fact was made."

Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., wrote from Richmond, Va., November 18, 1902, to Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Columbus, Miss.:

"In reference to General Barnes's report on the prison question, I received a similar letter from Dr. Lewis.

"The simple facts are:

"1. The National Intelligencer sometime in 1866, I think, first collated the figures given in General Barnes's report and those given in Stanton's report, Barnes giving the number of prisoners and Stanton the number of deaths on each side, and showed by the figures that nearly four per cent more Confederates died in Federal prisons than of Federals in Confederate prisons. Now at the time this editorial was written Surgeon General Barnes was living, and, inasmuch as the article was widely copied and excited at the time general comment, it seems to me a moral impossibility that the figures would have permitted to pass if Barnes had written no such report and the figures were not accurately given. The fact that there was no denial at the time seems to me conclusive proof that there was such a report.

"2. In the great debate between Ben Hill and Blaine in January or February, 1876, Ben Hill used these figures with terrific effect, calling upon Blaine to send to the library, get the reports, and correct his figures if they were not true. Blaine had twenty-four hours in which to prepare his reply, with all the clerks in the departments at his beck and call, and yet he did not dare to deny the accuracy of these figures, and only ventured an attempt to explain them away by the weak statement that in the last year of the war the Confederate prisoners came into the hands of their captors so emaciated from hunger and want that they died from the effects of the condition in which they were captured in spite of the kind treatment which they received. Of course this cut up by the roots his whole argument; for if the Confederates could take no better care of their own soldiers, how could they be expected to care for their prisoners?

"3. In the discussion of the prison question in 'Southern Historical Papers' for March and April, 1876, I used these figures. I had a proof sheet of a summary of what I claimed to prove struck off, and with a personal letter sent to the leading newspapers and magazines at the North, urging them to correct any point which was not accurately given. No paper, so far as I have ever heard, ventured to reply or to question the accuracy of the figures of Barnes and Stanton. The Nation did after twelve months make a quasi reply, but did not deny the accuracy of these figures. I copied in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' the whole of the Nation's reply, and offered to give them line for line if they would reciprocate in a full discussion of the matter. The Nation replied that 'want of space compelled them to decline the courteous offer.' I rejoined that I must take leave to believe that 'it was not so much want of space as it was lack of facts and figures to put into the space,' and thus the 'incident closed.'

"4. As you say in your letter to General Gordon, both Mr. Davis and Mr. Stevens used these figures in their books. I used them in my 'Reminiscences of Lee,' published in 1874, and again in my 'School History of the United States.' The

first time they were ever denied, so far as I am aware,' was when Dr. H. L. Wayland reviewed my history in the New York Independent and denied the percentage I gave on the authority of the then surgeon general of the United States; but I came back at him with the figures, and Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, then President of Brown University, wrote me that my reply was 'perfectly conclusive.'

"5. After allowing these figures to go uncorrected and unanswered through all of these years, it is too late now for them to attempt to 'cook up' other figures; and if General Barnes's report is not in the surgeon general's office, it is simply because it has been stolen or destroyed."

#### PRESIDENT DAVIS ON TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

Extract from a letter of Mr. Davis to Hon. James Lyons, dated New Orleans, January 27, 1876: "To the bold allegations of ill treatment of prisoners by our side and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents it is only necessary to offer two facts: First, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that, though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons; secondly, that want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies be bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies."

#### ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

From "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 507-610, by Alexander H. Stephens: "It now appears that a larger number of Confederates died in Northern prisons than of Federals in Southern prisons or stockades. The report of Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, on the 19th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. This report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively. These facts were given more in detail in a subsequent report by Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army. His report I have not seen; but, according to a statement editorially in the National Intelligencer (very high authority), it appears from the Surgeon General's report that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons, from first to last during the war, was in round numbers 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was, in like round numbers, only 220,000. From these two reports it appears that with 50,000 more prisoners in Southern stockades or other modes of confinement the deaths were nearly 4,000 less! According to these figures, the per cent of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the per cent of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. These mortality statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side was the most neglect, cruelty, and inhumanity."

#### FROM SPEECH OF HON. B. H. HILL.

In his masterly reply to Mr. Blaine, Mr. Hill said: "Now will the gentlemen believe testimony from the dead? The Bible says: 'The tree is known by its fruits.' And, after all, what is the test of suffering of these prisoners North and South? The test is the result. Now I call the attention of gentlemen to this: that the report of Mr. Stanton, the Secre-



tary of War (you will believe him, will you not?), on the 19th of July, 1866 (send to the library and get it), exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. And Surgeon General Barnes reports in an official report (I suppose you will believe him) that in round numbers the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands amounted to 220,000, while the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000. Out of the 270,000 in Confederate hands 22,000 died, while of the 220,000 Confederates in Federal hands over 26,000 died. The ratio is this: More than twelve per cent of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than nine per cent of the Federals in Confederate hands died. What is the logic of these facts according to the gentleman from Maine? I scorn to charge murder upon the officials of Northern prisons, as the gentleman has done upon Confederate prison officials. I labor to demonstrate that such miseries are inevitable in prison life, no matter how humane the regulations."

## MR. BLAINE'S REPLY.

In regard to the relative number of prisoners that died in the North and the South respectively, the gentleman undertook to show that a great many more prisoners died in the hands of the Union authorities than in the hands of the Rebels. I have had conversations with surgeons of the army about that, and they say that there were a larger number of deaths of Rebel prisoners; but that during the latter period of the war they came into our hands very much exhausted, ill-fed, diseased, so that they died in our prisons of diseases that they brought with them. And one eminent surgeon said, without wishing at all to be quoted in this debate, that the question was not only what was the condition of the prisoners when they came to us but what it was when they were sent back. Our men were taken in full health and strength; they came back wasted and worn—mere skeletons. The Rebel prisoners in large numbers were when taken emaciated and reduced, and General Grant says that at the time such superhuman efforts were made for exchange there were ninety thousand men that would have reinforced the Confederate armies the next day prisoners in our hands who were in good health and ready for fight. This condition sheds a great deal of light on what the gentleman states."

## WHAT GEN. B. F. BUTLER SAID AT HAMILTON, OHIO.

We had sixty thousand or thereabout of their prisoners. They had thirty thousand of ours or thereabout. I don't give the exact numbers, as I quote from memory; but these are the approximate numbers.

I proposed to go and exchange with the Rebels, man for man, officer for officer, until I got thirty thousand of our men, and then I would still have had thirty thousand of theirs left in my hands. And then I proposed to twist these thirty thousand until I got the negroes out of the Rebels. I made this arrangement with the Confederate Commissioner. This was on the 1st of April, before we commenced to move on that campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, around Richmond. At that time the lieutenant general visited my headquarters, and I told him what I had done. He gave me certain verbal directions. What they were I shall not say, because I have his instructions in writing. But I sent my proposition for exchange to the government of the United States. It was referred to the lieutenant general. He ordered me not to give the Confederates another man in exchange. I telegraphed back to him these words: "Your order

shall be obeyed, but I assume you do not mean to interfere with the exchange of the sick and wounded."

He replied: "Take all the sick and wounded you can get, but don't give them another man."

You can see that even with sick and wounded men this system would soon cause all exchanges to stop. It did stop. It stopped right there, in April, 1864, and was not resumed until August, 1864, when Mr. Ould, the Rebel Commissioner, again wrote me, "We will exchange man for man, officer for officer," and saying nothing about colored troops.

I laid this dispatch before the lieutenant general. His answer in writing was substantially: "If you give the Rebels the thirty thousand men whom we hold, it will insure the defeat of General Sherman and endanger our safety here around Richmond." I wrote an argument, offensively put, to the Confederate Commissioners, so that they could stop all further offers of exchange.

I say nothing about the policy of this course; I offer no criticism of it whatever; I only say that whether it be a good or a bad policy it was not mine, and that my part in it was wholly in obedience to orders from my commanding officer, the lieutenant general.

## EIGHTH VIRGINIA REUNION AT LEESBURG.

The last Reunion of the 8th Virginia Regiment at Leesburg was in some respects pathetic in interest. It was on the 45th anniversary of the battle of Ball's Bluff.

Capt. W. E. Garrett served as master of ceremonies. Gen. Eppa Hunton, the former beloved colonel of the regiment, and Lieut. Col. Edmund Berkeley were both present. A carefully prepared address was delivered by Colonel Berkeley, which the survivors may publish in full.

General Hunton was then asked to say a word to the "boys" if he felt able to do so, and in earnest, loving words he expressed his great pleasure in being able to meet them under such favorable conditions; and, although in the eighty-fifth year of his age, after talking for a while, he seemed to renew his youth, and made a remarkably clear, connected statement of facts touching the times of October, 1861, which was loudly applauded and highly appreciated by all.

At the close of General Hunton's remarks the line of march was formed and the Sons led the way to the banquet hall; and on arriving there, halted, opened ranks, and with bared heads honored the old Veterans as they passed into the hall. The Veterans were received by a committee of ladies and assigned seats at the table, beautifully decorated by the fair Daughters of the Confederacy and well-laden with the substantial of life, which were by these same Daughters and mothers distributed among them.

The survivors of this gallant regiment resolved upon a more permanent organization and to meet annually in future. Upon General Hunton's suggestion, the organization was named the "Berkeley Camp of the Eighth Virginia Survivors."

Mr. James M. Kilgour, of the Sons of Veterans, was called out by Captain Garrett when the organization had been perfected, saying the fathers would like to hear what the Sons think of their legacy, and "right well" did he respond in a speech full of earnest, eloquent words and proud appreciation of the title "son of a veteran of the Confederate army." Col. John H. Alexander was called for; and, while always happy in his speeches, on this occasion he surpassed himself in a graceful tribute to General Hunton, citing his loyalty to duty and unsullied integrity as an ideal for ambitious youth to follow to attain real success.



## SAM DAVIS MONUMENT AT PULASKI.

Much credit is due the Daughters of the Confederacy at Pulaski, Tenn., for their successful achievement in rearing a monument of such proportions to the finest typical hero and man of any age or clime—Sam Davis. (The Nashville monument in his honor is expected to be as near the ideal as it will be possible to make it.)

The meeting of the Tennessee Bivouacs and Camps of United Confederate Veterans was held in Pulaski at the same time, and many thousands of patriotic people were present to do honor to the event.

Capt. J. H. Fussell, President of the State Association of Confederate Soldiers, called the meeting to order, and Hon. Z. W. Ewing, who was the efficient master of ceremonies, presented Mrs. W. B. Romine, of Pulaski, to make the address of welcome for the local Camp, named in honor of the beloved J. H. Wooldridge, who was shot blind away back in a battle of the sixties. Mrs. Romine said:

*"My Friends:* This is a memorable day in the annals of Pulaski and Giles County, since we are honored with the presence of so many Confederate soldiers from all over the fine old Volunteer State.

"Confederate Reunions will soon be events of the past and subjects of sacred memories, as so many of the men who followed the flag of '61 are fast passing from the scenes of this life to the realities and rewards of the life hereafter. Soon your Reunions will be held not upon the soil of past battles in this beloved Southland, but in the shade of the trees on the other side of the river. Then you may meet not in the decrepitude of old age and maimed bodies, but in the magnificent strength and stalwart freedom of rejuvenated and perpetual youth.

"To us who come after you will be left the proud memory of your heroism and devotion. We are glad that we are enabled before the parting comes to meet you once again and to look with tender appreciation into your faces while we recount your brave deeds. We are glad to be able to say to you that we love you and revere you for what you have bequeathed to us, and we will keep your memories green when you are gone. As we look upon you we thank a kind Providence that has cast our lots together, so that we may properly commemorate the event of this occasion.

"As to one of the chief features of our coming together: On to-morrow morning we expect to see the sunbeams that have

so long and lovingly kissed the brows of the eternal hills which girt this little town rest like our Father's benediction upon the gleaming marble of a shaft to commemorate the life, bravery, and death of one of the grandest characters this or any other country has ever produced—matchless Sam Davis, the young man

'Who died with a rope about his neck,  
But at God's great judgment beck  
Out of the Southland shall rise  
With truth and glory in his eyes.'

"During your stay among us we wish also to call your attention to another monument which has stood for years on a breezy upland in Maplewood, overlooking the marts of commerce and highways of trade, and which marks the last resting

place of as true a soldier as the South ever had—that gallant and well-beloved son of Giles and twice-elected Governor of Tennessee, Gen. John C. Brown.

"To me is accorded the proud privilege of representing the John H. Wooldridge Bivouac and Camp on this occasion, and in the name of that gallant and loyal band to welcome you to the hearts and homes of Giles County. I am proud of the men who compose this band, but above all am I proud of the name it bears of as great a hero as ever yielded up his life on the field of battle. It is a grand and noble thing to die for a principle of one's country; but it is a still nobler exhibition

of heroism to sit in solitude and darkness for almost half a century, shut out from the loveliness of this green earth, without impatience, without a murmur, without complaint, a typical embodiment of physical, mental, moral, and patriotic endurance.

"Just forty-four years ago on yesterday afternoon, as he was leading his company in the thickest of the battle on the bloody field of Perryville, a fatal shot put out his eyesight forever.

'Twas just as the day king sank to rest  
On his couch of gold in the purple west;  
Ne'er again would his vision be blest  
With the sun's uprising from the gray dawn's breast.

To the earth and her beauties his sight is congealed,  
To the sky and its splendor his eyelids are sealed;  
But again will they open, and there'll be revealed  
O'er the battlements of glory sweet heaven's fair field.'



SAM DAVIS MONUMENT, PUBLIC SQUARE, PULASKI, TENN.



"I call upon you, citizens of Giles County and Confederates of Tennessee, to rally around this comrade of yours in his declining years and crown him with sympathy ere he passes to the realms of eternal day, where there shall be no more night nor darkness forever.

"But these are but true types of the Southern soldier everywhere. I see around me to-day many with bent forms and broken with wounds who proved the truest of heroes. . . .



MRS. W. B. ROMINE.

I know that under those Rebel jackets beat hearts as true and warm as ever yielded their life's blood upon the field of battle, and I never meet a soldier of the South that I do not feel that I am in the presence of a hero, and I think that, although

'The flag you followed in the fight  
Ne'er shall float again,  
Thank God it sunk to endless rest  
Without a blot or stain!

We love that flag; let smiles and tears  
Together hold their sway.  
It won our hearts in days ago;  
It holds them fast to-day.'

"Once again I welcome you Confederates to Pulaski—

'Pulaski, with seven hills standing as Rome of old;  
Pulaski, with valleys green and fields of sunny gold;  
Pulaski, so rich in song and story;  
Pulaski, so hallowed on the page of glory.

Pulaski, whose soldiers at our country's call stand;  
Pulaski, who gave the flower of her land;  
Pulaski, for four long years, man after man;  
Pulaski, mother of the Kuklux Klan.

Pulaski, dear to my heart, O little town, you lie!  
Pulaski, near to thee let me live, and at last let me die;  
Pulaski, God's richest blessings rest on thee;  
Pulaski, the dearest spot in Tennessee.'

Pulaski had once before entertained the Veterans of Tennessee, and hence Mrs. Romine's welcome was royally accepted.

## DEDICATION OF THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

Hon. Ben Childress introduced Miss Sallie Ballentine, who organized the local Chapter of Daughters, and her address of welcome was interrupted with cheer after cheer.

[The words of Miss Ballentine's beautiful address have not been procured, and the VETERAN is reluctant to go to press without it. Those who know the gifted, patriotic woman may well expect what she said as most fitting for the occasion; but the delivery before so vast a multitude was splendid and with amazing ease and grace. She did honor to the Daughters of the Confederacy, who achieved so much in the monument—from Mrs. Dobree, President of the Chapter (a niece of Gen. John Adams, killed at Franklin), to the humblest member of the Chapter.]

Mr. John C. Kennedy, of Nashville, related his experience in coming with Oscar Davis, a brother of Sam Davis, to Pulaski to identify and carry the body home. He said he only wanted history to record the facts, declaring that the young hero was hanged and buried in a gray uniform.

Gen. George W. Gordon spoke as follows:

*"Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies, Comrades, and Countrymen:* We have not assembled in this memorable little city, around this sacred cenotaph, to celebrate the daring deeds of a martial chieftain or the sanguinary victories of a dazzling conqueror; but to retell the brief story, recall the tragic fate, exalt the glorious name, and honor the noble memory of a humble, loyal citizen, a fearless private soldier, a death-devoted comrade, and a peerless patriot martyr—the boyish but heroic and immortal Sam Davis. On the 27th of November forty-three years will have elapsed since the occurrence of that cruel tragedy that brings us here to-day. Perhaps not a living soul that looked upon that solemn scene is with us now to tell us how the hero died. But if yonder silent trees had tongues, if these eternal hills could speak, they could tell us that he died as becomes a real man to die—faithful to the claims of honor. And more, they could tell us that his firmness, fortitude, and sacrifice once more proclaimed to the world he was leaving that,

'Whether on the scaffold high  
Or in the battle's van,  
The proper place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man.'

"Samuel Davis, better and more fondly known as Sam Davis, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Davis, who resided near the village of Smyrna, in Rutherford County, Middle Tennessee, and was born October 6, 1842, and died upon the scaffold on yonder hill on the 27th of November, 1863, in conformity to a decree of a Federal military commission, pronouncing him guilty of the alleged charge of being a spy.

"Davis inherited from a brave and honorable ancestry the qualities of courage and the virtue of truth, and from early boyhood manifested a tender love and filial reverence for his 'Little Mother.' Like the most of boys in farm life, his earlier years were uneventful. His educational advantages were such as the rural districts of the country then afforded. Later, in September, 1860, he entered the Western Military Institute, at Nashville, where the course of instruction in both the academic and military departments of the institution was very similar to that pursued at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y.

"The wild, stirring, and strangely fascinating days of 1861 found our future hero at the military institute at Nashville, and from the halls of which he heard and responded to the



call, "To arms!" issued by the Governor of Tennessee. He was now nineteen years of age. Intelligent and patriotic, he regularly enlisted as a private soldier in Capt. William Ledbetter's company of the 1st Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. After participating in a number of important battles, he was transferred to the secret service of the Army of Tennessee, and became a member of Captain Shaw's (alias Captain Coleman's) company of Confederate scouts.

"He was in that service when captured by Federal troops a few miles from this city about the 20th of November, 1863, while returning South with information of military importance to the Confederate commander of the Army of Tennessee, then encamped at Chattanooga. There seems to be a singular absence of detailed intelligence concerning the immediate capture of Comrade Davis—the particular day on which it occurred, the exact place where it occurred, and the circumstances attending the event. All of this appears to be wanting. After the fact of his capture, we next hear of him undergoing an inquisition by General Dodge, the Federal commander of the post of Pulaski at that time.

"When Davis was captured, he had upon his person, in his boots and concealed in his saddle, documents, maps, letters, and diagrams, containing information of the Federal forces in Middle Tennessee, their locations, their fortifications, their movements and probable designs. Some of this information, supposed to be known only to a few of the Federal officers, was so accurate that General Dodge seemed to believe that it must have been procured through some traitor in his own camp.

"When General Dodge had read the papers, among them a letter from Captain Coleman, commanding the Confederate scouts, intended for General Bragg, and the order of Captain Coleman permitting Davis to pass the Confederate lines, he is reported to have sent for Davis, whom he took in his private office, told him that a serious charge had been made against him, that he was a spy, and from what had been found upon his person he had accurate information in regard to his army and he must know where he obtained it, saying that he was young and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. To which Davis, in a respectful and dignified manner, replied: 'General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation and am willing to take the consequences.'

"General Dodge then asked him to give him the name of the person from whom he got the information; that he knew it must be some one near headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of his staff, and repeated that he must know the source from which the information came. He further insisted that he should tell him, but Davis firmly declined. General Dodge then told him he would have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life, and from the proofs he had the court would be compelled to condemn him, and that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. Davis replied: 'I know that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I will do so feeling that I am doing my duty to my God and my country.' General Dodge is reported to have then said: 'I pleaded with and urged him with all my power to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He [Davis] then said: "It is useless to talk to me. I will not do it. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like, but I will

not betray the trust reposed in me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him.'

"We have no copy of the proceedings of the military commission that tried him save a copy of the order appointing the commission, a copy of the sentence of the commission condemning the prisoner to be hanged, and a copy of the order of General Dodge approving the sentence imposed by the commission and directing that the sentence be carried into effect between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. November 27, 1863.

"We have no copy of the written charges and specifications made against the prisoner, if any were ever made, and it is presumed they were. Nor have we a copy of the pleas, if any were made, by the defendant, and it is presumed they were. Neither have we a copy of the evidence adduced against the prisoner, except of some of the papers that were found in his possession when captured. Nor are we informed whether the prisoner desired or was allowed counsel to advise and defend him. All of this, however, may be of record in the archives of the War Department in the city of Washington, and it is earnestly hoped that it is, as it might prove to be an interesting and instructive, though melancholy, chapter in the dramatic history of that untimely war.

"With the lights before us we cannot admit that Davis was a spy as that word is defined by military usage and understood in the customs of war. He was a scout. A spy is one who in disguise or without the insignia that discloses a hostile intent enters the enemy's lines to obtain information that may be serviceable to the army or nation to which he belongs, and by the laws of war when captured is liable to suffer death. But a scout is a soldier who operates on the outskirts of the enemy's army, with such concealment as the case may suggest, but without disguise; while a spy is one who enters in disguise within the enemy's lines. A scout if captured has, by usage and custom, the rights of a prisoner of war; while a spy is held to have forfeited all rights and is subject, in case of capture, to be executed. Both scout and spy seek information of the enemy's whereabouts, his strength, his movements and designs; but the one operates in his proper uniform in the vicinity of the enemy's forces, while the other, in disguise, penetrates his lines, perchance enters his camp, numbers his forces, and inspects his defenses.

"Sam Davis was not in disguise when captured, but was clad in the suit he wore in the Confederate army and in which he had fought in battle, though not the regulation uniform of the Confederate army. Few Confederates wore that complete. In addition to this, he wore a Federal military overcoat; but not in its original blue (for then he would have been in disguise), but which had been dyed in a brownish walnut color to prevent its appearance as that of a Union soldier. By his garb he was readily recognized as a Confederate soldier, and, as far as known, made no attempt to conceal that fact. He was not captured within the enemy's immediate lines. There was no proof of where, when, or how far he was from Pulaski when he received the information found upon him when captured. Suppose he had been captured five hundred miles from Pulaski by a Federal scouting party in the same garb and with the same information upon him, would he still have been held to be a spy? Certainly not. But his information would have been equally serviceable to the Confederate commander in either case.

"Maj. John Andre, who was executed by General Washington as a British spy, had entered the American lines in dis-



guise, negotiated with Arnold, the traitor, for the surrender of his army, and was returning with this information to his commander when captured—information that involved the fate of an army, perhaps that of a nation.

"Col. Nathan Hale, who, having volunteered to penetrate the British lines to obtain information for General Washington, was detected and executed as a spy by the British in New York, had entered the enemy's camps in the disguise of a Tory schoolmaster, obtained the information he desired, and was about to return when detected, seized, tried, and condemned. Neither of these is a parallel case. But whether scout or spy, such service is honorable, and so regarded by the laws of war. Davis perished in the same cause for which Lee and Forrest fought and for which Johnston and Jackson died.

"But to return to our story. Friday, the 27th of November, has come. The day dawns bright and beautiful, but the hearts of the people of this little city are filled with terror, gloom, and sorrow. Their youthful countryman and valiant defender is doomed to die to-day. A wagon bearing a coffin and guarded by armed soldiers is driven to the jail, the prisoner is called from his cell, his hands are bound, he is placed in the wagon, seated upon his coffin, and driven to yonder hill, the place selected for his execution. Arrived there, the prisoner is on the scaffold, the rope around his neck, the open coffin before him, the grave gaping ready for him, enemies all around him, with no friend to encourage and no kindred to console him. Alone and unterrified he faces the scene! At this trying crisis a horseman is seen coming. It is Captain Chickasaw, a messenger from General Dodge. Arriving on the spot, he hurriedly dismounts, approaches the gallows, and cries out to the prisoner: 'It is not yet too late! Give the name of your informer, and life, liberty, and a safe escort to the Confederate lines are yours!' Hear his reply, which is quick and decisive: 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray a friend or the confidence of my informer.'

"Then there was a sudden hush! The trap fell, and the glorious spirit of Samuel Davis took its flight beyond the stars. Ah! what issue had been presented for that young soul to decide! The loss of life or the loss of honor. Triumphantly he met the crisis. Life perished, honor survived, and the name of Sam Davis was handed to immortality. In thus dying he gave to the world an example of heroic self-sacrifice, of fidelity, fortitude, and courage that is unsurpassed in all the annals of authentic history—an example for the admiration and emulation of the youth of all the coming ages, a beacon light to guide, an ideal to inspire. Every schoolboy in the land should hear the story of Samuel Davis, and learn therefrom the beauty of fidelity, the glory of honor, and the grandeur of courage—courage, 'that splendid thing that gathers up all the days of living, all the forces of one's being into one supreme moment that is the test of all the rest.'

"If the courage of the youthful Pelham (about the age of Davis), of the Army of Northern Virginia, who fell in a charge amid the excitement and thunders of battle, had justly elicited so much praise and admiration, what shall we say of that displayed by Davis, of the Army of Tennessee, amid the tranquillity of a deliberate execution? Lee finely said of Pelham: 'How glorious to see such courage in one so young!' Be it said of Davis: 'How sublimer still to see it in one so young, so tried, so tempted, so circumvented!' So far from the scaffold being the symbol of a culprit's disgrace in this instance, it became the shining altar of a hero's immolation—

his sacrifice to truth, honor, and fidelity. He primarily died that another might live, but incidentally in the service of his country. Men have perished bravely on the scaffold when that issue could not be avoided or at the stake for the right of a faith in the hope of salvation, but Davis died a martyr to the obligations of honor. As the blood of the 'martyrs' inspired the faith and the courage of their followers, let that of Davis animate the youth of the land with lofty sentiments, noble aspirations, and exalted ideals.

"When the tidings of the fate of young Davis reached the home of his parents, they secured the services of a neighbor. John C. Kennedy, who knew the young man, to go to Pulaski and ascertain if it were indeed their son who had been hanged; and if so, to bring his remains home. Oscar Davis, their little son, was sent with Mr. Kennedy to aid in the identification of his brother. The distressed mother gave Mr. Kennedy a sample of the material with which she had lined a vest that she had made for her son, that it might aid in his identification. Arriving at Pulaski and his mission made known to the Federal authorities, Mr. Kennedy was allowed to disinter the remains to ascertain if they were those of Sam Davis. This being done, the body was uncovered; the face was scarcely recognizable; but a comparison of the lining of the vest with the sample of cloth that had been furnished Mr. Kennedy established the identity, and the grewsome journey homeward began. An incident occurred on the return at Duck River, near Columbia, that deserves to be mentioned. The banks of the river were steep and dangerous, and it was difficult to descend with a wagon to the ferryboat and still more difficult to ascend the bank on the other side. There was a Federal guard at the ferry, and Mr. Kennedy went in front of the team to check the animals in the descent. On learning that he bore the remains of the brave Confederate scout who had been executed at Pulaski, and the story of whose splendid heroism being known by them, they told him to get in the wagon, and it was carefully taken down the bank by those Federal soldiers, accompanied across the stream, and aided by their hands and shoulders to the top of the opposite bank. Mr. Kennedy thanked them; and as he bade them adieu, they reverently raised their hats and stood uncovered in the presence of the departing dead—a tribute that chivalry pays to courage.

"Arriving at the gate of the old homestead, the father anxiously asked: 'Was it Sam?' As the messenger answered 'Yes,' the mother threw up her hands and fell, and the father's head was bowed in grief. They buried him in the yard of their home near their hearts, where a modest marble monument marks the spot where their brave boy sleeps. Long since both have been laid beside him.

"There is a place in the great city of London that has been immortalized by the blood of the Christian martyrs, and there is a place in Tennessee—Pulaski—that has been immortalized by that of a patriot martyr. After years of patient, persevering effort, the noble women of this city and vicinity have erected this humble testimonial that we dedicate to-day to tell the world where Davis died; and in the name of the people of Tennessee, and more especially on behalf of the Confederate soldiers here and everywhere, we acknowledge our gratitude to our honored countrywomen whose love and loyalty have erected this monument and thereby consecrated a hero's fame."

John Trotwood Moore recited his poem, the first written and published in his "Songs and Stories from Tennessee," entitled "Sam Davis."



Just as he concluded the following young ladies, representing the thirteen Confederate States, unveiled the statue: Misses Maskie Mai Blackburn, Mattie Harris, Louise Stacy, Louise Buford Brown, Ella Sumpter, Mary Baugh, Rhyburn Crow, Nelle Moore, Pearl Butler, Susie Mai Lightfoot, Suzanne Nelson, Elsie Abernathy, and Rebekah Braden.

When the classic features of the young hero were first revealed to the public view, hats were removed, and there was silence for some moments in profound reverence.

There is not granite enough in the bosom of this continent to build a dome too high for Davis. Pulaski is his death-bed; all Tennessee his monument. A place has been legally set apart on the Capitol grounds in Nashville for the erection of a mausoleum to the memory and glory of this exceptional man—this patriot martyr—and it is hoped that his remains will yet be taken there, that his head may be pillowed on the heart of his State. Tennessee has the melancholy but honorable distinction of having given to the world, in the person of this incorruptible citizen, dauntless soldier, and matchless man, one of the noblest and sublimest examples of patriotic self-sacrifice known to all time and all history; and it is eminently dutiful and appropriate that the State should commemorate his martyrdom in a manner commensurate with the exceptional character of the sacrifice and the grandeur of the example thereby established.

#### COMBAT AT LOCKRIDGE'S MILL.

COL. THOMAS CLAIBORNE—COL. JOHN G. BALLENTINE.

In May, 1862, Colonel Lane, afterwards brigadier general, commanding the Federal forces at Forts Henry and Heiman, sent out an expedition in the direction of Paris and Dresden for the capture of medical supplies reported to have been sent out from Paducah to the Confederate army, the expedition consisting of three companies of cavalry commanded by Maj. Carl Shaeffer de Boernstein. Col. Thomas Claiborne, with his own and the 7th Tennessee (Col. W. H. Jackson), the whole force twelve hundred and fifty strong, striking the trail of the Federal expedition, immediately took it up and followed it for about thirty-three hours without stopping, and overtook it at Lockridge's Mill, in Weakley County. Capt. John G. Ballentine, of the 7th Tennessee, with five companies in advance, surprised the pickets, and with a yell Ballentine's force, followed by the entire command, charged the Federals and pursued them in a hot chase for fourteen miles. The Federal force was dispersed and scattered in all directions. Six were killed, sixteen wounded, and sixty-seven captured.

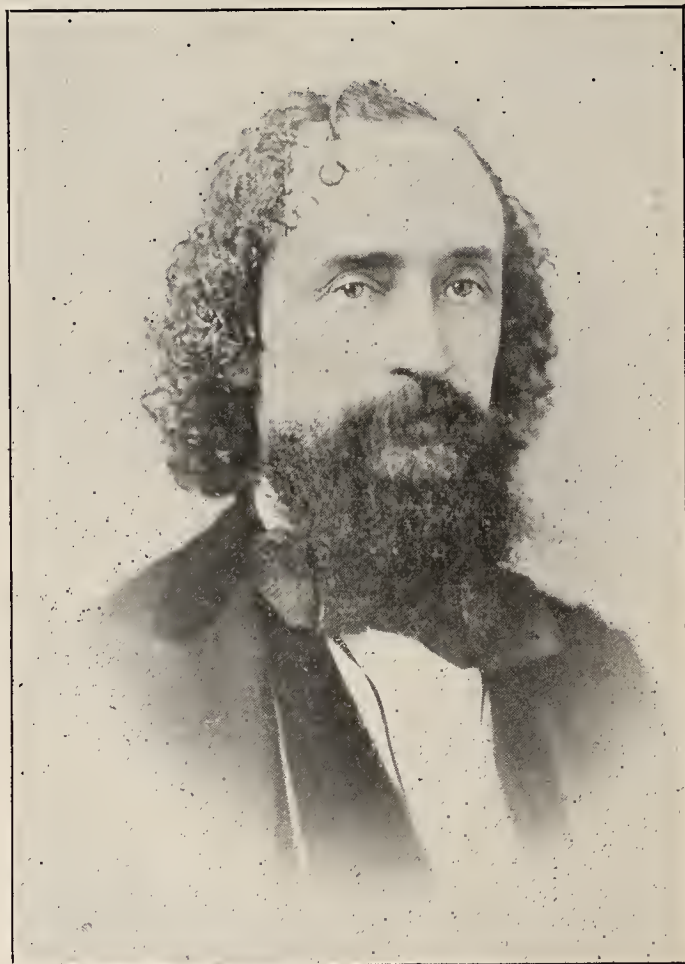
In his official report Colonel Claiborne stated that Captain Ballentine was most of all conspicuous for his gallant bearing and use of his saber and pistol. He fired at and mortally wounded Maj. Carl Shaeffer de Boernstein. He engaged in a saber hand-to-hand combat with a brave fellow named Hoffman, who several times pierced the Captain's coat with his saber but was forced to yield finally. Captain Ballentine also received blows by a carbine and was severely bruised.

In the autumn of 1861 Captain Ballentine made a reconnaissance, under orders from General Polk, on Paducah and other points occupied by the Federal forces. Near Paducah he attacked a strong outpost after a fierce combat in which James W. Fleming, afterwards a prominent citizen of Tennessee, was wounded and permanently disabled. Fleming was the first Tennessean wounded in the Southwest. In this affair Captain (afterwards Colonel) Ballentine exhibited the enterprise, dash, and splendid courage for which he was so often subsequently distinguished. Colonel Claiborne, of Clai-

borne's Cavalry, after the campaign of 1862, accepted service on the staff of Maj. Gen. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) H. B. Buckner, where he served with distinction. He was an officer of the United States army, and resigned as captain of the mounted rifles and offered his sword to his native State of Tennessee. He was a veteran of the war with Mexico, and was brevetted for gallantry at Huamantla.

[The foregoing is from "Confederate Military History," of which Hon. James D. Porter is the author.]

A most thrilling account is given of the hand-to-hand combat between Colonel Ballentine and a Federal officer—perhaps the Major Hoffman referred to above. Ballentine, then captain, with his command, was pursuing Federals on retreat, and, presenting his pistol, he demanded that the Federal officer surrender. That officer, with saber in hand, smiled at the Confederate and asked him to put up his pistol and he would fight him. Ballentine saw that his antagonist was a gentleman and realized that he was brave, so the challenge was accepted. Placing his pistol in its holster, Captain Ballentine spurred his horse and dashed to the side of the Federal, who was ready and skillfully warded off the blade. Captain Ballentine soon realized that the Federal was a better swordsman, but that he had the better horse. They fought along the road for a great distance. At one vicious stroke by the enemy Ballentine's soft hat was shorn of its brim; then he made a desperate and fatal thrust, piercing the side



HON. JOHN G. BALLENTINE.

of the brave Federal officer, who surrendered. Before the Federal officer died he expressed admiration for the man who slew him, and presented him with his horse.

Soon afterwards Captain Ballentine was promoted to colonel and to the command of the 2d Mississippi Cavalry.



Ballentine was a student at Yale College before the war, and one of his most ardent admirers is Hon. Thomas Gartner Sparks, of Louisiana.

Colonel Ballentine has always been a forceful, successful man. He represented his district with conspicuous loyalty and ability in the Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Congresses. He is now venerable and feeble. Upon his last visit to this office, leaning upon the arm of a stalwart son, he said: "Let the VETERAN come on; my dying won't make any difference."

#### BISHOP JOHN JAMES TIGERT.

Bishop Tigert, of the M. E. Church, South, was not a veteran because he was not old enough to serve in the war. Although born by the Ohio River, in Louisville, Ky., his every thought and sympathy was with the South, and many interesting reminiscences are treasured by this editor of the zeal he felt in all the years of his life for "Dixie's Land." More than from any other by him was given also plans for the future—and they were of youthful order—to buy a home near the Kentucky line, so as to be in nearer relation to the homes of his birth and of his adoption (Nashville) through his marriage with a daughter of Bishop McTyeire, of the M. E. Church, South, but for whom there might not have been a Vanderbilt University.

Bishop Tigert was in the Indian Territory to hold his second Annual Conference, having been the first chosen of the bishops elected at Birmingham in 1906. The calamity, from human vision, occurred by his getting a small chicken bone under the tonsil, which brought on much pain and then blood poison, causing his death.

The funeral services were held in Nashville November 23, all of the Methodist ministers and some of other denominations being honorary pallbearers. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, the only member of the College of Bishops present, participated. The principal funeral address was by Rev. G. B. Winton, Editor *Christian Advocate*, and accurately portrayed the noble characteristics of the man.

#### FROM DR. WINTON'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Tigert, D.D., LL.D., was born in Louisville, Ky., November 25, 1856; and died in Tulsa, Ind. T., November 21, 1906, lacking but four days of completing fifty years of earthly life. Into those fifty years he crowded much work. Inheriting from his parents, John and Mary Van Veghten Tigert, an exceptionally robust physique and a strong, clear mind, he likewise learned and accepted from them the principles of the Christian religion and the doctrines of the Methodist Church, of which both were devoted and consistent members.

Having completed the studies of the municipal schools of Louisville, and being determined already to give his life to the Christian ministry, he came to Vanderbilt University for a course of theological training. After a brief period of labor

as a pastor in the Louisville Conference, studying meanwhile under the guidance of Dr. John A. Broadus and of other scholarly professors in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, he returned about 1880 to Vanderbilt University, seeking a more thorough training in the usual studies of a college course. These studies he carried on while supporting himself and his family—for he had been married in the meantime—by teaching some of the sub-college classes which at that time were conducted by the University.

He had a phenomenal capacity for work. For months together he would teach all day and would study far into the night, apparently without detriment either to his freshness of spirits or to his physical well-being; and after two or three years as instructor, he was made full professor of philosophy.

In 1890 he was appointed to a pastoral charge in Kansas City, Mo., after which he was made Editor of Books and of the *Quarterly Review* of his Church, which position he held twelve years. He wrote, he edited, he revised. He traveled widely, as demanded by his work. He preached much and well. He lost none of his evangelical fire by reason of his wide studies, but took part in revival meetings with great zest and effectiveness. His character was indeed so simple that it seemed sometimes to lend itself to misapprehension. There was a sort of artlessness about the man, a directness and a sincerity which were so genuine that many people suspected there must be something behind. He enjoyed the confidence that the Church reposed in him; he enjoyed the great opportunities and the wide sphere of influence which the Church's confidence gave him. He did not hesitate to make known his enjoyment of these things. He had a clear, strong mind, and it was driven by a dominant, resistless will and supported by a splendid physical constitution; it was natural for him to believe in himself and to succeed in the thing that he undertook. As a member of the recent Joint Commission on Catechisms of the two Episcopal Methodisms, he had much to do with the preparation of the recently published Standard Catechism, now accepted as such by the two Churches. He was Secretary of the General Conferences of 1898, 1902, and 1906, and a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London, 1901.

#### TREATMENT OF VETERANS IN NORFOLK.

BY THOMAS SHANNON, ADJUTANT STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V.

As a matter of pride in our city government, its efficient administration, and its officers, and believing there is no other city in the entire South which honors the veterans of the Confederacy so much, it affords me great pleasure to give you below a list of the various officers of this city all of whom are ex-Confederates—our comrades:

Judge of the City Court, Clerk of the City Court, Commonwealth's Attorney, Sheriff or City Sergeant, Clerk of the City Council, Chief of Police, Clerk of the School Board, Street Inspector, Keeper of the Cemeteries, Commissioner of Revenue, City Collector, Superintendent of City Schools, President of the Board of Aldermen, Keeper of the Orphan Asylum, Sealer of Weights and Measures, and the Mayor, which office a veteran has held for twenty-four years.

COL. ELI TAYLOR CONNER'S SWORD.—In the battle of Malvern Hill a handsome sword and scabbard on which were engraved both on sword blade and scabbard as follows, "Presented to Lieut. Col. Eli Taylor Conner by the citizens of Carbon County, Pa.," was lost, Colonel Conner being killed in said battle. A suitable reward will be paid cheerfully to anybody returning said sword to Eli Taylor Conner.



BISHOP J. J. TIGERT.





CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FAYETTEVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY, TENN.

In no hearts have the fires of patriotism burned more brightly than in those of the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, No. 16, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Fayetteville, Tenn. They have worked together for eleven years harmoniously and untiringly to do honor to the cause for which their beloved sires surrendered liberty and life. Their first few years as a Chapter were devoted to relief work, and many an old soldier and destitute family reaped the benefit of their loving labors. They also sent a goodly sum to the Confederate Battle Abbey enterprise, and contributed liberally to the Jefferson Davis, Sam Davis, and other monuments. Later it was their pleasure to contribute in some degree to the comfort and happiness of the old veterans at the Soldiers' Home, and they hope in future to be able to do more in that line.

About eight years ago they conceived the idea of erecting a monument to the soldiers of their own county, the fair domain of Lincoln, which sent three thousand valiant men to the Confederate army. The idea, once suggested, was never relinquished, for to put their hands to the plow is never to look back with the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter.

Mrs. Felicia Zollicoffer Metcalfe, their President since the organization of the Chapter, November 2, 1895, has never allowed a note of discouragement to be sounded; but has looked forward with the eye of faith to the glad day when with appropriate ceremonies the monument should be unveiled—a finished memorial of the love and honor of Lincoln County heroes of the fearful sixties. The Daughters worked with indomitable will, and their monument fund grew apace. They were assisted by contributions from the Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and many interested friends; and the corner stone was laid with solemn rites in September, 1902. Since then the monument fund has grown slowly but surely until it procured the monument, which was finished in June, 1906. Owing to a delay in mounting the immense siege guns, however, which are mounted just north of it, and the beautifying of the grounds, it was not unveiled until September.

Confederate Park, the northeast corner of the courthouse yard of Fayetteville, was given to the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., by the honorable County Court of Lincoln County, and is a lovely, grassy square embellished with grand forest trees which form a green, shadowy background for the gleaming marble of the Confederate monument.

Iron and rustic seats offer rest to the tired visitors who come to look on the sculptured face of the typical Confederate soldier who surmounts the handsome pedestal or read the loving, patriotic words inscribed on the snowy marble. The figure—a private soldier at parade rest with a frank and fearless look upon his graven lineaments—was made at Carrara, Italy, and is a work of art. The monument was erected by Mr. Lewis Peach, a stone worker of marked ability and one of Lincoln County's own brave soldiers. The monument, including the statue, is about twenty-one feet in height, and stands upon a slight elevation. The figure is in good proportion to the base and pedestal, which are massive. The pedestal is of a beautiful quality of white Georgia marble, and the base is of Bedford stone.

The figure faces the north, commanding a view of the two great cannon. These cannon were brought from Fort Morgan, Mobile, Ala., and the balls were from the arsenal at Philadelphia. In the summer the monument was flanked on every side by handsome century plants. Two larger ones, each one thirty years old, were the gift of Mrs. C. C. McKinney, while the two smaller ones were given by Miss Rebecca March, now of Texas. There is an inscription on each of the four sides of the monument, as follows:

On the north side:

"This carven stone is here to tell  
To all the world the love we bear  
To those who fought and bled and fell,  
Whose battle cry was do and dare.  
Who feared no foe, but faced the fray—  
Our gallant men who wore the gray.

A tribute from the  
Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter,  
U. D. C."

On the east side:

"Preserve the truth in history."

On the west side:

"In perpetual remembrance."

On the south side:

"1861-1865.

In loving memory

Of the three thousand Confederate soldiers  
of Lincoln County



Whose patriotism and heroism we hold in  
perpetual remembrance.

Crest to crest they bore our banner,

Side by side they fell asleep,

Hand to hand we rear this token,

Heart to heart we kneel and weep."

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

The unveiling of this monument took place on the forenoon of September 6, 1906. The day was gloriously bright, all that could be wished, and the red, white, and red of bunting flags and flowers flashed in the morning sunbeams. By nine o'clock the good old town of Fayetteville was full to overflowing. There were said to be three thousand people in the courthouse square. Veteran soldiers, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and hosts of friends, all wearing happy faces, had come with enthusiastic hearts to witness the unveiling.

The orators for the day were Elder R. Lin Cave, of Nashville, Rev. D. C. Kelley, of Nashville, and Hon. J. J. Bean, of Lynchburg, Moore County; and the programme was deeply interesting. To quote from one of our papers: "The exercises were of a character that was gratifying in the extreme to those who were participants in the bloody drama of forty years ago. It was also an object lesson of most potent influence to the young, teaching them that patriotism is the noblest virtue that finds lodgment in the human breast, and that the performance of deeds of emprise in behalf of native land encircles the actor with a halo of glory that will never fade, that the lapse of time can never dim."

The music for the occasion was stirring and patriotic, and was furnished by the Silver Cornet Band of Fayetteville. There were three beautiful Southern songs sung by a fine male quartet, which with their sweet pathos stirred deeply the fountain of every Southern heart. After a burst of martial music, the exercises commenced with the drawing of the cord that relieved the fastenings of the snowy drapery that veiled the monument by Mrs. A. N. Gillespie, the honored Treasurer of the Chapter and its oldest member. The veil fell in graceful folds just as the clock in the belfry rang out eleven times, revealing the monument in all its beauty. Mrs. Gillespie's address, spoken in silvery tones just before drawing the potent cord, was as follows:

"*Dear Friends:* I speak to you out of a past that is present to me, while to many of you it is but the echo of a tradition, yet we meet across the bridge of love, a rainbow of hope and promise that spans the river of time. In the pensive pathos of old age I stand where the bridge meets the other shore, and a rushing flood of memories is in the tide I hear. Half dreamily I listen to the golden laughter of youth on the bridge, and my old heart beats in happy sympathy with the joy of the young world; but loudly from the shadowy, dim shores is borne on winds from the isle of long ago martial music from a phantom ship that floats by in stately measure, noble, graceful, brave, and beautiful, the ship of the Confederacy. From its mast waves a flag that bore a nation's hopes, a cross symbolic of their glorious endeavor and prophetic of their heart-breaking doom. Stars that were the hearts of States, but bowed the knee to no sovereign master, flashed from that flag a people's devotion. Starlike eyes I see on that ship that flash to me messages of courage, chivalry, loyalty, and devotion. Ah, those four years of a nation's life! Full and crowded to the brim was the cup. There was many a quaff of exultant joy for victory that followed our flag, descending like a goddess from its folds to crown battles where bravery

laughed at numbers. And at last when the overflowing cup was spilled by the hand of Fate we drank the poisoned dregs with the determination to be true to the deepest meaning of our cross and stars. This is our heritage to you. Be vigilant, be brave, be watchful, be true. You bear in your hearts a knowledge of the guerdon the South must keep. The purity and privilege of a race, the race of your conquering sires, lies in the hollow of your hand.

"I draw the veil from a monument reared in the pride of a people's heart loyal to the glorious memory of a mighty struggle. I show you the calm, undaunted marble face, typical of the spirit of our cause, looking steadfastly into the future.

"I show you the figure in repose, resting on its arms neither broken nor shattered, virile and full of power, for how can that be dead that lies in the throbbing heart of a noble, progressive people?

"On the bridge of love I stand, not a memory slipping away into the shadow land, but one who before sailing in the phantom ship stretches out the hands of your mother's blessing and bequeaths to you the ever-living cause of the South."

As Mrs. Gillespie finished and the veil floated gently down as a sea gull folds its snowy wings, the band broke into the stirring strains of "Dixie," so dear to every Southern heart; and, while the glad news rent the air, a beautiful thing happened. To quote again: "The thirteen States that furnished troops to the Southern cause were represented by little girls and one for the Confederacy. They were dressed in white, and in their beauty and immaculate purity fittingly represented the justice of the cause and the purity of Southern motives. They came forward and, removing their crowns of roses, laid them at the base of the monument. A more beautiful picture was never witnessed, and it is indelibly burned upon the mind of every one present."

Elder R. Lin Cave, the eloquent minister and very forceful speaker, delivered an address which made a lasting impression. He recounted from actual experience many incidents of that sanguinary period. His presence and speech contributed largely to the success of the day.

As September 6 was the time and Fayetteville was the place selected for the annual meeting of General Forrest's staff and escort, Dr. D. C. Kelley, who was colonel under the "Wizard of the Saddle" and was closely associated with him, was spokesman for the escort. No one is better prepared to speak of Nathan Bedford Forrest and other great generals than he, and his graphic descriptions, interspersed with anecdote and incident, were exceedingly interesting and given with delightful vigor and animation.

Hon. J. J. Bean, one of our most brilliant young men, held his audience with a charming flow of eloquence. His address abounded in lofty sentiment as the loyal son of a Confederate veteran. Mr. Bean was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. The speakers were introduced by Mr. James W. Holman, one of our younger lawyers and a loyal son of the Confederacy, who acquitted himself with credit.

After the exercises, an elegant and abundant dinner was served to every one present, well-filled baskets having been brought by many who wished to make the day a success. The ladies interested themselves particularly in seeking in the crowd for every old soldier, all of whom had early in the day received badges prepared for them by the Daughters, and seeing that he was bountifully supplied with luncheon. Lincoln County, famed for its fine housekeeping, surpassed its reputation on this auspicious day. After dinner, the cornet



band gave a delightful open-air concert from their new bandstand recently erected near the monument.

The Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter feels justly proud of the success that has crowned their earnest efforts, and thank all who aided them in rearing their beautiful Confederate monument.

### GEN. F. K. ZOLLICOFFER.

BY MARGARET BOYLES, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There is a nobility *de jure* and a nobility *de facto*; a nobility which passes from father to son through successive generations of titled blood, and one which arises not from the blue blood of royalty but from the infinitely better source of the inherent worth, the true knightliness of the man. To the latter class of noblemen belong the Zollicoffers.

To quote from the quaint old decree of Rodolphus the Second, in 1578 ruler of Switzerland and various other European provinces, "the several brothers and cousins of the Zollicoffer family, by reason of their courage, bravery, honesty, loyalty, and good deeds, were declared noble Knights of the Order of Tournies in the same manner as if they were issued from a noble race." From one of these knights descended the subject of our sketch, Felix Kirk Zollicoffer.

Many noble men have arisen to crown fair old Tennessee with glory and many heroes did she give to the Confederacy—men who poured out their lifeblood and counted it a privilege; men whose names are among the brightest stars which light up the darkened past of a ruined Confederacy—and in Tennessee's constellation one among those of first magnitude is General Zollicoffer. He was a man without military training of any kind. He began life as a printer, and edited several newspapers in the course of his career. He held the position of State Printer and later that of Comptroller. In 1852 he was elected a member of Congress, where he served for four years and where he exerted a marvelous influence, being a man of marked personality. After the expiration of his term in Congress, he remained a private citizen until 1859, when he was appointed to represent Tennessee at the Peace Conference. He came home from that Conference sad, discouraged, and dejected. He could look into the future and foresee results. His face expressed the history of the Confederacy. But with a loyal heart he gave himself to his beloved Southland. He was offered a commission of major general, but he declined it because he could not risk the lives of his fellow-citizens of the Volunteer State through his own inexperience. He afterwards, however, accepted the appointment of brigadier general.

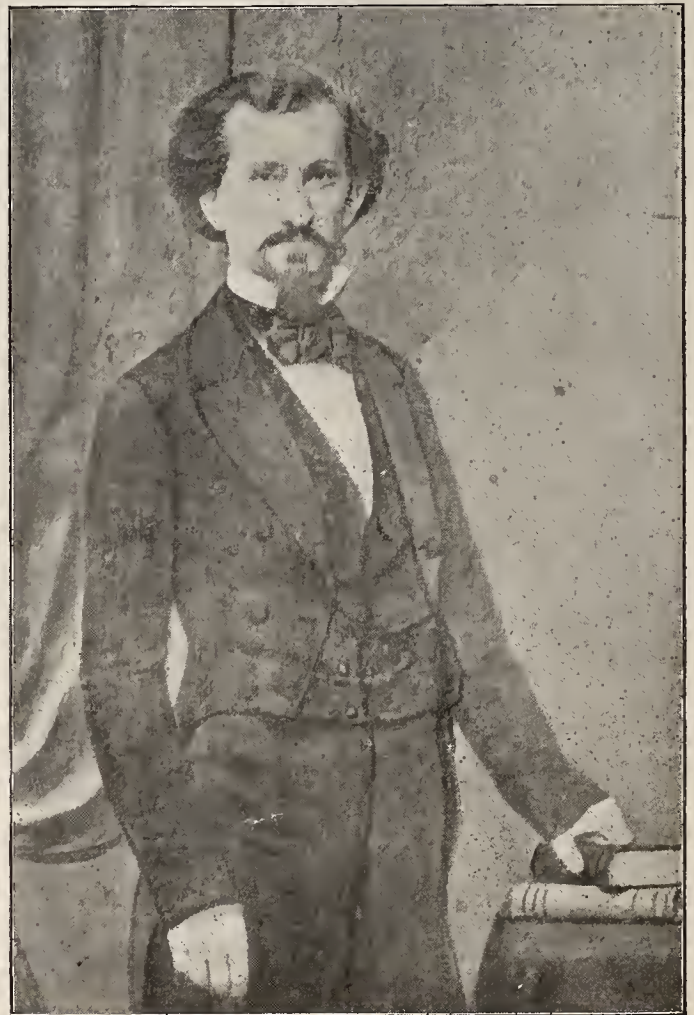
Kentucky was at this time endeavoring to maintain a neutral position, and a Federal force in that State threatened an invasion of East Tennessee. Accordingly General Zollicoffer took his position in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky for the purpose of defending Tennessee. About the middle of September, 1861, he received the information that a Federal force of about fifteen hundred men was located near Barboursville, Ky., and was threatening his position. With a portion of his command he dispersed the Federals and drove them toward Somerset, where a much larger force was in camp.

After this expedition General Zollicoffer moved to Mill Spring, Ky., and was about to go into winter quarters. On the night of January 18 a heavy rain fell, causing a sudden flood in Fishing Creek, a stream near the Confederate encampment in the direction of Somerset. During the next day word was received that two regiments of Federals had been cut off by

the flooding of the stream. Orders were at once given to prepare for an attack upon them. By some means the Federal commander heard of the intended attack and was reinforced by two other regiments. These four Federal regiments were expecting a new brigade commander to take charge of them.

After forming his men for the attack, General Zollicoffer and several of his staff rode forward to inspect the enemy's position and passed beyond the Federal line of battle. Discovering his mistake, he endeavored to retrace his steps; but, on turning and proceeding a little way, he found himself face to face with a Federal regiment under command of Colonel Fry. The Federals mistook General Zollicoffer for their new brigade commander, his uniform being covered with an oil-cloth overcoat. He saw his mistake, but rode boldly forward; and after the usual salutations, he started down the road a little in advance of Colonel Fry. He had not gone far when one of his staff fired at the Federal line. Immediately a volley was returned, and General Zollicoffer fell dead.

He was among the first who laid down their lives, but his influence lived. His nobility, courage, and purity shaped other men's lives, gave them ideals for action, inspired them to noble deeds. He lived again in the lives of his devoted men. He shall ever live as one of the heroes of our South.



GEN. FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER.

### MODEL CAMP AT MORRISTOWN, TENN.

BY J. C. HODGES, TREASURER OF THE CAMP.

The W. B. Tate Camp, No. 725, U. C. V., was organized in August, 1895. It was named for an ex-Confederate soldier who served as a private during the entire war, and who at one time made a donation of twenty thousand dollars cash to



the one-armed and one-legged Confederate soldiers of the First and Second Congressional Districts of Tennessee. The Camp has an enrollment now of one hundred and thirty members. Eighty-five of these men are active, paying members. Twenty-nine have died since organization. One has died within the last year.

The Camp has never missed a regular monthly meeting since its organization, nor has it ever failed to cause its meetings to be opened and closed with prayer by its own members. We have held annual memorial services since organization.



The memorial sermon in every instance except the last has been preached by a member of the Camp, but not twice by any one member. There has been no day since our organization when we did not have some money to our credit in bank; so that, while we have not been accustomed to lavish donations, we have always been able to respond to the cry of necessity among our members, and have always done so. We have a regular relief committee to look after cases of sickness and distress. Almost every member of our Camp is a member of some one of the orthodox Churches.

We have a list of the graves of all the Confederates buried in Hamblen County, and see to it through proper committees that all graves of dead Confederates are decorated with flowers and usually with Confederate flags on memorial days. These days are always made as pleasurable as possible by picnics and general social enjoyment after the sermon.

Our Commander and Adjutant are keeping an accurate roster of all members, and are gathering from time to time such historical data as may be found valuable in the years to come. We see to it that every deceased member of the Camp has a decent, Christian burial, nearly always using on such occasions our simple, beautiful ritual.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY ROBERT C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Since a good deal is being said against the placing of a monument to the memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, I want to

record something of prison life at Johnson's Island as I saw it.

With quite a number of prisoners I arrived at Johnson's Island about the middle of October, 1863. So soon as we were inside the stockade from all over the prison we heard the cry, "Fresh Fish!" We were immediately surrounded by prisoners eager to know who we were and what news from the front. I was fortunate in finding friends and acquaintances, and was assigned to Room 19, Block 4. My roommates were Col. M. B. Locke, of Alabama; Capt. F. S. Blair, of Wytheville, Va.; Adj. C. T. Newman and Capt. H. H. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Lieut. W. M. Gammon, of Rome, Ga. During 1864 Capt. John R. Thornton, of Camden, and Lieutenant Ammonet and two other comrades, all of Arkansas (whose names I have forgotten), were added to our room.

Johnson's Island proper is a rock raised like a turtle shell out of Sandusky Bay, in its highest part perhaps thirty feet. This rock is covered with clay and soil for from two to ten feet in depth. The prison proper is on the eastern part of this island, an oblong square of perhaps twelve acres. In this inclosure were confined about thirty-five hundred prisoners. There were thirteen blocks occupied by the prisoners, one of which was used as a hospital. These block houses were arranged with six on each side of the avenue, and the thirteenth was in the center of the avenue at the eastern end. The street between the two rows of houses was about one hundred and fifty feet wide, and in the center of this avenue was a row of shallow wells from which the prisoners were compelled for many months to draw all the water they used. The privy vaults, immediately back of the houses near these wells and being dug down to the rock, necessarily contaminated the water. It was horrid stuff.

Back in my native town, Jonesboro, was a bold spring, familiarly called "Mill Spring," from which the larger part of the eastern end of the town had their supply of water. I recall how that in my dreams I often was back at that old spring enjoying the pure, cold water for which East Tennessee is justly celebrated.

In 1864 the 1st Brigade, 1st Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, General Terry in command, was sent to the island as an additional guard. Major Thaler was placed in immediate command of the prison. He saw the cruelty of forcing prisoners to use such water, and at once had provision made for water supply from the lake. I think this was on the first day of his administration.

Adjutant Crocker, in the November VETERAN, gives the experience of every prisoner after we were placed on half rations. It was my part of the work of our mess to divide the rations. I made a pair of balances and divided the bread almost to a crumb; and after dishing out the small allowance of beef on six plates each day, one of our mess would turn his back and call out the portion each was to have. I recall that Lieut. John D. Traynor, of Cleveland, Tenn., who was hospital druggist, made me a present of a considerable amount of garden sage. Out of this we made tea, which, without sugar or cream, I am sure, was enjoyed more than would be now a cup of "Maxwell House Blend." Several times instead of beef would be issued codfish. You can imagine what a savory dish was codfish straight.

The barracks, or prison buildings, were large two-story frame structures about 40x200 feet, weatherboarded up and down, eight of them with only one partition, with neither ceiling nor plaster; heated with four to eight wood stoves; about two hundred and fifty to three hundred men to the



building. Wood was issued each day in winter to the different buildings and saws furnished to prepare it for burning. The amount was about the same each day, regardless of the weather, and was far from sufficient. The prisoners slept in narrow plank bunks on straw ticks, with army blankets for covering. Every expedient was used to keep warm. I remember we fastened newspapers between our blankets and nailed blankets to the side and foot of the bunk. Scantily clad and with a lack of nourishing food, who can forget those bitter, cold winters?

While I had no personal acquaintance with them, I always remember Major Scoville and Dr. Woodbridge as kind-hearted, humane men, who extended to prisoners every courtesy possible. A sergeant named Burger, who had charge of express matter, was a cruel-hearted fellow. I never again want to see him.

My father had sent me a box of tobacco; and when I was released, June 14, 1865, I sold it for a few dollars. The authorities furnished us transportation; nothing else. My few dollars in money and kind friends on the way enabled Capt. H. H. Taylor and myself to reach Wytheville, Va., where my father then lived. I recall that Captain Taylor and myself when we reached Wytheville between us had a ten-cent shin-plaster.

#### NOTES FROM U. D. C. CONVENTION AT GULFPORT.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the U. D. C. was held at Gulfport, Miss., November 14-17, 1906. The Convention assemblies were in the pavilion on the pier, while the main domicile was in Captain Jones's Great Southern Hotel. On Tuesday, November 13, important committee meetings were held, principally that of the Executive Committee of U. D. C. and the advisory meeting of State Presidents or representatives. Tuesday night an informal reception was given by the Beauvoir Chapter to visiting Daughters at the pavilion, which was appropriately decorated with red and white bunting, with moss and palmetto decorations on the platform. Refreshments were served from small tables on which glowed rose-colored candelabra. Souvenir spoons of the occasion were bestowed on the guests.

The Convention opened November 14 at 10 P.M. with an invocation by the Bishop of Mississippi, Rev. Theodore Bratton, D.D. Greetings were extended by Governor Vardaman, who issued "a special proclamation;" by the Mayor of Gulfport, who tendered "the keys of the city;" and on behalf of the Sons of Veterans by Hon W. Calvin Wells, Jr., who said "anything we looked like we wanted" would be supplied, and the Veterans offered themselves. A cordial welcome was extended from the Confederate mothers by Mrs. Sarah Eggleston, and the response was by Mrs. Vaught, Second Vice President U. D. C. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, National President, called the Convention to order, and badges were distributed to delegates.

On Wednesday afternoon Gen. I. C. Walker spoke in the interest of the monument to women, and reports of the President and national officers were given. The delegates were entertained at a reception that evening by the Mississippi Division at the capacious hotel.

On Thursday morning the annual memorial hour was observed, and resolutions were read in memory of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. J. M. Keller, Mrs. Martha O. Patterson, Mrs. Charles E. Hooker, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler, the service closing with the hymn "How Firm a Foundation."

On Thursday morning Colonel Herbert made a plea to the

Convention for the Arlington monument, but many of the State Divisions were already pledged for the Shiloh monument; and as this plea came before State reports were read, in which our President, Mrs. Thompson, had asked the sympathy and aid of the Daughters, this was the first official intimation of what the Arlington Confederate Monument Association desired. After hurried conference of our delegation, when we saw the Convention was not prepared to give all we hoped to receive, as chairman of the delegation I stated that the "District of Columbia would prefer the matter given due consideration and not rushed." This closed debate.

On Thursday afternoon a lawn social was given at Beauvoir by the King's Daughters. The night session was given to reading State reports, and they were specially good.

On Friday morning there was a continuation of State reports, the most interesting being from the Ohio Division, as were those of South Carolina and the Chicago Chapter the night before. Regular order of business was suspended to allow a special resolution introduced by Tennessee to the effect that there be no sponsors and maids at the Richmond Reunion. This was unanimously passed.

One of the most interesting reports of the Convention was that of the Custodian and Committee on Crosses of Honor, which recommended several changes, the most important being the creation of a new office, a Recorder in each State Division, to whom applications for crosses must be mailed not later than three weeks before date of bestowal. Alphabetical lists must also be kept of all applications by the Chapter, State Recorder, and National Custodian. A veteran losing his cross can have another in its place.

Much interest was shown in the Wirz monument and pledges were given from the floor to the amount of \$515 in connection with the Georgia State report. The request of the District of Columbia for indorsement of a Confederate monument in Arlington was made the special order of business Friday afternoon, limited to half an hour. The Convention was ready for us, and quickly responded with floor donations to \$575, two annual donations of \$10 each and one annual of \$25, and then the U. D. C. subscribed one thousand dollars annually till completion of monument, but cut this year to \$500 by the Finance Committee.

On Friday night a ball was given at the hotel in honor of the guests. In election of officers, Mrs. Hickman and Mrs. Gabbett refused to be candidates. Mrs. Dowdell, of Alabama, was unanimously elected Recording Secretary and Mrs. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., Custodian. Mrs. Gabbett was made Custodian General and delegate to all future Conventions. Mrs. Williams, the newly elected Treasurer to succeed Mrs. Leigh, is an efficient member of the U. D. C. and an author of acknowledged merit. She has contributed to the Arlington monument, through Stonewall Jackson Bazaar, \$43; also eight authentic autographs of Jefferson Davis and two volumes of the "Blue Cockade," works of fiction by herself.

#### WELCOME OF THE U. D. C. TO MISSISSIPPI.

[Address by Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston, Honorary President Mississippi Division, Raymond, Miss.]

In the name of the Mothers of the Confederacy of the Mississippi Division I greet and welcome you, and thank you for your presence in our midst. It makes my heart glad to see so many of you here, and the fact that you belong to this organization proves that you are proud of the noble heritage bequeathed to you by your fathers and by your mothers as well; for the women of the Confederacy, though exempt from



the dangers of the battlefield, bore their part no less heroically than did the men. The men gave, or offered to give, their lives. The women gave what was dearer to them than life: they gave the men they loved.

I will give some instances to prove the spirit of those women. I had a friend, a widow, who had only two sons. They both enlisted for the war. The first one was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed by the same volley that laid low our immortal Jackson, and this heroic boy, with his lifeblood ebbing fast, had only breath to gasp: "Is the General hurt?" When I was weeping with that poor mother, she said: "Both of my boys are gone; but if I had to do all this over again, I would not act differently."

I knew a boy who belonged to the company that was organized in the village where I am now living. When he had been in Virginia over two years and had been in many battles, his mother wrote to President Davis, using these words: "I notice that General Lee has gone into winter quarters and there will be no more fighting for several weeks; so if my boy has done his duty, I respectfully beg that he be granted a furlough, that he may come home to me, for I greatly long to see him." Mark the simplicity and sublimity of that mother's words: "If my boy has done his duty!"

Bishop Polk gives an instance of sublime devotion of a Tennessee mother who gave five sons to the Confederacy. When the first one was killed and the Bishop was trying to say some words of comfort, she said: "My son Billy will be old enough next spring to take his brother's place." The only idea of duty that this heroic mother had was to give her sons to the cause she loved as soon as they were old enough to bear a musket.

Such was the spirit of your mothers and your grandmothers.

I will tell you of two funerals that I witnessed—one in 1861, the other in 1865. I was in New Orleans in the early part of the summer of 1861 when I witnessed the funeral of the gallant Col. Charley Dreux, who had been killed in a skirmish in Virginia before any of the great battles had been fought. He was the first Louisianian who had the honor of sealing his devotion to the cause with his blood, and among the very first from any State. When he was borne to his last resting place, a vast concourse of people followed with drooping flags, muffled drums, bands playing the dead march, and the tolling of all the church bells of the city. It was indeed such a funeral as befitted a hero who had died in defense of his country.

Far different was it, nearly four years later, when I was in Mobile during those last sad weeks of the war. The enemy were vigorously pushing the siege against Spanish Fort, across the bay from Mobile. The roar of the cannon was heard above all the noises of the city. I was attending service in Trinity Church, for while the men were fighting the women were praying. The services were progressing, and we heard the muffled tread of feet, when, looking up, I saw eight soldiers in their worn and faded gray, and on their shoulders was a rude, pine coffin which contained the remains of a comrade who had been killed that morning at Spanish Fort. The burial squad, taking their comrade for burial, had seen the church door open, and, hearing the voice of the minister, had gone in, that some prayers might be said over the fallen soldier. Slowly and sadly they bore him down the aisle, placing him at the foot of the chancel, they standing reverently about the coffin. Without one word the aged minister began the burial service, all of us joining in. We did not know over whom those prayers were said; but we did know that he was the father or husband or son or brother or lover of some Southern wom-

an, and we knew that he had died in defense of his country. The services over and the burial squad having removed their dead comrade from the church, the congregation slowly dispersed, some of us being loath to return to our lonely apartments. It so chanced that I was the last person to leave the church; and when I reached the steps, I saw a woman standing there. Doubtless she saw in my face the same tense anxiety which I had noticed in hers, for, pointing in the direction of Spanish Fort, she said in a voice that I have never forgotten: "O, listen to those guns! All that I have in this world, my only boy, is there." And I said: "And my husband is there too."

During the four years of the war it was my lot to hear the guns of three besieged cities—Vicksburg, Richmond, and Mobile. I saw many partings on the eve of battle. But seldom did I see women weep when those farewells were taken. We parted from our loved ones with a smile upon our lips; but when night came, our pillows would be wet with tears.

I have told you some things that I saw. I will now tell you what I did not see. I saw no mother trying to keep her boys from going into battle, I saw no wife trying to persuade her husband not to go to the front, and I saw no woman who cried surrender. If you ask me to explain this, my answer is: Because we knew we were right, our cause was just.

And once more, dear Daughters, I bid you welcome.

#### WOMAN'S MONUMENT PROJECT.

Mrs. Henderson, President General, in her report, recommended that the U. D. C. should indorse and join hands with the Veterans and Sons in their movement to erect memorials to the mothers, the true women of the Confederacy. She introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, who acts for the Veterans in co-operation with the Sons in this matter, asking him to speak on the subject, which he did, explaining the conditions fully, and in connection with which he presented an earnest and sympathetic letter from Gen. Stephen D. Lee inviting the co-operation of the U. D. C.

The matter was referred to the committee on the President General's recommendations, which committee on Saturday afternoon made a report approving the movement in the following generous words:

"1. That the U. D. C. cordially approves the movement, for which the Veterans and their sons are working, to honor our mothers, the noble women of the Confederacy, and wishes them Godspeed in the glorious work.

"2. That the U. D. C. heartily responds to the fraternal spirit expressed by the Veterans through their distinguished Commander in Chief, and desire to meet the same, joining hands in this great work by morally supporting them in their efforts to honor, in everlasting form and for the good of future generations, our heroic mothers, who so ably aided the cause which we shall ever hold dear and just."

The report was adopted unanimously.

#### CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S BIRTH.

The attention of the Memorial Associations throughout the South is directed to the circular letter issued by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, Va., for the purpose of securing a general observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great and immortal Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the Confederate army.

The people of the South will unite heartily with Virginia in celebrating one of the most important events in her history. The military career of Robert E. Lee has caused him



to rank as the greatest military general of the nineteenth century, and in his private and public life he has given a noble example to the youth of this country.

Therefore, in accordance with the above suggestion and in obedience to General Order No. 58, issued by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, I, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, do hereby recommend that all Memorial Associations provide in an appropriate manner for the celebration of this important event, and that efforts be made to have the celebration approximately simultaneous with that of the Richmond Associations by assembling on Saturday, the 19th of January, 1907, at 12 M., and that during the service the hymns, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord" and "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest," be sung; furthermore, that the reading of Gen. Robert E. Lee's farewell address to the Confederate army be read.

#### TRIBUTES TO GEN. WHEELER AND MRS. DAVIS.

FROM REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER AT GULFPORT, MISS.

BY MRS. JAMES HARVEY PARKER, PRESIDENT.

[This report deals with national characters so generally and so well that it is given in full, although the substance of portions of it has heretofore appeared in the *VETERAN*. It is addressed in the usual way to Madam President General and United Daughters of the Confederacy.]

The business report of the New York Chapter, U. D. C., will be as brief as possible this year, as more interest will be centered in the terrible loss we have recently sustained than in any account I might render of our prosperity and well-being. The statement is therefore simply made that the condition of the Chapter is perfectly satisfactory. We number four hundred and eighty-five full members, one hundred and sixty-two associates, making a total of six hundred and forty-seven. We have held our five regular meetings and one special meeting, called to consider a revision of our constitution and by-laws. The entertainments were our annual ball in December, President's reception in January, birthday party in March, and luncheon in April. Our first historical meeting, under the auspices of our Historian, Mrs. Myles C. Collier, was enjoyed on an evening in May at the home of one of our members, Mrs. Jesse Graffe. The paper was read by our gifted associate, Mr. Hawn, the subject being the origin of Memorial Day.

We have contributed \$100 to the Davis monument, \$100 to the Southern Industrial Educational Association, \$100 to General Walker, of Charleston, for a monument to the Women of the Confederacy, \$10 to the Solid South Room at Richmond, \$10 to a Texas Home, and a trunk of woolen underwear for stricken San Francisco. Our relief work, as usual, has gone unceasingly forward, our latest charity being the payment of rent for eight months for an aged woman without means. We have aided two aged applicants to move and assisted in the burial of a poor Southern woman, who lay in a cheap lodging house friendless and uncared for when the case was brought to our knowledge. Having conferred the Crosses of Honor upon the Veterans of the Camp, notices were inserted in the New York Herald for three consecutive months, in accordance with the rules of the Crosses of Honor, after which we were in readiness to confer Crosses upon descendants; but as yet have had no applications for them. We have sustained many losses by death during the past year both among our full members and associates.

I had the honor of sitting next to General Wheeler at the

dinner on the 17th of January, which was destined to be his last in the social world. He looked so well, and was in such a flow of spirits as he told of his experiences in the War between the States and Spanish-American War that the guests accorded him undivided attention. My reception to the Chapter was to follow on the 20th, and he promised to receive with me, laughing like a pleased child when I told him I would place him first in line, as I knew my Daughters would rather see him than me. Alas! as I stood there without him a telegram was handed me, and this is what I read:

"It is impossible for me to express in words my appreciation of your great courtesy in tendering me the honor of standing by your side this afternoon to meet the Daughters of the gallant men who fought and endured under our superbly brave and skillful army commanders. I wrote you, but fear my letter may be delayed. Please let the ladies know how disappointed I am in not realizing the pleasure I so much anticipated.

JOSEPH WHEELER."

In one brief week he had breathed his last, and North and South mourned in a common sorrow. The funeral services were held at St. Thomas's Church. Those who were present will never forget the beautiful and impressive ceremony, the chancel full of exquisite floral offerings, the solemn music, the casket borne by men in uniform and draped with the Union and Confederate flags, the latter our Chapter flag. It went with him to Washington, it enfolded him even in the palace car, where many came to look at it and all commented upon its fitness to be where it was, and it was removed only when the body was consigned to its last resting place. During the services at St. Thomas Dr. Stires, departing from the custom of the Episcopal Church, gave a eulogy on General Wheeler brief and beautiful, and ending with these words: "The North gives him unstinted honor; the South, even in her grief, is proud of her ever loyal son; Cuba, for whose freedom he fought, sobs out her grief across the waves; and the whole world pauses for a moment to declare that this was indeed a man, and to-day a Southern gentleman unafraid stands in the presence of his God to receive the 'Well done' of long and faithful service."

A heavy loss to us also was the death of Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, the founder of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York; but the most dreadful loss of all to our Chapter was our revered and beloved member, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and this loss is so great and so recent that we can scarcely refer to it with calmness. Under orders from Gen. Frederick D. Grant, a company of artillery from Governor's Island, accompanied by the post band, led the cortège from the Hotel Majestic to the railroad station, whence the body was removed to Richmond. Following the national soldiers came a squadron of mounted police and a guard of honor from the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York commanded by Maj. Edward Owen, which accompanied the funeral party to the Virginia capital.

The delegation from our Chapter consisted of Mrs. Chas. E. Bateson (grandniece of Mr. Davis), Mrs. Clara Kyle Crank, Mrs. Louis Bennett, Mrs. James Harvie Dew, Mrs. Charles R. Ruggles. It is needless to state that I went to Richmond. I would have shown her that last token of love and respect as my own beloved friend had I not been her President as well; for, although we had elected her our Honorary President, she insisted on paying her dues and continuing to be my Daughter. It is an irreparable loss to any one who was not able to attend those solemn services in Virginia's beautiful capital, when "the South stood in stifled silence at her bier."



Nothing more beautiful in flowers can be imagined than those which filled St. Paul's Church to the door in honor of the Widow of the Confederacy. It was my privilege and honor to design three floral offerings. One was from the body general of the U. D. C., which was a large heart five feet high of crimson roses and lilies of the valley, tied across the center with white satin ribbon, marked in red letters "U. D. C.," and placed in full view of the assemblage. The second, from the State Division of Mississippi, was a large wreath of autumn leaves with purple orchids and palms, tied with purple ribbon lettered in silver, "Mississippi Division, U. D. C.," and suspended from the pulpit. The third was the offering of her own Chapter, a cross four and a half feet high of white roses with a mantle of Jamine roses flung across the arms, tied with white ribbon, lettered in red, "New York Chapter, U. D. C.," and placed nearest the bier.

After the simple but beautiful service, the casket, covered with two Confederate flags, was slowly carried down the stairs, escorted by twelve Confederate Veterans, and placed in the hearse, which was driven by an old negro who had been a faithful servant of Mr. Davis. Side by side walked the escort of Federal troops with the Veterans of her own South; and it is stated that it was the first time in the history of the republic that the obsequies of any woman, however eminent, were so honored. High tribute indeed to be shown to our very own! The funeral cortège, winding slowly through the streets of the fair Southern city which holds "so much for memory to dwell upon;" the crowds which lined the sidewalks with bared heads and saddened faces, unheeding the rain, which fell steadily through the day as if nature were one with us in our sorrow; the drifting leaves and sighing winds; the soft pattering of the raindrops upon the window panes; the stopping at the open grave; the music of the band; the salutes of cannon and rifle breaking upon the stillness; the solemn tolling of the bell; and last, most touching, most impressive of all, the bugle call of taps—formed an experience which the mind will retain while memory lasts.

When the grave was finally covered, the cross sent by our Chapter was, at the request of the family, placed at the head of the mound; while that of the city of Richmond was placed upon the center. The superb floral offering of orchids sent by President and Mrs. Roosevelt was placed upon the pedestal of President Davis's statue at the foot of the figure, and the beautiful wreath of palms and orchids from Mississippi reposed in the arms of the exquisite angel of the Winnie Davis monument, and induced the thought that the Daughter of the Confederacy was bending down to offer the wreath of Mississippi to the beloved mother dead at her feet. Nothing that was tender or beautiful or solemn or touching was unthought of; and the stranger in Richmond could not but be impressed by the beauty, tenderness, and ability with which all ceremonies and arrangements pertaining to these funeral rites had been planned and carried out by her Sons and Daughters alike.

Acting under instructions from our President General, our Chapter was invited to attend a memorial service on Sunday, October 21, at four o'clock in the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, where Mrs. Davis latterly worshiped. Dr. Lubeck, the rector, delivered a fitting and beautiful eulogy, and the services were solemn and impressive. If the dead know and see and hear, our dead must have been comforted and satisfied with the efforts made to honor her. From the hotel in the great city where she died to the quiet grave in the lovely city of the Southland where she lies at peace, the tragedies

which crowded her sorrowful life ended, surrounded by her loved ones, after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

"If I still hold closely to Him,

What have I at last?

Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,

Jordan passed."

Her voice is silent and we see her no more, but in our hearts she dwells in everlasting remembrance.

The foregoing is but one of many reports made at the general Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is used as a typical report, womanly in spirit, and in many respects of valuable historic value.

LEE—1807-1907.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

No State alone can claim the warrior brave;

His fame the land reveres from sea to sea.

America her fairest wreath puts on his grave,

And Honor proudly guards the name of Lee,

The upright soldier and the Christian pure!

His deeds belong to the immortal years;

His is the fame that will fore'er endure,

Kept bright beneath the Southland's sweetest tears.

The sword he drew he sheathed without a stain;

Its steel is just as bright as on that day

When, overpowered on the battle plain,

His "farewell" echoed 'mid his ranks of gray.

Virginia's son! He needs no carven pile,

No mighty granite towering to the sky;

His love still lingers in his latest smile,

And in his wreath are stars of victory.

The fields he won emblazon history's page;

He led his legions when the fight was on.

And all the world admires the soldier-sage,

The gentle Lee of haunted Arlington.

Go write to-day upon the scroll of Time

The name that echoes yet twixt sea and sea;

Go turn the pages of earth's deeds sublime,

And find thereon the deathless name of Lee!

Empires and kingdoms, they shall rise and fall,

The stars of nations shall forever set;

But brighter still and far above them all

The star of deathless Lee will blazon yet.

A Rebel? Nay! He heard the voice of home,

His Southland, calling for the sword he wore;

And when he drew it 'neath the azure dome,

'Twas in the cause his legions still adore.

So long as flow the rivers to the sea,

Bearing afar the great Virginian's fame,

So long will luster crown the brow of Lee

And glory wreath his never-dying name.

They're marching now toward the silent shore;

His dauntless veterans, old and stooped and gray,

Ere long will echo back the muffled oar

That bears the last one to his rest away.

Their fame is ever linked to one who led

Them in their youth to victory's fields afar,

Where oft their blood they freely shed

Beneath the banner of the cross and star.

So let him rest; the centuries to come

Upon his brow a brighter star will see.

And the immortal years that laurel home

And land will add unto the fame of Lee!





CAPT. GEORGE A. KING.

Capt. George A. King died at his home, in Marlin, Tex., July 23, 1906. He was born at Annapolis, Md., September 4, 1831. His father was a soldier, and from his earliest childhood he exhibited a fondness for military life. When a mere lad, he entered the United States army as bugler. He was with General Scott in the war with Mexico, and remained with the army until 1857, when he was honorably discharged at Fort Stanton, in New Mexico, at which time he was chief bugler. In June, 1852, he was married to Mrs. M. R. Dunn, who died in 1898. Of the children of this union, five in number, only two now survive—George A., Jr., and Charles H. King, both of Marlin.

After his discharge, in 1857, Captain King settled on a little farm on the Rio Bonito, near Fort Stanton. At the breaking out of the war of 1861 Captain King was tendered a commission in the United States army, which was handed him at a dinner given in his honor by the commanding officer of the fort. This he respectfully but firmly declined.

He rode from Fort Stanton to Santa Fé, N. Mex., horseback in order to cast his vote for Jefferson Davis for President of the Southern Confederacy; and when the United States troops abandoned Fort Stanton, Captain King, Judge Silas Hare (the father of Gen. Luther Hare), and others who were small farmers in that neighborhood refused to leave and go with the troops; but as soon as they had gone they got together and took charge of the fort, sending one of their number down to Dona Ana to inform the Confederates at that point of their condition and requested them to send a company of Confederates to take charge of the fort. A company under command of Capt. Jimmie Walker came back with the courier, took charge of the fort, and hoisted a Confederate flag, made by the ladies of that little party, at the top of the mast where lately had floated the stars and stripes of the Union. After staying there a short while, Captain Walker abandoned the fort and went back to Dona Ana, and from there to Mesilla, and there they met General Sibley and his command. Captain King at once joined General Sibley's Command, and was with him at the battle of Valverde, when the celebrated battery bearing that name and so dearly loved by the Texans was captured.

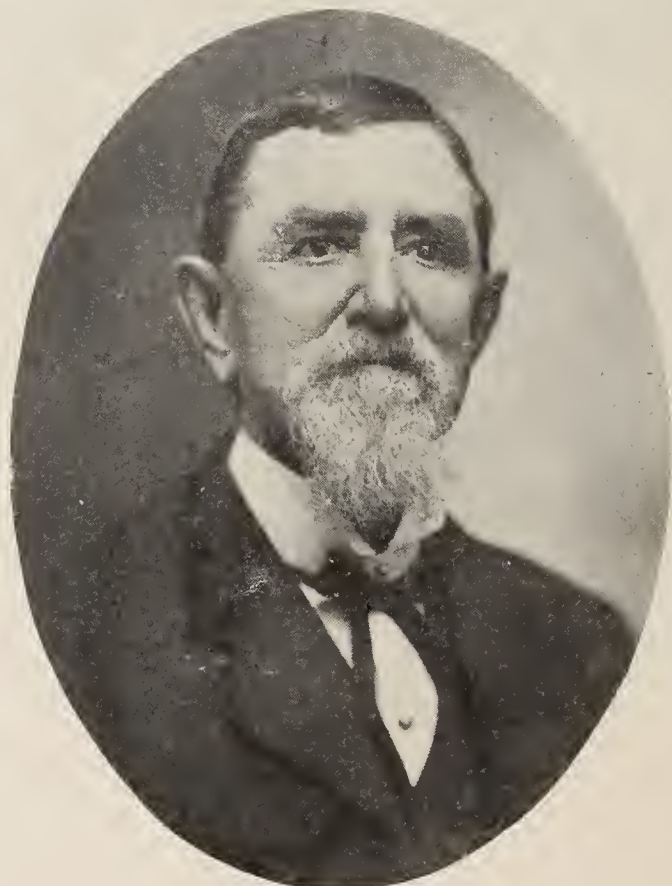
When Sibley's command returned to Texas, Captain King came with it on that long march, bringing his devoted wife and two small children with him. He remained for some time at San Antonio, and there began the organizing of a company of cavalry for service in the Confederacy. This company was completed at Belton, in Bell County, Tex. Captain King declined the captaincy of this company, but accepted the place of first lieutenant. This company was attached to George W. Baylor's regiment and Tom Green's brigade. When the company left Belton, it camped a short while at the falls of the Brazos, about five or six miles from the town of Marlin, and Captain King went up to Marlin and purchased a house and lot and located his family, and there they have resided ever since. In 1862 he was made captain of his company, and in that capacity he served until the close of the

war, adding no little to the glory of that immortal brigade. Captain King was with his command in every engagement, and of him it may truthfully be said "that no braver soul on border sod to siege or rescue ever rode."

After the close of the war, he returned to his home at Marlin penniless; but possessed of that same indomitable courage that had always sustained him, and after farming awhile, he managed to purchase a train of wagons and hauled freight from Millican, the then terminus of the H. and T. C. Railroad. He later went into business at Marlin. In 1897 his health failed, and he retired from business.

Captain King took a lively interest in all public questions, and never failed or feared to do his whole duty to his country. He loved his adopted State, and many a time has he been heard to declare that the happiest day of his life was when, in 1873, the heel of the tyrant was lifted from the necks of her people and the reins of government were turned over to her own people. He was a Democrat of the old school.

He was the first marshal of the town of Marlin, and afterwards served as alderman of the city for several terms. He was one of the charter members of the Texas voluntary fire department, and was ex-president of that organization. He was one of the organizers and a charter member of Willis Lang Camp, U. C. V. of Marlin, Tex., and surely no man ever enjoyed anything in this world more than he did the meetings of that Camp. He held the position of Commander until he was appointed on the staff of Gen. Jim Shaw, and never missed a Reunion of Confederate Veterans when it was possible for him to attend. He was also a Royal Arch Mason.



CAPT. GEORGE A. KING.

In a beautiful casket covered with Confederate gray cloth and dressed in a suit of Confederate gray he was laid to rest with a small Confederate flag in his right hand. His grave has the flag of the cause he loved so well floating over it yet.

[The foregoing tribute is from J. H. Swann.—Ed.]

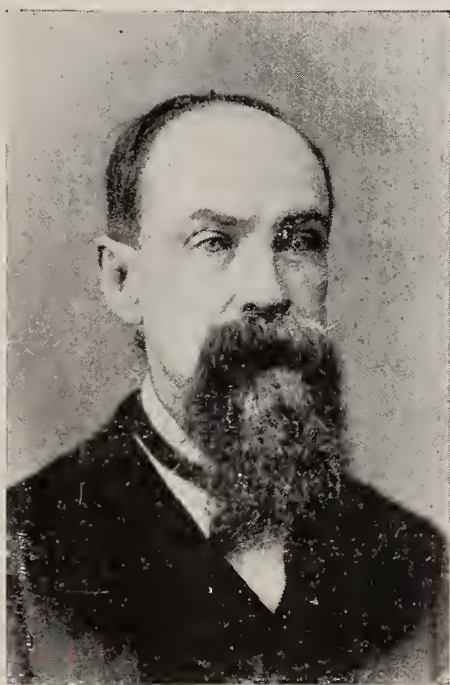


JOHN EDWARD HELMS.

John E. Helms was born April 3, 1827, in Fincastle, Botetourt County, Va., and came with his father's family to Knoxville about 1833. When eleven years old, he was apprenticed in the office of the *Knoxville Argus* for five years, after which for a few terms he attended the East Tennessee College (now the University of Tennessee) until the breaking out of the Mexican War, when he enlisted in Company K, First Tennessee Cavalry, and served one year, being one of the youngest members of his company. After returning home, he declined a lieutenancy in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment.

Resuming business in civil life, he purchased the *Knoxville Standard*, and in partnership with his brother, W. T. Helms, published that paper several years.

In 1850 the *Plebeian* was started by them, and it was made a morning daily in 1851, being the first daily paper published in Knoxville. In 1873 he purchased the *Morristown Gazette* of L. P. and G. E. Speck, and retained its ownership until



COL. JOHN E. HELMS.

succeeded by his son, John E. Helms, Jr. He continued newspaper work until a few months ago. He was postmaster at Knoxville for four years under Pierce's administration. He was the first Odd Fellow in East Tennessee, and that before he was of age, by special dispensation. From early manhood he was a Mason, and was also a member of the Knights of Honor and the A. O. U. W. He was an early President of the Tennessee Press Association. He was twice married—first, on November 17, 1847, to Margaret L. Lones, who died January 2, 1878; and he was afterwards married to Miss Sallie E. Van Meter, of Virginia, who survives him. His children are: John E. Helms, Jr., Mrs. S. I. Gilchrist, Mrs. C. A. Halley, Mrs. Alice Browne, and Mrs. James Hoss.

During the War between the States he was employed in the executive offices of the Confederacy at Richmond for a time, and was also located at Nashville, Atlanta, and elsewhere in the South.

He was a member of the first Railroad Commission of Tennessee, being appointed by Gov. James D. Porter. For four years he was Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, and in 1875 and 1877 was Clerk of the Tennessee Senate.

He held various other important public positions, one of which was from President Cleveland in Washington. His death occurred at his old home, in Morristown, August 25, 1906. He was, therefore, seventy-nine years old. While a positive character, he was a most agreeable man and never willingly offended his fellow-man. He was for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Among his papers was found the following, which had evidently been recently written:

"All through life I've seen a cross  
Where sons of God yield up their breath;  
There is no gain except by loss;  
There is no gain except by death."

A little lower on the same sheet he had written: "So death is gain to the believer."

Mr. Helms's grandfather, Rev. John S. Helms, was a pioneer Methodist minister in Virginia, being one of the first given license to preach by the celebrated Bishop Asbury; and the license, now in the possession of his son, is one of the most valued of the family relics. This minister was not a soldier of the Revolutionary War; but his brother was the Captain Leonard Helm, who was associated with George Rogers Clarke in the winning of what was then the great Northwest.

The editor of the *VETERAN* had a long and delightful friendship with Colonel Helms.

F. J. MANNING.

Death claimed Comrade Frank J. Manning at his home, near Charleston, W. Va., recently. A local paper, the *Spirit of Jefferson*, states:

"Mr. Manning was a native of this county, having been born on the farm where he died in November, 1849. Almost before he entered boyhood the War between the States began. Fired with the spirit that animated the boys of his native county at that time, he eluded his mother, and at the tender age of fourteen years volunteered in the Confederate army, enlisting in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry. A severe bullet wound that rendered him an invalid the remainder of his life attested his courage and supplied proof of his devotion to the cause for which he fought. When the war was over, he was sent to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, where he completed his education. Returning from school, he took upon himself the management of his large landed estate, Vinton, near town. In addition to his large farming operations, Mr. Manning engaged in raising fine stock, making a specialty of high-bred horses. Mrs. Manning (who was before her marriage a Miss Cowan, of Rockingham County), three daughters (Mrs. S. Preston Smith, of Charleston, W. Va., Misses Delia and Antoinette Manning, at Vinton), and one son (Mr. T. J. Manning) survive.

"Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon in Zion Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. J. S. Alfriend, and were largely attended, John W. Rowan Camp and the Jefferson County Camp, U. C. V., and the Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. S. C. V., forming an escort."

JOHN M. RUSSELL.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes that John M. Russell, who was a member of Company H, Muldrow's Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, died in Columbus on October 14, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of York District, of South Carolina, and was a good soldier of the Confederacy. "I was orderly," says Comrade Campbell, "and could always depend upon him."



## COL. W. H. TIBBS.

Col. William H. Tibbs was one of the few members of the Confederate Congress who had survived the forty-first anniversary of the fall of the Confederacy. On June 10, 1906, he celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He was until a short while before his death remarkably alert and vigorous as well as physically active for one of his years. He had been successful in business after the close of the war, but died without large means.

He was well known through the South. In 1833 and 1834 he was a resident of Columbus, Ga. Shortly after that he assisted in the removal of the Indians from North Georgia, from the same section of the State in which he lived. Later he moved to Tennessee, and it was from that State that he was elected to the regular Confederate Congress. He was a firm believer in the duty of every man of proper age going to the front in the service of his country, and he introduced and secured the passage of the conscript act, under which the Confederacy secured many more men.

Believing that there was a scarcity of men at the front, he declined to make the race to succeed himself in the Confederate Congress, shouldered his gun, and went to the front. Hon. A. S. Colyar, whom he had formerly defeated, was elected to succeed him.

## CAPT. DAVID PUCKETT.

On the 14th of October, in Brandon, Miss., after a long illness, Capt. David Puckett, one of the "old guard," a member of Rankin Camp, No. 265, U. C. V., departed this life, leaving a widow and two daughters, Mrs. John A. Gayden, of Brandon, and Mrs. J. W. Tucker, of Cato, Rankin County. Captain Puckett enlisted in Company A, 6th Mississippi Infantry, was wounded at Shiloh, and on May 1, 1863, was captured at Port Gibson, Miss., and carried to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until the close of the war. While there he was drawn to be shot under some retaliatory order, which was fortunately rescinded. During those horrible days of suspense he never at any time lowered his crest nor swerved from his allegiance to the flag he loved. He was a true and faithful Confederate; and after the war, in the fearful reconstruction era, he stood for the rights of his people, and no man in his limited sphere did more to rid his country of radical rule. He was a good citizen and a true friend. He was treasurer of his county and a member of the Legislature. In every position he was true and faithful. He was entering his seventieth year.

## JAMES P. CRAVER.

The W. P. Lane Camp, Marshall, Tex., mourns the death of another loyal, faithful, and beloved comrade. James P. Craver was born on December 22, 1844, in the State of Georgia. He entered the Confederate service December 20, 1862, as a private in Company D, 32d Texas Infantry, and was mustered out of service at the close of the war, in 1865. As he was when only a boy true and faithful to his country and her cause, so when the war was over he addressed himself with the same unswerving fidelity and zeal to the building up of her waste places, to the encouragement of his fellow-men, and to the establishment of that golden rule which requires us to do as we would be done by. At Kennesaw Mountain he was shot through the right lung, and one rib was taken out and carried off. He was believed to be dead, and was taken to the dead house, where he remained all night. The next morning he was discovered to be still living, and was taken back to the hospital; and after many weeks of suffering, he recovered and returned to his command.

Comrade Craver's death occurred on June 25, 1906, at his home, in Harleton, Tex., and the next day with willing hands but sorrowing hearts we laid him in his grave with the usual ceremonies in the presence of his large family and many sorrowing friends.

## DR. M. A. BROWN.

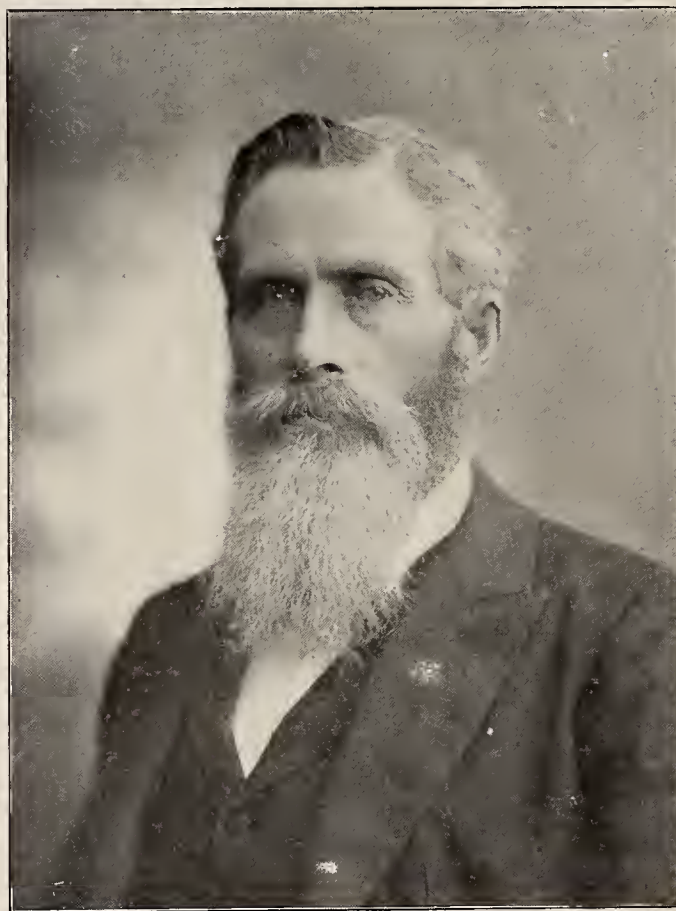
Comrade M. A. Brown died sitting in his chair in Marshall, Mo., October 31, 1906. Dr. Brown was born in Albemarle County, Va., in 1833. In 1860 he entered the University of Virginia to study medicine, and in the spring of 1861 was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Upon his return home he found his county in turmoil over the War between the States. He at once enlisted in the Missouri State Guard, which afterwards became a part of the Confederate army. He was at once made regimental surgeon, with rank of major of cavalry, which position he held throughout the entire war. He was married in the early seventies to Miss Mattie Waters, of Boone County, Mo. She died in 1876.

## JAMES EDWARD HOGIN.

An independent cavalry company was organized in June, 1861, and elected T. C. Sanders captain and V. H. Allen, R. D. Flippen, and J. E. Hogin lieutenants. It was mustered into service of the State of Tennessee July 1, 1861.

Comrade Hogin was captured near Corinth, Miss., a few days after the battle of Shiloh, and was not present at the reorganization of the company. When exchanged, he returned to the company, and served as a private until a vacancy occurred, when he was unanimously elected lieutenant.

On the formation of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment (familarly known during the war as "Paul's People") this company became a part of this regiment, Harrison's Brigade, and was with the Army of Tennessee to the close of the war,



J. E. HOGIN.



surrendering at Charlottesville, N. C., in May, 1865. Comrade Hogin was severely wounded at Fayetteville, N. C.

He was a brave soldier, stanch and faithful, who never shirked duty in any phase, and had little respect for one who did. He was born November 1, 1833; married October 7, 1858; joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1885; and died September 15, 1906, at his home, near Gordonsville, Tenn., loved and respected by all who knew him. Comrade Hogin is survived by a wife and four children, to whom he left comforts of life and a heritage of integrity and honesty.

[G. C. Moore sends the foregoing sketch.]

## DEATHS OF STONEWALL CAMP, CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Since his report to the VETERAN of deaths in the membership of this Camp, Thomas Shannon writes that "four more of our dear comrades have answered the last roll and passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." They are:

James Veale, private in Company H, 3d Virginia Infantry; died June 14, 1906.

James T. Stewart, private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry; died August 22, 1906.

James W. Fendley, color bearer in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry; died August 31, 1906.

Edmond Augustus Perry, private in Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry; died October 24, 1906.

## M. C. COOPER.

Marcellus Carter Cooper was born in Augusta, Ga., December 6, 1834. On reaching his majority he left home for Montgomery, Ala., where he remained several years, and then moved to Orion. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted with Pike Grays, A. P. Love commanding, and was elected lieutenant. The company entered the 22d

over, he returned to Orion, Ala., where he was most happily married to Miss Texas J. Farrior, and to them were born eight children, four of whom, with his wife, survive him and mourn their great loss. For a long time he was a citizen of Montgomery, and then removed to Meldrim, Ga., where he died June 15, 1906. On December 24, 1900, he became a member of Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., of Montgomery, Ala., and after his removal to Georgia joined Lafayette McLaws Camp, No. 596, of Savannah.

"Doc" Cooper, as he was known, was an excellent citizen, a true friend, a devoted husband and father, and a Christian gentleman. May he awake with a likeness that will satisfy!

## MAJ. R. G. CROSS.

Maj. R. G. Cross died in Rome, Ga., November 6, 1906. When the War between the States began, Major Cross was engaged in the hardware business in Nashville with the firm of Macey & Hamilton. The 44th Tennessee Regiment was organized in and around Nashville. The Rev. Wiley M. Reed was the first colonel, and he served as such until after the battle of Shiloh, when the regiment was reorganized with John S. Fulton as colonel; McEwin, of Franklin, lieutenant colonel; Henry Ewin, of Nashville, major; and Lieut. R. G. Cross was made adjutant. This regiment was assigned to the command of Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, and remained with this celebrated old brigade until the close of the war. It participated in the Kentucky campaign, in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, and at Chickamauga. Maj. Henry Ewin was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. After the battle of Chickamauga, it was consolidated with the 25th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. R. B. Snowden. It accompanied Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division to East Tennessee. It was in the attack at Fort Saunders, at Knoxville, at Bean Station, and in the fights around Petersburg, Drury's Bluff, and at Fort Harrison, in Virginia. In these fights Colonel Fulton, Lieutenant Colonel McEwin, and Major McCarver were killed. Major Cross and Colonel Snowden were wounded and Capt. W. T. Blakemore, A. D. C., lost his leg. This command was surrendered at Appomattox C. H. In all these fights Major Cross frequently acted as adjutant of the brigade. He was a conscientious, gallant soldier. After the war he married and settled in Cleveland, Tenn., where he remained a few years, then removed to Rome, Ga., and engaged in the insurance business. Major Cross was of Scotch descent, and was in his seventy-fourth year.

## MRS. W. F. SPURLIN.

The loss to our friend and patron, Col. W. F. Spurlin, in the death of his beloved companion of more than fifty years elicits the sympathy of friends everywhere. After some months of gradually failing health, her death occurred on the morning of October 25, 1906, so suddenly that it came as a shock to all. Her maiden name was Catherine Jane Hubbard. She was born in 1836 in Livingston, Sumter County, Ala.; but in early childhood removed to Wilcox County, where, in 1855, she was united in marriage to William F. Spurlin. Only a son, Rev. W. D. Spurlin, of Demopolis, now survives of the four children born to them. Noble tributes were paid to her as wife, mother, and Christian. She was a leader always among the Daughters of the Confederacy, giving her time and labor to the many good works of the organization at Camden. The resolutions passed by the Chapter there speak of her as "one of its most efficient and zealous members, who never failed in her deep sympathy and earnest work."



M. C. COOPER.

Alabama at Notasulga, Ala., October 6, 1861, and went into camp near Mobile with Gladden's Brigade. At the battle of Shiloh he was wounded, but remained with his command. He was a gallant soldier, an efficient officer, and served his country till the close of the war with fervency and zeal. The war



## JUDGE WALTER H. ROGERS.

From the resolutions passed by Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee, New Orleans, La., the following notes are taken on the life of Judge Walter H. Rogers, who died there on April 16, 1906:

"Walter Henry Rogers was born in New Orleans October 13, 1843, and educated in the public schools of the city, from which he graduated with highest honors. He was among the first to respond to the call of his State for soldiers, and in April, 1861, enlisted in the first company of Louisiana Volunteers under command of Capt. Charles D. Dreux, going at once to the seat of war. He was with this company for twelve months in Virginia, and then joined Fenner's Battery.

"Subsequently he became attached to the military court, serving throughout the war. He surrendered May 10, 1865. Returning to New Orleans, he took up the study of law, graduating from the University of Louisiana in 1866 as valedictorian of his class. He became prominent in the practice of his profession and as a man of public spirit. In the revolt of 1874 against the alien government he took a prominent part in the struggles which led to the redemption of the State under the leadership of the gallant Francis T. Nicholls. From 1876 to 1880 Comrade Rogers was Judge of the Fifth District Court for the Parish of Orleans, and afterwards Judge of the State Court of Appeals. Resigning in 1884, he resumed the practice of law; but late in that year was elected to the State attorneyship. In exalted public trusts he discharged his duty with fidelity and efficiency.

"Comrade Rogers was a charter member of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, of which he was President for four years, during which time the tomb of the Army of Tennessee was erected in Metairie Cemetery. He also aided in the establishment of Camp Nicholls, the Confederate Home for Louisiana, and served as President of the Board of Administrators for some years.

"His private life was dominated by the same principles which guided him in his discharge of public affairs. He was a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to aid in beneficent enterprises; he was a lover of his fellow-man, and none appealed to him in distress without receiving aid and sympathy; he was a practical and sincere Christian, devoted to the services of his Church; he was endeared to all who knew him through his courtesy and kindness; a faithful and loyal friend, public-spirited citizen, to whom his State and city were indebted for many years of wise counsel and untiring services. For all these qualities the people of New Orleans and comrades of the United Confederate Veterans deeply mourn because of his death."

## MAJ. FRANK MCINTOSH MYERS.

Maj. Frank M. Myers died at his home, near Lincoln, Va., it is supposed, of heart failure. He enlisted early in the war, and was promptly promoted for bravery to the captaincy of Company A, White's Battalion; and finally, toward the close of the war, he was commissioned major of the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. He was conspicuous as a daring cavalry leader, and was painfully wounded at Tom's Brook while campaigning with Early in the Valley of Virginia. He was a member of Clinton Hatcher Camp, and warmly espoused every effort that had for its object the preservation of the truth of history.

Major Myers had been for some years a devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church. He was well grounded in the faith and loved the brethren. He had a bright mind and an exceptionally retentive memory. He was a writer of more

than ordinary ability, as is evidenced by his cleverly written history of White's Battalion entitled "The Comanches." His war reminiscences were always thrillingly interesting.

Major Myers had a kind, sympathetic heart and a character strikingly adorned with many beautiful, lovable traits. His disposition was almost effeminate in its retiring modesty, yet he was brave and courageous and at all times a courtly, chivalrous gentleman.

Major Myers was married to Miss Fannie Shawen, who preceded him to the grave some years since. Of this union, there are living two daughters and three sons, all of whom are grown. One of the latter, Mr. D. C. Myers, is Deputy Treasurer and Deputy Sheriff for Mount Gilead District.

## COL. JAMES D. BLANDING.

Col. J. D. Blanding died October 24, 1906, in Heriot, Lee County, S. C., from a paralytic stroke. Much honor was paid Colonel Blanding's memory in Sumter, the place of his funeral. Colonel Blanding had entered his eighty-sixth year. It is said that no man in South Carolina was better known or held in higher esteem than Colonel Blanding. He was a survivor of the Mexican War. As a lawyer, he was a brilliant success; as a Christian citizen, he was patriotic, energetic, and generous. In 1876, when real men were needed so badly, Colonel Blanding's work and brain did more for South Carolina than can be realized.

Col. James Douglass Blanding was a son of Abram and Mary C. Blanding, and was born in Columbia, S. C., June 26, 1821. He read law under his uncle, William F. DeSaussure, in Columbia, and was admitted to the bar in December, 1842. He married Lenora A. McFaddin, of Sumter County, in February, 1849. He was Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the South Carolina College from 1843 to 1852, and before the great war he was a Trustee of the Sumter Academical Society. After the war he was a Trustee of Davidson College, North Carolina; also of the Agriculture and Mechanical College of South Carolina.

He was colonel of the 22d Regiment of South Carolina Militia in the forties. He was mustered into the United States service in 1846, and served from the siege of Vera Cruz to the capture of the City of Mexico as adjutant, and was promoted to captain after Colonel Butler was killed. He was mustered out of service in September, 1848. He raised the first company in Sumter district for State service, which became Company D, of the second of the ten regiments raised by the State in anticipation of its ordinance of secession. It was the first regiment to reach Morris Island before the fall of Fort Sumter. This regiment was made the basis for the organization of the second, the ninth, and the twelfth regiments mustered into Confederate service from South Carolina under command of Col. J. B. Kershaw, Lieut. Col. J. D. Blanding, and Maj. Dixon Barnes. Colonel Blanding carried the Ninth to Virginia, reaching the field of First Manassas on the evening of the battle.

Being disabled, and yet anxious to continue in service, he was ordered to report to the inspector general, and was assigned to duty as inspector of seacoast batteries from Charleston to the North Carolina line and of the regiments of reserves on the coast. He also did duty in the ordnance department, and so served until the end of the war.

He was an active Democrat, and for over forty years was a deacon and elder in the Presbyterian Church. After fifty years of professional work, he retired on account of defective hearing, the primary cause of which was the bursting of a shell near his ear during the War between the States.



## MAJ. JOHN T. HUNT.

A Daughter of the Confederacy writes from Barnesville, Ga., of the sudden death of Maj. John T. Hunt, Commander of the Pike Camp of Confederate Veterans:

"Major Hunt was not only a brave, true soldier during the War between the States but an honored soldier of the cross, and for seventeen years was superintendent of the Methodist Sabbath school.

"He was born in Putnam County, Ga., in 1842; and died in December, 1905. He was a pupil of old Mount Zion Academy with Professor Neel, of Gordon Institute, but came to Barnesville when quite young. He enlisted with the Holloway Grays under Capt. A. J. White, afterwards being transferred to the 3d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, who fought bravely in Virginia, at Missionary Ridge, and at Franklin. His old comrades were very dear to him, and the deepest fount of feelings was stirred whenever he addressed them. His fluency in oratory was proverbial, and his command of language was always ready for any emergency. He was married during the war to Miss Mattie Hightower, a graduate of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. After her death, he was again married, Mrs. Addie Chambers Davis becoming his second wife. Her heart and home are now in gloom.

"The Barnesville Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, had conferred on him the honor of presiding every year as master of ceremonies on Memorial Day.

"Major Hunt had often expressed the wish to be buried in his Confederate gray uniform, with the cross of honor and badge of his Camp over his heart. This request was of course complied with, and on that noble heart was stamped: 'True to his principles of right, true to his friends, and true to his God.' Gen. Clement A. Evans, the grand old soldier and Christian gentleman, officiated at the funeral services, which were attended by a large number of veterans, and in his beautiful tribute said no one was more deserving."

Major Hunt was a brother to James Hunt, whose wife, as Lizzie Murphy, is held in sacred remembrance by the VETERAN. Both families were of Barnesville. In a personal letter the author of this sketch, Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, writes: "I have been surprised that the Camp here did not send an earlier notice of Major Hunt, he was so true and so devoted to his comrades. Our Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, furnished a handsome floral design and marched in a body to the church and then to the cemetery."

## LUCIEN C. RICKETTS.

Lucien C. Ricketts, a prominent citizen of Guyandotte, W. Va., a survivor of the Confederate army, died on September 18, 1906, in his sixty-second year. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and a lawyer by profession, possessing a brilliant mind, and in his earlier days was considered the ablest young lawyer in the State of Virginia. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, and served upon the staff of Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, who was also from that section. He resumed his practice after

the war, and was twice prosecuting attorney for Cabell County, and was land examiner for the government under Cleveland's administration. Comrade Ricketts was a member of Camp Garnett. His wife survives him with two daughters and a son.

## CAPT. JAMES R. DuBOSE.

Capt. James R. DuBose, of Asheville, N. C., fell asleep on the 29th of September, 1906. He was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in January, 1837, and was educated at Washington, Ga. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted as a private with the Irwin Guards, and in June his company was sent to Virginia and assigned to the 9th Georgia Regiment, "Tige" Anderson's Brigade. In June of that year he was commissioned by President Davis as second lieutenant and ordered to report to the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars for duty. He was assigned to Company M and remained with it during the war. In 1864 he was promoted to captain, and surrendered with his company at Greensboro on the 26th of April, 1865.

A comrade writes: "An upright, honorable man, a brave officer, and a consecrated Christian has gone to his reward."

## S. C. TULLOS.

Resolutions adopted by W. B. Plemons Camp, Amarillo, Tex., on September 16, 1906, express their loss in the death of S. C. Tullos, an esteemed member, of whom it is stated that he was born in Bedford County, Tenn., March 9, 1838. He enlisted in Company F, 4th Tennessee Regiment, in May, 1861, and participated in many battles and endured many hard campaigns. Being pleased with his gallantry and ability, Gen. Earl Van Dorn appointed him as aid-de-camp on his staff, which position he occupied when the General was killed. He afterwards was detailed for the bodyguard of President Davis.

After the fall of the Confederacy, he accepted the changed conditions and set about to help build up the waste places, and in his citizenship reflected honor as did his soldiership for the Confederacy. He was married in 1867 to Miss Josie Robinson, who has stood by him through an eventful life to the end on the 22d of August, 1906. A son and two daughters are left as her comfort in this affliction.

## MAJ. SYLVESTER C. COOPER.

The death of Maj. S. C. Cooper occurred at his home, in Puryear, Tenn., on the morning of September 11, 1906. Major Cooper was a gallant Confederate and a splendid citizen. He entered the service as captain of Company D, 46th Tennessee Infantry, and was later promoted to major and commanded his regiment at Franklin. Of his conduct on that occasion Gov. James D. Porter, in his address at the unveiling of the Henry County monument, said: "Major Cooper was in command of the 46th Tennessee, and in the assault by Quarles's Brigade won distinction. He led his men up to the enemy's works, where his color bearer, Paul Sullivan, planted his flag. Cooper, by his side, was the fore leader of his regiment. He carried the men over the enemy's works, where he was shot down."

After the surrender, he lived a useful citizen. For many years he was an influential member of the County Court, and served with fidelity in both branches of the Legislature. He was always on the moral side of all public questions. As a member of Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., he was interested in Confederate matters, and presided over its meeting for several years.



## COL. STEPHEN DECATUR THRUSTON.

Dr. S. D. Thruston, a prominent physician of Dallas, died there in December. He had been in poor health for several months. Colonel Thruston was born November 28, 1833, in Gloucester, Va. His father, who was a prosperous farmer, died when he was ten years of age, leaving a widow and five children—three sons and two daughters. He was sent to the academy at Stephenville, where he remained until he was seventeen. He then attended the University of Virginia, where he remained for three years—two years in the study of medicine. Shortly after leaving the University of Virginia he entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Thruston settled in Wilmington, N. C., where he practiced medicine. In 1856 he married Miss Anne Everett. He was a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry, who were the first to respond to the call of the Governor for troops, and his regiment was the first to throw the dirt at Fort Fisher. Dr. Thruston was chosen captain of Company B, 3d North Carolina Infantry. This regiment was ordered to the Potomac, but arrived too late to participate in the first battle of Manassas. At the battle of Antietam it received its first baptism of fire. During this engagement the colonel of the regiment was killed and Captain Thruston took command, and it is said that ninety per cent of his men were killed. After the battle he was highly complimented for his bravery by Gens. D. H. Hill and James Longstreet. His next hard fight was in the battle of Chancellorsville. His last engagement was in front of Winchester with General Early's command, when they were defeated by the Union army under Sheridan.

During the four years of his army life Colonel Thruston was wounded four times. At Antietam seven bullets pierced his jacket, one of them entering his right lung. He remained in the hospital for ten days, when he rejoined his command. At Chancellorsville he was shot through the left foot, the injury proving so serious that he was compelled to retire. This prevented him from participating in the battle of Gettysburg, but he again joined the regiment on its return at Orange C. H. On May 10, 1864, he was injured in front of the Spottsylvania courthouse, a Yankee bullet going through his left lung. The last injury he received was on September 9, 1864, in the battle of Winchester, when he was shot through from hip to hip, completely disabling him and ending his military career.

In the year 1872 Dr. Thruston went to Texas and located in Dallas, where he lived ever afterwards. He was married twice. His first wife died in 1887, leaving two children, both of whom have since died. He was married the second time on April 2, 1889, to Mrs. Ella V. Chappell (née Wilson), who survives him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was a steward in the Church until his death. As a Church worker he was untiring.

Dr. Thruston was the examining physician for a number of insurance companies. The following is a list of the pallbearers: Honorary—Gen. W. L. Cabell, W. S. Kirby, Col. Will Holland, Will Apperson, Dr. J. B. Shellmire, Judge N. W. Finley, and Col. J. R. Cole. Active—Dr. J. M. Pace, Dr. W. R. Allen, A. G. Wills, Duncan Culbreath, Henry W. Jones, Capt. W. H. Gaston, and S. J. Hay.

## COL. JOHN N. CLARKSON.

Col. John N. Clarkson, a gallant Confederate and for years prominent in the affairs of West Virginia, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mollie Langley, in Charleston, W. Va., on October 12, 1906. He had passed his four score some years

ago. Colonel Clarkson was a native of Albemarle County, Va., but settled in Kanawha County in 1834. He married Miss Anna Early, sister of Gen. Jubal A. Early, who became distinguished as a Confederate general. His wife died many years ago, leaving a son and daughter. Colonel Clarkson was a man of great intellect and strength of body, and was a prominent citizen of West Virginia for twenty-five years preceding the war. He held prominent positions under both Gens. John B. Floyd and Henry A. Wise while they were in command of Confederate troops in Western Virginia, and as colonel under these generals he had various engagements with the enemy in different places, in which he was successful. His noted bravery, his readiness to fight whenever the occasion required it gave him the reputation of a daring and fearless man.

In the year 1863 the scarcity of salt in the Confederate States and the well-known ability of Colonel Clarkson as a salt manufacturer induced the Legislature of Virginia, at Richmond, to pass a law taking the salt works at Saltville, Va., out of the hands and control of its owners, Stuart and Palmer, and placing the property in charge of Colonel Clarkson, who agreed to make the salt and sell the same at a very reduced price to the States of the South. He continued at this business until the war terminated.

Subsequent to the war he was actively engaged in different pursuits. Under Cleveland's administration he was a contractor in Washington City. He carried to his grave several bullets received in conflicts with the enemy.

## MAJ. P. W. FARRELL.

The death of Maj. P. W. Farrell, of Blackwell, S. C., occasioned much regret in his circle of friends and acquaintances of the State. He had gone to North Augusta for medical treatment soon after the death of his wife, and there passed away on the 5th of October, 1906.

Before the war Major Farrell was a resident of Charleston, and with many of its citizens served the Confederacy bravely and devotedly for four years. He was attached to Walter's Battery, first known as the Washington Artillery, and by its commander, Capt. George H. Walter, he was regarded as a model soldier and a credit to the company.

After the war he settled in Blackville, where he became prominent and prosperous in business. His noble characteristics won many friends, and his home was the seat of hospitality. He was on the staff of Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Carlisle, commanding the State Division U. C. V., and took an active interest always in reunions of Confederate survivors. Major Farrell was ardently attached to the home of his childhood, Charleston, and his visits back there were a source of pleasure to himself and his many devoted friends of that city. He was patriotic and progressive, and during reconstruction he worked untiringly for home rule. His love was given also to his native Ireland, in whose affairs he was deeply interested. He is survived by a son and three daughters.

## CAPT. J. L. PRICE.

Capt. J. L. Price, a former Commander of N. B. Forrest Camp of Chattanooga, Tenn., a gallant soldier, courteous gentleman, and good citizen, died at his home, in St. Elmo, on the 24th of November, and was buried on the following day in the Confederate Cemetery by his comrades of the Camp. He served through the war in Cutts's Artillery, A. N. V., surrendering at Appomattox. He was much loved and will be sorely missed.



*THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.*

The idea of the Southern Cross of Honor to be given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Veterans and descendants of deceased Confederate soldiers and sailors originated with Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, Athens, Ga.

The design offered by Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Atlanta, Ga., chairman of the committee appointed by Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President U. D. C., at Hot Springs, Ark., November, 1898, to procure designs, was accepted at Richmond, Va., November, 1899. The members of the committee were Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, Athens, Ga. Upon the resignation of Mrs. Erwin, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Athens, Ga., was appointed in her place.

The rules formulated by this committee were found insufficient to meet the many questions that arose regarding the bestowal of the Cross, so at the request of Mrs. Gabbett, who had been appointed Custodian of the Cross at Richmond, 1899, Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, President of U. D. C., enlarged the committee at Montgomery, Ala., November, 1900.

The members of this committee are Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex., Chairman; Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, West Virginia; Mrs. J. W. Tench, Florida; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Florida; Mrs. Beede, California; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Georgia; Mrs. Andrew Broadbush, Kentucky.

## RULES FOR BESTOWAL OF CROSS OF HONOR.

*Rule I.*

Section 1. Each State and Territorial Division shall elect or appoint a Recorder of Cross of Honor to whom Chapters shall apply for blank certificates of eligibility to be filled out by the Veterans and blank forms for alphabetical lists to be filled out with data from the certificates by the President of the Chapter ordering Crosses. When so filled out, these shall be sent to the Recorder of said Division for approval or correction and forwarded by her to the Custodian of the Cross, who will forward the Crosses to the Chapter. The Recorder shall apply to the Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., for the blank forms of certificates and blank forms of alphabetical lists, supply these on demand to the Chapters, accompanied by an order to the Custodian, signed by the President General and Recording Secretary General, U. D. C.

Section 2. The oldest living lineal descendant of Veterans who has not received a Cross may secure it in any county, provided that three consecutive monthly notices be inserted in the city and county papers calling upon Veterans to send in certificates for Crosses. If at the expiration of three months there are no other applications from Veterans, the bestowal of Crosses upon such descendants may begin, the same to be governed by rules for bestowal upon Veterans. Where there is no lineal descendant desiring the Cross, it may be bestowed upon the widow of the Veteran who has not received a Cross, provided she be a Confederate woman, one who has endured the hardships and privations of the period from "sixty-one to sixty-five." No descendant or widow can receive a second Cross, nor can such descendant or widow wear the Cross. The Recording Secretary General will supply to the Recorder of Cross of Honor of each State and Territorial Division special blank forms of certificates for descendants and widows which must be filled out with data of eligibility of ancestor or husband.

*Rule II.*

Section 1. No Crosses will be furnished by the Custodian unless the order is accompanied by certificates of eligibility properly filled out by the Veterans and certified to by two or

more members of a Camp of United Confederate Veterans and alphabetical list from Chapter President.

Section 2. Presidents of Chapters shall fill out blank alphabetical lists from the certificates, with all data contained therein, and forwarded with certificates to their State Recorder of Cross of Honor with money order for the number of Crosses desired. The Custodian of the Cross of Honor shall keep a book, or books, in which shall be kept, alphabetically arranged, the names and data of all Veterans, descendants of Veterans, and widows to whom Crosses have been issued.

Section 3. The certificates shall be returned by the Custodian to the Presidents of Chapters who have ordered Crosses, and the same be placed on file by said Chapter, that data may be furnished when needed for historical or other purpose.

Section 4. Each Chapter shall keep a book, alphabetically arranged, in which is recorded the name and service of every Veteran and ancestor of descendant and widow of a Veteran who receives a Cross. Each State or Territorial Recorder shall keep a similar record book of all Crosses issued.

*Rule III.*

Section 1. Crosses may be granted by the muster roll of the nearest Camp, U. C. V., and to Confederate Veterans who are not members of a Camp who can give the required proof of eligibility, attested by two Veterans who are members of a Camp.

Section 2. The oldest living lineal descendant may secure the Cross by giving the same proof of eligibility as that required of his Veteran ancestor, and Confederate widows of Veterans applying for Crosses must fill blank form of certificate, giving service of Veterans whose widows they are. Such widows must have endured the hardships of the war period from 1861 to 1865.

Section 3. Upon the certificate of a reputable physician that a Veteran is dying, if desired, he may receive the Cross immediately.

*Rule IV.*

Section 1. The Crosses may be bestowed on the Memorial or Decoration Day selected by each State or Territorial Division, U. D. C., the birthdays of President Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee (June 3 and January 19), and one commemorative day, between July 1 and January 19, to be selected by each State or Territorial Division in convention assembled. The presentation shall be accompanied with such ceremonies as will give proper dignity to the occasion.

*Rule V.*

Section 1. A Veteran in good standing having lost his Cross may have it replaced once only by applying to the President of the Chapter from which he received the Cross, and he must furnish copy of the certificate on which the Cross was first bestowed. If a second Cross is lost, a certificate may be given in testimony that such Veteran has been awarded a Cross. No descendant or widow of a Veteran can have a second Cross.

Section 2. Chapter Presidents are urged to advise Veterans to have their names engraved on the bar of the Cross for the purpose of identification if lost.

Section 3. A Veteran having been awarded a Cross and dying before it is received, the President of the Chapter bestowing it may give it to the oldest living lineal descendant or widow under provisions of Rule I., Section 2. A Veteran having received the Cross may bequeath it to any lineal descendant that he may select.



*Rule VI.*

The Cross cannot be worn in any case or on any occasion except by the Veteran upon whom it was bestowed. No descendant or widow can wear it.

*Rule VII.*

Section 1. Where counties have no local organization of U. D. C. a Veteran may receive the Cross through the President of the nearest local Chapter, or the President of Chapter in the county from which he entered the Confederate service if so desired.

Section 2. When Chapters are not able to bear the expense of purchasing Crosses for other counties than their own, these may be furnished at the expense of the General Association upon the authority of the President General U. D. C.

*Rule VIII.*

All orders for Crosses shall be filed in the Custodian's office three weeks before the day intended for bestowal.

*Rule IX.*

Any Chapter departing from these rules will not be entitled to Crosses for presentation. Preceding the presentation of the Crosses, Rules V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX. shall be read on every occasion of the bestowal.

The President of each Chapter shall see that the Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans in her county shall receive a copy of these rules.

*"POST-MORTEM STATEMENT" OF MRS. DAVIS.*

The startling announcement that a lady of the U. D. C., in its annual Convention at Gulfport, Miss., had a "post-mortem statement of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis," which it was proposed to have read, created a peculiar sensation. Of course all wanted to hear it—men would have been curious as well. The paper was a simple statement of conditions whereby Mrs. Davis had the remains of the Confederate President buried in Richmond. True, she incidentally explained that Mississippi did not manifest that interest in his burial place which she felt was due, but there was neither bitterness nor ill feeling manifested in it. The editor of the *VETERAN* had read the letter, and he had accounts repeatedly direct from Mrs. Davis containing the substance of what appears in that "statement." The failure to give the statement to the public created widespread comment, as if it were a severe arraignment of people in the State that she loved best. Her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, the only surviving child of those honored parents, has been so worried over the matter that she wrote Gen. Stephen D. Lee, a part of which letter follows:

"As to this letter of my mother's, allow me to say that it was written some years ago, and was prompted by a desire to justify her actions in the eyes of the Southern people, whom she loved with unflinching loyalty and devotion. This defense of herself, sent to a friend to be read after her death, she wrote after numberless articles from different newspapers and letters condemning her actions were received by her when she was in failing health. If I had been consulted by those in whose hands it was placed, it should never have been given publicity; for only last spring, after discussing the fact of its existence, my mother decided to recall it, and I hoped—until I heard of its being read—that it had been destroyed.

"Whatever my mother may have been goaded into writing at the time this letter was sent to Judge Kimbrough, when she left this world she felt safe in the love and respect and consideration of her own people, among whom she would gladly have lived and died if her health had permitted; but unfortunately, as you know, she could not bear the excessive

heat of the South, and was very prone to become malarial there. Then again, after my father's death, she was afraid to live in the country with my sister, there being no male member of our family who could stay with them.

"Besides this, my sister had literary ambitions, and it was her wish to live in New York, as she felt it would be a better field for her efforts and my mother's. After the loss of my sister, my mother received the most tender consideration from the many friends, both Northern and Southern, they had made during their years of residence in New York; and as my mother's income was not large, she stayed where she could live in comfort and health, and most reasonably.

"I might further add that the New York World gave my mother a handsome salary to become a member of its staff, and this was another reason why she lived in New York, for her far from large income made this addition a very welcome one. Though her brilliant and graceful pen was always at the command of the New York World, its managers demanded little of her of late years, and showed her the utmost consideration, for which I am deeply grateful.

"I do not offer an apology for any action of my mother's, for I feel she had a right to live where she pleased, and did what she thought wisest and best at the time; but I must feel that if anything that she wrote gave offense to the people of the South, particularly Mississippians, it was misunderstood, and far from being intentionally hurtful.

"My father's remains were lovingly guarded by the city of New Orleans, where he died, for over a year; and after much thought and deliberation, my mother decided that Richmond, as the seat of government during the Confederacy, was the proper place for my father and his descendants to rest. If Mississippi was slow in asking for my father's remains, I am sure it was not through lack of love and reverence. Also if Governor Lowry wrote anything which wounded my mother at the time, I feel sure that he did not intend to do so, for I know he was one of my father's most devoted and loyal friends, and I heard my father express the warmest regard for him many times.

"I urged the claims of Mississippi as above those of all other States. It was the State which had conferred every honor upon my father, his best beloved, and where he made his home during the last years of his life, as also during his youth. This State he taught his children to love loyally, and he also taught us that no matter where we were born we were Mississippians, as he and my mother were. He rejoiced in the fact that I married a native of Mississippi, one who, when little more than a child, had joined the Confederate army, as all of his family had done.

"Let no one think other than that my mother loved and honored the South and the Southern people above everything; and let me assure those who may read these lines that with all the tender letters and respectful resolutions from our beloved people of the South before my eyes I, her only surviving child, feel nothing but deepest gratitude and appreciation of all the honors showered upon her memory, and I hope that her few enemies will be silenced if not won by this explanation, which is in no sense an apology.

"To the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the United Confederate Veterans, to you, their honored Commander and my father and mother's true and valued friend, also to the Southern press, whom I ask to publish this letter, I offer this explanation, and ask that only reverence and respect shall be given to the memory of my mother, the 'Mother of the Confederacy.'"



## JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION STATISTICS.

The Jamestown Exposition site takes in three hundred and fifty acres of land on the southern shore of Hampton Roads and contains nearly two miles of water front.

Twenty foreign nations have accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to participate in the grand military and naval display.

The grounds of the Exposition are encompassed by a beautiful floral fence more than two miles in length.

"Lee's Parade"—named in honor of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the first President of the Exposition Company—contains thirty acres in the center of the grounds, and is bordered by a thousand apple trees, all transplanted. The magnitude of the work of transplanting these large trees is most extraordinary.

The two main exhibit palaces of the Exposition to house the exhibits of manufactures and "liberal arts" and machinery and transportation are immense in size and beautiful in construction. They contain three hundred and fifty thousand square feet of exhibit space each.

The various State buildings are artistically grouped along the water front of the Exposition grounds. They are all of permanent construction, with the idea of selling them as summer homes at the expiration of the Exposition.

The grand piers, being built by the United States government, will extend out into Hampton Roads for a distance of one thousand feet, and will be illuminated by more than a million electric lights. The harbor illuminations will be unique in that by a novel method of submerged lighting the water in front of the Exposition will have the appearance of a sea of liquid gold.

The amusement section of the Jamestown Exposition will be known as "The Warpath," and is to contain only high-class attractions.

Side trips by excursion steamers will be made throughout the entire period of the Exposition to the many points of historical interest in and about Tidewater, Va., and such places as Jamestown Island, on the James River, Yorktown, on the "York River," and Old Point Comfort will be the salient points visited.

The attendance at the Jamestown Exposition is expected to be larger than any of the previous celebrations, based upon the historic and modern attractions and the fact that within a radius of twelve hours' ride live twenty-one million people and within twenty-four hours' ride live forty-one million, or more than half of the entire population of the whole country. Water transportation will evidently bring into use practically every craft that floats about American shores and all rail facilities that can be utilized.

The Exposition grounds are nine miles distant from Norfolk, about six miles from Newport News, and half as far from Old Point Comfort, and are reached by three street car lines, one railroad, and several ferry lines. A beautiful boulevard is being built from Norfolk.

A throbbing feature that excels all other Expositions yet held in this country is the patriotic motive, and in it the South is deeply interested.

## MEMORANDA OF FEDERAL AND STATE PARTICIPATION.

The United States government has appropriated \$1,575,000.

Certain States have made appropriations as follows:

Virginia has appropriated in the aggregate \$450,000.

New York has appropriated for 1906 \$70,000 and to become available in 1907 \$80,000.

Pennsylvania has appropriated outright \$100,000; New Jersey, \$75,000; Ohio, \$75,000; Maryland, \$65,000; Massachusetts,

\$50,000; North Carolina, \$30,000; Connecticut, \$26,000; Illinois, \$25,000; Georgia, \$30,000; South Carolina, \$20,000; Rhode Island, \$50,000; Louisiana, \$30,000.

Missouri appropriated in 1905 \$10,000 for moving exhibit, with the assurance of an additional \$50,000.

Michigan passed a bill appointing a commission to report to the next session the amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, \$60,000.

Wisconsin passed a bill appointing a commission to report to the next session the amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, \$60,000.

Florida passed a bill appointing a commission and pledging the State to give an amount necessary for proper participation. Estimated, \$50,000.

Maine appointed a commission to collect \$40,000 by *public subscriptions*.

Delaware has a bill appropriating \$30,000 awaiting action of the Legislature.

Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and Montana are raising \$50,000 each for joint exhibition. Legislative action is to be taken January 1.

The Vermont House of Representatives has passed a bill for \$10,000, while Kentucky citizens are raising \$40,000.

*Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, Ohio: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the official organ of the soldiers who fought for the Confederacy, and gives its space largely to their affairs. The magazine has, however, a permanent historical value, as it publishes so much matter that pertains to the war of the sixties which cannot be obtained elsewhere. However, no element of bitterness nor trace of unfairness to the other side can be found in its handsome pages."

It will surprise many to learn that the *Western Christian Advocate* is constant in making some kindly reference to the VETERAN. Hardly an issue fails of some accurate and generous mention of its contents.

"THE OLD SOUTH."—Dr. J. C. Pitner, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes to Dr. Hamill, author of "The Old South:" "I shall treasure the book for its merits and prize it as a token of friendship." Mrs. Pitner writes of it: "'The Old South' was immediately read with the greatest interest. With all my Southern blood I could say 'amen' to every chapter. While I enjoyed every page, I think the closing paragraph as fine a sentiment as I ever read."

## GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER AT LEXINGTON, VA., AFTER THE WAR.

The life-size painting of Gen. R. E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, is a triumph of high art. It has been admired by all who have seen it, especially by those who knew General Lee in life. They regard it as the most faithful and characteristic portrait yet produced of the great commander. His famous war horse, Traveler, is here painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, which adds much to the value of the picture.

Photographs from this fine painting are now for the first time offered for sale. There are two sizes, one 20 by 24 inches, price \$3; the other, 11 by 14 inches, price \$2. Both are mounted on the best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Prices have been increased on account of heavy expense in getting out pictures. Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



### INVESTIGATION OF SMOKE BY UNCLE SAM.

A letter of inquiry concerning the J. B. Harris Smoke Consumer elicited interesting correspondence. The following letter was dated Nashville, Tenn., December 21, 1906, and addressed to Prof. D. T. Randall, Engineer in charge of Smoke Investigation United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Sir: At the request of Dr. J. B. Harris, inventor and patentee of the "Harris Smokeless Furnace," we have visited the Nashville Laundry Company's plant in this city, in whose furnaces the appliances covered by Dr. Harris's invention are in operation, and we here give you the benefit of our observations.

It was not our object to investigate the details of construction and the *modus operandi* or principles of the invention, these being set forth and lucidly explained by Dr. Harris in his printed circulars.

The object of our visit was to simply witness the actual result of the use of the appliances, and the following is what we saw:

1. The fuel used in the furnaces was of a low-grade bituminous coal, the slack or sweepings of the mines.

2. The fuel was fed into the furnaces freely in great quantities.

3. Looking into the furnaces while appliances were in use, there was a fiery white glow all over the bed of burning fuel, and no vapor or smoke apparent.

4. Stepping outside, so as to get a view of the top of the large brick smokestack, there was no vapor or smoke visible issuing from the stack or, at times, only a small amount. The contrast between this smokestack and various others in the neighborhood, from which were pouring vast volumes of dense, black smoke, was most striking.

5. When Dr. Harris's appliances were shut off, their operation in the furnaces stopped, then the same phenomenon observed on the neighboring smokestacks, clouds of dense black smoke, developed at the top of laundry stack.

From our observations it appears to us that there would result from the use of Dr. Harris's invention by manufacturing establishments, and all establishments operating furnaces, benefits of great pecuniary value.

1. Because of the economy of fuel, arising from the more complete combustion.

2. The greater effect of the heat produced by reason of its application to sheets and flues not cushioned with soot, as in other furnaces where combustion is imperfect.

These two results it seems would be of immense value. And last, and not least, if not greatest, the blessing to every

community in the abolition or reduction to a minimum of the smoke nuisance, so destructive to comfort and health of the people.

We think this invention of Dr. Harris's ought to be thoroughly investigated by scientific men; and if it is what it is claimed to be and what it appears to common-sense observers to be, then it ought to be introduced everywhere, for the reasons set forth and stated above.

The letter was signed by George N. Tillman, lawyer; Leland Hume, General Manager Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company and President Nashville Board of Trade; W. W. Dillon, of R. W. Turner & Co., prominent real estate agents; Robert Ewing, Business Manager of the *American*; Walter E. Knox, General Manager Nashville Terminal Company; W. H. Howe, President Howe Ice Company; Paul Roberts, First National Bank Building; John P. Dale, Resident Agent Erie City Iron Works, Boilers and Engines; John D. Anderson, President Empire Coal Company; J. S. Walker, Assistant United States Engineer; J. O. Cheek, President Cheek-Neal Coffee Company; J. W. Pentecost, Superintendent City Electric Light Plant; A. W. Wills, Postmaster Nashville; A. B. Anderson, lawyer, ex-member City Council; A. M. Tillman, United States District Attorney; Lewis T. Baxter, prominent real estate agent; T. P. Weakley, prominent real estate agent; J. H. Bannerman, Ex-Master Mechanic Illinois Central Railway Company; F. W. Smith; W. N. Holmes, M.D.; Charles Breyer.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 22, 1906.

I am personally acquainted with the gentlemen whose signatures are subscribed to the foregoing, and certify that they are men of the highest character and standing in this city, and their testimony is entitled to great weight.

Respectfully,

T. O. MORRIS, Mayor.

The VETERAN commends the foregoing report unstintedly, as it seems the great problem of equalizing the forces of hydrogen and oxygen is solved. Its editor is interested in the enterprise.

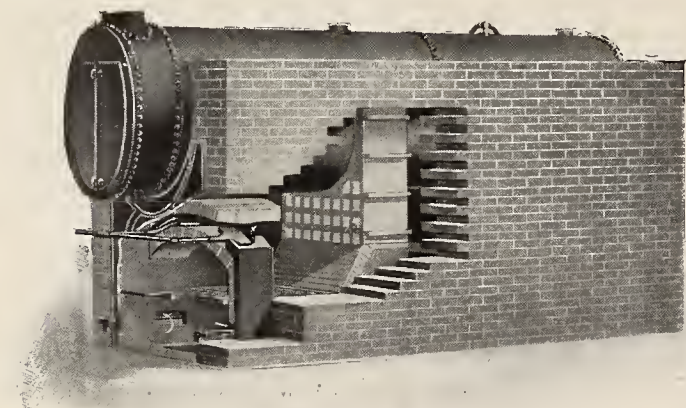
### A GENEROUS SPECIAL OFFER.

The Neale Publishing Company offer a discount of ten per cent from the retail selling price of their books purchased in wholesale quantities—that is, where the purchase price, after deducting the discount, amounts to \$10 or more. Transportation charges on all such orders will be prepaid. It is a condition that a remittance to cover the amount of the purchase accompany each order.

There is no limit to the number of books that may be purchased under this special offer. This offer is made to enable the many thousands of Southern book buyers who do not have access to bookstores to make their purchases on an equal footing with those who do have such advantages. The publishers trust that among those accumulating libraries of Southern books many will take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

Purchasers under this special offer may have the books distributed to points desired without additional expense. It is not necessary that the entire shipment be to one person. The names and addresses to which shipments are to be made should be distinctly written on a separate sheet.

Remittances may be made by check, postal money order, express money order, or cash by registered mail. Note that this offer is made only on wholesale orders which, after deducting the discount of ten per cent, amount to \$10 or more.



THE J. B. HARRIS SMOKELESS FURNACE.



**WATCH CHARMS**  
FOR  
**Confederate Veterans**



"JACKSON" CHARM  
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Write for illustrations  
of other styles. List  
No. 18.

**S. N. MEYER**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## FARM FOR SALE

For Sale on Account of Death.—100-acre farm fully equipped for agriculture, poultry, or stock-raising, with an orchard of 137 budded pecan trees, choice varieties; 100 in bearing, with plenty of wood for budding or grafting. Good 9-room house fully furnished, barns, outhouses, chicken houses, etc. Easy communication with markets of the world. Oil lately struck in adjoining parish (county). Very healthy locality. Excellent opportunity for a stock company. Address DR. Y. R. LEMONNIER, 928 St. Claude St., New Orleans, La.

**Wanted for Cash.**—Any Civil War brass belt buckles stamped C. S. or C. S. A., also a cedar wood canteen, and any flintlock horse pistol bearing name and date on lock. Describe what you have and give your price in first letter.

**DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, Ohio.**

R. G. Childress, of Company B, 3d Texas Regiment, Ross's Brigade, now at Roscoe, Tex., wants to locate some old comrades: "Parson" Dade, of Company G; Dave Maples, of Company H; and Sam Jackson, of Company D—all of the 3d Texas. Jackson was captured near Rome, Ga., in May, 1864; Dave Maples was captured near Lovejoy Station in September, 1864, by Kilpatrick in his raid in the rear of Johnston's army; "Parson" Dade was last seen near Rome in the spring of 1864, when he helped Childress capture one of two "Yanks" they had been chasing near their lines.

Miss Nannie L. Greer, of Anna, Tex., reports gratifying response to her inquiry for a copy of Mr. Stephens's "War between the States," but asks that the old gentleman from Missouri (who is threescore years and ten and has no child) who offered her the book will kindly send her his address again, as it was misplaced while she was ill, as was also the address of some one in Texas who answered her inquiry. She would like to hear from them both again. Her address is Rural Route No. 4, Anna, Tex.

Dr. R. W. Douthat, of the West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., would like to get into communication with any of the officers or men of Gen. A. R. Wright's Georgia Brigade who were in the second day's battle at Gettysburg. He is making a special study of that battle, and would be pleased to meet any of them on that great field in the latter part of August.

Mrs. Sallie E. West, of Courtney, Tex., would like to locate a family in Tennessee with whom were left a Bible and some clothes during the war. The Bible had the name of J. H. West, and it was left by his brother while on retreat through a little place called Yankeetown in Tennessee. Some member of the family may yet be living and remember the circumstance.

F. A. Hanner, Adjutant, Dardanelle, Ark., reports that at their county reunion in August ninety-seven Veterans, members of Camp McIntosh, No. 531, U. C. V., answered to their names, representing every branch of the Confederate service and nearly every Southern State. Only five have died during the year.

O. W. Blacknall, of Kittrell, N. C., wants the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: All of 1893; July, August, October, December, 1895; January, February, March, August, and November, 1896. Write him, stating price asked. They must be in good condition.

J. P. Leslie, of Sherman, Tex., asks that any comrades of Orren E. Hawley, who was born and reared at Camden, Tenn., will write to him, for the benefit of the widow, anything of his war record. She thinks he was with Forrest or Morgan near or at the close of the war.

Aaron A. Butts, of Sedalia, Mo., makes inquiry for some comrade who can testify as to his service in the Confederate army. He says he was in Company D, 7th Louisiana Infantry, under Col. D. B. Penn. Response to this will be appreciated.

M. L. Jarrett, of Jarrettsville, Md., wishes to know if Frank A. Lipscomb is still living. He was a member of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, and had his horse shot under him near Falling Water in August, 1864.

Relatives of J. O. Powell, Company H, 54th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, may learn something of his last days by writing to A. Galpin, No. 536 College Avenue, Appleton, Wis., or to J. D. Shaw, Waco, Tex.

The 3d Brigade of the Texas Division, U. C. V., will hold a reunion at the midway station on the interurban railway, between Temple and Belton, on July 5 and 6.

The McLemore County Confederate Association (Texas) will hold its Camp meeting for 1905 at McGregor, twenty miles west of Waco, on the Cotton Belt railroad.

Capt. John W. Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., needs February of 1896 and July of 1901 to fill out those volumes of the VETERAN.

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Rev. A. E. Potter, of Rush, Pa., writes of a Testament picked up by his father, who served in Company H, 109th Regiment New York Volunteers, just after the capture of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, on the flyleaf of which is: "Peter W. Baker's Book, Company B, 5th Regiment Alabama Volunteers. Peter W. Baker was born November 27, in the year of our Lord 1837. Now in the twenty-eighth year of his age." "The book evidently ran the blockade," says Rev. Potter, "for it is an Oxford, printed at the University Press and dated 1863. It is a 32mo book, nonpareil type. I would like to ascertain something concerning this man or his immediate family."

A. V. Callen, of Cordell, Okla., inquires for John F. Doogan, who had lived with him for three years up to 1861, when he enlisted in William Pointer's company of infantry for the South. Mr. Callen heard that he started back to Carroll County, Ark., after the war, but he has never seen or heard of him since. Doogan had entered a tract of one hundred and sixty acres northeast of Green Forest, in Carroll County, now well improved, which was confiscated for taxes. Mr. Callen is in a position to help him if possible to locate his whereabouts.

D. F. Redding, of Mena, Ark., would like to hear from any surviving members of the 32d Texas Cavalry, A. J. Andrews's Regiment. He is trying to get proof of his service in order to secure a pension, being old and needy. Replies can be addressed to Capt. W. S. Ray, DeQueen, Ark.

Miss Maud Graham, of Anniston, Ala., writes that the widow of Larkin P. Allen wishes to hear from some comrades of her husband, so as to establish her claim to a pension, now so much needed in her old age. Mr. Allen enlisted May 12, 1862, in the 60th Georgia Infantry from Walker County, Ga., near Lafayette, under Capt. Frank Faris, of Lafayette, General Gordon's command, and served a little over three years. He was taken prisoner just previous to the surrender and confined at Newport News. He died in Carroll County, Ga., in 1888.

Mrs. Eloise Justice, of Beach City, Ohio, seeks information of her father's war record, of which she knows that he was captain of Cleburne's Sharpshooters. He was Capt. W. A. Brown, of Grenada, Miss., a West Point cadet. In the battle of Shiloh, when his flag bearer fell, he caught the flag, sprang upon a parapet, and held it aloft until wounded near the close of the battle. He was captured in the battle of Franklin, sent to Johnson's Island, and released at the end of the war.

G. A. Braswell, of Oxford, Ala., who served in Company C, 12th Georgia Battalion of Artillery, Gen. C. A. Evans's Division, Gordon's Brigade, Lee's Army, wants to hear from any survivors of his command. Wash Johnson was captain of Company C, under Major Buce. They were first stationed at Savannah, Ga., later went to the Tennessee army, back to Savannah, and then to the Virginia army, and paroled at Appomattox C. H.

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Sep W. Abbay, of Nashville, Tenn. (R. R. No. 8, Box 103), makes inquiry for T. J. Garrett, who was a prisoner of war at Rock Island and was in Barrack 47. He belonged to an Arkansas regiment, and had been badly wounded in the arm. He also wants to hear, of W. W. Holt, whose address at one time was Terrell, Ark., and Charley Hemming, orderly of Barrack 32 at Rock Island.

D. W. Hughes, of 5351 Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., who made the small cannon used in Gen. M. Jeff Thompson's command in and around New Madrid, Mo., and South in 1862 and 1863, would like to correspond with any surviving members of that command. Special information is wanted for historical purposes.

We are in the market for one hundred thousand Confederate States notes, also Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas Treasury notes that were issued during the war. Write, stating the condition and number of notes you have for sale. American Import, Export & Commission Company, Inc., Board of Trade Building, Norfolk, Va.

Acknowledgment is made to Latham, Alexander & Co., New York City, of a copy of their handsome publication on "Cotton Movement and Fluctuations," which is issued annually and has become a standard book of reference. The publication is issued for gratuitous distribution among their customers. In it will be found many valuable articles on the different features of the cotton market, with the usual table of receipts, stocks, exports, consumption, etc., with much other original matter that cannot be found elsewhere in such concise form.

On the retreat of Bragg's army through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee, a soldier, utterly exhausted from the long march and "indulgence in the ration that did not come," threw himself on the ground and audibly groaned. A sympathetic comrade asked the cause, when the prostrate soldier cried out: "I feel plumb full of wind shakes and woodpecker holes." Many a soldier at that time was compelled to put up with this substitute for army rations.



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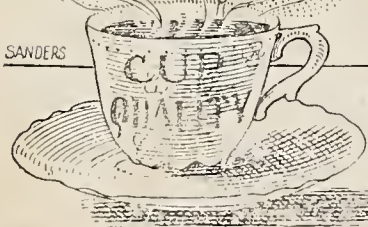
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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1907.

NO. 2. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## SENDING THE VETERAN TO ALL CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

I notice that you say that the VETERAN will be sent to all Chapters which have as many as ten members and meet as often as once a month. The ten members is all right, for we have very few Chapters which would not come in under that; but not more than one-third of the Chapters meet as often as once a month straight through the year. The Chapter of which I am a member, for instance, doesn't have regular meetings during July, August, and September. Most of the members are away during those three months, and those who are at home find it best to stay at home and out of the sun and night air as much as possible. This is the case with most of the Chapters in the far South, and nearly everywhere the members "rest from their labors" in the summer. So I am going to beg that you do away with that condition. I am anxious to have all the Chapters get it this year and see if all will not want it enough to subscribe for it after that.

What we need most is to keep in touch with each other continually. I want the U. D. C. to work like a well-regulated army. That's what my husband says, and he is correct. Why shouldn't we? If we would do that, we would very soon be the most influential association in this country. We inherit from our parents the ability to put self entirely out of sight; and if we will use this heritage and work together as a well-regulated army, there will be no limit to what we can accomplish by our influence for good. God has not allowed us to grow so rapidly and so well for a small purpose. He means for us to do great things for our country. There is a great future before us; I am sure of that, and I pray most earnestly that we will ere long go at it with our whole heart and strength. You are helping us greatly. I thank you for it.

While the foregoing was written as a personal letter, its use herein is consistent, and it is made the occasion to explain that the limitations as to membership and times of meeting of the Chapters were simply that the compliment be extended to live organizations. Our special mail list already includes every Chapter so far procurable. There are no stinted methods in the management of the VETERAN, and there should be none toward it. A class of people alien to narrowness is that which it seeks to honor and to aid in establishing the truth of history. One word to every Chapter intending to cooperate in the agency: Begin at once. Send one or two rather than delay.

## RICHMOND MAKING REUNION PREPARATIONS.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, Adjutant of the United Confederate Veterans' organization, has returned from a trip to Richmond, where he went in connection with the plans for the next reunion. He reports that Richmond is making great preparations, and expects a large crowd. The organizations in that city will begin soon to raise the necessary funds. As the Jamestown Exposition occurs next year, Richmond plans to invite the veterans and their friends to remain five days, so that they may see everything. They will probably ask that the gathering commence on May 30, which is the Virginia Memorial Day of the Confederate veterans and ladies, and last to and including June 3.

He reports that if this plan is accepted it is intended to unveil a monument of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart on the 30th. The Jefferson Davis monument will be unveiled on June 3.

The veterans and their friends will be able to go about to the various battlefields in the vicinity of Richmond, which are reached by cars and carriages, and they can also visit the Chimborazo Hospital, in which so many wounded soldiers were cared for by the Confederate government. It is expected that this Reunion will be largely attended.

General Mickle has a plan to have two parades. One will be of the old soldiers entirely, and will be unique, and the other will be composed of military organizations, Sons and Daughters of Veterans, sponsors, and other features, and the old veterans may witness the marching of their children.

Since the foregoing was published, official announcement is made that the Reunion will begin May 30 and end on June 3.

REPORTED SOLILOQUY OF A CONFEDERATE.—Inquiry as to "How is the VETERAN?" is so frequent that a friend was asked why the anxiety—why not presume that it is all right after fourteen successful years? "Ah, well, I was considering it from its untried view point. There can be no successors to the Confederate Veterans; they are fast disappearing from the reading world, and whether or not the generations succeeding will sustain it is yet to be tested." In answer to this faithful friend the statement is made that in its fourteen completed years there has been no retrograde. The circulation is now twenty-one thousand copies per month, and it could easily be doubled in sixty days. Just think of how easy it would be for each subscriber to procure another!



## FORREST'S CAPTURE OF COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, NEWPORT, ARK.

Perhaps a few words about General Forrest's West Tennessee campaign in the winter of 1862 and the capture of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll would be of interest to the VETERAN. The incidents attending these events occurred forty-four years ago, and are now recounted without data. I was a boy at the time, just past my fourteenth birthday, and had not then joined the army; but was on a runaway from home, with a few choice associates for that purpose, trying to get South through the Federal lines, being closely followed by my father, who, while in perfect accord with the Southern cause, objected to my entering its army on account of youth.

Thus on the 18th of December, 1862, we were caught almost in the very jaws of the two hostile forces. Having quit the main road for a few miles to avoid a collision with a Federal cavalry column moving southward, upon coming into the road again we gladly, though unexpectedly, met General Forrest's advance, composed of four companies of Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, then near Lexington, in West Tennessee, and which in a very few minutes thereafter encountered the 3d Battalion of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, some three hundred strong, commanded by Capt. James C. Harrison, which command Captain Gurley charged and drove rearward at a furious gait until the eastern limits of Lexington were reached, making many captures. There strong epaulements had been hastily erected for the Federal artillery, with dismounted cavalry on each flank and in support.

Here Captain Gurley formed for battle and paused for alignment, at which juncture General Forrest arrived with the main body of his command, and, with an eye and judgment equal to any emergency, ordered the position on the Federal left carried, which order was promptly and gallantly executed by his ever-willing and resolute Tennesseans and with their characteristic impetuosity and dash, which nothing in blue withstood that day.

I sat upon my horse and stared with boyish wonderment at what appeared an apparition, the most inspiring personage my eyes had ever beheld. It was General Forrest superbly mounted upon a spirited animal, which seemed to catch the inspiration of its master as he led his battalions by our position rightward toward the Federal left; and soon we heard heavy firing in that direction, accompanied by the Rebel yell, which transmitted the result to those sturdy soldiers where we were, and they in turn announced its significance to us. At that moment Captain Gurley ordered our line forward, which, coming within the zone of the Federal artillery fire, was quickly dismounted and advanced in splendid style.

The 7th Tennessee Federal Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Isaac R. Hawkins, occupied the Federal left, in what was considered a strong position; but when the Tennessee Confederates advanced toward them, their line vanished like vapor, and thus the position occupied by Colonel Ingersoll with the 11th Illinois Cavalry, dismounted, was flanked and enfiladed, and he and most of his officers and men captured, together with all his artillery, small arms, and ammunition.

The Federal artillerists, commanded by Lieut. John W. H. McGuire, stood stoutly by their guns, alternating with shrapnel and canister; but so close was Gurley's line upon them that their missiles flew harmlessly overhead, and not until close quarters were reached did Gurley's line sustain any casualties, where, after a hand-to-hand encounter and an almost superhuman defense of their guns, the Federal artil-

lerists yielded to numerical superiority, giving up their guns, and those not killed became prisoners. Lieutenant McGuire, after being exchanged, became captain of his battery.

The artillery captured here consisted of two three-inch steel Rodman guns, belonging to Capt. Merideth H. Kidd's 14th Indiana Battery, and formed the nucleus for Morton's Battery, and used thence and effectively by General Forrest until the end in 1865.

Colonel Ingersoll was a brave and skillful officer; and had the Tennessee Federals stood well to their colors, General Forrest might have been defeated, for his armament was very ineffective, being a mixture of flintlock muskets, double-barrel shotguns, and Derringer pistols, and supplied with only a few rounds of ammunition. He was therefore in poor condition to encounter such formidable equipment as Ingersoll's men possessed.

Colonel Hawkins was in no manner responsible for the bad conduct of his regiment on this or any other occasion. He was a brave, conscientious, though indulgent officer, and no truer man to his government or to his friends ever donned the Federal uniform.

Colonel Ingersoll was captured by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, who, when commanded by Captain Gurley to surrender, said rather nonchalantly: "Is this your Southern Confederacy for which I have so diligently searched?" Being assured that it was, Colonel Ingersoll replied somewhat facetiously: "Then I am your guest until the wheels of the great Cartel are put in motion." He then added: "Here are the Illinoisans; the Tennesseans have ingloriously fled."

Never in all General Forrest's captures—and they were many—did he make such timely acquisitions in war material as here or capture a foe possessed of so much wit and humor.



CAPT. FRANK B. GURLEY.

Already aware of the aggregated number of Federal troops stationed at different points in West Tennessee and the names of the respective commanders, and being anxious to know whose command he had just encountered, General Forrest accosted Colonel Ingersoll soon after the latter's capture with the inquiry as to whose command he belonged, and was promptly answered: "To Colonel Ingersoll's, if I was not



the man myself." General Forrest knew of no such command, and, being satisfied that it was only a detachment, was extremely anxious to strike the other portion at once before its commander heard of the discomfiture of the Ingersoll detachment; so he asked Colonel Ingersoll from where he came, to which the wily Colonel replied: "From everywhere but here, and I hope to be from here just as soon as I can secure your genial approbation to that effect." General Forrest greatly enjoyed such an exhibition of humor, and thereupon released Colonel Ingersoll temporarily on his verbal parole, which the Colonel faithfully observed.

My father now put in his appearance, which had a decided tendency to calm my military aspirations, for I was relieved in short order of what soldier's regalia I had become possessed of, and, like a peacock with its tail feathers plucked, started back to my "Old Kentucky Home" somewhat crestfallen, but resolved to again give the credulous old gentleman the slip.

General Forrest had on this expedition little less than two thousand men, composed of the following Tennessee cavalry organizations: Starns's 4th, Dibrell's 8th, Biffle's 9th, and Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, and two companies of Woodward's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, with Freeman's Tennessee Battery of four guns, with which was the gallant young Lieut. John W. Morton, who became successively captain of Morton's Battery and chief of Forrest's Artillery, and participated with distinguished gallantry and admiration of management of the artillery arm of Forrest's Cavalry in all the battles and campaigns of which that command formed the whole or a part except at Paducah, Ky., where only the Hudson (Miss.) Battery, Capt. Edwin S. Walton, participated.

Some ten days later this force was augmented by the arrival of Nappier's and Cox's Tennessee Battalions of Partisan Rangers, some two hundred and fifty men each, which General Forrest consolidated, forming the 10th Tennessee Cavalry. Col. Thomas Alonzo Nappier, who a few days later fell, an immolation to the Southern cause, at Parker's Crossroads while gallantly leading his regiment to a charge in the very face of enfilading Federal fire of musketry and artillery—a gallant but unnecessary sacrifice and unauthorized by General Forrest.

It was here that an old lady who chanced to live in that vicinity lost her ash hopper, as she said, by the unmitigated carelessness of one "Mr. Forrest and his hoss critters in forming a streak of fight" in her back yard, which resulted in the utter demolition of her only ash hopper and garden fence. She never forgave the General for this carelessness.

General Forrest was absent from the army under General Bragg on this expedition less than thirty days, subsisting entirely on captures from the Federal commissariat. He had crossed the Tennessee River going and coming, which was almost bank full, without adequate means of ferriage, in mid-winter and almost in the presence of a hostile Federal force numerically much his superior and without loss or hindrance. He penetrated West Tennessee, then swarming with Federals perchance twenty times his numbers, his advance going as far north as Moscow, Ky., puncturing the Federal garrison at all intermediate points, with his command continually under fire. He fought two pitched battles, in both of which he was successful, and did immense damage to General Grant's communications by rail, causing frantic consternation throughout his department and the retention of several thousand Federal soldiers in West Tennessee, who otherwise would have gone to reinforce Rosecrans, then confronting Bragg in front of Murfreesboro. Returning, his command was almost con-

stantly in battle formation; and frequently, when his column was in motion and his advance warmly engaged with the enemy in front, another column of the enemy approaching from a different direction was at the same time hammering vigorously at his rear, and often extrication seemed impossible.

Notwithstanding these environments and that no less than a half dozen different Federal columns, each of which greatly outnumbered him, were seeking his annihilation, he recrossed the Tennessee River with more men and artillery than when he entered West Tennessee, some twenty days before, gesticulated with an impedimenta of some seventy-five wagons heavily laden with valuable captures of hospital and medical supplies, nearly all of which he succeeded in carrying safely through to the Confederate army, and to the great joy of General Bragg, who in a general order complimented and characterized the expedition as the most brilliant cavalry achievement of the war, a mark of appreciation manifestly due that redoubtable cavalryman.

It was under such gallant and magnificent leadership that Forrest's Cavalry learned to soldier "On the Horse" and to write the brilliant story of his campaigns across the pages of the world's history, endowing him with the title, the "Wizard of the Saddle," and as an intrepid champion.

#### CONFEDERATE MATTERS IN FLORIDA.

BY GEN. FRED L. ROBERTSON, TALLAHASSEE.

Thompson B. Lamar Camp, No. 161 (named after the gallant colonel of the 5th Florida, who gave his life at the Weldon Road fight August 21, 1864), held a meeting at the home of Ex-Governor Bloxham recently and practically reorganized. The meeting was the aftermath of the sad gathering of November, when the Camp buried its Commander, Judge R. A. Whitfield. After the funeral, the comrades met and elected T. Heyward Randolph Commander and David J. Cay Adjutant. The meeting was well attended.

I am trying to get the boys to organize. They are full of promises, but somehow do not seem to realize the importance of combination or what will grow out of it. I attribute very much of this indifference to the teaching of the deplorable falsehoods that have in the name of history poisoned the minds of the youth of the South for the past forty years. One young man said to me: "I do not think it is right to organize these Camps of Sons. The South was in rebellion against the United States, and it is all wrong." I asked him if he believed his father would be guilty of treason, of lying, of disgraceful conduct, and if his mother would for one moment encourage murder, treason, rapine, and such disgraceful things? His answer came quick enough: "No, sir. My father is a gentleman and my mother one of the old school ladies of the best families of the South." Then I said: "I am surprised at your attitude. Your father was a gallant Confederate soldier, and your mother took the carpets from her floors to make covers for the soldiers in Virginia, the linen from her tables for lint and bandages for the wounded, the sheets from her beds for the hospitals, and did without comforts for these same considerations. Do you believe she would have done all this for traitors?" Again he answered: "No, sir." And then he said: "You have put this to me in a new light. I shall have to begin all over again with my history. I learned from my books and from my teacher (a Yankee) that I ought to feel humiliated at the way the South had acted toward the United States and thankful that the government was so merciful. I never then associated my father with the Confederate cause or my mother with the soldiers of the South."



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Mrs. Nettie Smith to Capt. Thomas Preston Campbell, of Richmond, Va., in December, 1906. This announcement will come as a surprise to many friends of our former traveling representative, whose visits were welcomed each year; but none the less will they join with the VETERAN in wishing her happiness in her new life. As a resident of Richmond, she will be glad to greet many of her Veteran patrons there next June.

### RESPONSES TO A CIRCULAR LETTER.

The following letter was sent to thousands in January, 1907:

"Dear Sir: The policy of the VETERAN for fourteen years has been to send it to any one who will ask it and to continue after expiration of subscription, presuming that it is desirable. This rule will be maintained, although delays in remitting often cause inconvenience and loss. It would be a great kindness and help if every one would be diligent to renew, and especially a great favor if every one during January, 1907, would see to it that payment is made so as to advance the date beyond 1906.

"This note is sent as a reminder of such request. Don't wait for an agent. Traveling agents will not canvass as generally in future as heretofore. Local agents are wanted in every county of your State. Please remit without delay, deducting cost of money order."

The finest response ever made to any request by the VETERAN came to the above. The result has been most gratifying. Only one person is recalled to have referred to it as a "dun." A few thousand persons have not responded yet, but it is anticipated that they will do so. Some will not. By and by they will claim that they did not order a renewal and that they are unwilling to pay for it. The patrons of the VETERAN are exceptionally good in paying, but occasionally an ugly notification will come, whereby it is understood that they will not pay. Let such meditate, before giving notice, upon the harm to the cause the VETERAN represents. In the aggregate such treatment would be fatal. Let everybody know that the VETERAN is mailed with a date unless pay is expected, and if it is not intended to pay to please give notice quick, that it may be discontinued.

Officials of highest rank in all the organizations are expected to make impersonal appeals for doubling the circulation at an early date. This movement was proposed and is being prepared for public presentation. Will you cooperate?

### SENTIMENT RATHER THAN BUSINESS.

An earnest expression to comrades and Southern friends is written in the hope of a sympathetic realization of the responsibility that attaches to the VETERAN. The business is going on smoothly, evidences of high appreciation are received daily, and yet in looking at the situation as no one else can see it the outlook depresses. Since the indorsement of the VETERAN is unstinted by all the leading organizations of Confederates, its every friend has a right to expect the highest possible results. Our comrades and our noble women—Confederate Mothers—are falling asleep rapidly; the necessity of

recording as much of the truth as possible in an acceptable manner to those who are to be influenced thereby is the greatest than can be imagined. The time is distressingly short; so that, if the VETERAN is half as worthy as the indorsements of it indicate, every Southerner should begin interest anew to extend its circulation and to furnish facts for its pages. In considering these responsibilities the founder and editor becomes nervous, and feels like starting the race afresh and like crying aloud and with greater pathos than ever that every friend cooperate as never before. All can do something toward extending the circulation; there is not a subscriber who cannot get one other. Many could get clubs from those who don't realize what the VETERAN is doing.

A large number could add largely to the interest and value of its reading. This plea is not for something "to fill up." The most embarrassing feature of all is in having so much sent that it can't be used speedily. There is, however, a way to improve the contents and to save the editorial department much work. In conformity with this request, let every contributor bear in mind the importance of telling the most and the best in the least space. When an article is written, let it be revised with the determination to tell as much as possible in the pleasantest way and that which is as strictly true as it is possible to do it. In writing for the "Last Roll" please remember that it is not necessary to say the comrade "was educated in the country schools and then went to college." Let the country school feature be assumed. It is doubtless a fact that no periodical in the history of printing has given gratuitously as much to personal tributes. From every post office, North as well as South, to which the VETERAN goes send some paragraph of interest. At the North write of some Confederate, poor or rich, and whether he is a credit to the stars and bars under which he fought. Send a little, a very little, about every Camp or Chapter. Tell something they did that it would be well for others to do in like manner. Let contributors who seek some personal benefit by publications in the VETERAN realize that the actual cost for the space of a page is from \$15 to \$20, and that they should in their appreciation endeavor to make up for that expense.

It occasionally happens that when a comrade dies his family want a long sketch of him and then stop the VETERAN. A more grievous thing occurs occasionally when some son of a veteran becomes diligent to have published his father's record for the special purpose of advancing his personal business interests, get a few copies of that number—maybe without charge—and then fails to subscribe.

Let comrades in far-away places see that records of their life and zeal are made known through the VETERAN. Look well to the books advertised in its pages, and do not fail to protest against the terms "New South" and "Lost Cause."

PENSION DECLINED BY MRS. M. A. JACKSON.—In declining to accept a pension of one hundred dollars per month from the State of North Carolina, the widow of Stonewall Jackson wrote: "I most welcomingly appreciate this patriotic and loyal tribute to the name of my hero husband, but I do not feel that I would be justified in accepting it. I am informed that the laws of North Carolina limit all pensions to those who have not five hundred dollars of personal property, and as I do not come under the law, I respectfully request that the bill be withdrawn." Mrs. Jackson suggests that the proposed pension in her behalf be appropriated for the relief of destitute widows of Confederate veterans. As it was her desire, the bill calling for the pension was withdrawn.



THE OTHER SIDE AT ANDERSONVILLE.

BY CAPT. J. M. BRYANT, SUPERINTENDENT NATIONAL CEMETERY.

I have been somewhat dilatory in acknowledging your kindness in sending me the August, September, and October numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The two former reached me at Lowell, Mass.; the latter, after my return. I thank you for this kind remembrance. I appreciate it very much. I found their reading very pleasant, especially the October number, which was replete with matter relative to the "Wirz Monument." I read every word pertaining to that subject, and it appears to me one of the most unfortunate questions that could possibly be brought up at this stage, when amity and good feeling between all sections of our common country are so widespread and predominant, and when our commercial and social relations are rapidly becoming what those between different parts of a common country ought to be. So far as I am able to see, nearly all the evidence favorable to Mr. Wirz, if not all, is of a negative character, while that leading to his conviction was positive and overwhelmingly convincing of guilt.

The personal character of the officers composing the military commission before which Mr. Wirz was tried precludes the possibility of an unjust verdict being reached. General Wallace, President of the Commission, was a man of high attainments and of undoubted integrity; and, in fact, it would appear that special care was exercised in selecting the commission to insure that none but officers of unimpeachable character were placed upon it. The review of the case by Judge-Advocate General Holt is full and complete; and had improper evidence been received by the commission, Mr. Holt would certainly have called attention to it. The credibility of the witnesses has been called in question by some, but it is impossible to conceive that all could have sworn falsely without the court finding it out.

The claim that Mr. Wirz was offered his liberty if he would inculcate Mr. Davis appears to be of recent origin and unsupported by competent testimony. It appears unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Johnson could have made such an offer—none other could have advanced such a proposition with power to carry it out—or would have dared to do it even if desired. A man who could have made such an offer would merit a fate equally infamous to that of Wirz himself. Furthermore, this claim, made, I understand, by Mr. Wirz's lawyer, has a suspicious appearance, inasmuch as he fails to name the officers approaching him on the subject. No credit ought to be given to such testimony; no court could entertain it for a moment. Had he named the officer, it could have had a different aspect.

While I believe Mr. Wirz had a fair and impartial trial and was condemned justly, yet I also believe these ladies are sincere in their belief of his innocence, and in their efforts to erect a monument to his memory are actuated by pure motives. That they are mistaken in their premises I think can be established beyond question.

On General Grant's tomb appear these words: "Let us have peace." The sooner we drop these questions of the past and unite as one people (as we are now doing to a very great extent) in an effort to advance the prosperity and influence for good of our country, the better for us all. Let us take for our motto: "In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity." In hastening the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, we shall most surely advance our own

peace and happiness and contribute our mite toward effecting a similar condition elsewhere. But we cannot accomplish this by incriminating one another. We must forgive others if we expect to be forgiven ourselves.

I realize, of course, that we cannot always think alike, nor is it necessary or desirable that we should; but in spite of that fact we can love each other and work for each other's good.

With a corrected proof of the above Captain Bryant stated that it was not sent for publication, but he had no objection to its use. The VETERAN has exceptional advantages in placing any matter before the entire South; and, while ardently devoted to the vindication of all worthy Confederate proceedings, it realizes the duty to establish the truth as fully as practicable, and desires to treat the other side justly.

Captain Bryant is partisan for his side, but certainly means well. He is not careful to credit the unfortunate Wirz with the small title which is certainly due. President Davis writes of him as "Major" Wirz. Certainly he was of as high rank as captain, and was in responsible position enough to entitle those who placed him in command to have their representative designated above the plane of "Mister."

Attention is called to the strange "official record" of testimony published in a dozen pages containing thirteen specifications of his deliberately killing or having killed thirteen men, the name of each of which is stated to be "unknown." He is charged with having shot and mortally wounded one; of jumping upon another, stamping, kicking, and bruising him until he died, "name unknown;" of shooting with a pistol another whose name was "unknown," inflicting a mortal wound; of another whose name is "unknown," put him in stocks and so cruelly treated him that he died ten days afterwards, yet nobody knew him (?); of another who was put in stocks and died six days afterwards, and yet the name was "unknown;" and so on specifications being the same of the thirteen men—that not one of them was known. These specifications are beyond question the vilest that ever were framed in condemnation of mortal man. The trial occurred at one of the worst periods possible, and good men believed Major Wirz a fiend incarnate. It is not to the credit of the military commission that such a maliciously partisan spirit controlled. It is not to the credit of the prisoners in Andersonville to have submitted to such treatment. If Commander Wirz had been half as mean as this testimony made him, the thirty or forty thousand prisoners owed it to every instinct of manhood to have broken down the walls and killed every man who opposed them. The guards were a mere bagatelle, and the prisoners should have given their lives rather than submit to such treatment of their fellows, and somebody would have known some of those murdered if the charges were true. Extracts from these specifications lengthily reiterate that "Henry Wirz, an officer of the military service of the Confederate States, 'so-called,' while acting as said commandant willfully and of his malice aforethought did jump upon, stamp, kick, bruise, and otherwise injure with the heels of his boots soldiers belonging to the army of the United States, of which said stamping, kicking, and bruising maliciously done and inflicted by the said Wirz died."

REPORT FROM AN ANDERSONVILLE PRISONER.

BY M. J. HALEY, HELENA, MONT.

I did not know Maj. Henry Wirz except what I have heard and read about him. I am not from the South. Washington, D. C., is as far in that direction as I have been; neither am



I an ex-soldier. It is simply a case of a layman intruding on military matters. I was born in New York State, and during the war was not old enough to enlist, but had brothers in the Union army. One was killed at Gettysburg and another saved the regimental colors at Chancellorsville and was promoted. During the latter part of the war he was detailed for duty at Elmira, N. Y. It was so distasteful to him that after a few months he applied to get back to his regiment. This was during the "retaliatory" period, when Stanton was mowing a wide swath. My brother said that a cat, notwithstanding its proverbial nine lives, wouldn't live five minutes in the Rebel prison at Elmira. I well remember my poor, sympathetic mother (God rest her soul!) weeping over his recital of the sufferings of that prison.

Even before I read the beautifully sad songs (if such a term is not inconsistent) of Father Ryan I was convinced that there were two sides to the deplorable controversy.

For forty years the North has been flooded with distorted and false histories of Maj. Henry Wirz, the political or sectional martyr—a man who was condemned before he was tried!

For years the subject, from a Northern standpoint, has been treated in a way that reminds one of the answer given by Talleyrand when asked concerning the court-martial and execution of the Duke d' Eughein. The great diplomat's reply was: "O, that was horrible! It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder."

An influential, respectable, and honored citizen of Montana, who has held important positions in this State, an ex-soldier of the Union army, and a prominent member of the G. A. R., who was a prisoner in the South for thirteen months, now proposes to publish his side of the story. He was for seven months at Andersonville. I will here refer to the gentleman as Captain P.; but his name, his rank while in the army, and other facts will be given in full in the book.

Captain P. is nearly seventy years of age. The last position he held in Montana was a State office. He tendered his resignation, and it was reluctantly accepted. He was orderly sergeant in a Michigan regiment when captured, and was first confined at Belle Isle. In the summer of 1865 he was mustered out of the service as second lieutenant. He was prominent among the prisoners at Andersonville to the extent of being chosen as chairman of—as he terms it—a "relief-asking committee." He was the spokesman of this committee. While at Andersonville he kept a diary, and one can see at a glance that he acted an important part among his fellow-prisoners. He has a fund of Andersonville anecdotes and incidents. He waited upon Major Wirz, or "Captain Wirz," frequently, and they became intimately acquainted.

Here is just a fragment of Captain P.'s story: "I liked the man. I never saluted Captain Wirz, no matter how busy or hurried he was, that he did not return the salute. I can convince any reasonable being that Captain Wirz was humane and kind-hearted. He never refused a reasonable request if it was in his power to grant it. Captain Wirz, it is true, was quick-tempered, but was good-hearted. Twice when I waited on him tears came to his eyes. The last time that I saw him, with tears in his eyes he exclaimed: 'God help you; I cannot. What can I do? Why, sir, my own soldiers are on short rations. They haven't enough to eat.' And he turned his back. We were both crying. He was not cruel! Captain Wirz did the very best that he could with the scant means at hand. He had no kindergarten to deal with! The very fact that we had to hang six of our fellow-prisoners proves that.

I believe that I was the first prisoner to ask him for relief from our own murderous thugs. One thing I am certain of: I was of the party to whom he granted permission to organize and try our prisoners. It was I that asked him to send in timber to build the scaffold upon which we executed them. I saw him four or five times draw his revolver on the prisoners, but never saw him fire. Prisoners behind his back would throw stones and clods of dirt at him. This would make him angry; but if you were to ask those at that time which they hated the most, Stanton or Wirz, it is safe to say that Stanton would be the unanimous choice. In the summer of 1864 we all knew that Stanton's policy was to let us die rather than exchange us. We realized that we were forsaken by our own government. (The Confederate government was anxious to exchange.) The realization of this increased the fatality. As soon as the prisoner, whether at Andersonville or Belle Isle or at Rock Island or Elmira, became despondent he was doomed. It must have been early in August when we heard of the cold-blooded and atrocious Stantonian ukase, 'We will not exchange able-bodied men for skeletons;' and again, 'We do not propose to reënforce the Rebel army by exchanging prisoners.' While I was at Andersonville (and I was there during the latter part of it) I never heard nor never knew that Captain Wirz ever shot a prisoner or was personally responsible for the death of a solitary inmate of Andersonville, and I thought that I knew about everything that was going on there. It was news to me in November, 1865, to learn that he killed prisoners right and left. There was perjury enough at that trial to fill a good-sized penitentiary."

The above is only a sketch of Captain P.'s story. He proposes to call "a spade a spade."

To illustrate the fact that Captain P. is not altogether an eleventh-hour advocate, arrangements were made to have him as a witness upon the part of the government at the Wirz trial in October, 1865. He expected to be put in the witness chair. The army officer, however, who acted as prosecuting attorney questioned Captain P. The gist of his answer was that Major Wirz did all he could and the best he could under the circumstances, and Captain P. (or Lieutenant P., as he was mustered out) was curtly told that his testimony was not wanted. He did not testify. It has been the regret of his life, but it didn't make any difference. Major Wirz would have been hanged just the same.

Not allowing this man to testify was a marked exhibition of the cloven foot. For a dozen years I have been after Captain P. for this story.

The part your correspondent takes in this work is but little more than that of an amanuensis, for Captain P. tells the story of Major Wirz and Andersonville himself, without assistance or dictation. He requested me to obtain outside matter. The work will embrace a wide range. Reference will be made to, and comparisons made of, prison life in Rock Island, Camp Morton, Johnson Island, and Elmira. Statistics have been gathered from various sources having a bearing on this story. We are under obligation to many in the North and South for valuable information. Gen. J. A. Chalaron, the efficient Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Association, mailed me last month an invaluable contribution in the shape of an explicit and full history of Major Wirz's military life. It will be a revelation to the North. He was twice wounded in battle.

Richardson, Kellogg, Urban, Spencer, and other untruthful Andersonville authors have all referred to him as never being a soldier nor never facing the enemy in battle.



Captain P. says that it was well known at Andersonville that he had been wounded; that, in fact, while he was in command (of the interior) of Andersonville prison he was still suffering from wounds that he had received on the field of battle which unfitted him for duty at the front.

My friend takes the high ground that these Washington authorities primarily should be held responsible for the thirteen thousand graves of Union soldiers at Andersonville. Facts will bear him out in maintaining that position.

On February 1, 1862, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston forwarded a letter of the Confederate Secretary of War to the Washington authorities, asking for an exchange of prisoners. As to terms, it was more than liberal; it was generous. The closing paragraph reads: "In the hope that your answer will be favorable and that we may thus together take at least one step to diminish the sufferings produced by the war, I am," etc. (See "Johnston's Narrative," pages 94 and 95.) General Johnston adds: "As this proposition was not entertained nor the letter noticed, the matter is introduced here only to show how early in the war the Confederate government attempted to lessen the sufferings of prisoners of war by shortening their terms of confinement and how little of that spirit was exhibited by the Federal administration."

Had the Washington authorities acceded to the reasonable terms proposed by the Confederacy, there would have been no Andersonville, Salisbury, or Millen.

Albert D. Richardson was the war correspondent of the New York Tribune. He was made prisoner and confined at Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Andersonville. Notwithstanding he pictures Major Wirz as a monster, on page 417 of his "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," written in 1865, he says: "The government held a large excess of prisoners, and the Rebels were anxious to exchange man for man; but our authorities acted upon the cold-blooded theory of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that we could not afford to give well-fed, rugged men for invalids and skeletons." Again on page 457: "Those five thousand loyal graves at Salisbury will ever remain fitting monuments of Rebel cruelty and of the atrocious inhumanity of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who steadfastly refused to exchange those prisoners," etc.

Is it not singular that the thought did not occur to Mr. Richardson when he wrote the above that were it not for Stanton's policy there would have been no Salisbury nor "Rebel cruelty?"

The writer would like to give here that logically interesting editorial on this subject which appeared in the New Orleans Times-Democrat of January 6, but he fears that he has already made this too long.

In his narrative Captain P. says:

"Richardson, Kellogg, Urban, and others of our Northern Andersonville historians refer to Captain Wirz as brutal, profane, ignorant, and besotted. This is, to give it a mild name, willful misrepresentation. He was an educated man. He spoke English, French, and German fluently, and, if I am not mistaken, Italian. I have an indistinct recollection of his conversing with some Italian prisoners from New York in their own language.

"The above writers quote him as saying, 'You Got tam Yankees, killing is too goot for youse,' and similar expressions. He never used such language toward the prisoners. They also refer to him as a 'Dutchman.' Captain Wirz was a native of Switzerland. It is true that he spoke with a foreign accent, but the language above quoted was not his.

"There were originally fourteen of my comrades, raised in my home vicinity and belonging to my regiment, the 6th Michigan Cavalry, who were sent from Belle Isle to Andersonville with me. Nearly all of us had money. I had something over forty dollars when I reached Andersonville. At that time there were about twenty-five hundred prisoners there. We agreed to remain together, and we bought logs and poles and built quite a comfortable cabin sufficiently large for all of our needs. Afterwards the inclosure filled up and room was scarce. One day when there were something over thirty thousand prisoners there a lieutenant under Captain Wirz notified us that our cabin was two feet within the so-called 'dead line' and that we would have to move it. My comrades and I told him that the place was so occupied that it was impossible to move it. Every available square foot was taken up. He said then that we would have to take it down. I immediately went to Captain Wirz. He heard my story. Our cabin was neither moved nor taken down. It was one of the very best of the modest habitations within the stockade. Hundreds of prisoners at Andersonville knew of this incident, and there are to-day ex-Union soldiers who were at Andersonville who will remember it.

"This story of Andersonville has been told too often; but for the purpose of vindicating a much-wronged man, so far as it is in my power so to do, is my only excuse for taking the reader through the succeeding pages. Taps will soon sound for us all who passed through those experiences, and I am sure that I can feel more easy as I pass down to the valley of death if I say what I can truthfully in defense of the man who befriended me when I was in the greatest need and when there was no other recourse.

"At the close of the war the feeling was so intense in the North that something had to be done to satisfy the clamor, and Captain Wirz was doomed as the victim before this trial. In the death of this innocent man there was an odor of Stantonian malignancy. It will ever remain in the annals of American history as a most wanton act.

"He never wore side arms among us. One day while at his quarters I said: 'Captain, I have always noticed that you never wear a sword in the prison, while the other officers do.' 'The poor fellows have other reminders of the war,' he replied, 'without my parading up and down with sash and saber.'

"Did you get your box?" was his inquiry one morning in August when riding through the camp. I saluted, and said that I did. 'You got one before, didn't you?' 'Yes, sir.'

"It was the third box of articles greatly needed that kind friends had sent me from Grand Rapids, Mich., which I received while at Andersonville.

"Often when I waited on Captain Wirz at his quarters he would engage me in conversation, as if to take my mind from our hardships. At one time I told him about a comrade of mine losing a shoe in the mud while we were on the march after Fredericksburg. 'Ah, Jimmie,' he laughingly rejoined, 'it was not the only instance of sticking in the mud at Fredericksburg. Burnside's loss was greater than your comrade's, but I shouldn't joke about this.'

"There was but one perfect Man that ever lived on earth. Captain Wirz was human, and had his faults like the rest of us. He was inclined to be a martinet, a characteristic of European military men. Captain Wirz was a stickler for regularity in military detail. One of the grandest and most patriotic characters of the American Revolution was a martinet—a severely strict disciplinarian. In his day many of



the soldiers, according to historical accounts, considered him something bordering on a tyrant. Yet this man, who was aide-camp to Frederick the Great, a major general in the Prussian army, and a German baron, gave up all to fight for American liberty, and died in poverty in a log cabin in New York State—the great patriot, the Baron Steuben.

"I have an idea that, were Captain Wirz in command of a regiment, brigade, or division, he would have been disliked, particularly by the shirks."

#### HONOR FOR ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS.

There seems to be overlooked a feature of the monument intended for Major Wirz which is recalled by a letter from Col. George Wythe Baylor, writing from Guadalajara, Mex. (who was colonel of 2d Texas Cavalry and commanded Baylor's Brigade, C. S. A.). It relates to a monument to the honor of the Union soldiers who were permitted to go to Washington, D. C., and make plea in behalf of an exchange of prisoners and in failure returned. Colonel Baylor writes of them as "heroes of American blood," and adds: "Any soldier, no matter whether he wore the blue or gray, who admires true courage and patriotism in friend or foe should help save from oblivion the names and memories of the brave men who went from Andersonville to Washington City to get President Lincoln and his Cabinet to agree to exchange prisoners with the Confederate government; and, failing, returned to prison, perhaps to a lingering death, which poor Dixie, staggering under the blows given by her powerful foe, aided by those of foreign lands (who could be bought to shed blood), could in no way prevent. Many monuments have been erected on the prison grounds of Andersonville by fanatics intended to humiliate the South. Now let us see if there are not enough Confederates still alive who will give something to erect a monument to the memory of these brave Americans. Their President refused to aid them; their commanding general, U. S. Grant, said to release the Confederates in prison 'would endanger the safety of Sherman's army;' and if the prisoners were exchanged, the war would last until every Southern soldier was killed."

Colonel Baylor concludes: "I stand pledged to give one dollar to such a monument and another to the Wirz monument. What say you, Johnny Reb?"

The original proposition by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy was to include the honored deed of these men in returning to prison with the outlook for exchange utterly hopeless. Those who have assailed their motives have given no credit for this noble feature of their plans.

#### TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT ROCK ISLAND.

[J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., wrote to Gen. Stephen D. Lee in November in regard to Rock Island Prison records.]

Concerning the number of prisoners confined at Rock Island, Ill., during 1863-65, I believe I can furnish you the exact figures. I was an inmate of Barrack No. 47 for sixteen months, and on the 15th of June, 1865 (three days before being released), I obtained the following figures from one of our boys who had been acting as clerk at Colonel Johnston's headquarters for some time. He was to be released the next day (the 16th) and I met him on the main avenue. He happened to have a paper in his hand. He was then on his way to his barrack "to pack up." I stopped him to ask of conditions, and, noticing the paper, asked him its nature. He showed it to me, and explained that, as he was to leave for home on the morrow, he had copied that morning's report from

that book to take home with him. I then asked him for a copy of it. He did so on the blank half of the sheet in his hand, and I have saved it all these years. The figures are as follows in report of June 15, 1865: Received, 12,215; exchanged, paroled, etc., 4,719; joined United States navy, 1,077; joined United States army, 1,795; released on petition, 1,424; escaped, 45; transferred to other prisons, 71; died, 1,963; present, 1,121. Total, 12,215.

From the manner in which I obtained this and the source the figures are as near exact as it would be possible to make them. The figures given in the "Confederate Handbook" are by a misprint utterly misleading and equally unjust to our opponents. This is a fearful record and utterly beyond all credences, and all by the dropping of a digit. The "Handbook" should have been 12,484 instead of only 2,484. The difference with the figures I here present would be but 269, a permissible discrepancy, all circumstances considered.

When I reached the prison, on February 18, 1864, I, with about a dozen others, was assigned to Barrack 47, all the barracks above having a complement of inmates, though none were filled to their "full capacity—120 men." During the summer and winter of 1864 the number was between 8,000 and 9,000 men. I distinctly remember that after the organization of the "Seven Confederate Knights" the success of a "sortie" by the prisoners was discussed in my presence, and it was then argued that with between 8,000 and 9,000 men our chances of making a successful break would be good, provided we could rely on all to stand together. But doubts were expressed as to the feasibility of perfecting the plans, owing to the large number of weak-kneed and spies among us. Suddenly the guards were doubled, and orders were issued forbidding the prisoners from assembling in groups of more than "two" on any of the streets and avenues. Then we knew that the spies had got in their work, and there was in consequence a greater severity on the part of our jailers toward us. Men were shot on the streets without warning or provocation and barracks were shot into in the dead hours of night just for fun or out of pure meanness. The 108th negro regiment was bad enough; but when the 192d Illinois hundred-day men came, it was worse. We could in a measure find excuse for the negroes; but we can find no excuse for the supposedly civilized and Christian white men—some of them mere boys—of the 192d Illinois. For a while not a man in my barrack would venture to the "sinks" during the night. I saw one man murdered while returning from the sink at night when within but a few steps of his barrack door. He was shot through the back without having been warned or challenged.

MARYLAND CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.—At the annual meeting for the election of State officers for the Maryland Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. G. Smith Norris, First Vice President, presided. The meeting was an unusually large and satisfactory one, all of the State Chapters being represented. Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, who has continuously held the office of President of the Maryland Division since its organization, eleven years ago, having sent in her resignation, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, of Odenwold, in Howard County, was elected her successor, Mrs. Wright, on motion of Mrs. John P. Poe, being elected Honorary President for life. The other officers elected are: Vice Presidents, Mrs. G. Smith Norris, of Belair, Mrs. R. Alexander Hammond, of Jessups. Mrs. Victor Baughman, of Frederick, and Mrs. A. T. B. Egee, of Chesapeake City; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs.



Neilson Poe, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Miss Georgiana Graham Bright; Treasurer, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Historian, Miss Mary Hall; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Miss Mary Zollinger. Mrs. John P. Poe, Chairman of the Maryland Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, gave an interesting description of the work during the past year toward the appropriate filling up of the room, which is now rapidly nearing completion. Mrs. Poe furthermore asked for the co-operation of the Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the State in securing headstones for the unmarked graves of a number of Maryland soldiers buried near Wytheville, Va., the names of nineteen having already been identified by Mrs. Poe, who hopes shortly to secure the full and correct list.

## A POPULAR CONFEDERATE.

Col. Andrew R. Blakely, of the St. Charles, is not handsome, but he is popular. A defect in the loss of an eye tends to his modesty. A comrade told the VETERAN that he was ramming a cannon charge when his eye was shot out, and that dazed he ran round and round in a circular way for some time afterwards. However, he is a hustler, and the assertion would hardly be questioned that he is the most progressive man in the Crescent City. He is appreciated not only by the public, but by the employees of the great hotel at the head of which management he has been for years.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat of January 26 states:

"As a remembrance on his sixty-sixth birthday, the employees of the St. Charles Hotel Thursday afternoon presented to the proprietor, Col. Andrew R. Blakely, a handsome silver loving cup. The gift was a surprise to the veteran hotel man, and its presentation was made in a unique and fitting manner. While Mr. Blakely was taking a drive Thursday afternoon the cup was filled with flowers and placed upon a center table in his apartments. Upon his return Colonel Blakely found it and asked for an explanation. As a reply, W. E. Harris, his private secretary, and W. P. Todd, chief bookkeeper at the institution, stated that they had been appointed a committee to present the gift in behalf of their fellow-employees.

"The cup is of Grecian design, and is unusually large. It is of a size and quality seldom presented, except upon State occasions. It is twenty-two inches high, including the base,

and has a capacity of five and a half pints. It is six or seven inches across the top, and tapers to the base. There are three handles, and upon one panel appears an etching of the face of the recipient taken from his latest photograph. Under the etching is the inscription: 'Presented to Andrew R. Blakely, on the occasion of his sixty-sixth birthday, from the employees of the St. Charles Hotel, January 24, 1907.' The cup was made by Coleman E. Adler."

## JEFFERSON DAVIS PAPERS IN MUSEUM.

MISS MARY RITTER SHEA, OF NEW YORK, DONATES THEM.

Valuable papers bearing upon the life of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, were presented to the Richmond Museum yesterday afternoon by Miss Mary Ritter Shea, of New York City, the occasion developing into a most notable Confederate gathering. Miss Shea is spending the winter at the Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point. She reached Richmond yesterday morning and is at the Jefferson Hotel. She is the daughter of George Shea, of Ireland, afterwards Chief Justice of New York, and, with Charles O'Connor, defender of Jefferson Davis at the time of his trial. His daughter inherited from her father valuable papers and letters relating to the Davis trial. These, together with a Bible used by Mr. Davis, were inclosed in the folds of a worn Confederate flag, the Bible bearing the inscription in Mr. Davis's handwriting: "To George Shea, from his friend and fellow-citizen, Jefferson Davis."

The papers were letters giving accounts of Mr. Shea's efforts in behalf of Mr. Davis, of his visits to Mr. Davis at Fortress Monroe, and of the latter's final release from imprisonment. The original draft of the bail bond which set Mr. Davis free was also included in the collection.

Many members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Hollywood Memorial Association gathered to welcome Miss Shea, together with many gentlemen. Miss Shea, who possesses a frank, cordial charm of manner, was thoroughly at home amid the throng of Virginia women assembled in her honor, at the head of whom stood Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Regent of the Virginia Room at the Confederate Museum; beside her Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Vice Regent of the Virginia Room.

Lieut. Gov. J. Taylor Ellyson, as presiding officer of the meeting, introduced the Rev. William M. Jeffries, D.D., who took up the subject of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and his sufferings. He declared that Mr. Shea said to his daughter, then a child: "Mary, this is all wrong, and I must try to right it." He told how Mr. Shea and his daughter visited Mr. Davis in prison; how they very nearly lost their lives by a mistake of the sentry on the occasion of one visit; how, finally, Mr. Shea's eloquent and convincing arguments prevailed with Mr. Greeley and other influential men; how the bail bond was signed and Mr. Davis freed.

The archdeacon, in a vivid outburst of eloquence, paid a splendid tribute to Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. He said he had no doubt in entering heaven that many would say, looking at the thrones raised high above others around them: "And, Lord, who sits here?" And the Lord will answer: "Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. They indeed have come out of great tribulation, but they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Rev. Dr. James P. Smith received the papers and other relics given by Miss Shea from the archdeacon as the Chaplain of the Museum and the representative of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. His remarks in doing so were char-



ANDREW R. BLAKELY.



acteristically appropriate. Said the Doctor in conclusion: "I put on my gray Confederate coat on Saturday last; and as I marched in the ranks of my comrades, I asked myself what I was doing there, what was the meaning of it all, and why I had donned the gray and the brass buttons. And the answer came at once: 'Because I desire to show to those around me and those who come after me that I stand where I stood during my service in the Confederate army, and am moved by the same hopes, principles, and desires, knowing that truth is mighty and must at length prevail.'"—*The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va., January 22, 1907.*

#### TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. A. B. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

The Tennessee Division's growth is a matter of pride, it now ranking third in membership and voting strength. Ten new Chapters were reported at the Gulfport Convention, and a large amount of good work was done during the past year. Two Chapters have been organized within the last few days. There are now four young ladies' Chapters. According to a by-law adopted at the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport, an application for a charter must be sent to the State President accompanied by the application for membership of the charter members; and unless these applications are sent to her, the State President may not sign the application for a charter.

Many Veterans have lost their Crosses of Honor, and it is a matter of rejoicing that now a Veteran in good standing having lost his Cross may obtain a second Cross by applying to the President of the Chapter from which he received the Cross and by furnishing a copy of the certificate on which the Cross was first bestowed. There is some misapprehension about Crosses for descendants. Crosses are not given to all descendants of Veterans, but only to the oldest living lineal descendant of a Veteran, and then only when the Veteran has died before obtaining the Cross. This is not making Crosses common nor of less value to Veterans, because it is only the one Cross to which the Veteran himself would be entitled if living that his descendant or widow may obtain; but the right of wearing a Cross is reserved for the Veterans alone.

Every State now has a Recorder for Crosses of Honor, from whom all information about Crosses can be obtained, also all papers needful for ordering Crosses. This State office was created by the U. D. C. Convention at Gulfport to lighten the work of the Custodian of Crosses. The Recorder for Tennessee is Mrs. W. W. Baird, of Humboldt; and all Chapters are advised not to delay communicating with her if they wish to confer Crosses, as she must abide by the rules for Crosses of Honor and she must have time to look over and have corrected any papers sent her.

The five sets of Sheppard pictures—water colors portraying the uniforms of Confederate soldiers—given the State President by the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association for presentation to schools of Tennessee have been presented by the State President to the following schools: The Public School of Dyersburg, for the library established there by John Lauderdale Chapter; to Columbia Institute, which has given a scholarship to Maury County Chapter; to Franklin Female College, which has donated a scholarship to Franklin Chapter; to Chattanooga High School, for Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter; and to the Public School of Paris.

In answer to many inquiries about children's auxiliaries, I will say that all children—boys and girls—under the age of seventeen years are eligible to membership; no application blanks are required to be filled out, and no dues. The parent

Chapter should be careful to select a judicious, purely patriotic woman as director of the auxiliary, the officers of the auxiliary to be elected from and by the children. The director is responsible to the Chapter, and should make reports to same, also to chairman of auxiliary committee, Mrs. Carey A. Folk, Nashville, the Chapter making a report of the auxiliary work, with all items of interest, to the State Convention. Do not make the children do too much work, now they are going to school, but cultivate in them a love for Southern principles and Confederate veterans, and devotion to the U. D. C. organization and its aims. Those Chapters desiring a more specific outline of work should communicate with the chairman of auxiliary committee, Mrs. Folk.

At last work is begun in earnest for a fitting monument to the illustrious men of Shiloh. The United Daughters of the Confederacy pledged themselves at San Francisco and repledged themselves at Gulfport to this work, and will give to it five hundred dollars yearly until the monument is completed. All the State Divisions have taken up this work and are raising money for it, Missouri alone having raised last year \$527.

This monument, a Southern monument to all Confederates who were in this terrible two days' battle, will be on Tennessee soil. The work for this monument was inaugurated by Tennessee women—the Shiloh Chapter—and a Tennessee woman, your State President, has been appointed Chairman of the General U. D. C. Shiloh Monument Committee. In view of all these conditions, much will be expected of Tennessee Daughters, and it is to be hoped they will do as much as or more than any other State for Shiloh. It cannot be built without funds, and I ask every Chapter of the Tennessee Division to do something for Shiloh this year. Let every Chapter give at least ten dollars this year. Let us all show that Tennessee can and will do her full part in this as in all things.

#### STATE MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

A letter addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of the Tennessee Legislature states:

"To the honor of Tennessee, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State have united in an appeal to the Legislature to appropriate a fund for the erection of a monument to the Confederates who offered up their lives as a sacrifice on Shiloh's sanguinary field, which has been converted into a national military park.

"With its stately monuments to the Federal dead, its graveled drives and picturesque forests, it is a place of surpassing beauty, containing four thousand acres bordering on the Tennessee River. But above all else, it contains, dear to every Southern patriot, the spot where fell the immortal Albert Sidney Johnston. More than \$200,000 has been expended by Northern States, and more than one hundred handsome monuments erected by the government and Northern States. But to the thousands of visitors who ask, 'Where are the Confederate monuments?' we can only say, 'Come a few years later and you shall see us dedicate one to all our fallen heroes.'

"The Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled during the Reunion at Louisville, 1905, passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention of Confederate Veterans respectfully and earnestly requests the Legislatures of the Southern States to make further and liberal appropriations, which are urgently needed, in order that the particular points



where Southern soldiers distinguished themselves and honored their respective States may be appropriately marked by some monumental inscription.'

"The following resolutions were reported by the committee and unanimously adopted by the Veterans at the Reunion held in Charleston, S. C., in May, 1899:

"*Resolved*, That we trust the people of the Southern States will take early and effective steps to erect upon these battlefields suitable monuments in honor of our glorious heroes in gray, who fought and died for what they believed to be right.

"*Resolved*, That the Adjutant General and the Secretary of this Convention forward copies of these resolutions to the Governors of all Southern States, with the request that the same be communicated to their respective Legislatures.'

"May we not, without further trespass on your valuable time, leave this whole cause to your most favorable consideration, with sanguine confidence that your action will be in full harmony with the patriotic sentiment of the State?"

The State Legislation Committee for the Shiloh monument is comprised of Mesdames T. J. Latham, Chairman, Memphis; H. S. Mizner, Knoxville; Xavia Haynie, Gallatin; E. W. Cheek, President Chapter, Tracy City; T. B. Carroll, Henderson; A. G. Thompkins, President Chapter, Murfreesboro; C. C. Miller, Puryear; S. J. Berry, Memphis; W. B. Romine, Pulaski; Lucy Landess Lasater, Fayetteville; June J. Crawford, President Chapter, Union City; Colyar, President Chapter, Winchester; Benton McMillin and Reau Folk, Nashville; Miss Anna Roane, Covington.

It will be remembered that the U. D. C. general organization is interested in this Shiloh monument.

#### INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

BY J. W. ANDERSON, COVINGTON, GA.

If any of the following who were members of Gen. James Longstreet's staff as special couriers during the years 1863 and 1864 are still living, I should be delighted to hear from them. They are or were as follows: W. W. Gardner, of Kentucky; Tucker and Jennings, of Virginia; J. C. Vance and Jefferson Brown, of South Carolina; Morris, Anderson, and Hardee, of Georgia; Spencer, McClellan, and Youngblood, of Alabama; and Cage, of Louisiana.

They were a gallant and fine lot of young men, and as brave and patriotic and knightly as ever drew rein over warrior's steed. We parted in October, 1864, near Richmond, Va., and I have never seen but one of them (Morris) since that time, and have heard of only two of the others (Spencer and Hardee) since the war, and do not know if they are now living. Spencer was appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. G. M. Sorrel after our separation, and Cage was appointed aid-de-camp to General Hay, of Louisiana.

It is a long time since we parted, in October, 1864; but memory goes back to the fateful two years we served together at headquarters with the most cherished and pleasant recollections of each, and the desire to hear from them and to know that they are still living grows stronger even as the years go fleeting by. I should be more than delighted to hear from each one of them.

"If Henry Burcher, a member of the 20th Virginia Cavalry, William L. Jackson's brigade, and who was wounded in the battle of Fisher's Hill September 22, 1864, is still living, I should like to hear from him," writes J. W. Erwin, Adjutant A. S. Cabell Camp, Charleston, Ark. "He was a Virginian

like myself, both born in Lewis County and both belonging to the same brigade. I was a private in the 19th Virginia Cavalry. I tried to take him off the field when our position was flanked by the enemy; but, having no help, I did not succeed, and he was captured. He escaped from prison, however, before his wound healed, and came to my regiment to see me before he was sent to the hospital. I should like also to hear of another man wounded in that fight. I don't know his name or his command, but he was from North Carolina. He was standing close by me when wounded, and I caught him as he fell. A comrade of his was at hand instantly, and we tried to carry him, but could not. We hailed a man on horseback, who proved to be a brigadier general, who took the man up behind him and said he would see that he was not captured. These incidents occurred forty-two years ago, and it may be that all have answered the last roll call except myself; but they may have related the occurrences to thers who may remember them and will be kind enough to write to me."

#### FORREST AND LEE.

BY MRS. W. B. ROMINE, OF PULASKI, TENN.

If we search the wide world o'er,  
Through countries bathed with patriots' gore,  
And far and near through foreign lands  
For bravest chiefs of bravest bands—  
Our hearts are here, and still will be,  
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If old Scotland stand with sword in sheath,  
Telling with pride of Douglas and Keith;  
If England yield her richest brood,  
From Saxon worth and Norman blood—  
Our hearts are here, and still will be,  
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If we climb the grape-crowned slopes of sunny France afar,  
With Napoleon she adores and the white-plumed Navarre;  
If we see Portugal's men in brave battle array  
Ne'er faltering in duty nor fleeing the fray—  
Our hearts are here, and still will be,  
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If through the streets of once imperial Rome we tread,  
Where Nero boasted, where Cæsar bled,  
Where Horatius from the bridge with nerve in every fiber  
Swam the swollen waters of the tawny Tiber—  
Our hearts are here, and still will be,  
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

If we visit the Orient, where roses in myriads swarm  
About a marble Taj Mahal mid India's breezes warm;  
If where an Egyptian princess her very heart's blood shed  
For a haughty warrior lover, who life and love had fled—  
Our hearts are here, and still will be,  
Back in the Southland with Forrest and Lee.

And, methinks, when at last we journey to the land of endless  
sun  
And read the long, long list of hard-fought battles won  
By honored patriots and heroes from every land and clime,  
Whom homeland's thrall and duty's call had stirred the soul  
sublime,  
High on the honor roll of heaven, surely, yes, we'll surely see  
Enscrolled in gold Nathan B. Forrest and Robert E. Lee.



## CENTENARY OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S BIRTH.

It was deemed in the outset so nearly impossible to report exercises in honor of General Lee's one hundredth birthday anniversary that it was determined to report none direct. There are statements in many beautiful tributes which it is hoped will be recorded in these pages from time to time. Extracts from eminent sources are here given, together with some Northern press comments, which are followed by a carefully prepared paper by Dr. John S. Wyeth that has been held over for some time.

The farewell words of General Lee to his surrendered army are given on our title-page.

## LORD WOLSELEY'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed.

## BENJAMIN H. HILL'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.

He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty;  
A victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring.  
He was a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile;  
He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny,  
Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward.

Thirteen Confederate organizations in New Orleans participated in the R. E. Lee memorial services January 19, 1907.

Richmond and New Orleans may be regarded as well-matched rivals in paying tribute to the great and good man.

Dayton (Ohio) Herald: "History will deal chiefly with Lee's military record and achievements; but it was as a man, as a beautiful character, of noble traits, of lovable personality that he won the affection of his soldiers and of the entire people of the South; and it was because of these attributes that in the years since the war he has taken a high and enduring place in the admiring regard of the people of the North. In honoring his memory, both as a brave and able soldier and as a Christian gentleman and citizen, the nation's sentiment is unanimous and sincere."

Gen. Fred Grant, in a recent article concerning General Lee, states: "One of his greatest assets as a military leader was his personality. Every one who met him was charmed and impressed by his force." And again: "General Lee was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. Few men have been so human, and at the same time held the confidence of military men."

This testimony, coming from so notable a source, is no more significant tribute to the essential greatness of Robert E. Lee than are the utter absence of bitterness and the invariable attitude of admiration which mark the expressions of the veterans against whom he waged a glorious but hopeless warfare. We doubt if in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic to-day there can be found a single survivor of that four years' struggle who is not ready to pay his tribute of esteem and appreciation of the deeds and character of their noble foe.

Lee passionately loved the Union, and he deprecated and

discouraged the secession movement; but when his beloved State of Virginia left the fold, he, like thousands of others, sorrowfully obeyed what he believed to be his higher duty.

The Springfield (Ohio) Sun:

"Robert E. Lee was possibly the greatest military genius to whom the Western continent has yet given birth. Northern orators yesterday vied with their silver-tongued brethren of the South in proclaiming the virtues of a man as to whose military genius and personal character there is now practical unanimity of opinion.

"Lee's campaigns after the first year of fighting, when the immeasurably superior resources of the North began to turn the tide of conflict with an irresistible force, are comparable in every way to those of Hannibal, the Carthaginian, with the sole exception that Lee's operations were conducted in friendly territory. . . .

"But it is in another respect that Lee compares even more favorably with the men who are by common consent rated as the world's greatest soldiers. The Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Napoleons of history, for the most part, have nothing else to commend them to the admiration of mankind than their military genius. As men they have too frequently been lacking in all the essentials of character. Unscrupulous, dissolute, selfish, possessed of ambition and egotism which completely choked out their finer natures, it is a relief to turn from the contemplation of soldiers of this class to one who combined with military genius of the highest order the manly qualities of a Christian gentleman. . . .

"It was inevitable that he should be idolized by his soldiers. Evenly balanced mentally, of clear discernment and judgment, dispassionate, of undeviating honesty with himself and his fellow-man, loyal to the truth and the right as he saw them, it is not to be wondered at that in the long and trying campaigns he endured with this wonderful army of 'Rebels' that they should form an attachment for him unsurpassed in personal devotion in all military annals.

"We are far enough removed from the days of slavery and secession to concede that, no matter whether a man in those days decided to cast his lot with his State or the nation, so long as honesty and not self-interest dictated his choice, he was not a traitor and did what was right, according to the light he had. It is only with this concession in our minds that we of the North can patriotically ascribe to Lee the sincerity and nobleness of mind and purpose which were certainly his animating motives.

"He was a great soldier, a worthy son of a long line of fighting ancestors, a noble and chivalrous foe. And we of the North only honor ourselves by giving freely our meed of praise to this son of the South, who, aside from all political considerations, is a worthy type of our great Americans."

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"There is no death; the stars go down  
Only to rise on some fairer shore;  
And, added to the luster of heaven's bright crown,  
Shine on for evermore."

"There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled hour.  
Though grief abide an evening guest,  
Joy surely comes at earliest hour.  
For God will mark each sorrowing day,  
And number every falling tear:  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.



## GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

ADDRESS BY DR. JOHN ALLAN WYETH BEFORE THE NEW  
YORK SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

The South may claim with pardonable pride that it furnished not only the President of each of the divided sections in the struggle for the establishment of a separate Confederacy but the great central figure of the War between the States for the North as well as for the South. History will accord that Abraham Lincoln was the one conspicuous figure on the side of the Union, and for the South none will challenge that claim for Lee. They were, moreover, representatives of the widely divergent classes of our section, the plebeian and the patrician. The story of Lincoln might well be classed with

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

while Lee came straight from the cavaliers and their descendants, the wealthy, cultured aristocracy of Virginia. His father, Col. Henry Lee, better known as "Light-Horse Harry," was the *beau sabreur* of the American army in the War of Independence, and it was he who proclaimed George Washington as "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Upon his mother's side he claimed the lineage of the Carters, of Shirley. Born on January 19, 1807, his childhood and youth were passed in the cultivated circles of the tidewater region of Virginia. At the age of eighteen he entered West Point, and, completing the course of study without a single mark of demerit, he graduated second in a class of forty-six. For several years he served in the engineer corps constructing coast defenses, and for a part of this time in charge of the astronomical department of the government. In 1832 he married the daughter of George W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and later was made captain on the staff in the Mexican War.

Of all the brilliant reputations among the younger group of officers which were won in that campaign, Lee's was the most conspicuous. Upon him the commander in chief leaned as upon no other. At Cerro Gordo he was brevetted major for exceptional gallantry. At Contreras and Churubusco he was officially proclaimed for meritorious conduct, and on account of a wound received in the assault on Chapultepec, September 13, 1847, he received his promotion to lieutenant colonel. It was here at Contreras, when the army was baffled, that the quick eye of Lee discovered by a daring reconnoissance a line of approach hidden from the enemy by which the position might be taken. This the commander in chief of the army characterized as "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual during the entire campaign."

In his official report General Scott said: "I am compelled to make special mention of Capt. R. E. Lee, engineer. He greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz, was indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planting batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy." He further says: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries."

After the Mexican War, he was appointed in 1852 Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and in 1855 lieutenant colonel of the 2d Cavalry, under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. In 1859 he was directed by the President of the United States to arrest John Brown and his followers in their murderous invasion of Virginia, and on March 10, 1861, he was appointed colonel in the United States army.

When the Southern States were seceding and war seemed

inevitable, upon the recommendation of General Scott, then commander in chief, President Lincoln offered Lee the command of the armies of the Union. Virginia had not yet seceded; but Lee, looking into the future and feeling assured that his native State would upon any act of aggression make common cause with the other Southern States, declined the tempting offer.

In a letter written April 20, 1861, he made that never-to-be-forgotten declaration: "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. Save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

When at length hostilities began and Virginia took her place in the Confederacy, the people of the Old Dominion with one voice turned to him as commander of her army. Then:

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
Flashed the sword of Lee!  
Far in the front of the deadly fight,  
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,  
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,  
Led on to Victory.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"

The story of his military career is practically the story of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it reads more like romance than history. Through four years of the bloodiest war known to history at that time that army, composed of the flower of Southern manhood, under its matchless leader made a record of victories never surpassed in the annals of warfare—a record which we of the South and our children's children to the remotest ages should claim as our proudest heritage. He assumed command of this army in June, 1862, when McClellan was immediately in front of Richmond. On June 26, with an army inferior in numbers and equipment, he attacked the forces of McClellan in their intrenchments, and for seven days the bloody conflict raged, until McClellan took refuge under the protection of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing. This army defeated, Lee turned upon a second larger than his own, marching upon Richmond from another direction.

By one of the most brilliant and daring movements in the history of wars Lee, with his able lieutenant, Jackson, routed Pope's army at Groveton and Second Manassas, and drove him for safety under the protection of the fortifications at Washington. McClellan had been removed for his defeat, and Pope followed in his train. Disregarding both of these defeated armies, Lee moved rapidly into Maryland, captured Harper's Ferry and its large garrison on the way, and fought at Antietam on September 17, 1862, the bloodiest battle of the War between the States. McClellan, who after Pope's defeat had been reinstated in command, was again removed for failing to inflict a crushing defeat upon Lee, and Burnside was made commander in chief of the Army of the Potomac.

In December of that year this same army of Lee signally defeated the army of Burnside at Fredericksburg. Burnside was removed and General Hooker placed in command. In May, 1863, Hooker marched on Richmond, having issued



a general order in which he said that the Confederate army must "either ingloriously fly or come out from behind its intrenchments, where certain destruction awaited it." A few days after this announcement was made Hooker's army was surprised and attacked by Lee and Jackson simultaneously in front and rear at Chancellorsville and overwhelmed, fleeing in the greatest disorder from the field. Lee then invaded Pennsylvania, where at Gettysburg after three days of bloody conflict, unable to carry the Federal position, he remained twenty-four hours in line of battle with his army in their immediate front inviting attack, and then withdrew without interruption to Virginia.

It was in 1864, in the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, that the star of Lee reached its zenith. Under his leadership the Army of Northern Virginia up to this time in offensive warfare had held every battlefield upon which it had fought with the exception of Gettysburg and Sharpsburg or Antietam, and upon these fields, although it failed to beat the army pitted against it, it stood in battle array on each occasion for twenty-four hours, but was not attacked and marched away unmolested.

He was now to show that in defensive fighting he was a greater master of the art of war than in his offensive operations. Grant, with the largest army ever marshaled upon this continent under a single commander, with unlimited resources of men and money, with the world to draw upon for all that was most useful in destructive warfare, advanced upon this army of Lee, wanting in everything but valor, and so decimated that, as Grant expressed it, "it had robbed the cradle and the grave" to fill the gaps between the veterans that still survived. There followed from May 5, 1864, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania C. H., at Cold Harbor, and the North Anna a series of conflicts so frightful in their havoc that the history of this campaign might well be written in blood.

The most recent and, in my opinion, the most reliable history of the United States, written by James Ford Rhodes, of Boston, a conscientious student, a capable analyst, and a just recorder, says: "Grant's loss from May 4 to June 12 in the campaign from the Rapidan to the James was 54,929, a number nearly equal to Lee's whole army at the commencement of the Union advances. The confidence in Grant of many officers and men had been shaken."

As Spottsylvania Nicolay and Hay, authors of the "Life of Lincoln," say: "Grant was completely checkmated."

That this is true is evident from the fact that, turning aside from the direct route to Richmond, with Lee's army in front of him, which army he announced in the beginning of the campaign as his objective, he marched toward the James River, which he crossed in the effort to capture Petersburg by surprise. The army of Lee was, however, at Petersburg in time, and there held Grant at bay for nine months of the summer and winter of 1864 and 1865.

As far as the Confederates were concerned, the annals of the siege of Petersburg might well be termed the annals of starvation, exposure, and misery. True to its colors, the army of Lee was starving to death. The commissary general reported that "the Army of Northern Virginia was living literally from hand to mouth." Beef sold for six dollars per pound, and flour at one thousand dollars a barrel. At one time, pleading with his government for food, Lee said that for three days his men had been in line of battle and had not tasted meat.

In the early spring of 1865, after nine months of persistent effort, Grant, with one hundred and thirteen thousand men,

well fed, clad, and armed, broke through the lines defended by Lee's force of forty-nine thousand veterans, half-starved, ragged, and most of them shoeless.

Then came the end at Appomattox, where on April 9, 1865, the remnant of this once magnificent army, now numbering less than twenty-eight thousand (of which only fifteen thousand were carrying arms), surrendered, and the Confederacy was no more.

Upon this world's stage no more pathetic scene, no more heroic incident has ever been witnessed. With what pride the generations yet unborn shall claim descent from those who, true to their sense of duty, which Lee himself said was "the sublimest word in the English language," fought under the banner of this immortal soldier and died on those victorious field or, in surviving, stood true to his colors at Appomattox!

In his farewell address to his army he said: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Soon after the surrender he accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Va. He had refused large proffers of money for his services or the use of his name for various enterprises. He declined them all, saying he felt it his duty to live with his people and to endeavor in educating the youth of the South to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony and the acceptance of the policy of the State or general government.

Though war in all ages and with all people arouses that which is worst in human nature, and though bloodiest and bitterest is internecine war, it still seems difficult to believe even after the lapse of so short a time as forty years that for the part this noble man took in obedience to his conviction of duty Andrew Johnson, then President of the United States, obtained his indictment for treason. Against this unwarranted and ignoble act the great soldier Grant arose and stayed the hand of malice and persecution. It seems equally incredible to conceive that within two months of the death of Lee, which took place on October 17, 1870, speaking to a resolution which had for its object the return of the estate of Arlington to the family of Lee, Charles Sumner said in his place in the Senate: "Eloquent Senators have already characterized the proposition and the traitor it seeks to commemorate. I am not disposed to speak of General Lee. It is enough to say that he stands high in the catalogue of those who have imbued their hands in their country's blood. I hand him over to the avenging pen of history."

As man and soldier "the avenging pen of history" has already written this of Lee: "In nobility of character, in moral grandeur, attested by his humanity, he lived 'the model for all future times.' In the annals of war his place is with the greatest."

What of this charge of treason, and what kind of traitor was Lee? A distinguished soldier and citizen of Massachusetts, Charles Francis Adams, reared in the New England school of politics, himself throughout the war in the army which confronted Lee, son of that Charles Francis Adams who as United States Minister to England during the War between the States, probably did as much as any other one man to defeat the cause of the Confederacy, grandson of John



Quincy Adams and great-grandson of that elder Adams who succeeded Washington as President of the United States, a man who so differed from Lee in his interpretation of the duty an American citizen owes as between his State and the central government that he declared he would go against Massachusetts for the Union, has written this for history:

"If Robert E. Lee was a traitor, so also and indisputably was George Washington. Washington furnishes a precedent at every point. A Virginian, like Lee, he was also a British subject; he had fought under the British flag, as Lee had fought under that of the United States; when, in 1776, Virginia seceded from the British empire, he went with his State, just as Lee went eighty-five years later; subsequently Washington commanded armies in the field designated by those opposed to them as 'rebels' and whose descendants now glorify them as 'the rebels of '76,' much as Lee later commanded and at last surrendered much larger armies, also designated 'rebels' by those they confronted. Except in their outcome the cases were, therefore, precisely alike, and logic is logic. It consequently appears to follow that if Lee was a traitor Washington was also. . . .

"In him there are exemplified those lofty elements of personal character which, typifying Virginia at her highest, made Washington possible. Essentially a soldier, Robert E. Lee was a many-sided man. I might speak of him as a strategist, but of this aspect of the man enough has perhaps been said. I might refer to the respect, the confidence, and love with which he inspired those under his command. I might dilate on his restraint in victory, his patient endurance in the face of adverse fortune, the serene dignity with which he in the end triumphed over defeat. But, passing over all these well-worn themes, I shall confine myself to that one attribute of his which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of modern warfare."

Denying the contention that war must be made hell, holding up to execration the authors of the bloodiest deeds in history, this generous foe and great American said:

"I rejoice that no such hatred attaches to the name of Lee. Reckless of life to attain the legitimate ends of war, he sought to mitigate its horrors. Opposed to him at Gettysburg, I here, forty years later, do him justice. No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed at Chambersburg by Robert E. Lee, as toward the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion. 'No greater disgrace,' he then declared, 'can befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men.'

"In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed, and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced into an enemy's country or fell back from it in retreat leaving behind less cause of hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg."

In dwelling on this theme, in contrast to Lee's humanity, may not "the avenging pen of history" quote from "Ohio in the War," by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, at this time Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James, who, in speaking of the burning of Columbia, wrote:

"It was the most monstrous barbarity of this barbarous march. Before his movement began General Sherman begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war upon women and children. But, under the operations of his orders, the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose day after day the mournful clouds of smoke on every side that told of old people and their grandchildren driven in midwinter from the only roofs there were to shelter them by the flames which the wantonness of his soldiers had kindled. Yet if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement, we have found no mention of it in all the voluminous records of the march?"

May not this avenging pen of history which Sumner invoked record that order of General Halleck, chief of staff and military adviser to President Lincoln, which said to General Sherman, "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession," and Sherman's reply in his dispatch of December 24, 1864: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina?"

And may it not transcribe upon its pages that other order to his efficient Lieutenant Hunter: "He [Grant] further says that he wants your troops to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them?"

Of Lee as a general, President Roosevelt, in his "Life of Thomas H. Benton," says:

"The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this, although the last and chief of his antagonist may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

From no more capable source could higher praise be given.

In the "Story of a Soldier's Life," Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, speaking of the Seven Days' battle, says:

"General McClellan's splendidly equipped army had been driven from the peninsula and General Pope had been made short work of on the Rappahannock. They were unable to cope with General Lee's army, though it was far inferior in strength. In fact, the Confederates had won all along the line, thanks to the ably conceived and well-calculated strategy of the great Virginian leader and the brilliant tactics of Stonewall Jackson and other capable soldiers and to the superior fighting qualities of their splendid and patriotic rank and file.

"That campaign was a masterpiece both in conception and execution, and did high honor to the soldierlike spirit and patriotism of the ill-shod, overworked, badly clothed regimental officers and men of the Southern army.

"According to my notion of military history, there is as much instruction both in strategy and in tactics to be gleaned



from General Lee's operations of 1862 as there is to be found in Napoleon's campaigns of 1796. Though badly found in weapons, ammunition, military equipment, etc., his army had nevertheless achieved great things. His men were so badly shod—indeed, a considerable portion had no boots or shoes—that at the battle of Antietam General Lee assured me he never had more than thirty-five thousand men with him. The remainder of his army, shoeless and foot-sore, were straggling along the roads in the rear, trying in vain to reach him in time for the battle."

Of this visit to Lee, General Wolseley says:

"As I waited outside of General Lee's tent while his aide-camp entered to tell him who I was and to deliver him a letter from the Confederate Secretary of War, I remarked that it had the name of a colonel of some New Jersey regiment printed upon it. Subsequently I referred to the fact in my conversation with him. He laughed and said: 'You will find every tent, gun, even our blankets, accouterments, and all the military equipment we possess, stamped with the United States initials.' Every incident in that visit is indelibly stamped on my memory. All he said to me then and during subsequent conversations is still fresh in my recollection. It is natural that it should be so, for he was the ablest general and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with, and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck.

"General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, and yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of dress come back to me among the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence. He was then about fifty years of age, with hair and beard nearly white. Tall, extremely handsome, and strongly built, very soldierlike in bearing, he looked a thoroughbred gentleman. Care had, however, already wrinkled his brow, and there came at moments a look of sadness into his clear, honest, and speaking dark brown eyes that indicated how much his overwhelming national responsibilities had already told upon him. He was indeed a beautiful character, and of him it might truthfully be written: 'In righteousness did he judge and make war.'"

Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, professor of military art and history in the Staff College of the British army, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," says:

"If the names of the great captains, soldiers, and sailors be recalled, it will be seen that it is to the breadth of their strategical conceptions, rather than to their tactical skill, that they owe their fame. We have the strategist, a Hannibal, a Napoleon, or a Lee triumphing with inferior numbers over adversaries who are tacticians and nothing more."

In speaking of Lee's audacity in attacking with a force inferior in numbers and equipment McClellan's thoroughly organized army in their intrenchments in the Seven Days' battle, he says:

"From Hannibal to Moltke there has been no great captain who has neglected to study the character of his opponent and who did not trade on the knowledge thus acquired, and it was this knowledge which justified Lee's audacity. He was no hare-brained leader, but a profound thinker, following the highest principles of the military art. That he had weighed the disconcerting effect which the sudden appearance of the

victorious Jackson, with an army of unknown strength, would produce upon McClellan goes without saying."

Again he writes:

"Lee, with his extraordinary insight into character, had played on Pope (at Second Manassas), and his strategy was justified by success. In the space of three weeks he had carried the war from the James to the Potomac. With an army that at no time exceeded fifty-five thousand, he had driven eighty thousand into the fortifications of Washington. He had captured thirty guns, seven thousand prisoners, and twenty thousand rifles. He had killed or wounded thirteen thousand five hundred Federals, destroying supplies and materials of enormous value, and all this with a loss to the Confederates of ten thousand officers and men."

If, as Moltke avers, the junction of two armies on the field of battle is the highest achievement of military genius, the campaign against Pope has seldom been surpassed; and the great counter stroke at Manassas is sufficient in itself to make Lee's reputation as a tactician. Tried by this test alone, Lee stands out as one of the greatest soldiers of all times. Not only against Pope but against McClellan at Gaines's Mill, against Burnside at Fredericksburg, and against Hooker at Chancellorsville he succeeded in carrying out the operation of which Moltke speaks, and in each case with the same result of surprising his adversary. None knew better how to apply that great principle of strategy to march divided, but to fight concentrated.

In this action Lee violated both of the maxims of Napoleon—never to divide an army into two columns unable to communicate or to attempt a junction in the presence of a concentrated enemy—but Lee knew his men. He violated the last section of this maxim because he knew Pope, and the first because he knew Jackson. It is rare indeed that such strategy succeeds. Hasdrubal, divided from Hannibal by many miles and a Consular army, fell back to the Metaurus, and Rome was saved. Two thousand years later Prince Frederick Charles, divided by a few marches and two Austrian army corps from the Crown Prince, lingered so long upon the Iser that the supremacy of Prussia trembled in the balance. But the character of the Virginian soldier was of a loftier type. It has been remarked that after Jackson's death Lee never again attempted those great turning movements which had achieved his most brilliant victories. Never again did he divide his army to reunite it on the field of battle. The reason is not far to seek. There was now no general in the Confederate army to whom he dared confide the charge of the detached wing, and in possessing one such general he had been more fortunate than Napoleon.

It is noteworthy that Moltke once at Königgratz carried out the operation referred to; Wellington twice at Victoria and Toulouse; Napoleon, although he several times attempted it, never, except at Ulm, with complete success.

In his "History of the American War," Lieutenant Colonel Fletcher, of England, says:

"The armies of Grant and Lee were still in the vicinity of Spottsylvania C. H. The former, notwithstanding his vastly preponderating strength, was awaiting reinforcements. The latter, with only a small and overworked army to rely on, was expecting the arrival of troops from the Shenandoah.

"It must ever remain a marvel how this small force, ill supplied, overworked, and harassed by continual fighting and marching by night and by day, could hold its ground against the almost innumerable host in Grant's command. That it did so, inflicting losses far heavier than it sustained and creating



a belief in the mind of the enemy of numbers far larger than it contained, has been already shown.

"Two of the three armies of Sigel, Meade, and Butler had been forced to seek shelter behind fortified lines, the third had been brought to a halt to await reinforcements, and the arteries which supplied life to the capital of the Confederacy had been preserved."

Of the movement to the North Anna River in the Wilderness campaign he says: "Here Lee by the exercise of consummate generalship foiled his opponent." And of the final end of Grant's endeavor to crush Lee in this campaign he says: "After many battles and losses of which few wars can afford a parallel, and which surpassed in number the whole strength of the enemy's force, General Grant had brought his army to a position which McClellan had reached with far greater ease and far less expenditure of life two years previously."

From the "History of the United States," by the distinguished writer, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, of Boston, I quote this concerning Lee:

"The Confederates had an advantage in that Robert E. Lee espoused their cause. To some extent appreciated at the time, this in reality was an advantage beyond computation. Had he followed the example of Scott and Thomas and remained in service under the old flag in active command of the Army of the Potomac, how differently might not events have turned out!

"Lee, now fifty-four years old, his face exhibiting the ruddy glow of health, was physically and morally a splendid example of manhood. Able to trace his lineage far back into the mother country, the best blood of Virginia flowed in his veins. Drawing from a knightly race all their virtues, he had inherited none of their vices. Honest, sincere, simple, magnanimous, forbearing, refined, courteous, yet dignified and proud, never lacking self-command, he was in all respects a true man. Graduating from West Point, his life had been exclusively that of a soldier, yet he had none of the soldier's bad habits. He used neither liquor nor tobacco and indulged rarely in a social glass of wine, and cared nothing for the pleasures of the table. He was a good engineer, and under General Scott had won distinction in Mexico. The work that had fallen to his lot he had performed in a systematic manner and with conscientious care. 'Duty is the sublimest word in our language,' he wrote to his son. Sincerely religious, Providence to him was a verity, and it may be truly said he walked with God.

"A serious man, he anxiously watched from his station in Texas the progress of events since Lincoln's election. 'Thinking slavery as an institution a moral and political evil,' having a soldier's devotion to his flag and a warm attachment to General Scott, he loved the Union, and it was especially dear to him as the fruit of the mighty labors of Washington. Although believing that the South had just grievances due to the aggression of the North, he did not think these evils great enough to resort to the remedy of revolution, and to him secession was nothing less. 'Still,' he wrote in January, 1861, 'a union that can be maintained only by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defense will draw my sword on none.' Summoned to Washington by his chief, Lee had arrived there a few days before the inauguration of Lincoln, and he had to make the decision after the bombardment of Sumter and the

President's call for troops whether he should serve the national government or Virginia. The active command of the Federal army, with the succession to the chief place, was virtually offered to him; but with his notion of State rights and his allegiance to Virginia his decision, though it cost him pain to make it, could have been no other than it was. He could not lead an army of invasion into his native State; and after the ordinance of secession had been passed by the Virginia convention, he resigned his commission and accepted the command of the Virginia forces.

"Northern men may regret that Lee did not see his duty in the same light as did two other Virginians, Scott and Thomas, but censure's voice upon the action of such a noble soul is hushed. A careful survey of his character and life must lead the student of men and affairs to see that the course he took was from his point of view and judged by his inexorable and pure conscience the path of duty to which a high sense of honor called him. Could we share the thoughts of that high-minded man as he paced the broad, pillared veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the Capitol, and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia, we should be willing now to recognize in him one of the finest products of American life. For surely as the years go on we shall see that such a life can be judged by no partisan measure, and we shall come to look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington, whom little more than a century ago they delighted to call a rebel. Indeed, in all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington; and had the great work of his life been crowned with success or had he chosen the winning side, the world would have acknowledged that Virginia could in a century produce two men who were the embodiment of public and private virtue."

"The avenging pen of history" has placed the name of Lee side by side with Washington. So writes the historian of to-day, and so will the future historian prolong the noble record. The fame of Robert Lee is secure in that last appeal to

"Time, the beautifier of the dead,  
Time, the corrector where our judgments err,  
The test of Truth."

## WHAT CONFEDERATE MOTHERS HAVE DONE.

The "History of the Memorial Associations of the South" has received the indorsement of the Historical Committee, United Confederate Veterans, through its Chairman, Gen. Clement A. Evans. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has written of it as follows to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President: "I have carefully examined the 'History of the Confederate Memorial Association of the South' and most cordially recommend it to the people of our Southland. It is nicely edited and beautifully illustrated, and tells in modest style 'of that superb, noble race of Southern women who suffered with us in the epoch of war and were the first to overflow the graves of our dead with beautiful flowers and to build monuments to their memory.' These memorials and monuments will ever point our descendants to the heroism, patriotism, sacrifices, and fortitude of their fathers and mothers, thereby treasuring the heroic deeds of remote ancestry and inciting them to like conduct when occasion demands like displays of heroic action. This splendid volume should have a place in the home of every one who loves his Southland."



## ORIGIN OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

BY CHARLES L. SHIPLEY, PIKESVILLE, MD.

In the battle of Manassas, or "Bull Run" (the latter term erroneous), between the hours of three and four in the afternoon of July 21, 1861, when the Southern troops had been beaten back at various points and the fate of the Confederacy appeared to be trembling in the balance, General Beauregard, in looking across the Warrenton Turnpike, which passed through the valley between the positions of the Confederates and the elevations beyond occupied by the Federal forces, noticed a body of troops moving toward his left. He was in great concern to know whether they were Union or Confederate, but could not decide because of the similarity of the colors carried.

During this terrible anxiety General Beauregard determined that the Confederate soldiers should have a flag distinct in design. As soon as practicable he conferred with Col. Porcher Miles, of his staff, with a view to securing such an ensign. He decided upon a blue field, red bars crossed, with stars of gold. The officers had quite a discussion on the subject. Colonel Miles contended that the ground should not be blue, the bars red, and the stars gold. He proposed that the ground should be red, the bars blue, and the stars white. Beauregard approved of the change, and discussed the matter with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

While the design for a flag was under consideration many designs were submitted, and the matter was freely discussed. When General Beauregard arrived at Fairfax Courthouse, he directed his draughtsman, a German, to make drawings of all the various designs that had been proposed. The officers at headquarters agreed upon a red field, a blue cross, and white stars. The flag was submitted to the War Department, and was approved.

The first flags sent to the army were presented by General Beauregard in person, with the expressed hope and confidence that they would become the emblem of honor and victory. The first three flags were made by the Misses Cary, of Baltimore, Md., and Alexandria, Va., as soon as they obtained a description of the design adopted. The making of these flags cannot be better described than in the words of Mrs. Burton Harrison, a distinguished authoress (at that time Miss Constance Cary), who describes the event in an article in the *Century Magazine*, some twenty years ago, entitled "A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War."

In describing the event she says: "Another incident of note in my personal experience during the autumn of 1861 was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle flags of the Confederacy. This was directly after Congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of seceding States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Gen. Earl Van Dorn, the latter afterwards a dashing cavalry leader, but he commanded infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could hope for; were toasted, fêted, and cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smoke-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout, one of the most daring in the army, with the frame of a Hercules and the

face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me 'how much they thought of the maker of that flag.' After some hesitation, I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest. A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented piece of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap of white and azure, brought to us by Dillon himself with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of fire wood, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph with a letter in the folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy."

The three ladies referred to in this sketch were considered to be among the most handsome and accomplished of their day, and were noted for their devotion to the Southern cause. Miss Constance Cary, of Virginia, as is well known, married Mr. Burton Harrison, private secretary to President Davis, and has since attained a national reputation in literature as an author of fiction. Miss Hettie Cary married General Pegram, who was killed in battle at Hatcher's Run in February, 1865. Later on in life Mrs. Pegram took a trip to England, where she became acquainted with Prof. Henry Newell Martin, whom she subsequently married, and who became a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore. She and her husband are both deceased. Her sister, Miss Jennie Cary, who assisted in the flag-making, remained single, and assisted until her death in aiding her mother in the management of the Southern Home School for Girls in Baltimore. Another sister, Miss Sallie Cary, married the late James Howard McHenry, of Pikesville, Md. She is also deceased, but her four surviving children still reside in the neighborhood of the village. Two brothers of these handsome and talented Virginia-born women still reside in Baltimore.

## THE FIGHT AT FORT WAYNE, IND. T.

BY THOMAS S. BARKER, YUBA, IND. T.

The battle of Fort Wayne, near Mayesville, Ind. T., was important, as it decided the fate of the Confederacy over all that part of the Indian Territory north of the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers for the remainder of the war, although our scouts made some raids and did some fighting in that part of the Territory afterwards.

I have never seen any account of the battle, so will give my experience just before, during the battle, and a few days afterwards. We had retreated from Newtonia, Mo., where our forces had a considerable combat with the Federals, resulting in a victory for us. I was not in that battle, having been left sick at Pineville, Mo.

We had been quietly camped for a few days at a place we called Fort Wayne, four or five miles from Mayesville on the road leading to Tahlequah. Our camp was on one branch of the Sparrow Creek. Mayesville is on the Arkansas State line, part of the town in Arkansas, part in the Cherokee Nation, and only a few miles from the Missouri State line.

The battle was fought on the morning of October 22, 1862. The night before the battle I slept near the captain and lieutenants of the company to which I belonged. Late in the night the captain and one of the lieutenants awoke me with their animated conversation over the report of a courier who had just arrived saying that a Federal army was only about fifteen miles distant and coming our way and that we would have to fight them by daylight if not before.



It was reported before daylight that another courier had arrived saying that the Federals were not more than eight or ten miles from them, advancing rapidly, and that there seemed to be several thousand of them. Our little army, so far as I could see, seemed to be sleeping. Just at daylight, as the men were starting fires generally to prepare breakfast, the wagon train came into camp, and orders were given to load all camp equipage quickly and form a line of battle. It was understood that the Federals would be upon us in a few minutes, that they were then between us and Mayesville. I heard the commander tell the wagon master to take the train to the Moravian Mission as quickly as practicable. Everything loaded, the train started, and we were in line of battle in a short time. For two hours or so we could not hear any more of the Federals, when an order came to form in the road in quick time. In less time than it takes to tell it we were on the road moving south in quick time, leaving the Federals behind, as I thought, but not so. When we had gone a mile or more, the first that I knew of the nearness of the enemy a cannon shot whizzed over our heads, followed by the report of cannons quite near us. The Federals were trying to cut off our retreat.

I didn't hear any orders. Our army whirled from the road into an old field, and a terrific firing was soon in progress with our forces and the Federals. Our battalion was supporting the battery. We lay flat on the ground. There must have been a little high ground between us and the enemy, as not a man of our battalion was hit, while our artillerymen and horses were being mowed down. Some of our men had holes shot through their hats. After a while the Federals charged us, and captured our battery of four splendid guns and everything belonging to the battery except two teams of horses and two caissons. We were forced to run to avoid being captured. I had been sick and was not able to keep up with our retreating army, so I turned to the left and went into a deep hollow, where I was safe for the time being. One of my messmates, Frank Skaggs, two or three years younger than I, said he would stay with me whatever our fate might be. We were in a precarious condition, and what to do was a serious problem. All supplies in that part of the Indian Territory had been destroyed in the early part of that year, and the people had been forced to leave their homes, going either North or South. When the Confederate army was not there, the Pin Indians were continually making raids through the country, killing nearly everybody and everything they came across.

I did not have an idea of the size of our army. I know we had as much as two brigades of Indians—Stand Watie's and Cooper's Brigades—our battalion, the artillery company, and a few white men mixed in with the Indian regiments. The Indians were mostly Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws. General Cooper was the commanding officer of that army.

Now after forty-four years it almost makes me shudder to think of our situation: two boys in a hostile Indian country, behind our retreating army, in front of the enemy, and hardly able to walk. We soon made our way down that hollow some miles, where we came in sight of a regiment of Indians in camp. Their horses were saddled and the command was ready to start, but did not know which way to go. When they saw us coming, the colonel, with several of his officers, came in a gallop to meet us, and his first question was: "What has happened at the fort?" I told him briefly that the Federals had captured our cannons and our army had left the battlefield in confusion. He said that was the first he had

heard of the Federals being near; that they had heard the firing and knew that something had happened, but did not know what to do or where to go. He then asked if we had been surprised, and I explained that we had had notice that they were coming several hours before they got here. He then asked if our train had been captured, when I told him how it had been ordered soon after daylight to the Moravian Mission, which was about halfway from Fort Payne to Tahlequah. Remarking that "that is the way our army has gone," the colonel said something to his officers in Indian language, who hurried back to their men. All mounted and started in the direction of the Moravian Mission, the colonel and a few men remaining behind.

The colonel was a very fine and very intelligent-looking man and spoke English well. After his men had gone, he gave us good advice, saying we were in a very dangerous place; that in a few hours the country would be full of Pin Indians picking up stragglers. He was well acquainted with all that country; and as our army had been defeated, he did not think it would stop at the Moravian Mission, there being nothing at the place to stop for; but that they would go on to Tahlequah or Fort Gibson, and perhaps not stop this side of the Arkansas River. He gave us directions to Tahlequah, about thirty-five miles away, with instructions not to go to the Moravian Mission, as the enemy would probably be there before us, and we were to keep off the main road until near Tahlequah. We followed his directions, and arrived at Tahlequah late the next day, and were told that the army had gone to Fort Gibson. Having had nothing to eat since the battle, we got a good supper. We were advised not to leave town that night, since if we were captured in town we would be treated as prisoners of war; but if outside of town, we would probably be killed. After breakfast the next morning we started to Fort Gibson, and late in the evening passed our picket guards near the town.

So ended three of the most fearful days of my life. We had traveled about sixty miles between the two armies—behind our rear guard, before the Federals—through a hostile Indian country almost without seeing any living being except at Tahlequah. We were told that our army had crossed the Arkansas River, and that all Confederate supplies would be moved from Fort Gibson next day. We camped near Fort Gibson that night, crossed the Arkansas River next morning, and were told that the army had gone to Fort Smith. Fifteen miles farther on the road to Fort Smith we came up with the army, to the surprise of all. The colonel said he was expecting to be attacked at any time until after our army had passed Tahlequah, and that he did not feel safe until after crossing the Arkansas River.

#### STORY OF JOHN BROWN'S CAPTURE.

George W. Young, a Virginian who came to Nashville early after the war, and who died some months ago, leaving his aged widow poor in health and in purse—and away from all relations and former friends, making her condition most pitiable—was interviewed by the Nashville Banner for the issue of July 13, 1900, and the following is copied from that paper:

"There's a man with a history," said a friend of the reporter the other day as the two passed down North College Street and at the time pointing out an old man who stood behind a small ice stand and waited on occasional customers. There was nothing particularly distinctive in the man's appearance beyond the fact that he was tall and slender, held



himself as straight as an Indian, and wore long whiskers, which had originally been of a sandy color, but are now fast turning gray.

"Tell me his story."

"No; you will have to get it from him. I will tell you that he aided in the capture of John Brown and witnessed the hanging of that notorious abolitionist or liberator, as he was wont to term himself."

The reporter sought an interview, and he found the man, George W. Young, very intelligent, and his story is given as near as possible in his own words. Mr. Young is a native Virginian, but has lived in Nashville for thirty-two years. He is now sixty-seven years of age, and was a soldier in the Confederate army as a member of the gallant Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and during the four years' contest he saw much fighting and passed through many an ordeal; but his experience during those years, says the old man, is not comparable to the night he spent in October, 1859, on the bridge in front of Harper's Ferry.

"This," said Mr. Young, "was my first experience as a soldier; and the exciting events which I witnessed then were indelibly impressed upon my mind, and they seem just as fresh to-day as they were two days after their occurrence. I lived then at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson County, and located ten miles from Harper's Ferry, and was a member of Capt. John W. Rowan's company, a volunteer military organization.

"John Brown and twenty-one of his raiders had been located at Dr. Booth Kennedy's farm, on the Maryland side, in the Blue Ridge, for three months past. They gave out that they were there prospecting, and very little attention was paid to their goings and comings. It was Sunday night, October 17, when their true purpose first became known, and came like a storm. Cook, one of the raiders, was well known in the community. During the three months previous to this memorable date he made frequent visits to the surrounding plantations, and had become well acquainted with the topography of the country. He was a frequent visitor at the homes of Col. Lewis Washington and Mr. Alstadt, two of the most prominent planters in that section.

"On Sunday night the guard of the United States armory at Harper's Ferry was surprised and captured by these raiders. They took possession of the armory, and took as prisoners Colonel Washington, Mr. Alstadt, the guard, and thirty or forty citizens of Harper's Ferry, and terrorized the rest of the inhabitants.

"The first we at Charlestown heard of the raid was a call for the military company, the order being brought by a courier. Captain Rowan at once called out his company, of which I told you I was a member, and we left Charlestown Monday morning, went by rail to Halltown, and thence on foot to Bolivar. Here we were told that we could not enter the town by the Virginia side. We were then marched around through the Maryland side and took charge of the bridge over the Potomac River. When we arrived, Brown and his men had been driven into the engine house, where they barricaded themselves by closing the heavy iron-clad doors. Through these they cut portholes commanding the bridge and street.

"The original number was seventeen whites and five negroes; but when our company arrived, the number of raiders had been reduced to seven, five whites and two negroes. Some of the raiders had been killed by the citizens and others fled.

"All during the day Monday firing was almost incessant, and soon after our arrival Fontaine Beckham came out to

receive us. Just as he was walking on the bridge he was fired upon by the raiders and killed. I saw him fall. My father, Samuel C. Young, lost an arm also.

"Captain Rowan and the other military officers planned an assault on the engine house; but later it was decided to wait until Tuesday morning, by which time Col. Robert E. Lee and Jeb Stewart, of Confederate cavalry fame, arrived with the United States Marines and cavalry from Washington.

"At daylight Colonel Lee sent a citizen named Strider under a flag of truce to the engine house and demanded Brown's surrender. The raider refused, and made a proposition to be allowed to march over the bridge into Maryland to the foot of the mountain, a mile distant, where he promised to release all of his prisoners, and then with his companions fight their way out. This Colonel Lee refused to accede to, and ordered the marines to charge and beat down the doors of the engine house.

"The men, armed with sledge hammers, responded, but were unable to effect an entrance. They abandoned this, and secured a long ladder, which they used as a battering ram, and at the second assault the doors gave way and the soldiers rushed in. Lieutenant Green, of the marines, headed the squad, and he ordered the prisoners to hold up their hands, so they could be designated and thus protected. Lieutenant Green struck Brown over the head with his sword, and one of the soldiers jabbed him in the side with a bayonet. One of the marines was killed in the charge and a number of the raiders were wounded. The soldiers all remained at Harper's Ferry till the raiders were tried and hanged. The first hanging was on October 4, when Cook and Coppor were executed. Stevens and Hazzlett were the next; then the three negroes, Shields, Green, and Copeland, and the execution of old Brown followed on December 2.

"The raiders were armed with Sharp rifles, and they had at the Kennedy house two or three thousand spears with which they proposed to arm the negroes as they liberated them. The executions took place in the suburbs of Harper's Ferry, the gallows being erected near a small apple tree. When the Yankees came into Harper's Ferry, they dug this apple tree up and cut it into small pieces as souvenirs. They also carried away as souvenirs pieces of the jail where the raiders were confined before their execution and the courthouse where they were tried. These buildings were almost demolished by souvenir hunters."

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THE MEMORIAL TO POE.—The Richmond Times-Dispatch of recent date states that at a meeting of the Council Mr. H. R. Pollard, Jr., Subchairman of the Finance Committee, introduced a resolution that "the Finance Committee of the Council be instructed to provide a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars to be appropriated for the Poe Memorial Association, to be used for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, provided the said Poe Memorial Association shall raise the sum of five thousand dollars to be placed with the amount appropriated by the city to be used for the above-named purpose." Poe is recognized abroad as America's greatest literary genius; but there is no monument to his memory, and the Northern doctors did not deem that he was worthy of a tablet in the "Hall of Fame." He was once a citizen of Richmond, and some of the most eventful years of his life were spent here. Richmond owes it to Poe and to her own fame to erect a memorial in marble to Edgar Allan Poe.



## CAPTURE OF THE J. H. MILLER.

ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT BY THREE BOYS  
(JOHNNY JONES, CHURCH PRICE, AND BENNIE RIGGS)  
ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER.

BY B. F. RIGGS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

It has not been my pleasure at any time to exploit my deeds during the sixties. When that cruel war was over, I submitted and hushed my mouth like a little man. I have accepted the situation, and my purpose ever since has been to make a good citizen. . . .

It has been a long time since that war; but, as well as I remember, we three boys left Monticello, Ark., in August, 1864, with orders (either from General McGruder, our ranking general, or General Dockery) to penetrate the enemy's country between the Arkansas and White Rivers and to ascertain, if possible, whether the Federals were reënforcing Little Rock by means of the railroad running from Duvall's Bluff, on White River, to that place. We expected to cross the Arkansas River between Little Rock and Pine Bluff at Lipscomb's Bar, a place fordable in low water. If not fordable, we expected to use a flatboat that we knew was kept at that place. When we rode out of the Pinny Hills down through the bottoms to the river, we noticed above us a mile or so a steamboat seemingly aground out in the river about one hundred yards from the south bank. It was being unloaded by means of a flatboat which was being pulled back and forth by a line which was made fast to the bank. We at once abandoned the idea of crossing the river. So we concluded to ride up to the front of the boat and maybe fire a shot or two and capture it, for we had once captured a boat (the *New Iago*) at Swan Lake, twenty miles below Pine Bluff, and had set it on fire, when we had to get away because of an approaching Federal cavalry force.

We were entirely within the enemy's line, being just sixteen miles above Pine Bluff, which was heavily garrisoned with Federal troops commanded by Gen. Powell Clayton, who now resides in Arkansas. We tarried but a moment, when our minds were made up to dash up to the boat. Mr. William Lipscomb, a good Southern man and as true as steel, lived just below the boat; and we thought maybe we might see him and procure some information. The water being low and the banks high, with a levee extending along between the river and the road, rather obscured us from the boat. Mr. Lipscomb's house was back about fifty yards from the road; and as we dashed up, we saw a yard full of people, consisting of men and a few ladies. Several of the men were in Federal uniform. We immediately covered the party with our pistols and ordered them to throw up their hands and surrender, which they did. We then ordered Mr. Lipscomb, under penalty of death, to search them, which he did. Some of them carried pistols. We then ordered them to advance out to us at the front gate. The party, we found, consisted of the "Vane Templeton Opera Troupe," including the mother of our delightful Fay Templeton. The captain of the boat was Reece Pritchard. Then there were two pilots, a United States mail agent, and a Federal lieutenant in the crowd. The boat was being lightened by unloading, so as to pass the bar. These people were at Mr. Lipscomb's place eating watermelons.

The day (August 18) was beautiful. They were taken completely by surprise, and surrendered readily, begging us all the while not to kill them. Captain Jones, being the eldest and who was our commander, asked the captain if he had any soldiers or government stores aboard of the boat. He answered, "No." Jones then asked again and said: "Captain Pritchard,

I ask you upon your life if you have any soldiers or government stores aboard." Captain Pritchard then said: "Yes; we have soldiers and also government supplies." Captain Jones then said: "I command you to surrender the boat, and we will hold you in ransom for its faithful performance. If there is a shot fired by any one from the boat, we will kill every one of you. We are but the advance of our company, but it is useless for you to make resistance." Pritchard then said, and the lieutenant also, that they would order the surrender of the boat.

The party, all of them, were now ordered in front of us, and we marched them around, so as to keep them obscured from the boat as much as possible until we got right up in front of the boat and then out quickly to the top of the bank, where we could look down directly upon the boat. We fired several shots, not with a view of killing anybody, for that was not our purpose now since the captain had agreed to surrender, but simply to frighten them. You never saw such hustling to get inside and off from the deck. They were taken completely by surprise. Some jumped in the water and swam to the opposite side, which was exactly as we wished them to do, for we were very much in favor of getting rid of as many as possible. Some ran back into the engine room, and I am told nine of them went down in the hull of the boat. Captain Pritchard kept calling at them to surrender and come ashore, that they would not be hurt, and for them not to fire a shot; if they did, it would forfeit his life and every one out on the bank. In a little while we had them getting into the flatboat; and when the boat was loaded, it was drawn to the bank by means of a head line, which, as heretofore stated, extended to the shore. When the boat landed, we ordered one up the bank at a time, when he was searched by Mr. Lipscomb. As soon as each was searched thoroughly he was ordered out to stand in line, and so on until we had gotten all of them, as we thought, ashore—about a hundred.

Captain Jones then commanded me to go aboard of the boat. I did so, taking Mr. Lipscomb with me. I directed Mr. L. to be careful and keep a watch for me, having so much to look after, as I knew we would have to do, in unloading the boat, as we had agreed to spare as much as possible all private property. The Templeton Company had begged us to spare their property. Besides, there were many merchants aboard, some of whom I knew. They were good Southern men, most of whom lived in Pine Bluff. They had been East, and were returning to Pine Bluff with their several stocks of goods.

Bear in mind that the Confederates had control of nearly all that part of Arkansas River from Pine Bluff to its mouth. Above was in possession of the Federals as far up as Fort Smith. There was a large garrison of Federals at Little Rock under command of General Steel, and we were between two forces. Any goods or traffic coming from the east, say from Memphis, had to come from Duvall's Bluff, on White River, to Little Rock by rail; thence down the Arkansas to Pine Bluff. So we had to operate in a hurry lest some of the Federal scouts would run in upon us.

I was right amused when I ordered Mr. Lipscomb to come and go with me aboard and assist me. He knew that he would have to remain in the Federal lines after we had gone; and if it was known that he had aided or abetted us in any way, he would be made to suffer. So when I ordered him he said: "Look here, Bennie Riggs, I have known you ever since you was a shirt tail boy, and I say to you that I don't want you to burn this boat, and I don't wish to have anything to do in it." But after we had gotten off to ourselves, so no



one could hear, he said: "Burn it, d— it; burn it to the water." I ordered the deck hands, twelve in number, to get aboard of the flatboat, when it was pulled to the main boat. I then put them under the mate with instructions to unload, taking off just such goods as belonged to the passengers. We could show no favors; and had we done so, those in sympathy with the South would have been made to suffer. After instructing the mate thoroughly, under penalty of death for any disobedience, I then stepped to the hatchway and locked the door down close and tight and threw the key into the river, making sure that any one who might have gone down into the hull, finding out our strength, could not come out and attack me. I then went on the top of the boat and took down the flag.

I went down into the passenger cabin and commenced an examination of each stateroom, fearing that there might be a soldier secreted in some of them. There was none to be found, to my great relief. I found a large cavalry saber, however, and I swung it on to my belt, simply as a trophy, which I wanted to carry out. I then went to the clerk's office and examined the safe. I found it was locked. I then called to Captain Jones to send the first clerk aboard. When he came, I demanded the keys to the safe. He didn't want to open the safe. I commanded him at the point of my pistol to do so. The safe was unlocked, and there exposed to my view I saw more money than I had ever seen before. It was in packages. I don't know how much there was, nor did I care, as I regarded it of but little value. The clerk did not want to surrender the money, saying it was not government money, but belonged to private individuals, and that the boat did not belong to the government. I said: "Do you pretend to deny that this boat is not chartered by the United States government? Have you not government stores, government troops, and government mail?" Now I didn't wish to have another word, and proceeded to place it all into my pockets. I remember that I was wearing a gray Confederate coat with brass buttons and with two pockets cut slanting down deep on each side. These pockets were filled with greenbacks. I found in one of the drawers a Smith and Wesson pistol, the first I had ever seen, as we used the Colt and Remington. I took quite a fancy to this pistol, and placed it down in my belt securely. Captain Jones had now come aboard and ordered me to hurry.

I then went down on the boiler deck to see how they were getting along unloading and to hurry them. We went back into the rear and found a fine sorrel mare (said to have belonged to General Steel) which was being sent to Pine Bluff to run a race. I called several deck hands back and had them push the mare off into the water, when she was led by skiff to the bank and out in perfect safety. After this Captain Jones returned to the shore. (This mare was afterwards presented by us three boys to our captain's father, Dr. J. J. Jones, Sr., who was chief surgeon, with headquarters at that time at Camden, Ark.) Very soon after this a Mr. Jacob Fife, a Jew and merchant, who resided at Pine Bluff, and whom I had always known, came aboard of the boat to make some suggestions as to moving some of his boxes of merchandise. He called me aside and said: "Ben, do you remember Jim Day, who lives in Pine Bluff and who has caused us Southern people so much trouble by reporting and insulting us in every way? Well, he is aboard of this boat, and I wish you would capture him and take him out and turn him over to your government."

This Jim Day was a blue-eyed and freckle-faced negro,

large and of great strength and endurance. I knew him and began to hunt for him. I was told that he was in the water under the guards. I went to the side of the boat, and by lying down flat I could see under the guards. I then went to the other side, and there I found him crouched under the hull of the boat with his head just sticking out. I commanded him to come out and get up on the boat. He came out and rose up, standing in the water with his hands on the guard. I ordered him to get out and up on the boat. I turned to give him way, so as to be clear of him as he sprang upon the boat. As I turned, Mr. Lipscomb cried out: "He is coming! Watch out!" As I faced him he was standing with a capstan stick uplifted ready to strike me down. I fired two shots. He sprang off into the water, diving off as far as possible, when Mr. Fife cried out: "O, Ben, that will do; don't shoot him any more." The first ball had passed clear through the neck and the second had struck him fairly in the head seemingly, but passed around and out. When he came to the surface of the water, he struck off down the river, swimming as gracefully and with as fine a stroke as I ever saw. I was bewildered that he could swim at all after having two such fearful wounds. Of course I wanted to kill him. The water was reddened with the blood as it streamed from his head. I watched him with my spy glass nearly a mile, and I could see him as he emerged from the water over a mile away. He lived many years after the war. He snapped a pistol at me from ambush a year after the war at Pine Bluff.

You never saw negroes work as those deck hands did after this shooting. They now realized that we meant business, and would shoot if necessity compelled it. I called again to Captain Jones to send the barkeeper aboard of the boat. I asked him if he had any good whisky. He said: "Of course." I said: "Fix up a glass brimful of good whisky. Now stir that good and you take a drink." He said: "But I don't drink." I said, "But you must," when he took a swallow. I was afraid that he might have placed poison in it. I then went back into the ladies' cabin to search there. After getting back all alone, Mr. Lipscomb said to me: "Ben, I fear the Federals are going to make me suffer for this." I replied that he had been compelled (?) to do everything he had done under penalty of death. I handed him out a handful of the money. How much, I presume I will never know. I then ordered him (Lipscomb) to gather up some of the mattresses from the rooms and place them up beside the bar counter. We saturated these with whisky, brandy, wine, coal oil, and everything we could find and struck a match to it, when it shot off like a cannon, and pretty soon the J. H. Miller was a livid flame of solid fire. We then hustled down to the boiler deck, and everybody was gotten into the flatboat and yawl, when we were pulled to the shore.

We had consumed now very nearly two hours, and we were in dread all the time that the enemy would come in upon us. We had risked our lives in consuming time merely to save property that belonged to individuals. These goods were now all upon the bank; and as goods were a great rarity to our soldiers and our people, we were invited to open the boxes and help ourselves to anything we wanted. Of course they doubtless knew we would do this anyway if we wished; but be it said to their credit, one and all, they seemed willing for us to help ourselves. We opened the boxes, and we did help ourselves. If horses were ever loaded down with goods, ours were. Gray cloth, calico, linen, tobacco, brandy peaches, canteens full of whisky—we piled it on, thinking that we would store it away, and when on our next scout we could get it.



Just before we started we paroled everybody under oath not to take up arms against the Confederacy. As we had mounted ready to start, we saw approaching some one riding up dressed in blue and who looked like a Federal soldier. Jones rode out in advance and halted him, while Price and I held back upon our horses. This party claimed to be a Confederate soldier and a Missourian and on his way to overtake General Marmaduke's command, to which he said he belonged, that was *en route* to Missouri with General Price. Of course he seemed willing to join us. So we rode away, and had got-



BENJAMIN F. RIGGS.

ten about a mile, going through the woods, when we stopped to hold a consultation. We had ten negro prisoners that we were carrying out, aiming to turn them over to our forces to work on breastworks. We concluded that we would unload our goods and hide them away in the woods, and that Price and Adams would go back to the boat or bank, where we had left these goods, and get another load and bring them out. Captain Jones and I were to stay with the negroes. The understanding was that if Price and Adams remained longer than half an hour we would take it for granted that something was wrong and would be on our guard. The half an hour passed and Jones said to me: "Ben, I will ride out in the open and look down in the bottom and see what is the matter." When he rode away, I dismounted and hitched my horse. The negroes I had all seated a respectable distance in front of me. They seemed perfectly contented. One had actually gone to sleep. I took the sword I had gotten from the boat out from my belt and laid it down at my side. As I sat down I noticed that the Smith and Wesson pistol I had also gotten off the boat pinched me in my belt, as I had no

scabbard to carry it in; so I drew this out and placed it right to my front, handy, as I thought.

I then commenced to divide the money I had secured; not as would a man with any experience, but was counting it out in three piles. I would say five dollars to John Jones, five dollars to Bennie Riggs, and five dollars to Church Price. When I came to a twenty note, I would lay it aside until I had gotten three; then I would say twenty for John Jones, twenty for me, and twenty for Church Price. I was not giving Adams any of it. I judged that I had counted out about a thousand dollars apiece, when whack! something took me on the head. My first impression was that a limb or pine knot had fallen from a tree, as the wind was blowing, when whack! another stroke and another, when I did not remember anything further. The only thing I knew was when I came to myself I was flat on the ground. I rose to my feet quickly, realizing that I had been attacked by one of the negroes and with the sword. It seems that the negro thought he would kill me and get my money, and then flee to Pine Bluff.

I suppose from where I was first stricken to where I received the last blow must have been fully thirty yards. As I rose to my feet I saw the negro advancing upon me with the pistol in his hand that I had left in front of me. I can't account for why he had left me and gone back after the pistol, unless it was when he struck me the last lick he knocked me so prostrate that he thought undoubtedly he had killed me, and left me, thinking that he would go back to where he had first struck me and get the money that was in front of me and the pistol, and if I was not dead then shoot me. But as he advanced toward me I had drawn my revolver; and as I leveled it down on him he seemed to crouch, as if trying to dodge the expected missile, when I fired, the ball striking him in the head. He sank right down upon himself. I knew I had killed him.

I now realized that I was badly wounded. I expected these other negroes would renew the attack, and in my condition I knew I was no match for any further defense. This was in a very dismal place. I had heard a chicken crow, and I knew that there was a place near, so I started in that direction right through the worst briar thicket I thought I had ever seen. I came pretty soon to a small bayou. I was bleeding very profusely and growing quite faint. As I waded across the little stream I took up some water and bathed my face, and this seemed to refresh me, when I went along, pretty soon arriving at the place. I remember distinctly all about the little place. It was a story and a half log house in front, with a frame one-story back used simply as a kitchen. I went in the back way without knocking or any ceremony. The mother and two daughters were in the house all alone. When I sprang into the house all covered with blood, they began to scream and run from the house. I cried out: "Don't run; I am not going to hurt you. My name is Bennie Riggs, and I am fearfully wounded." Then the mother returned, pitying me. I told her that my father lived in Pine Bluff, that I was a Confederate, that we had captured a steamboat down at Lipscomb's Landing, that I had been left to guard some negroes that we had taken prisoners, and while guarding them I had been taken unawares and had been wounded. She said: "Why, I know your father and your mother. O, my dear boy, is there any word you wish to send to your mother? You are bound to die. The brains are running out of your head."

This rather excited me, and I placed my hand up to the head, and I found that I had four deep cuts, besides three on



my arm, which I doubtless received in trying to parry off the strokes. I pulled out all the fractured bone I could. I then asked if she had any turpentine in the house. I had her pour some of this on my wounds. I told her that the others were with me, and that they had gone down to the boat to get some more goods we had captured, and I asked her if she would not let some one go down there and find the boys and inform them that I was wounded. One of the young ladies spoke up and said she would go, and pretty soon she had caught up her horse and jumped upon him bareback and started.

I was very much afraid the other negroes would follow me, and I asked the sister if she could not get me out in the woods, so that I might secrete myself; that if the negroes came to the house and did not find me there they would make no further search for me. The young lady volunteered to pilot me out into the woods. She took along some bandages, a bucket of water, turpentine, and common soot from the chimney. When we had been properly secreted, she began to attend my wounds, dressing them and cheering me all the time not to give up. It seems that the young lady missed the boys, and they came to where they had left me. They saw my horse standing hitched, the negro that had been shot dead, and the rest of us gone. Their first impression was that I had been captured, that in the attempt I had killed one of the negroes, and that they were carrying me into Pine Bluff as a prisoner. So they doubled back to the main road, and succeeded in overhauling the other negroes and brought them on with them. They came on up to Mrs. Ramsey's (that was the noble lady's name) and made inquiry for me, when she directed them to where I was.

I shall never forget my feeling when I saw the negroes advancing in front of them toward me. I was back in the bushes, and a small field intervened between where I was and the house. I was rather at the foot of a slope, and in coming over the top of the hill I could see the negroes some little time before I saw the boys. I drew my revolver and handed to the young lady the other, and I had concluded to sell my life as dearly as possible. She said she would die with me. In an instant I could see the boys as they came riding up. I began to upbraid them for leaving me alone, when they began to console me by telling me that I was not so badly wounded. They gave me some brandy and placed me upon my horse, and I was carried to the home of my uncle, John Rogers, a distance of nine miles, by one riding on each side holding me to my saddle.

I wish I had space to relate the strategy that Captain Jones used to save me from capture that night, because the enemy was on our track by this time and had been following us. I remained at my uncle's for quite a little time, when I was escorted to Monticello, where I was given a nice room in a hotel and attended until I was well. General McGruder's headquarters were in the same hotel and right across the hall from my room. He visited me each day. Everything that could be done by the best and grandest woman on earth was done for me. They would send me in linen for bandaging my wounds and the very best of everything to eat. It was quite three months before I was again ready for my command. I cannot speak in too much praise of the gallantry and strategy of Captain Jones and Church Price, poor boy! He was a brave, noble fellow. We were all equally exposed.

I was born April 2, 1849. The capture of the J. H. Miller was on the 18th of August, 1864. A line would find me at 1567 Pope Street, Louisville, Ky.

#### "JOHNNY" JONES WRITES OF THE EVENT.

Dr. John J. Jones, now of Philadelphia, complied with a request from the Fort Smith (Ark.) Times last September for a brief account of the capture of the Miller in which he states:

"When we rode up to the gate at Lipscomb's residence, we noticed a number of people on his gallery. These people proved to be passengers from the steamer Miller, which we learned was aground in the middle of the river about one mile above the house. There were nine persons in this party, including one woman, Miss Belle Vane, sister of Alice Templeton, the then expectant mother of Fay Templeton. Fay Templeton was born the following month in Little Rock, Ark. We secured this party as prisoners, and the writer rode forward toward a point opposite the boat to reconnoiter, directing the prisoners to follow under the guard of Bennie Riggs and Church Price. One prisoner, a returning furloughed Federal soldier, was picked up on the way and added to the party.

"When the writer reached the bluff bank opposite the boat, he observed that the ferry flat was alongside of the boat being loaded, and a large quantity of freight was seen on the lower bank under where the writer stopped. The attention of the officers of the boat was attracted by a pistol shot fired over the boat and a demand made for immediate surrender. Confusion among those on the boat was quite apparent when this demand was made; and, while seemingly hesitating, the approaching party of prisoners was obscurely seen through the underbrush as they came along a pathway near the edge of the river. The number of this party was magnified by the excited officers, and they consented to surrender at once. When the people on the boat went to the lower deck to get into the ferry flat and the boat's yawl, they could not see to the top of the bluff bank upon which we, with the prisoners, by this time stood, and so the deception as to numbers continued until the boat's party came ashore into our midst. During the excitement on the boat several soldiers jumped into the river on the opposite side of the boat and swam ashore. Some negro soldiers hid themselves in the shallow water under the outer deck, where they were afterwards disposed of.

"About one hundred and twenty-five persons, including passengers, soldiers in uniform and citizens' dress (the latter being officers returning to duty after a furlough, and some who hastily donned citizens' dress to avoid capture), and a dozen or more negro deck hands constituted the human prizes of the occasion.

"Leaving the prisoners under the guard of Church Price, Bennie Riggs and the writer went on board the boat by means of the yawl. Sympathizing with the passengers, we put the deck hands to work and removed all their trunks and other baggage ashore. A fine mare, said to belong to the Federal General Steele, commander at Little Rock, was found on the boat. We had the deck hands shove this mare overboard and swam her ashore. The writer presented this mare to his father, a surgeon in the Confederate army, who rode her to the end of the war. Some Federal flags, pistols, guns, and swords, with other articles, were sent ashore as trophies of war.

"After setting the boat on fire and witnessing its destruction, we loaded our horses and eight negro prisoners with such material as we thought best to take and went back of Lipscomb's field, a mile distant, to deposit the goods until such a time as we might better be enabled to take them South. The prisoners were paroled, and the freight left on the bank we hoped would come into possession of the Confederate wives and widows in the neighborhood. We afterwards learned that these goods were taken away by the neighbors.



"Leaving Bennie Riggs to guard the goods and negroes, Church Price and the writer went out for forage for the horses. We had not proceeded far when we heard a pistol shot in the direction from which we came. Rushing back, we found that one of the negroes had attacked Bennie Riggs with one of the captured swords and severely wounded him; but Bennie had finally secured his pistol and shot the negro through the head, killing him instantly. We managed to convey Bennie in his desperately wounded state to Mr. Harris's residence, some ten miles from this place, and it was three months afterwards before he could be taken farther South.

"I reported this capture to General Dockery, then at Monticello, Ark., on August 23, and he gave me an order to act upon the frontier as a recruiting officer for the Confederate army. While this was an irregular sort of commission, it proved a protection to us from the charge of being guerrillas. I mention this fact to offset a statement that has been made that we were members of Jonas Webb's company, of Colonel Wright's regiment. We never acted with this company or command at any time. The documents now in my possession



DR. JOHN J. JONES.

Pine Bluff offering terms of surrender at close of war, etc. At the end of the war the writer, with Bennie Riggs and other members of the company, was enrolled with General Fagin's escort and surrendered at Shreveport, La., on June 7, 1865.

"Church Price (native of Arkansas) died before the end of the war; Bennie Riggs (B. F. Riggs, native of Arkansas) now resides in Louisville, Ky."

#### OTHER INCIDENTS RELATED BY "CAPTAIN" JONES.

The following are a few of the events participated in by the writer (native of Georgia) during the war:

"With Bennie Riggs, Lewis Holsenbach, and George Rowell we captured the Federal transport, New Iago, at Swan Lake Landing, on the north side of the Arkansas River below Pine Bluff. After capturing this boat and setting her on fire, we were approached by a large body of cavalry and fled.

"The boat's crew succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and the boat proceeded down the river. She was attacked on the following day near Douglass's Landing by Maj. Walter Greenfield's command of two hundred and fifty Confederates, and captured and burned after a running fight of eighteen miles. We fired but half a dozen pistol shots in the process of the capture we made. With Bennie Riggs and a half dozen other boys we burned French Town, after running in the enemy's picket, two miles below Pine Bluff. French Town was occupied by a picket guard and a large number of contraband negroes. We captured a steamer at Gaines's Landing, on the Mississippi River, to have it rescued from us by traitorous Confederates who were about to ship stolen cotton on the boat. We led the enemy into numerous ambushes, and with few men captured and killed many times our number.

"The writer witnessed the attack made by the Minute Men of Napoleon, Ark., on the steamer Ohio Belle, which occurred before the capture of Fort Sumter, thus being the first gun of the war. He then participated in a skirmish at Monticello, Ark., which was reported by Colonel Rogan from Memphis, Tenn., to General Hill's magazine, called 'The Land We Love,' published in Richmond, Va., as the last gun of the war.

"Too much cannot be said in honor of the bravery of Bennie Riggs and Church Price displayed in these and numberless other dangerous exploits encountered during the war.

WHY FIRING OCCURRED AT DEAD ANGLE AT NIGHT.—T. L. Taylor, Company C, 4th Tennessee, Bailey, Tenn.: "I think I can give the cause of the firing at the Dead Angle on the night of June 30, 1864. The 4th, 5th, and 51st Tennessee Regiments were at the Angle, and of course took an active part in the firing. At the angle and to the right our videttes were in the works, but to the left thirty or forty feet and ten feet to the front we had a vidette standing behind a tree. A short while after being placed on duty he came in and reported that the enemy was coming, when the firing commenced and continued twenty or thirty minutes. A few days afterwards some prisoners were taken, and they said that their commissary wagons had been driven up near their line, and they were drawing rations when the firing began. They reported the loss of several hundred men killed and wounded and the loss of many mules and some wagons."

Bear in mind that all books advertised in the VETERAN are by it furnished at an advantage. The price of the VETERAN for a year or half of it is almost invariably saved in buying through it. Besides, many leading Confederate histories are furnished at greatly reduced prices.

substantiating these facts consist of General Dockery's commission to the writer, a letter from John Templeton and his wife (written after the war) thanking us for our kindness to them on the occasion, numerous orders from General McGruder, General Fagin, and Col. J. W. Rogan (provost marshal of District No. 4, Arkansas) ordering us on special duty, extracts from Camden (Ark.) and Montgomery (Ala.) papers and official war records, a letter from the Federal general at



## GEN. TOM GREEN.

[An address delivered by Mrs. Z. T. Fulmore, of Austin, Tex., before the Texas Veterans in Dallas, Tex., in behalf of the Tom Green monument.]

*Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* The Roman actor is said to have won tumultuous and prolonged applause when in the theater he cried: "I am a man, and nothing that is human can be foreign to me." I appear before you to-day a Daughter of the Confederacy with a message to sons of the South which cannot be a matter of indifference to those who are heirs to the glorious history of the South, and who hold in reverence the splendid traditions of patriotism and of valor that have made the South sacred to all her true children and given her a place in the annals of heroism and self-sacrifice that shall shine with an undimmed luster until Time's last chapter is written.

From the time that the spirit of Freedom began its mighty and prolonged struggle with a myriad-handed despotism our race has been glorified by many great heroes—men who have concentrated in themselves the lofty passions of an age, the sentiments, hopes, and aspirations of a people, and accentuated them in devoted and desperate leadership upon the field of battle in heroic struggle for the divine birthright of freedom and for all that gives a nation moral vigor and self-respect. From the beginning the world has felt that such names should not be allowed to perish. And so it has gathered up its admiration and affection and poured them in an unstinted largess of honor and devotion at the feet of such men as Leonidas, Tell, Hampden, Winkelried, Bolivar, Washington, Joubert, Cronje, and Gomez—men in whom the noble passion of patriotism came to its consummate flower, and amid the rain of blood and tears, and often amid the tempests of defeat and national ruin, bore fruit in glory and immortality. Such men exalt our humanity and glorify the history of our race. They were true patriots. They loved not merely the local scenery of their native land—they loved the people, their history, their happiness, and their laws. The living ideal of freedom, breathed into the human soul when it received the imprimatur of the Creator's hand, had found incarnation within them. The final and irreversible verdict of the ages, as well as the sentiment of their contemporaries, assigned such men a place among

"The few immortal names

That were not born to die."

And do we know naught of names that shall rank with these in the world's temple of heroes—the pages of history? Men who came forth from our own Southland, who were inheritors with us of all the noble traditions of the past; men of god-like attributes, of splendid powers, of vast capacities, and a passionate love of freedom and of home; men who, when the frowning front of oppression threw its shadow across the land they loved, arose with intrepid hearts to meet it, and gladly laid their all upon the altar of a pure and disinterested patriotism in a desperate and unequal struggle at which the world held its breath in amazement and in admiration? Yes, in that galaxy of devoted patriots which lights up the sky of history no names shine with a more full-orbed glory than those of Lee and Jackson, Stewart and Forrest, the Johnstons, Tom Green, and others. In them the spirit of freedom and patriotism found glorious incarnation. They illustrated and emphasized in their own persons and made more hallowed to us by their brilliant deeds and heroic sufferings the sacred sentiments of freedom, home, and country. They now belong to the ages and to the hearts of their own people. Being dead, they speak to us with an eloquence the living

tongue cannot essay; nor can we grow indifferent to their mighty voices until we have sunk down into a degenerate manhood and womanhood. They knew that

"Not to themselves alone they were lent.

Each human soul

Must with the strong tides of life be blent.

The stars that roll

Their bright circles through the firmament

Are parts of one great whole.

Stars! They were stars whose radiance here

Through the dark night of war

Spoke to our hearts in bright beams of cheer

None may restore.

But with wider light across time's rolling sphere

They shine for evermore."

It is especially in behalf of the memory of one of these heroes that I appear before you to-day—a hero of three wars, with a triple claim upon the hearts of Texans; one possessed of those qualities that make the great leader, the generous victor, the sympathizing friend; wise in the council chamber, skillful and prescient in his plans of battle, intrepid on the field, impetuous in the assault; one who to the imperturbable resolution of a Wellington added the brilliant fervor and dashing enthusiasm of a Ney; who laid all he was and



GEN. TOM GREEN.

Born January 8, 1814; killed at Blair's Landing, Ga., 1864.

all he had upon the altar of Texas and the South and sealed the offering and made it final with his life. I refer, as you at once perceive, to none other than to Gen. Tom Green.

In appealing to you to-day for a just recognition of his services to his country, and especially to Texas, and for a proper commemoration of them above the grave where he sleeps, I shall claim your indulgence while I briefly review his



history as a warrior and patriot and an ardent and devoted champion of the cause of Texas and of the South.

General Green came of a warlike ancestry. Through his mother, who was a granddaughter of Colonel Anderson, of North Carolina, he was a lineal descendant of those Revolutionary heroes who, from Lexington to Yorktown with blood and tears and unspeakable suffering, won for us the heritage of freedom which we now enjoy. It is not surprising that a love of battles and of heroes and of the stormy pageantry of wars manifested itself in the child. He sought out the history of great generals and famous military chieftains, and would sit absorbed in them for hours while his companions were romping on the playground. And it was not merely the romance of war and the imposing pageant of moving armies, in their appeal to a young and fervent imagination, that absorbed him in such literature; but the rationale of battles, the strategic movements in which the acuteness and prescience of the military genius are often so brilliantly and effectively displayed, charmed him no less. And when he grew to manhood, he was thoroughly versed in ancient and modern history, and had the salient features of the world's great campaigns and decisive battles at his tongue's end.

He received a liberal education at Princeton College, Kentucky, Jackson College, in Maury County, Tenn., and at the University of Nashville. He studied law with his illustrious father, Nathan Green, who for nearly a quarter of a century was one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. It was in the winter of 1835 that the sound of the desperate struggle which the Texans were making for their independence reached his ears in his Tennessee home. Can there be a more eloquent and commanding appeal to the heart of a true hero than the spectacle of a handful of patriots

"Facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of their fathers  
And the temples of their gods?  
And for the tender mothers  
That dandled them to rest  
And for the loving wives that nursed  
Their babies at their breast?"

Tom Green had a heart that could not resist the passionate eloquence of such an appeal. His love of freedom and of right, his scorn of tyranny and his hatred of oppression, inherited from his revolutionary ancestry, decided the battle which must have raged fiercely for a time in his heart between the instinct of natural affection and the instinct of that wider affection which feels its brotherhood with all who suffer and rushes to the rescue of all who are oppressed. And so, in obedience to the larger and more disinterested passion, he tore himself from the arms of a weeping mother and made his way to the land where the "Lone Star" was struggling to arise out of the fogs and shadows of Mexican misrule and slavery and fix itself in the bright constellation of free and independent nations. Here in deep veneration for the rights of humanity and in sacred love of freedom he offered his sword and his life to Gen. Sam Houston for the cause of Texas independence. He was present at the memorable and decisive battle of San Jacinto, and for gallant conduct on the field was promoted to a lieutenancy by General Rusk, who was at that time Secretary of War. Subsequently he was appointed aid-de-camp to General Rusk with the rank of major. The routed Mexican army being swept beyond the Rio Grande, the President of the Mexican Republic a captive, and Texas independence established, Major Green returned to his home in Tennessee, and

spent another year in the study of law. In the spring of 1837 he returned to Texas. In 1840 he was elected to Congress from Fayette County. In 1841 he was appointed clerk of the Supreme Court of the Republic of Texas. These offices he filled with a manifest fidelity and ability and with that gentlemanly bearing and courteous cordiality that made lasting friends of all who came in contact with him and by which he became universally popular throughout the republic.

I pass over his services to the republic in expeditions against hostile Indians and as scout to the fated Mier expedition and come at once to the stirring days of annexation. Tom Green was secretary of the convention that framed the constitution of 1845, and no sooner was war declared than he obtained an order from the Governor to organize a company, which became a part of the regiment of Col. John C. Hays. This regiment was composed of veterans who had seen service in the former war, and was one of the most gallant that ever marched out of Texas. It formed the van of General Taylor's invading army. It was in the forefront of the battle of Monterey, accompanied General Worth in his movements to the rear of the city, occupied the advanced position in the town after the outposts were carried, and had the honor to receive the first flag of truce under which negotiations were begun which led to the final capitulation of the enemy. To the influence and example of General Green as much as, if not more than, to any other officer, were due the unity of sentiment and of action and the spirit of intrepidity which gave that regiment its world-wide fame and crowned the name of the Texas Rangers with imperishable honor.

At the opening of hostilities between the States Tom Green accepted a colonelcy in the expedition to Arizona and New Mexico under General Sibley. In that campaign his military qualities shone forth with conspicuous luster. At the battle of Valverde less than two thousand Confederates were called upon to dislodge an army of seven thousand Federals. General Sibley was sick, and at his order Tom Green took command. He ordered Captain Long and Major Raguet to charge the enemy's cavalry, and at the same time he hurled the remainder of his force against the enemy's artillery and infantry; and so spirited and determined was the attack that, although the Confederates were armed, for the most part, with shotguns and charged across an open plain, the battery was soon taken and the infantry driven in confusion across the river. And the whole army of General Canby should inevitably have been captured had not General Sibley, who had resumed command about seven o'clock in the evening, ordered the pursuit to cease.

It is as much the presence of a great commander on the field as the active play of his thought in the movement of his forces that inspires an army and gives it the impetuous instinct of victory. It was the estimate of Wellington's officers, to which the Duke himself assented, that the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte on the field of battle was equal to forty thousand men. So much for the power of personality. General Green was a man of commanding presence. He was over six feet high, of strong and muscular frame, and presented a martial appearance on the field of battle. His presence inspired his troops with enthusiasm, and their confidence in his ability as a leader assured them that they followed no will-o'-the-wisp when at his command they launched the thunderbolt of war. In honor of the success of the Confederates at this battle an artillery company was formed of which Ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers, of Texas, was made captain, and it was known throughout the war as the "Valverde Battery."

I wish I had time to tell you of his strategy at Paralto,



when by consummate cunning he saved his command and crossed his whole army to the left bank of the river and joined General Sibley in safety, and with what splendid ability and heroic devotion he conducted one of the most hazardous expeditions of the whole war—that for the capture of Galveston Island. His own words in this connection must suffice. They flash a sufficient light upon the man and upon his spirit and purpose. In his address to his soldiers he said: "You are called upon to volunteer in a dangerous expedition. I have never deceived you; I will not deceive you now. I regard this as the most desperate enterprise that men ever engaged in. I shall go, but do not know that I shall return. I do not know that a single man who goes with me shall, and I want no one to volunteer who is not willing to die for his country, and to die now." Those are immortal words. They make fragrant the air that bears them to our ears. They exalt our conception of the patriot and make us proud of the humanity which we share with the man who uttered them. It is not to be wondered at that the people of the far past deified their heroes. I doubt not that the demigods of antiquity were but the historic memories of great men who had saved or died for their nation in some great crisis of peril. The national conscience and love would not allow that such men could die and be no more. Such power, such patriotism, such wisdom and devotion could not disappear amid

"Festering bone and rotting limb,

In dire confusion tossed."

They looked for their return; but as they never blessed the earth again with their familiar presence, the grateful hearts of their countrymen deified them, gave them a place among the gods, and so made their names and memories forever honorable and immortal on earth. It is a feeling akin to this, though guided by a more enlightened intelligence, by which we are impelled to rescue the names of our great dead from oblivion and to lavish our love and gratitude upon their memories in monumental marble and mural tablet and in anniversaries, centenaries, and celebrations that know no halt nor weariness from year to year.

But I must hasten to a close. I should love to follow Tom Green in the campaigns in Louisiana, where with his brigade he joined the command of Gen. Richard Taylor; how he made secure General Taylor's retreat from Franklin by covering his rear; his brilliant capture of Brashear City with its \$3,000,000 worth of stores; how at Lafourche with sixteen hundred men he repulsed an enemy of six thousand; how he attacked the enemy at Bayou Burbeaux, who were intrenched in superior force, and carried off nine hundred prisoners, and put all the country above Vermilion Bayou once more in the hands of the Confederates; how he was ordered back to Texas to take command of the defenses of Galveston; how he was again ordered to Louisiana; was promoted to major general; how he won the battle of Bayou du Paul with a greatly inferior force in numbers; how he won the battle of Mansfield, bringing away as spoils of victory the enemy's entire artillery, all his transportation, and about four thousand prisoners. All this is history, and our time will allow us only thus briefly to glance at it. It will be read by our descendants with quickened pulses when the dust shall lie thick upon our faces.

But a few days after the great victory of Mansfield the whole country was startled by the announcement of the death of Gen. Tom Green. He had died at his post of duty at Blair's Landing, on the Red River. The body of the fallen hero, accompanied by his chief of staff, Maj. Joseph D. Sayers, and his brother, was brought to Austin, where a guard of

honor received it and where it lay in state for a number of days in the hall of the House of Representatives. Thence it was borne to the City Cemetery, and, according to his own request, consigned to the grave in his own family burying lot. And there to-day sleeps the sacred dust of this great patriot and soldier, with not as much as a simple marble slab to tell the passer-by that beneath that grassy mound lies a hero of three great wars—a man without fear and without reproach, a patriot who laid his all upon the altar of his country and sealed the gift with his life.

Shall this continue? Shall we, amid all the mighty material achievements which mark our advancing civilization and the ever-widening activities of our social and intellectual progress—shall we give to the world that sign of the saddest of all decadence—a growing indifference to the great sentiments and principles that made our Southern history imposing and glorious and which entitled our Southern leaders to rank among the world's greatest patriots and which establish for them a claim upon our reverence, gratitude, and love which can end only with life itself? There is hope for a people as long as their great dead are not forgotten, for from their very urns they shall still inspire and rule and point to nobler things



MRS. Z. T. FULMORE, AUSTIN, TEX.,

Chairman of the Tom Green Monument Committee.

and show the way. Out of their graves shall come a mighty moral influence which shall quicken the living with renewed life and purpose when depressed by misfortune or degenerates through luxury. The grave cannot hide those great lives nor arrest the influence of their great hearts upon the living if we but be true to their memories and worthy of the heritage which they have bequeathed us. It is true, their names have



passed into history. There the reader of books and the student of the past shall find them shining and reigning, secure against assault or displacement. But this is not enough. History is not the expression of a people's love and gratitude. It is the work of the unimpassioned chronicler of events. It is the photographs of a people's footprints as they move across the theater of time. History may or may not do justice and honor to the memory of the dead, but the love and gratitude of one's own people never fail to do both.

It is not enough that the records of great lives, great hearts, and great achievements be written in the annals of a people. They should speak in marble, in stone, and in bronze from our cemeteries, our public squares and capitol grounds; they should speak in pictures from the walls of our Senate rooms and halls of legislation; they should be made audible and spectacular in moving pageants through our streets with music and drums and banners. Thus shall the rising generations be kept in vital and inspiring contact with the spirit and genius of the past, and in times of despondency or lethargy or of menacing mammon worship they shall cry: "Let us prove ourselves worthy of the spirit and deeds of our fathers, and not unworthy of the precious heritage which they have transmitted to us." And thus the mighty dead, though long since vanished in their visible presence, shall still walk in the midst of us; and as once they drew their swords to protect us from an invading foe and to vindicate our chartered rights, so now they shall hover about us in unseen presence, and save us from those subtler foes that eat out our nobleness, paralyze our manhood, and drag us down into a besotment of selfishness which is concerned only with the questions: "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

This is the most inspiring way of writing history. It appeals to all, and by the persuasiveness of beauty and the subtle power of poetry and imagination stirs the heart which the historic page would leave unilluminated and unkindled. Slowly this great work is going on. One by one the monuments are rising o'er the graves where our heroes lie sleeping. I appeal to you to-day to help us to erect another. Let us do this tardy justice and honor to the memory of that great hero of Texas and of the "Lost Cause," Gen. Tom Green. We plead for a fitting monument to mark the spot where his sacred ashes lie. As chairman of the Tom Green Monument Committee of the U. D. C., I appeal to you to assist us in this noble work. We are trying to raise \$1,200 for this purpose. Of this amount, \$525 has already been donated, which leaves a remainder of \$675 to be raised by the 1st of December.

I appeal to your patriotism, to your pride in your history, and in the priceless traditions of honor and valor which have come down to you from your fathers and from your brothers and comrades who bore themselves so gallantly in the burning front of battle. I appeal to your love for the present generation and to your hope for those that are to come.

Ye gray-haired veterans of the "Lost Cause," whose white heads glorify this assembly, you have doffed the gray, you have laid down your arms, and your honor as Southern soldiers, untainted in defeat as in victory, is pledged to accept the issue and to rally for the greatness and glory of a reunited nation. But never has and never shall a blush of shame mantle your cheek for the part you played in that gigantic struggle. We may say to-day with a consistent fervor and an unchallenged patriotism: "We love our country." From Aroostook, in Maine, to the Golden Gate and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, it is ours. We love the North. Why should we not? The blood of our ancestors baptized her soil,

and beneath her green sod their ashes lie. The good, the great, the mighty dead once were hers in living presence, and good and true men are struggling to guide her fortunes to-day. But above all we love the South. It is the sunny land where "first the light of heaven blessed our infant vision." It was at her generous breasts we drank the milk of joy. Beneath her sod our fathers and our mothers sleep, and the ashes of her heroic sons await the vindication of the last Assize. If to love the South above the North, above every country of the globe; if to revere and honor her heroes above all other heroes; if to shrine her history and her struggles in our hearts as the most sacred of our inheritances—if this be treason, then your speaker is a traitor.

"If e'er to bless her sons

My hands or voice deny,

These hands let useful skill forsake,

This voice in silence die."

So I appeal to you gray-haired veterans who once stood shoulder to shoulder with your fallen comrades amid the pitiless peltings of death's rattling hail on the field of battle. See to it that no meed of honor be denied your fallen comrades. Let all the world see that their graves are hallowed spots and that their memories shall flourish in immortal green. Some one has written very beautifully about the grave of Gen. Tom Green:

"Tom Green is no more; loved and honored he lies

In his home by the murmuring river,

In the soil that he saved 'neath his own Southern skies,

Where praises from lips yet unborn shall arise

And bless him forever and ever."

But that song shall not be complete until a fitting monument above his grave shall vindicate its truth before the eyes of men. Then shall we be one step nearer the consummation when of all our dead heroes it shall be sung:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,

Dear as the blood ye gave;

No impious footstep here shall tread

The herbage of your grave,

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps

Or honor guards the hallowed spot

Where valor proudly sleeps.

The marble minstrel's voiceless stone

In deathless song shall tell.

When many a vanished age hath flown,

The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,

Nor Time's remorseless doom

Shall dim one ray of glory's light

That gilds your deathless tomb."

SAVANNAH AND PHILADELPHIA IN DAYS OF OLD.—Dr. William Burroughs, of Brunswick, Ga., writes some interesting historic data concerning Savannah for the Morning News. Savannah was incorporated in 1789, Governor Telfair signing the act of the Georgia Legislature, "which occurred in the town of Augusta" on December 23. The city of Philadelphia was incorporated that same year. Savannah had a disastrous fire in 1820, and Philadelphia made the largest contribution for relief of the sufferers. In 1774 John Houston, Archibald Bulloch, and Dr. Noble Wimberly were elected delegates to the Continental Congress. George Washington visited Savannah in 1778.





GOV. JOHN I. COX, STAFF, AND SOME FRIENDS AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

#### SILVER SERVICE PRESENTATION.

On December 15, 1906, there occurred the coincidence of presenting magnificent silver services to three armored cruisers named for three Southern States—Louisiana, Tennessee, and Virginia. The first was at New Orleans, the second at Hampton Roads, and the third in the Norfolk Navy Yard. Unhappily, the ceremonies on Virginia waters being at the same hour, none could attend both, although within a few miles of each other, so it happens that while the *VETERAN* is loyal equally to the interests and honor of all, the report of the Tennessee is given, illustrating the usual proceedings.

A splendid tug carried the Governor of Tennessee, his staff, one of the United States Senators, Frazier, their wives, and a daughter of each, together with perhaps forty or fifty invited guests, from Tennessee mainly. As the powerful tug steamed by the side of the great cruiser, anchored quite centrally in Hampton Roads, it seemed to be as solid as a granite island. Every condition, including the weather, conspired to as perfectly happy occasion as could have been anticipated.

Captain Berry, the commander of the ship, himself a Tennessean, and all the men under him, numbering over seven hundred, were on guard to honor and to serve guests in every way. The \$6,000 silver service was placed on deck in the foreground of the picture here given. Governor Cox, attending his fair young daughter, who had been chosen to make the presentation address, said:

*"Captain Berry, Officers, and Men of the Cruiser Tennessee:*

"We are here as the representatives of all Tennesseans in recognition and appreciation of the honor conferred upon our people by the Navy Department in giving to this splendid war vessel the name of our great State.

"I assure you that we are delighted to find our namesake commanded by a worthy son of Tennessee. We shall claim all who command and man the ship as sons and adopted sons of noble Tennesseans, who in every conflict our nation has had with a foreign foe have given to the defense of our common country such devotion, fidelity, courage, and patriotism as to win for our commonwealth the proud and undisputed appellation, 'The Volunteer State.'

"We gave to history the immortal Farragut, one of the world's greatest sea captains, who became a midshipman at the age of eleven, and at the age of twenty-three, in the battle of Mobile Bay, had his body lashed to the rigging of his flagship, so if wounded he could direct the fight while he

died. He gave his whole life to the navy, and died in the Portsmouth Navy Yard in his seventieth year.

"We gave to the world the great Maury, who gathered the observations of the ocean winds and currents and gave to us the 'physical geography of the sea.'

"We gave to history the immortal Jackson, one of the greatest military heroes the world has produced. These we offer as worthy ideals for you who are to defend our nation.

"We are here amid historic surroundings. Here at Norfolk lived Farragut when Virginia seceded; here in these waters met the Virginia and the Monitor in deadly conflict. In the Virginia was crystallized the inventive genius of the South in its ideal war vessel; in the Monitor was concentrated the inventive genius of the great North. The clash of these monsters gave to the world its first battle of the iron-clads. The result revolutionized naval construction throughout the world, and made obsolete every war vessel that then sailed the seas."

The notable event of the ceremony was the presentation address by Miss Mary Cox, daughter of the Governor, a bright, vivacious schoolgirl, whose manner and whose words were equally charming. She disconcerted those who are accustomed to public speaking. Even Captain Berry, the commander of the cruiser, could hardly assume his usual dignity.

#### THE FAIR SPONSOR'S WORDS.

Miss Cox, sponsor of the occasion, and a winsome young woman, said, in formally presenting the beautiful silverware:

"From the land of our ancestral sires; from the old Volunteer State, made memorable by their march to King's Mountain, and the victory that turned the tide of the American Revolution; from the gathering place of the clan at Sycamore Shoals, on the beautiful Watauga, we come with greeting and a memento of respect, love, and confidence, in and for those who are to command and man this, our noble namesake, 'The Tennessee.'

"Socrates was devoted to his philosophy, Wolsey to his earthly master, Calvin to his creed, and we to old Tennessee—but not more than to the Virginia State and this historic spot; this gateway to the home of Washington, to Lee, and Jackson; this 'open sesame' to all the nations of the world; this landing place of our forefathers.

"Brave men, may you ever be foremost in the fight, and last to surrender, if surrender you must!





FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TENNESSEE CRUISER'S OFFICERS AND CREW ORDERED BY COMMANDER BERRY FOR MISS COX.

"With this service we bring the benediction of the old Volunteer State, and, in the language of the hero of Trafalgar, 'We expect every man to do his duty;' and may you, like that celebrated hero, know 'how to love, how to fight, and how to die!'"

Senator James B. Frazier gave a beautiful greeting for Tennessee in which he said: "Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet to tread upon Virginia's historic soil and my eyes to rejoice in her beauty and her thrift. Here where Henry spoke and Jefferson wrote and Washington fought for human freedom, here in the very cradle of American liberty, I hasten to render that obeisance that every American owes to Virginia when he stands uncovered in her historic presence. Here in Hampton Roads, made famous by the courage and heroic fortitude of American seamen, I doff my hat to the American navy."



MISS MARY COX.

### THE STANDARD BEARER.

BY BEATRICE STEVENS.

Look! he has gained it, the foremost place.  
The glory of victory covers his face.  
Cheering and beautiful, over his head,  
The flag that he loves to the wind is spread—  
Cheers for the standard bearer!

God! he has fallen! O help him! There,  
Comrade, so near to him—sweet brow bare—  
Up with the standard! It must not lie  
Soiled in the dust, though ten thousand die  
Brave as the standard bearer!

Rage, thou fierce torrent, fearfully red!  
Hurl thy surf, crimson, above the dead;  
But all thy harsh voices summon in vain  
Him who lies silent among the slain—  
Beautiful standard bearer!

Honor and cherish him, land o' his love;  
Whether the raven or whether the dove  
Shadow thy doorway, his like are thy gold.  
Thou, mourning mother, in glory art stoled—  
Honor the standard bearer!

Dyersburg, Tenn.





Ah! each year their ranks grow thinner—  
Veterans, weary by the way;  
Soon life's sun will sink forever  
On those wearers of the gray.

One by one they answer roll call,  
One by one they pass away—  
Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,  
Noble wearers of the gray.

CAPT. LOUIS W. McLAUGHLIN.

Capt. Louis W. McLaughlin was born in Louisville, Ky., September 26, 1839. He moved to Louisiana, and in April, 1861, was enlisted in the army of the Confederate States in Company K (Nelligan's), 1st Louisiana Infantry, in which he was appointed third sergeant. He was promoted to second lieutenant in December, 1861, to first lieutenant April 28, 1862, and to captain in January, 1863. He was paroled at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865. He served without intermission, except when imprisoned, throughout the war, doing much active service. He was taken prisoner once.

After the war Mr. McLaughlin moved to Eufaula, Ala., where he lived until his death, which occurred on September 5, 1906. Captain McLaughlin is survived by his wife (who was Miss Belle Hart, of Eufaula) and two daughters (Mrs. C. O. Hearron, of Spartanburg, S. C., and Miss Dot McLaughlin, of Atlanta, Ga.). Mr. McLaughlin served faithfully and most efficiently as tax officer for twelve years in Barbour County, Ala., and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the people in other lines of business in which he engaged. If any of his old comrades in reading this should recollect him kindly, his family would appreciate some expression from them.

[The foregoing is from "S. H. B.," Eufaula, Ala.]

MAJ. P. H. MOREL.

After a short illness, Maj. P. H. Morel, aged sixty-two years, Registrar of the City Health Department, a Confederate Veteran, and a prominent Mason, died at his home, in San Francisco. He is survived by a son and two daughters. Major Morel was born in Savannah, Ga.; but removed to California during the year following the close of the war, and had resided in San Francisco since, and during the last eight years he was connected with the health department of the city. The members of George B. Eastin Camp, United Confederate Veterans, accompanied the body to the grave.

GEORGE B. HOUSER.

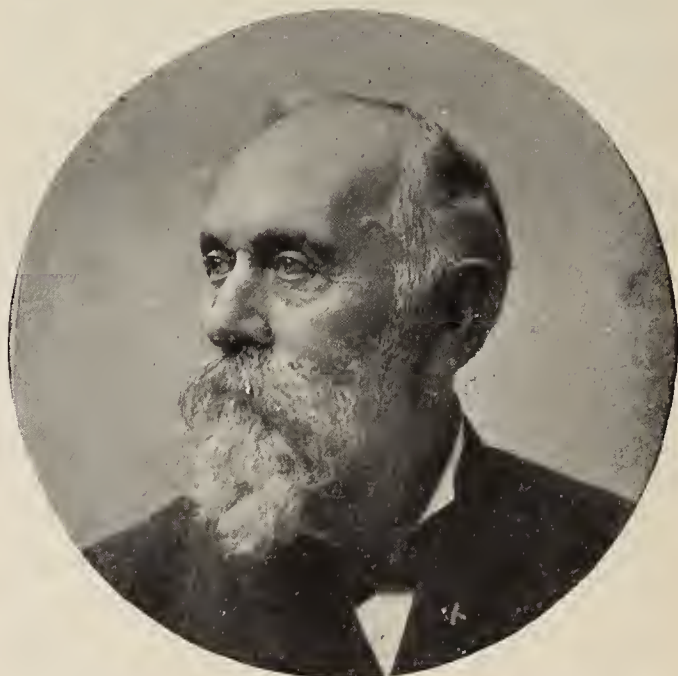
George B. Houser died at his home, on Purgatory Creek, Va., on the 9th of November. He was born in 1847, and at the age of seventeen enlisted in Capt. G. W. Breckinridge's company, and served until the close of the war. He was married a few years after the war, and three daughters and two sons survive him. He was a consistent member of the Church, his life being an example to others. Never putting

himself forward in anything, he was always ready to respond when called upon. A friend of many years writes that he never knew of his doing a single act unbecoming a Christian gentleman, and from Capt. G. W. Breckinridge comes this tribute: "As his captain, I can say that a better soldier never shouldered a musket, nor since the close of the war has Boteourt County had a better or more worthy citizen."

COL. A. M. SHANNON.

Col. Alexander M. Shannon, an honored citizen of Galveston and prominent throughout the State of Texas, died on the 28th of October, 1906. He was born in Arkansas May 7, 1839; but went to Texas at the age of fourteen, settling finally in Southwest Texas, having acquired a fine ranch along the San Antonio River. Here he was living when the war broke out, and in 1861 he was one of the seven men in Karnes County who opposed secession; but when his State went out, he cast his lot with her. He joined the famous Terry's Texas Rangers. He was first lieutenant of Company C, afterwards its captain, and did gallant service in that capacity until July, 1863. He was then detached and assigned to command of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee, reporting to the commanding general; and in February, 1865, while still in this service, he was promoted to colonel. He was with Johnston's army in North Carolina when news of General Lee's surrender was received, and was then selected as commander of the escort detailed to accompany President Davis and aid him in getting to the west side of the Mississippi River; but the Confederate chieftain was captured before Colonel Shannon and his men could reach him. Colonel Shannon was wounded several times during his service in the army.

At the conclusion of the war Colonel Shannon returned to his ranch on the San Antonio, but after a short time removed to New Orleans and engaged in business with the tropics. In 1869 he joined Gen. John B. Hood in the commission and insurance business in New Orleans, and in November went to



COLONEL SHANNON.

Galveston to take charge of the Texas division, the business having grown to large proportions. In 1880 Colonel Shannon engaged in government contracting, doing jetty work along the Texas coast from Louisiana to Mexico, at one time having



under contract nearly all the work on the Texas coast. Under him the south jetty in Galveston Harbor was carried out about four and a half miles into the Gulf. He was engaged nearly ten years in work of this kind. In 1890 he was made General Manager of the Galveston and Western Railway, and in December of 1893 was appointed postmaster of Galveston. He was very little in public office, but after making his residence in Galveston was interested in the growth and upbuilding of the city. He was married in 1872 to Miss Clara Viola Scott, daughter of Maj. William B. Scott, of Alabama, and granddaughter of Governor Murphy, of that State. Three daughters and four sons blessed their union. The latter all reside in Galveston.

#### R. B. SANDIFORD.

Ralph Benjamin Sandiford died in Oxford July 17, 1906. He was born on St. Helena Island, S. C., July 1, 1837. He entered the Confederate service with the Oglethorpe Light Infantry of Savannah, which became Company B, 8th Georgia Volunteers, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. This, it is said, was the first company in all the South that offered its services to President Davis for the war. It was mustered into service May 21, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox, having taken part in forty-one battles.

Comrade Sandiford received a severe flesh wound in his thigh December 11, 1864. He refused to make known to the surgeon the full extent of his injury, and in a short time, with the aid of a crutch, he walked about seventy miles to rejoin his regiment. When Lee and Johnston had surrendered, he walked to Savannah. Mr. Sandiford would have been promoted by one who occupied a high position in the War Department of the Confederacy, but he respectfully declined.

He was married April 23, 1877, at St. Mary's, Ga., to Jennie G. Burns. After the mother of his children died, he devoted himself entirely to the work of rearing them properly, and he acted the part of both father and mother. He led a quiet Christian life, knew no town gossip, was very charitable in word and deed. He was always prompt in meeting his obligations. He left a small legacy to the colored woman who had served the family faithfully for some years.

#### MAJ. JOHN G. THOMAS.

Maj. John G. Thomas, son of John S. and Mary Bryan Thomas, was born in Milledgeville, Ga., March 28, 1833; and died calmly at his home, in Scottsboro, near Milledgeville, November 11, 1906, in his seventy-fourth year. Heart trouble, precipitated by a severe cold, was the cause of his death. He was buried from Stephen's Episcopal Church at Milledgeville, the Rev. W. R. Walker, of Macon, officiating.

Graduating from Yale in 1853, he studied law under J. S. Pettigrew, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and was admitted to the bar in that city in 1855; but, abandoning this profession, he went to Florida and engaged in planting. In 1861 he shouldered his musket and entered the Confederate service as a private in a Florida regiment for one year, the term of his enlistment. After that he was assigned to duty as assistant inspector general of cavalry, with the rank of major, on the staff of Gen. Joseph Wheeler until the summer of 1864, when he was appointed special aid to his brother, the lamented Gen. Bryan M. Thomas, late of Dalton, Ga., in which capacity he continued to serve until the close of the war, when he wended his way through the ashes and smoke in Sherman's wake back to the land of the palmetto and the pine, and with undaunted spirit engaged in the culture of cotton in Florida

and in Dooly County, Ga., until 1876, when he returned to Baldwin County, his native heath, where he afterwards lived in quiet and at peace with the world and all mankind, dispensing hospitality, charity, and good cheer to the extent of his ability. He served as judge of one of the courts for many years, even until his death. "He presided with graceful ease and ability."

Major Thomas was a gentleman of the old school, with strong convictions of his own and the courage to defend them. He is survived by his good wife and six children (Mrs. E. K. Lumpkin, of Athens, Ga.; Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, of San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Elizabeth Thomas, now of Savannah, Ga.; Miss Martha G. Thomas and John G. and F. Drayton Thomas, of Jacksonville, Fla.) and one sister (Miss Mary Neyle Thomas, of Milledgeville). As a husband and father, he was gentle, loving, considerate, and kind; as a friend, generous, unwavering, and true; and in his death the country and community have lost a valuable citizen. He fought the good fight, answered the last roll call, crossed the river, and joined his former comrades in arms in their bivouac under the shade of the trees beyond, where the bugle note disturbs not and the war cry sounds no more.

#### JUDGE J. H. FULTON.

Judge John H. Fulton was captain of the Wythe Greys, 4th Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, Grand Commander Confederate Veterans, Virginia Division, and Judge-Advocate General Second Brigade, Virginia Division. This distinguished soldier, civilian, and jurist died at his residence, in Wytheville, Va., on January 7, 1907, of heart disease in his seventieth year, having been born in Wytheville, Va., July 18, 1837, within about one hundred yards of the house in which he died and in which he had long resided. His father was Judge Andrew Fulton, for many years circuit judge under the old régime.

John H. Fulton was educated at Emory and Henry College, studied law, and was licensed to practice at an early age. He joined a military company, the Wythe Greys, organized about the time of the John Brown Raid, of which he was made second lieutenant, and he was with the company at the execution of John Brown at Charlestown, Va. This company volunteered its services to the State as soon as the ordinance of secession was passed, was at once called into service, and became one of the companies which formed the original "Stonewall Brigade," and served under the immediate command of Gen. T. J. Jackson. He was made captain of the company in May, 1862, and was wounded at Second Manassas, when Jackson held his lines with such obstinate valor until Longstreet's Corps could reach them. When the ammunition of some of the companies was exhausted, they disdained to retreat; but fought with rocks, of which fortunately there was abundant store at hand, and thus repelled the enemy.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, when Jackson doubled up Hooker's right and compelled the withdrawal of his army, Captain Fulton had his thigh broken near the hip joint, and was thereafter unfitted for active service. He was relegated for support to his crutch ever afterwards.

Captain Fulton resumed the practice of law after the war. He was elected a member of the House of Delegates of the first Legislature which met after reconstruction, and was elected judge of the circuit composed of the counties of Wythe, Giles, Bland, Tazewell, Pulaski, Carroll, and Grayson. For about twenty years he filled this place with distinguished ability, and established a reputation as an able jurist. He re-



signed his position, however, and resumed the practice of law, bearing a reputation for ability and knowledge of the law not confined to his circuit or section. A correspondent of the Richmond Times-Democrat thus estimates his legal powers: "It may be truly said that he was the Nestor of the bar of the Southwest. He was a man of retiring disposition and marked modesty, but with a reserved force which when called into action was alike the admiration of his friends and the fear and apprehension of his opponents."

While gallant as a soldier, wise as a judge, and able as a lawyer, it was to his higher attributes as a man and a citizen that he won the love and affection of the whole community amongst whom his life was passed. Pure, upright, and honorable, kind, charitable, and benevolent, he made his record.

Judge Fulton was elected Commander of the William Terry Camp of Confederate Veterans at the first organization, and held the office up to the time of his death. At the hands of the State organization he was made Commander at its session in Petersburg in the fall of 1905, and as such he presided with dignity and marked ability at its annual meeting in Roanoke in October, 1906. He was Judge-Advocate General of the Second Brigade, Virginia Division, at the time of his death.

Judge Fulton in 1876 married Miss Cynthia McGavock, of Wytheville, who survives him with one daughter, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Bristol. His domestic life was simply ideal in the wealth of love and affection which marked his intercourse with his family.

Judge Fulton's funeral was very largely attended. It was held in St. John's Church, of which he was a regular attendant, and was conducted by his rector, Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton, assisted by Rev. T. S. Russell, of Bristol, Tenn. William Terry Camp of Confederate Veterans acted as honorary pallbearers with full ranks, together with a large delegation of the State organization and members of the bar from Wythe and adjoining counties, members of the Council, the Masonic Fraternity, the vestry of the Church, and very many persons from other sections.

At a meeting of William Terry Camp, Confederate Veterans, held in Wytheville on January 9, 1907, suitable resolutions offered by Col. R. E. Withers, who was colonel of the 18th Virginia Infantry, were unanimously adopted. In a personal tribute Colonel Withers said of him: "Nearly forty years of almost daily personal intercourse afforded ample opportunity to estimate his character, appreciate the high standard of morality which governed his daily intercourse with his fellow-men, and the unswerving integrity which dominated his life. I have known no man whose probity and honor exceeded Judge Fulton's, no man who measured up more fully to the high standard of the 'Virginia gentleman' of the old régime, and no higher eulogy in my judgment can be pronounced."

#### CAPT. JOHN HENDERSON PICKENS.

Captain Pickens was born at Marion, Perry County, Ala., February 1, 1842; was educated at the State Military Academy at Tuscaloosa, Ala.; and died at Mineral Wells, Tex., May 13, 1905, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He enlisted in the Confederate service in Company G, 40th Alabama Infantry, in March, 1862, and was elected first lieutenant, and in the following May, upon the death of Capt. Hugh Summer-ville, he was promoted to captain, in which capacity he served with zeal and honor until January, 1865, when he was appointed adjutant and inspector general of Holzelaw's Brigade, which, upon its return from Hood's Nashville campaign, was,

with other brigades of that shattered army, sent to Spanish Fort for the defense of Mobile, where he served with marked distinction until the evacuation of the fort, and at the general surrender was paroled by the Federal authorities in May, 1865.

Captain Pickens was with his regiment in all of the hardships incident to the Confederates in Pemberton's campaign in Mississippi, and was taken prisoner with the army at Vicksburg. After the exchange, his regiment and brigade (Moore's) were sent to Bragg at Chattanooga, where he was engaged in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, was with Johnston and Hood through the Georgia campaign; and everywhere, in whatever position he was placed, he was the cool, fearless, determined man and the intelligent, efficient officer. He was keenly alive to anything that partook of the ridiculous, and his fun of sparkling humor never forsook him in the camp, on the march, or in the deadly conflict; and he was always cheerful, making a happy effect upon his men and upon all with whom he was associated. He was wounded three times, and always with his face to the foe. With his regiment he fought until his company was less than a skeleton. No braver man wore a sword or carried in his bosom a tenderer or more unselfish heart for the feelings or sufferings of others. He was modest and retiring, and never sought the applause of men, and in repose was as quiet and gentle as a woman; but in action he was transformed into the lion. All who knew him were his friends—aye, none knew him but to love him.

He was of the old South Carolina Pickens line of patriots. His grandfather, Gov. Andrew Pickens, was a general in our Continental War of Independence, and his cousin, Frank Pickens, was War Governor of South Carolina during our Confederate struggle.

At the close of our Confederate war he was left with nothing but his honor, his untarnished record, his love for his Southland, and his hatred of oppression; and in "Reconstruction" days he left his Alabama home and came West to begin life anew, where he would be free from the annoyance of "carpetbaggers" and scalawags, and finally located at Abilene, Tex. In 1890 he and Mrs. Eva Polk Brigham were united in marriage, and with hand in hand and with hearts that beat as one they lived and walked together until death, which had so often passed him by on the battlefield, called him to rest in his eternal home.

He was Grand Standard Bearer in the Grand Commandery of Texas, and was a sincere and active Christian, who filled up his life with good deeds and in helping others, who will bless his memory with recollections of his sympathy, his great heart, and open hand.

#### WILLIAM H. HARRISON AND WILLIAM SHAW.

A few days ago I reported to the VETERAN the death of our beloved Chaplain, S. U. Grimsley. Now I have to report that two more have crossed over the river.

On January 3, 1907, Comrade William H. Harrison, Company A, 19th Virginia Battalion Heavy Artillery, crossed over the river. On January 7, 1907, Comrade William Shaw, Company C, 8th Alabama Infantry, passed quietly away. These two comrades had about rounded out four score years. After they laid down their carnal weapons of warfare, they both enlisted in the army of the Lord, and we believe they were faithful followers of their great Captain.

[The foregoing is from Thomas C. Kelley, Adjutant Harmanson-West Camp, U. C. V., No. 651, Hallwood, Va.]



**WHITMIRE.**—Jesse W. Whitmire, of Company H, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, died September 16, 1905, at Everett, San Jacinto County, Tex. Thus another of the few remaining members of his old company has joined the great majority "on the other side."

**BARRON.**—Mrs. Agatha Scott Barron, wife of Capt. S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., died July 29, 1906. In the resolutions passed by Frank Taylor Chapter, U. D. C., it is stated: "We hold in grateful remembrance the many meetings of Frank Taylor Chapter at the home of Mrs. Barron; also her untiring efforts in collecting and making flags for the Chapter; also her great interest shown in all efforts toward the erection of the Confederate monument."

**COL. M. M. DUFFIE.**

Col. M. M. Duffie passed away at his home, in Malvern, Ark., September 12, 1906, after a lingering illness of general debility, having reached the ripe age of seventy-four years. He was a native of South Carolina, and graduated from Erskine College, of that State, in 1856. Soon after he went to Arkansas and located at Princeton. He studied law under Judge F. W. Campbell, and was admitted to the bar in 1858 at Princeton and to practice in the Superior Court of the State in 1860.

When the war broke out, he organized a company of ninety-nine men; and, strange to say, there was but one married man in the whole company. With this company he enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, joining the 6th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, Army of Tennessee. He rose to various grades during the war, and participated in nearly all the battles his regiment was engaged in. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and when paroled he was lieutenant colonel of his regiment. After the war, he returned to Arkansas and resumed the practice of law. He represented Dallas County in the State Legislature in 1868, was elected to the State

Senate in 1879 and was chosen President of that body. He was presidential elector in 1884, and carried the vote of his State to Washington City. He was appointed consul to Winnipeg, Manitoba, during President Cleveland's administration, and remained in office for one year after the Republican party came into power. He returned to Arkansas and settled at Malvern, associating with him his son, William R. Duffie, in the practice of law, and there resided till his death. He was married to Miss Cooksey in 1866.

Colonel Duffie was a Director of the First National Bank of Malvern and a member of Rockport Lodge, F. and A. M., and also of Malvern Chapter, R. A. M. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity with the members of Van H. Manning Camp, U. C. V.

**MISS ANNE BLACKWELL PICKETT.**

One of Lexington's most prominent and venerated women died recently of pneumonia. Only a few days before she seemed quite well and was out calling on friends. Miss Pickett was eighty-two years of age, her death occurring almost on the anniversary of her birth. Her brother, Col. W. D. Pickett, was with her. He is a widower, and, having retired from business about three years ago, came from Wyoming to spend his declining years with his sister. A year ago the two bought a pretty house in Campsie Place, and Miss Pickett was active and happy in her household duties, being a model of the women who grow old gracefully. She was widely beloved, a devoted member and worker in the Episcopal Church, and always intensely interested in her friends and the affairs of the day. Another sister of Colonel Pickett, Mrs. Isaac Scott, died some years ago. The only other member of the family surviving Miss Pickett is her brother, Maj. George B. Pickett, who lives at Los Angeles, Cal.

The funeral services were held in Christ Church Cathedral. Dean William T. Capers conducted the services, assisted by Bishop Lewis W. Burton, and the burial was in the Lexington Cemetery.

**JOHN RILEY ROSS.**

John Riley Ross, a faithful Confederate soldier, answered the last roll call on May 30, 1906. Surviving him are his wife, daughter, and four sons, with a host of friends and relatives to mourn the passing of a beautiful life. He had passed his sixty-sixth year by a few months, yet retained the vigor and brilliancy of youth.

Comrade Ross volunteered in the first year of the war, serving under Captain Tripp in Company B, 40th North Carolina Regiment Heavy Artillery. His first service was at Fort Hill, near Washington, N. C., and from there to New Berne, Fort Macon, Fort Fisher, and other forts near Wilmington until Sherman's raid, when they were sent into Georgia to meet him. They returned to Fort Fisher, and were there when it fell. He was among the number that held the fort while the Southerners evacuated, and escaped capture by crossing a burning bridge which the Federals had fired at one end and the Southerners at the other. But he had resolved not to be captured alive, and kept his word. He was wounded in the battle of Bentonville while trying to rescue a comrade, and surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, from which place he walked to his home at Washington.

He was the City Clerk of Washington, N. C., for twenty-five years, a charter member of the lodge of Knights of Honor, and a member of the Confederate Board of Pensions. He was escorted to his last resting place in Oakdale Cemetery by Company G, Bryan Grimes Camp of Confederate Veterans,



**COLONEL DUFFIE.**



Company G, 2d Regiment State Guards, in which all his sons but one have served, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a host of other friends. He lived not for himself, but for others.

"Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell;

With Jesus his Master in glory to dwell,

He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,

For he fell like a martyr, he died at his post."

THOMAS M. MURPHREE.

The following tribute comes from Rev. R. P. Goar, Chaplain of James Gordon Camp, U. C. V., Pittsboro, Miss.: "Thomas Martin Murphree was born April 1, 1844, at Oldtown, Chickasaw County, Miss.; and died October 9, 1905, at Pittsboro, Calhoun County, Miss., leaving a wife and three children, with a host of friends, to mourn their loss. Thomas Murphree was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, and no man did more for the Confederate soldier than did he in later years. He was also a consistent member of the Methodist Church. Peaceful be his sleep till God shall bid him rise to life eternal!"



T. M. MURPHREE.

DR. JULIAN C. KENDRICK.

After a protracted illness and severe suffering for several weeks, Dr. Julian C. Kendrick died on May 31, 1906, at the home of his daughter, in Los Angeles, Cal., to which place he was removed from his home, at Downey, Cal., shortly before his death with the hope that the change would be beneficial.

He was born December 2, 1845, in Louisville, Ky. In 1863 he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served until the close of the war as an officer on the staff of Brig. Gen. R. M. Gano, in whose brigade the father of Dr. Kendrick was a surgeon.

In 1873 he graduated at the Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati, and in 1877 he graduated at the Kentucky Medical College. Thus well equipped for his profession, he came to California in 1878; and after spending four years in Oakland, he removed in 1882 to Downey, in Los Angeles County, at which latter place he was actively engaged practicing his profession up to the beginning of his last sickness. His chief ambition in life was to be helpful to those around him, and many times without thought of remuneration gave his time and services to the sick and needy. He was from early life a most consistent and active member of the Church of Christ, and died strong in the faith. The large attendance of his neighbors and friends who came from Downey to Los Angeles to attend his funeral attested their friendship and love for him. Soon after his removal to Los Angeles County he identified himself with Camp 770, U. C. V., and subsequently became a member of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, U. C. V. He was as active and earnest in the work of the Association as his circumstances permitted, and especially was he an active participant in every musical programme.

It was resolved by Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, U. C. V., that "in the death of Dr. Kendrick the Camp and the Association lost a most worthy and deserving member."

The Camp tendered to his surviving wife, children, and other relatives its deepest and sincerest sympathy.

The committee making report are J. E. Wilson and A. W. Hutton.

JOSEPH B. PATTON.

On September 1, 1906, Joseph B. Patton ceased to live among his fellow-men. He was born in Nashville, Tenn., August 30, 1842, and hence had passed his sixty-fourth year.

Mr. Pink Hood, of Nashville, writes of him: "When the War between the States broke out, Mr. Patton enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and served until the close. Near the end of the war he was married to Miss Laura Bell McInturff, who survives him with four children. Mr. Patton moved to Rome, Ga., twenty-six years ago and engaged successfully in the lumber business. He was an active and influential citizen, and lived up to the biblical admonition that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He was devoted to his family and friends, and his greatest pleasure was in making others happy."

Comrade M. M. Barnes, of Nashville, writes: "I was a member of the same battery as was Joe B. Patton, McClung's 1st Tennessee Artillery, C. S. A. This command was organized in Nashville in 1861 shortly after Tennessee seceded from the Union, and Comrade Patton was with it from its organization to the end of the war. He made an exemplary soldier. This battery was prominent in the battle of Shiloh. It was taken by the enemy three different times during the battle, and was each time recaptured by our forces. We held it finally, and used their own ammunition on them in the closing events of the battle. When it was captured the second time, all of our horses had been killed or disabled, and we moved the guns on the field by prolonge. We had also exhausted the last round of ammunition; but when our forces charged and recaptured it, which they did after being in the hands of the enemy about one and a half hours, they had filled the limber chests and caissons full of ammunition, and we used it on them to good effect. After the battle of Shiloh, the batteries commanded by Henry B. Latrobe, George H. Monsarrat, and Arthur M. Rutledge were consolidated with McClung's Battery. Being the senior officer, McClung took command of the four consolidated batteries. Joe Patton's surviving comrades will regret to hear of his death."

COL. RICHARD HUNTER DULANEY.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch states editorially in regard to the late Col. R. H. Dulaney, lieutenant colonel 7th Virginia Cavalry, who died recently at Welbourne, Loudoun County, Va.: "It is difficult to describe to the modern generation in appropriate terms the character of a man like Col. Richard Hunter Dulaney. It would require the descriptive powers of Washington Irving and John Esten Cooke combined and an intimate knowledge of the best Virginia and English society for a century past to portray this striking character, whose example of refinement, manliness, courage, piety, and patriotism has just been removed from the State, of whose best traditions he was one of the fairest exponents. The anecdotes of his elegance and his hospitality, of his personal prowess in the field of sport and of his daring deeds on the field of battle, of his sufferings and his triumphs—all will be told, and would not be in place in this notice, which is only to express the gratification and pride of Virginians that the old State has had such a son and their lament that his equal is not left."



The following members of Camp James Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., at Austin, Ark., have died recently: Green Olive, November 4, 1906; served in the 46th Tennessee Infantry. C. C. Green, December 30, 1906; served in the 36th Arkansas Infantry.

## FRANK HUME.

In the death of Frank Hume, of "Warwick," Alexandria County, Va., which occurred July 17, 1906, in Washington City, another loyal and devoted Southern veteran has passed away. Mr. Hume was the fourth son of the late Charles and Virginia (Rawlins) Hume, and was born in Culpeper, Va., July 21, 1843. His mother was a first cousin of Gen. John A.



HON. FRANK HUME.

Rawlins, Gen. U. S. Grant's adjutant general and later Secretary of War. He was descended from an old distinguished Border family of Scotland. His direct ancestor, George Hume, of "Wedderburn," Berwickshire, Scotland, came to this country in 1721 and settled in Spottsylvania County, Va., engaging in land-surveying.

When Mr. Hume was quite young his father moved from Culpeper to Washington City, having been appointed to an important position in the Second Auditor's office of the Treasury Department, which he held for many years and to the time of his death, in 1863. Here young Hume was educated at what was then the preparatory school of Columbian College.

In the latter part of July, 1861, when he was just eighteen years of age, feeling it his duty to answer the call of his native State, Virginia, he left Washington, ostensibly on business, for Federal soldiers were stationed at different points around the city to guard communication with the South. He crossed the Potomac at Pope's Creek and hastened to Manassas, where, finding he had four cousins with a Mississippi regiment, he decided to cast his lot with them, and enlisted in the

Volunteer Southrons, Company A, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He remained with them until the end of the war, discharging his duty with courage and fidelity. He participated in many of the principal engagements—Seven Pines, Savage Station, Maryland Heights, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Gettysburg (where he was severely wounded in the hip), Chester Gap, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Campbell's Station, siege of Knoxville, Falling Waters, Bunker's Hill, and others. He was also, by general orders, detailed by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart for scout duty. While on this duty his chief was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern, and he then reported to Gen. Robert E. Lee in person. His elder brother, Charles C. Hume, a major in the Confederate army, had been killed sometime before while on similar service.

After the war Mr. Hume farmed for two years in Orange County, Va., and then returned to Washington City and entered into business there. Since 1870 he conducted a large wholesale grocery establishment with great success; he was also eminently successful with other business enterprises, his integrity, genial manner, and uprightness winning the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. He was an exemplary and public-spirited citizen, ever ready with heart and hand to help his fellow-men. He held many positions of trust in civil life and philanthropic institutions in his State as well as at the national capital. Although in business in Washington, he maintained his residence in his native State, his home being at Warwick, Alexandria County, Va., which was the frequent scene of many notable gatherings of prominent statesmen and of men who had taken a foremost part in the cause of the Confederacy. Here during the National Encampment at Washington in 1887 he entertained the Memphis Merchant Zouaves and the Volunteer Southrons of Vicksburg, the latter his old company.

Mr. Hume took a lively interest in politics as a Democrat, and he was honored with two terms in the Virginia Legislature, representing Alexandria City and County in the sessions of 1889 and 1899, to which he was elected both times by flattering majorities. In public affairs he discharged every duty as he did those of his home life, with constancy and absolute unselfishness.

He bore his long illness of more than two months with patience and Christian fortitude, trusting in the power and love of his Heavenly Father.

Mr. Hume married Miss Norris, a daughter of John E. Norris, a prominent lawyer of Washington City. His widow, nine children, and several grandchildren survive him.



WARWICK, COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. HUME.



## CAPT. C. FRANK SILER, HERO OF HEROES.

BY HON. W. P. WOOD, REPRESENTATIVE OF RANDOLPH CO., N. C.

Capt. C. Frank Siler commanded Company M, 22d North Carolina Regiment, serving four years in the Confederate army. His courage and efficiency won him high praise from Gens. A. P. Hill, A. M. Scales, and Cook, Cols. T. S. Galloway and W. P. Wood, Major Odell, and Dr. W. H. Moore, his chaplain. He is the only officer known to us who held company prayers. He bears five wounds—all in front—was twice taken prisoner, and made hairbreadth escapes. Twice he did much to save the army. He was twice promised promotion by his general, A. M. Scales—first at the Wilderness, when, three color bearers having been shot down, Captain Siler caught up the flag and, waving it aloft, led his men in a gallant charge which took the ground the enemy were holding and prevented their flank charge. Soon afterwards General Scales embraced the Captain and said: "God bless you! I saw your conduct with that flag! You have saved the army, and you shall be promoted." Next it was at Petersburg that General Scales selected him from one hundred and sixty officers, if all were present, to take charge of his sharpshooters, Captain Young, their commander, being absent. The following order was soon received from Gen. A. P. Hill: "I am at sea as to the location of the enemy; and unless I can learn it to-night, our army may be ruined. Send your sharpshooters and a part of General Lane's to-night about twelve o'clock as quietly as possible to the enemy's rifle pits and take as many prisoners as they can, and ask them as soon as captured as to the location of their army. They will tell the truth, just aroused from sleep."

Captain Siler mounted General Scales's horse, and, *en route* to General Lane's Regiment for the detail of his sharpshooters in the darkness of the night, his horse missed the dam used for a bridge and he and rider fell over a precipice nearly perpendicular about fifteen feet. But the water and mud into which they fell saved the lives of man and beast.

Having been over and exchanged papers at the Yankee rifle pits a few days before, Captain Siler had noticed carefully a beaten path on the margin of the woodland, in which he led his sharpshooters. First to reach the rifle pits, their fires shining dimly, he snatched a Yankee bayonet from his breast before it could be used or the gun fired. They captured about sixty prisoners; and when General Hill learned through them the location of their army, he ordered General Scales to promote the officer in command—Capt. C. F. Siler.

His colonel, T. S. Galloway, has stated that "Captain Siler was not only one of the bravest soldiers, but one of the most trusty;" and he gives the following incident as proof: "It was at Sutherland Station that Captain Siler was ordered to take a detail of men and hold a small piece of wood on the right. Siler very soon charged through the woods with about seventy men, and captured the Yankee picket line. A part of Miles's Division, 2d Corps of Grant's army, came in sight, and their commander, seeing the advantage of these woods, deployed a regiment of at least three hundred to take them. The third attack was made with full regiment and colors advancing to within about one hundred and forty yards; but they fell back with loss, the gallant stand of our line making it seem that a heavy force was there. All the time I could see Siler, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, rushing up and down his line encouraging his men, which so thrilled General Cook that he cried out: 'Who is that gallant officer in command?' In this way that much-desired ground was held until the arrival of other forces."

The following thrilling incident from the Cheatham Record will be read with admiration by all true men: "In his short speech at the Veterans' Reunion at Mount Vernon Springs Col. W. P. Wood said that there were just as brave men among his hearers as Bagley or Dewey and Hobson and the other heroes of our war with Spain. And to illustrate the truth of his statement he cited an instance of the bravery of one of his hearers, which he had witnessed at the battle of the Wilderness. He said that when a charge was ordered the color bearer of the regiment promptly started forward, but was at once shot dead. One of the color guard immediately seized the falling flag, and he too fell dead. Another of the color guard grabbed the flag, but he also was instantly killed.



CAPT. FRANK SILER.

And then, although three men had been so quickly killed with that fatal flag, this hero rushed to the fallen flag and waved it aloft, dashed toward the enemy, calling out: 'Follow me, my brave men!' And they did follow him to victory. This was not the only instance of his bravery, as is attested by the scars of five wounds which he still bears on his body. Stand up, Captain Siler, and be seen. [Great applause]."

From the Asheboro Courier, of Randolph, we quote: "We had the pleasure of having with us Capt. C. F. Siler, the great hero of the South and bravest of all—justly called so by many distinguished men, and should be by all, for he is a noble and great man—great in many ways; great as a captain in the war; great as a Christian gentleman, educator, and armor bearer for his country; always kind and gentle and trying to help his fellow-travelers to be happy and good. He deserves to be remembered by the State of North Carolina for his many acts of heroism in the great struggle of 1861-65. Many prominent men have asked that the South should give him free passes on all the railroads for life and also a salary."

The News and Observer years ago called Captain Siler "The Hero of Heroes," while the Charlotte Observer mentioned him as "The bravest of the brave."

Faithful to the last, Captain Siler was with his command at Appomattox, and was just moving on the enemy when word came down the line that Lee had surrendered. He is now a peaceful citizen of his State, spending his declining days in teaching the youth of North Carolina.



## THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMPANY.

BY H. ST. GEORGE TUCKER, PRESIDENT.

The Jamestown Exposition Company will give options on the sites to be used by States which erect buildings at the Exposition. The option will be good for ninety days after the close of the Exposition. This offer is made because our Exposition is built on land which is owned by the company, and it is deemed wise for the States to have the option on account of the much greater salvage to be obtained after the close of the Exposition. At other expositions in many cases the various buildings erected by the different States were closed out at a very small part of the expense of the building. Again, the locality of the Exposition grounds and the surrounding country is virtually a summer resort, and many of the buildings could be used after the Exposition either as private residences, summer cottages, clubhouses, etc. The price on the water front is twenty-five cents per square foot, and the price in the back lots is fifteen cents per square foot. In nearly every case the States have availed themselves of this option, although it is not obligatory.

The transportation facilities for reaching the grounds from Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, and the vicinity are afforded by trolley lines, steam railroads, and water transportation—ferries, steamboats, etc. We have every assurance from the steam railroad authorities that the rates for the Exposition here will be the same as promulgated for the Exposition at St. Louis, which were exceedingly low rates.

The invitation extended by the President of the United States through the State Department to the various countries of the world to be represented at the Exposition by their naval and military representatives has been accepted by all the countries that have received it.

There are one hundred and fifty congresses and national conventions which have accepted the invitation to be with us during the Exposition, and the dates have already been fixed for their visits. The numbers represented by these various organizations will reach over a million and a half people. The population within twelve hours' ride of the Exposition is twenty-one millions and within thirty-six hours' ride of the Exposition is one-half of the population of this country—namely, forty millions.

This Exposition enjoys a National Commission consisting of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, and the Treasury. No other Exposition has had such a commission so high in official life. I am credibly informed that the government exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition will surpass any exhibit ever made by the government at any other Exposition. The government will have encamped on the grounds in the neighborhood of five thousand troops, representing each arm of the service. The State militia and national guards at the Exposition will reach probably fifty thousand in number, at various times encamped on the grounds. This does not include uniforms ranks of the Knights of Pythias, Woodmen of the World, etc., and other semimilitary organizations.

A great interest has been manifested in aeronautics. The Aero Club of America has formed a Jamestown Aero Congress, and everything that has been invented or created along this line of thought will be represented at the Exposition. In charge of this Aero Congress is Dr. Graham Bell, President. We will have balloon ascensions, kites, airships, and airships will compete for the Cahon Cup. Through the auspices of the Brooklyn Yacht Club there will be yacht races here which will compete for the cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton, and also for the cups offered by the King of England, the Kaiser,

and President Roosevelt. There are now in course of erection ten yachts for this race, to say nothing of the many yachts of various sizes for other races which are owned by various members of the country's yacht clubs. Automobile-racing will be a very attractive feature of the Exposition. The aquatic sports, rowing, swimming, etc., will be very attractive, and we expect for these races and exhibitions various crews from England. An athletic field and stadium are being prepared at the Exposition, and the athletic events will be in charge of the National Athletic Association of America, and all premiums awarded will be officially recognized.

The President of the United States has given us full assurances of the cordial coöperation of the government.

There are only two degrees of difference between the temperature of New York City and Norfolk.

The naval affairs in themselves will be an unsurpassed attraction, and will not be a gathering of vessels which will be here only two weeks probably; but there will be a congregation of vessels from all over the world during the entire period of the Exposition, Admiral Harrington, Chairman of the Naval Board, having arranged with the various countries that their navies be represented at the Exposition throughout the entire period of the celebration.

The hotels of the cities on and near Hampton Roads within thirty minutes' ride of the Exposition grounds will accommodate fifty thousand people. Within the immediate vicinity of the Exposition grounds the hotels and cottages will accommodate about ten thousand people. Pine Beach, Ocean View, and Willoughby Beach hotels will accommodate about six thousand people, and the regular boarding houses and rooming houses, together with private dwellings which will offer rooms and board to Exposition visitors, will accommodate about twenty thousand people. Thus Norfolk and vicinity can take care of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand people. The majority of hotel rooms will be from \$1 to \$2.50 per day, and in rooming houses from 75 cents to \$1.50 per day. Good meals in restaurants and boarding houses can be had from 25 cents to 50 cents.

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RECEPTION AT GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE'S HOME.—A most appropriate and delightful reception was given at the residence of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., on the Saturday evening of the centennial birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Miss Mary B. Harrison was hostess. A local paper states: "It was fitting that a home about which the air and glory of ante-bellum times linger should be the scene of such an event, and that within its doors Confederate colors should be lavishly displayed. The flags of the Confederacy and the State flag were a rich background for a wealth of flowers. Invited to receive with Miss Harrison were the first officers of the Columbus Chapter (Mrs. John M. Billups, President; Mrs. E. T. Sykes, Vice President; Mrs. J. O. Banks, Treasurer; and Mrs. T. B. Franklin, Secretary) and the officers now associated with her in her work (Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Georgia Young, Mrs. J. M. Morgan, Miss Garner, Miss Lincoln); also the Commander of the Isham Harrison Camp, Col. William C. Richards, and Mr. Thomas Harrison, Adjutant of the same organization. The evening was distinguished by the cordial welcome and informal charm that insure success and became a notable pleasure of the season."

Gen. R. E. Lee's eldest son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee were classmates at West Point, and have been close personal friends through intervening years.



## ADVERTISING IN RECIPROCITY.

Many friends of the VETERAN can't understand why there is not more general advertising in it. There is no lack of zeal in soliciting, but the conditions are not generally understood. A concern that the VETERAN has patronized for years makes the following reply to a liberal offer:

"We are in receipt of your favor of the 15th, and we are quite sure that we can remove the causes of the misunderstandings which seem to have arisen in regard to your request for our advertisement.

"While we very highly appreciate your continued favors, you know we would not want you to place a dollar's worth of business with us if you did not believe it was going to bring you more than a dollar in return and, further than this, that it was the most profitable advertising investment that you could make. You will realize, we are sure, that we must consider our advertising expenditures from the same standpoint. . . . We can afford only a limited amount of money for this, and we choose a few magazines whose circulation is so enormous that they will gain the end we want.

"We understand that the rates in your paper are low; but that has nothing to do with our decision that we cannot use your publication for advertising, because if we believed that it was the thing we should do we would pay your rates, no matter what they were. You can understand that we have hundreds of similar requests to yours and from customers of long standing; and if we were to make an exception in your case, there would be no logical reason why we should not make it in every case, and it would be the exception no longer, but the rule. While of course this money could not be spent without bringing us something in return, it would mount up to a great deal of money, and consequently affect our expenditures for advertising, which we feel is more logical for us to do and which we know brings the direct returns that we need."

The writer of the foregoing is evidently a young man at the desk, and he thinks he knows it all. The idea of exclusive use of magazines having very large circulation is ridiculous. If to supply an advertisement to one hundred thousand high-class readers—as the VETERAN evidently does with its twenty-one thousand copies—at one-tenth the price that is required for a million readers and the magazine of smaller circulation is a patron upon such representation as in the foregoing all the smaller patrons should look to reciprocal sources. An aggravating feature in this case comes of agents of the concern volunteering the suggestion at different times that the house would "probably advertise in the VETERAN."

## THE DOMICILE BUILDING OF THE VETERAN.

The new Publishing House building of the M. E. Church, South, on the January VETERAN's front page was erected at a cost of \$124,000, exclusive of all expense for furniture and fixtures for lighting and heating. It is built on a lot 75x240 feet, which cost seven years ago \$25,000 and which to-day would doubtless bring twice that amount. The house fronts on Broadway, the principal street in the city. On the west side of the building is Ninth Avenue; in the rear is an alley, fifteen feet wide, belonging to the city; and on the east side is a private alley, ten feet wide, belonging to the Church. Five street car lines pass the house. The old house and lot were sold for \$95,000.

The foregoing is from the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, which adds that "the annual net sales of the Publishing House amount to \$500,000."

## "LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. B. M. PALMER."

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Recently a book has been published which should interest every Southerner, and especially every Confederate. It is entitled "Life and Letters of the Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer, D.D.," by the Rev. T. C. Johnson, D.D. For forty-six years Dr. Palmer was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. No man exercised a more powerful and beneficent influence on the social and religious life of that city. He was a preacher of remarkable eloquence, a philosopher of profound intellect, a scholar of extensive learning, a man of the purest Christian character. During the terrible epidemics of yellow fever that occasionally visited New Orleans he was the faithful and devoted minister to the sufferers of all classes, winning the love and confidence of the whole city. But it was during the War between the States and in the sad years following that he showed himself as a great leader of the people.

A South Carolinian by birth and training, he was in thorough sympathy with the political ideals of Calhoun, and was one of the ablest exponents and defenders of those ideals. So when the crisis of 1861 came, he felt that it was his duty as a patriot to warn the people of the danger to their institutions and to instruct them as to the great moral issues involved. He preached in his church on Thanksgiving day, November 29, 1860, a sermon which probably did more than any other public utterance to confirm and establish the sentiment of Louisiana in favor of secession.

In the darkest days of the war Dr. Palmer was called upon to encourage the people, and by his addresses to the soldiers and his sermons in the churches through the South he helped the cause. His grand address to the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1900, has already a place in classic literature.

On his eightieth birthday, January 25, 1898, he received such an ovation as is seldom given to a private citizen. Jewish rabbis with their people, preachers and their congregations from all the denominations of Christians gathered about him to do him honor, bringing rich tokens of love. The Catholic Cardinal Gibbons and the Episcopal Bishop Sessoms sent their congratulations. Confederate veterans crowded around him with loving words.

But I cannot do more than indicate a few of the contents of this noble biography of a man of whom the whole South should be proud. Though a minister of the Presbyterian Church, he belonged to the Church at large—a man whose influence reached far beyond New Orleans to the whole Southland. The book, an octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, is a model biography. Dr. Johnson tells the story of the life in delightful style, letting Dr. Palmer speak for himself in letters and addresses, which are connected by an easy-flowing narrative. The mechanical make-up of the book is excellent, the paper white and strong, the print clear and large enough to be easy on the eye. It is published by the Presbyterian Publishing Committee at Richmond. The presswork was done by the Cumberland Press of Nashville.

The *Christian at Work* of December 22, 1906, prints an amusing notice of the proposed return of a flag, "stars and bars," by the City Council of Boston to the city of New Orleans. Upon investigation it was found that instead of a stained banner of the Confederates it was a "crazy quilt," made by an old lady of the Crescent City for her own "amusement." The motive of the generous-hearted Bostonians is appreciated, nevertheless.



## Shopping by Mail

**MRS. GERTRUDE F. HESS**

*Purchasing Agent*

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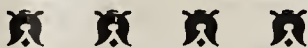
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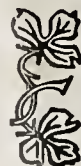
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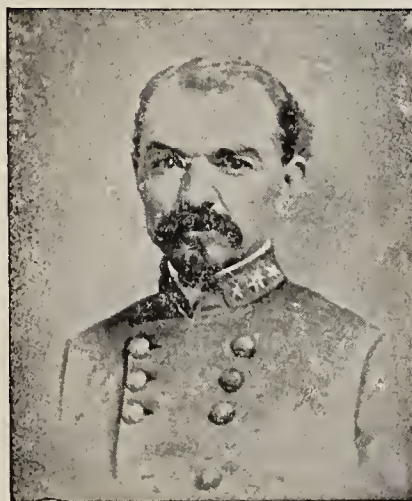
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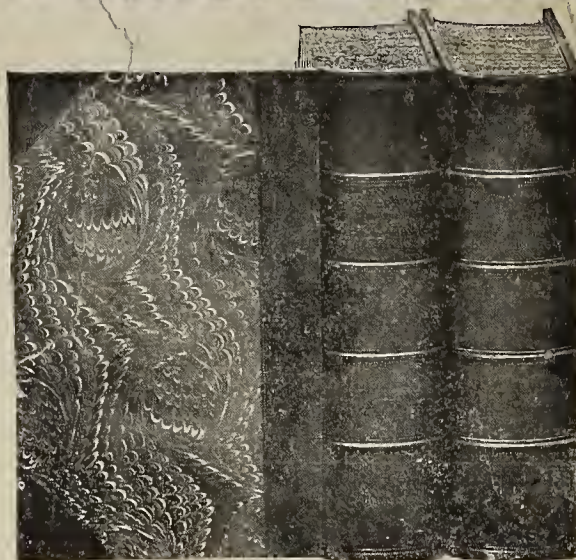
BY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THERE has just been purchased by the VETERAN the publishers' entire edition of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." This closing out sale is comprised entirely of the half-morocco binding, with marble edges, and published for \$14 per set. The purchase of this entire stock was on such favorable terms that the VETERAN will supply them at half price, the cost of transportation added—\$7.65. The two volumes contain over fifteen hundred pages and thirty-seven fine steel engravings and map plates. When this edition is exhausted, copies of these first prints can be procured only through speculators at fabulous prices.

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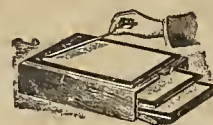
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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1907.

NO. 3.



BEAUVOIR, LAST HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1907.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## BEAUVOIR.

BY ANNIE SOUTHERN TARDY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

On one side the white-capped waters of the gulf, sparkling with the soft light, "where Southern skies are bluest;" on the other the moss-draped trees, the grass-carpeted lawn, the wide verandas, the open door—of Beauvoir. Hearts were softened, eyes overflowed as 'twas realized that we stood on sacred



GLIMPSES OF BEAUVOIR.

ground, dear alike to every Southern heart—the home of Jefferson Davis.

There is a satisfaction in the "eternal fitness of things," and we felt as we looked around us at the pleasant home and the happy old men in their well-kept suits of gray that never was there a fitter memorial to a sacred cause and an honored name than this Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir.

It is a sad fact that in most "Homes" for the aged and afflicted one finds a certain despondent resignation in the acceptance of the well-meant accommodations. At Beauvoir it is not so. Happy, smiling faces greeted us at the gate, willing steps led the way through the sacred halls, reverent fingers pointed out "his bedroom, his library, the little study set apart where he wrote his book," and pride straightened stooped old shoulders, while happiness and content lent a sparkle to world-weary eyes as we were introduced to "my room" and "my wife." No word of complaint, no murmur of discontent, no hint of neglect; everywhere the same all-pervading joy of rest and peace, and the thought seemed indeed: "It is good to be here."

Why is this? Is it the loving influence of our great leader that hovers around these faithful survivors of the lost Confederacy, or is it the approving smile of his God and ours? Rather let us know and rest in the sweet security that it is both—that He would have it so, and Heaven looks down in benediction on the great work and indicating: "It is well."

Being ourselves from Alabama, we inquired if there were any Alabama soldiers in the Home. Two old gentlemen responded to the call, one of whom took on himself the "fine honor of escorting you lady Daughters wherever you want to go." The fine old face beamed with joy as he told how "proud" he was to see us, and we were promoted during the conversation through all the ranks of kinship, as he told us: "My own mother wouldn't be more welcome, I'm that proud to see you Daughters. I feel like you was my own sisters." He confided to us: "I married me a wife, so I would not be so lonesome, and Miss Sarah is young and waits on me fine." He then took us to his room in one of the pretty new annexes, and, "Miss Sarah" being out, he showed us the "family portraits" and "Miss Sarah's flowers," whose luxuriant growth proved his assertion. "She has such a taking way with her, they just naturally grows."

Happy old veterans! The sting of charity is gone, and the "Soldiers' Home" becomes home indeed to each old man



when his own particular domicile is brightened by the sympathetic companionship of a "Miss Sarah."

On our return to "the big house" we were introduced to "Miss Sarah" herself, whose proud air of proprietorship over "Mr. Vines" was at once pathetic and amusing. She informed us that she was "only sixty-five!" Cupid then had been at Beauvoir. "Only sixty-five," and he had married her for her youth!

The crowning pleasure of the day to those dear old people was tea on the lawn with the Daughters. Mr. Vines presented us with a gavel made from the cedar at Beauvoir, with which he said we could "order society." And then with many blessings, lingering handshakes, and words of farewell we parted. They, we trust, are the happier for their glimpse of the Daughters, we the better for having stood on "holy ground," taking with us hallowed memories, but leaving alas! the solemn rest and peace of Beauvoir.

#### LETTER TO THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

In a circular letter by Stith Bolling, Major General Commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V., issued from Petersburg, Va., he mentions "the very great importance of the part expected of the old soldiers of Virginia at our next U. C. V. Reunion, to be held in our capital city, Richmond, May 30 to June 3, to remind comrades of their duty in the premises," and adds: "The Confederate soldier needs only to be reminded of his duty, and he will perform it as faithfully and cheerfully now as he did from 1861 to 1865. There is no place on earth that elicits such tender affection and abiding love in the hearts of the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy. We have in Virginia twenty-three Camps of Confederate Veterans that have never secured charters and joined the United Confederate Veterans. Let me urge these Camps without further delay to send in their applications to our Adjutant General, William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La., and secure charters. The cost is small compared with the benefits derived. Application blanks will be furnished by applying to Division and Brigade Headquarters. The Grand Camp of C. V., as far back as its annual meeting in 1892, adopted the following: 'That it is to the best interests of the Veterans' Camps in Virginia and for the furtherance of the objects for which they were organized to join the United Confederate Veterans.' At nearly all the annual meetings since it has urged them to do so. It is the only means by which you can keep in touch with your old comrades of other States, who for four years not only shared with you their dangers and hardships but also their honor and glory, and who are now scattered all over the country. I would earnestly urge all Camps to aid and encourage the organization of Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Ladies' Memorial Associations to co-operate in the noble work each Camp has undertaken. Past experience convinces us that without the sympathy of the women the successful prosecution of these labors of love is impossible. From the beginning of the war to the present they have toiled for us and set an example of patience, endurance, and heroic fortitude never before known in the annals of the world."

J. J. Bolton, of Demopolis, Ala., desires to hear from any old Confederates of Missouri who were captured by the Federals at the battle of Wilson Creek, Mo. If they remember helping to take one of General Seigle's cannon from the battlefield on his retreat and helping to put it in a mill pond on Wilson Creek, he would like to communicate with such in the hope of finding the cannon.

#### VENERABLE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Doubtless one of the oldest of Confederate soldiers now living is Mr. James Wood, of South Carolina, who was born November 26, 1812. He is therefore now in his ninety-fifth year, and retains his faculties of memory to a remarkable degree. Mr. Wood was reared on a farm in Spartanburg District, and pursued farming until a few years past. He is a typical South Carolina gentleman, dignified, and of strict integrity, possessing those noble qualities which make him friends wherever known. As a man, he is honorable and pure;



JAMES WOOD, NINETY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

as a father, affectionate and kind; as a soldier, he was faithful and brave. He now resides at Pacolet, S. C., with a daughter, Miss T. E. Wood. His other surviving children are: Mrs. Atlanta Bryant, of Pacolet; Mrs. Sallie Lipscomb, of Gaffney; Mrs. R. A. Brown, of Cowpens; and Messrs. A. N. and Moses Wood, of Gaffney, both of whom served in the Confederate army.

Comrade Wood was given his Cross of Honor in January, 1904, by the Spartanburg Chapter, U. D. C., and has worn it continually since then. He served in Company A, 7th South Carolina Reserves; its third lieutenant at the close of the war.

SONS OF VETERANS IN MEMPHIS.—R. Henry Lake: "As Chairman of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans Committee on Monuments and Memorials for the State of Tennessee, I am anxious to see a law passed in this State permitting the County Courts and Boards of Mayor and Aldermen in the counties and towns of this State to appropriate money for Confederate monuments in their respective localities. I am sending you also a list of Confederate monuments in this State. It is possible that you know of several more, or you may know of some that are contemplated. May I ask you to kindly advise me if such is the case? As Adjutant of our local Camp, I am pleased to advise that within the past four months we have had three good meetings, a large smoker given at the Gayoso Hotel in October, and the night before Lee's birthday last month we gave our annual banquet at the Gayoso Hotel. Both of these were highly successful, and we are endeavoring in every way possible to keep up interest in the cause."



## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

While the enlightened world's attention was being called to the fact that one hundred years ago there was born a child who afterwards became one of the greatest of military leaders—Gen. Robert Edward Lee—one of his old followers, in trying to put on record some of his commander's great qualities, was moved to send to your President General the following letter, which she submits to your earnest consideration.

## PICTURES OF LEE WITH WASHINGTON IN SCHOOLHOUSES.

"*Dear Madam:* Recently in preparing an article for a magazine, some personal recollections of Gen. Robert E. Lee, my heart was stirred with a renewed and deeper admiration and love for my chieftain—his noble life, his beautiful Christian spirit, and his elevated character worthy of the love and admiration of every heart—and it occurred to me what a beautiful tribute it would be to his life if the Daughters of the South determine to place in every Southern schoolhouse an engraving of General Lee beside that of the 'Father of his Country,' which the Mt. Vernon Association of women are placing in all the public schools! These two, the highest and noblest types of the South, are peers, worthy to be placed side by side. Can we place before the children of the South finer ideals of manhood, moral grandeur, and Christian citizenship? As has been well said: 'There was the air of old courts and polished halls, of stately columns and fragrant gardens about these two.' Surely these great spirits are the chosen ones to keep before the hearts and minds of our children to check the evil tendencies of this day in our midst."

This suggestion, Daughters of the Confederacy, comes from one of the brigadier generals who followed our great hero for those four terrible years. Is it necessary for me to add anything to this to have you take up the work which he suggests? I think not, and yet I must remind you of what we owe to General Lee and of what effect it will have on our children to have us put these pictures of him where they will be familiar sights to them as they study the great men of our country by asking you a question or two. Is there in the whole South a heart which does not beat quicker, a head which is not held higher, a step which is not quickened with pride when the name of Lee is mentioned? Do we not owe everything we can do, to honor him and to inspire our children to a like life, to the coming generations of that country for which he gave himself, even were it merely for the fact that he made it possible for the mothers of the South to point to him with pride as the ideal Christian Southern gentleman of the old school as we tell the children of the South how he gave himself and all he had for the South and her rights? Could there be a more beautiful way of marking this centennial of his birth than by having it go down in history that the Daughters of the Confederacy, descendants of those who followed him with perfect faith in his sagacity as a military leader—trusting in him as an honorable man and in his knowledge as to the duty of a patriot and his determination to do a patriot's part in that trying time—put the picture of this great man where it would teach our children to follow his example so that we may be proud and thankful to have brought them into the world? I shall immediately open correspondence with some firm to see what we can get these pictures for, so sure am I that you will act on this suggestion.

## HOSPITALITY OF VIRGINIA DIVISION AT JAMESTOWN.

There has also recently come to me as President General the following invitation, which I accepted for the Association:

"*My Dear Madam:* As President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., I have the honor and the pleasure to extend to the officers and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the hospitality of the building now being erected by this Division on the grounds of the Jamestown Exposition.

"I trust it may be their pleasure to accept this invitation, which, I beg to assure you, is most cordially extended.

"I am, with great respect and high regard, very truly yours,  
MRS. WILLIAM R. McKENNY."

We all, I am sure, will be very happy to see the beautiful representation of Beauvoir which the U. D. C. of the Virginia Division are erecting, and will not all of us feel proud of that Division for this beautiful work?

## THE "YEARBOOK" READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

I have just received a few copies of the "Yearbook," which is now ready to be sent to each Chapter as soon as the twenty-five cents for the postage is received by the Secretary-General, Mrs. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala. Many Chapters may have already sent in this amount, but I just note this as a reminder. This will put them in the hands of the Chapters a month before the time required by the constitution, and I know you will join me in congratulations to our Secretary-General on this; and after you have seen the book, you will be pleased with the beautiful style in which it is gotten up. It is conveniently arranged with an index on the second page. Remember that it all means hard work on the part of our Secretary-General, and that appreciative letters pay us well for all the hard work.

## BETTER CROSSES OF HONOR.

We are to have better-made Crosses after we have exhausted the supply now on hand, for the new make cannot be gotten ready for the next distribution on first Division Memorial Day. Mrs. Raines has gotten her office into beautiful working order; and if you will follow the rules implicitly, there need not be any more trouble about the Crosses. I think the new make of Crosses will be an increase of four cents, which I think not exorbitant, as they will be made absolutely safe. We had to do away with the pin to fasten it on with and substitute a screw button, and the ring holding the cross and bar together will be oblong with opening on the side and this opening to be soldered together. We tried to leave it with a pin, as we hear that many of the Veterans prefer to wear the Cross on the vest; but this could not be done without greatly increased expense, that but few Chapters are able to bear, and so those who prefer to wear them on the vest will just have to have a buttonhole worked for it.

## FINANCIAL MATTERS CONSIDERED.

The finances are running pretty low, and the Executive Committee have decided to have the bazaar at Norfolk as suggested in a letter from Mrs. Voorhees, our First Vice President General, to the Convention at Gulfport. I have asked Mrs. Voorhees to take charge of this work, and I hope that every Chapter will respond nicely when she writes to you for a contribution of articles. We should make enough at this bazaar to pay all the donations voted by the last Convention, and then we could start next year with all of the 1907 *per capita* in the treasury. There is much for us to do and but little to do it with. I shall write later on that subject, so will not say more now.

The work is going along as nicely as you could wish, and we may congratulate each other on the fact that we are growing rapidly in every respect. Let each of us see to it that this is the best year of the U. D. C.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Miss Florence E. Bligh, who has for a number of years traveled for the VETERAN in different States, now has the State of Texas in her territory, succeeding Mrs. Smith, and will be there for several months yet. Miss Bligh is a most efficient representative, and has done some effective work lately under difficulties. She is commended to friends of the VETERAN everywhere, who are requested to cooperate with her in this work, and thus enable us to show a largely increased list of subscribers by the close of 1907.

Several important articles prepared for the March VETERAN have been withheld for the use of a pertinent paper by President Davis on "Andersonville and Other War Prisons." This record comes from Belford's Magazine, issues for January and February, 1890, and is dated at Beauvoir December 10, 1888. The favor to use them comes from Dr. R. W. Park, of Waco, Tex., who was surgeon of the 5th Alabama Infantry, and the thoughtfulness of Comrade G. W. Buck in sending them. Mr. Buck had an extraordinary career in the Confederate army through his excellence as a drillmaster. He was appointed first lieutenant, but never received a commission. He was a private in General Gano's Cavalry Brigade, and was so efficient in military tactics that on the occasion of General Gano's absence for two weeks, by consent of all the officers, even as high of rank as lieutenant colonel, he commanded the brigade. It is perhaps the only instance on record when any private soldier actually commanded a brigade.

Comrade Buck has recently published a book, "A Free Christian," notice of which may be expected later.

### THE JEFFERSON DAVIS CENTENARY.

June 3, 1868, was the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America, a nation which possessed a governmental organization that was exercised over a vast region of the Southern States and which existed from the early part of 1861 into April, 1865, during which time its armies gained many signal victories and for four years maintained itself with much success and great military glory.

It is fitting that appropriate notice be taken of the event and special honors to the centennial anniversary of his birth be given. The Southern people will honor themselves in honoring Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was the object of unlimited denunciation, infamous detraction, obloquy, and defamation. Intensest hatred and hostility were engendered by the terrible War between the States, and his detractors were zealous in denouncing him as a traitor and rebel.

On this subject the New Orleans Picayune states: "When the hate and malignity that had been aroused against him were at the highest tide, it was attempted to try to convict him of treason; but when, after a long and cruel imprisonment, he was brought into court to be tried for his life, it was found that there was not in all the provisions of the national Constitution, nor in all the statutes enacted by Congress, nor in all the precedents recognized or established by the national Supreme Court one word that could be tortured into authority

or warrant of law by which the captured President of the Confederate States could be tried for treason or any other crime against the United States; and therefore he was discharged from custody on bail, which was exacted as a mere formality, and subsequently was freed from all charges and accusations in that connection. Thus it was that Jefferson Davis was fully vindicated by the Constitution and laws of the United States in the face of and despite the malignant hate and persecution of his uncompromising enemies. His worst enemies did not dare to assassinate him in full view of the civilized world, and they were forced to set him free. He was the chosen leader of the Southern people, who were engaged in a grand, patriotic movement for home protection and home rule."

### U. D. C. AT RAYMOND, MISS., AND ELSEWHERE.

The N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., at Raymond, Miss., has undertaken to raise the money to inclose with an iron fence the graves of soldiers who were killed in the battle of Raymond and to erect a monument to their memory. The Chapter is small and not strong financially, so any contributions from those interested in the cause, and especially from those who fought in the battle or had friends engaged in it, will be appreciated. Any information concerning those who are buried there, whether they were killed in the battle or died in the hospital, will be gladly received by the Chapter. The Chapter especially desires the names of the men who so bravely fought and died there for the Confederate cause. Contributions may be sent to the President, Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, or to Miss Mary Ratliff, Secretary N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Raymond, Miss.

The Guilford Chapter, U. D. C., of Greensboro, N. C., has issued a souvenir post card representing the banner of the Kuklux Klan, which is the property of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. This card is offered for sale at five cents each or in lots of one hundred for \$3, the net proceeds to be for the charities and patriotic undertakings of the Chapter. Mrs. J. G. Brodnax, 209 West Market Street, Greensboro, will attend to orders.

Mrs. Alex. B. White, State President Tennessee Division, U. D. C., sends an important notice which is commended to all Chapters everywhere. She says: "Those Chapters of the Tennessee Division which have elected new officers recently and have not sent lists of same to the State officers are requested to do so at once; otherwise official notice cannot reach the right officers."

### SUPPLIES OF NEW CONFEDERATE BOOKS.

The VETERAN has recently secured fresh supplies of valuable Confederate books, still offered at liberal rates. Of this stock is Dr. J. A. Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest;" price, \$4, postpaid, and with this price a year's subscription—new or renewal—is given.

"Two Wars: An Autobiography," by Gen. S. G. French. This charming book might sell better if in two volumes, Mexican and Confederate. The price, \$2.50 (including a year's subscription to the VETERAN, new or renewal), will be returned to any purchaser not satisfied.

For extended notice of the most valuable books supplied by the VETERAN refer to page 522 November issue.

Father Ryan's poem, including a sketch by John Talbot Smith and a memoir by John Moran, is sent postpaid at \$1.50, and with the VETERAN for a year for \$2.25.



*THE NORTH'S ESTIMATE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.*

[The Baltimore Sun's tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee gives estimates by the leading men of the other side in the war that cannot be reprinted too often.]

Even in his early manhood he won such fame in the War with Mexico that General Scott declared to General Preston that young Lee was the greatest soldier in America, and long before the breaking out of the Civil War Scott said to Preston: "If the President of the United States should ask my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert Lee.'"

General Lee wrote February 25, 1868, having been summoned to Washington by Francis Preston Blair, he understood, at the instance of President Lincoln: "After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott and told him of the proposition that had been made me and my decision."

That he could have chosen the command of the armies of either the North or the South, could have directed either side in a great war, is a tribute to his ability that was probably never before in all history given any commander. And this was before those wonderful campaigns of the Civil War that gave him rank with the world's great captains. It was to be expected that the Confederates would give him the highest eulogy that language could express; but his masterly genius was recognized by his foes, and his fame has in a single generation spread throughout the world.

The great English authority on the science of war, Henderson, sets forth his belief that "Lee was one of the greatest soldiers, if not the greatest, who ever spoke the English tongue."

Theodore Roosevelt, to whom has never been attributed partiality for the South, in his "Life of Benton" declares that Lee was "without exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

To the student of mankind Lee is one of the loftiest characters. Charles Francis Adams believes that his most enduring title to fame was his "humanity in arms." Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, of the British army, declares: "He was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with." Gen. Frederick D. Grant, son of the General, says that Lee's winning personality, which had charmed the whole South, appealed strongly to his father. He was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. Benjamin H. Hill declared that he was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

Lee was the soldier, the genius, the model character. To the South he was her best-beloved son. With pride she honors Washington and Jefferson and the other great men who have adorned her past, but to Lee she gives her love.

Following him into the smoke and flame of battle with a cheer, charging the very heights of death, winning victory with a glorious thrill or accepting defeat with uncomplaining lips, the Confederate soldier gave his life into Lee's hands for four of the most trying years in human history; and when he laid down his musket and walked the weary miles back to the smoking ruins of his home, and there in dust and ashes with bare hands began to rebuild the structure of the South,

he looked for inspiration to the great chieftain who towered above defeat. He taught his children with their earliest words to list the name of Lee and honor him above all other men. . . .

Though men may come from the four corners of the earth to lay upon the tomb of Lee the wreaths of fame, there is no other honor like this splendid tribute of his people's enduring love.

*CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND.*

Southern States are properly ambitious for the best displays in rooms assigned to them in the Confederate Museum, Richmond. This, remember, is the President Davis mansion and not the Battle Abbey. Mrs. M. B. Pilcher is Regent for the "Tennessee Room." In a letter from her copied in the Richmond Times-Dispatch she states:

"I am always glad to write a line or say a word about the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. I am saturated with the thought of making it attractive, historic, commensurate with Tennessee's importance as a State and her brilliant part in the struggle of the sixties.

"There are unmistakable signs of an awakening to the fact that the place to garner and exhibit Confederate relics, portraits, historical data, etc., is in the old Confederate capital—the Mecca of those who love Confederate memories and where the world would naturally go to find the truth of Confederate history.

"At the U. D. C. Convention in Memphis last May I reported donations from sixteen Chapters, giving details, in response to letters to all of the Chapters in the State, and many personal appeals. Since October 1 I have received many promises of material aid and kind expressions of interest in the work—valuable relics, either as gifts or loans, autograph letters of a fateful day long gone, battle-torn flags, weapons, and money. Some of the Chapters, notably Knoxville and Jackson, have had painted fine oil portraits of two of our 'immortals.' Knoxville sends to Richmond that of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, and Jackson that of Gen. N. Bedford Forrest. The Sam Davis Chapter at Morristown is arranging to paint a portrait of the boy hero and martyr and a fine picture of General Bate in his uniform; also an oil painting has been offered by the Chattanooga Chapter and gratefully accepted. Nashville Chapter, No. 1, is taking steps to procure a bust of Sam Davis. The Winnie Davis Chapter, of Columbia, with characteristic promptness and generosity, has started the cash donations for this year.

"In view of the great events that will transpire in Virginia in 1907—the Jamestown Exposition, the national Reunion of the Veterans, the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument, and the National U. D. C. Convention—it seems to me that every woman in the State would feel it incumbent upon her to be up and doing for the Tennessee Room. The old Confederate city will receive the world next June, and the Museum is the center of attraction in Richmond. Please let us all bear in mind that the Tennessee Room is not ready for company, and we have very little time to make it ready."

Are all the States taking suitable interest in this important matter? Tennessee is exceptionally favored in having in Richmond Mrs. Janet Randolph, one of the most efficient workers in all of our Southland, as Vice Regent. The zeal and constancy of this noble woman for Tennessee can never be fully realized. By and by Tennesseans should esteem the opportunity to supply a testimonial in her honor and for her children—a thing she evidently has never thought of.



## TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT NOTES.

FROM ADDRESS BY W. L. CABELL, LIEUT. GENERAL COMMANDING.

The unpaid soldiers of immortal principle, heroes of more than one hundred battles, a happy New Year to you and to all dear to you. The old year, with its pleasure, its joys, and its disappointed hopes, has passed, never again to return. Since my last report many of our noblest and best have crossed over the river into the great beyond, have answered the "last roll call." Let us thank a kind and merciful God that the number of those who have fallen from our ranks is no greater than we should expect, and that our comrades, enfeebled by age and incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness to make a living, have been properly cared for by the great States, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, California, Oklahoma, and the different Territories, where they can spend the remainder of their lives in ease and comfort; that they are provided with good food, comfortable clothing, suitable medical attention, and good nursing. Let me say with pride that every State and Territory in this Department will continue this noble work.

The Adjutant General reports over fifteen hundred Camps, one-half of which number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Continue this good work and let every Confederate now living enroll in it. I therefore call on the Division and Brigade Commanders of every State and Territory to issue at once the necessary orders that will increase the number of Camps as well as the membership of each Camp, so that at the Reunion to be held in the city of Richmond, Va., May 30 to June 4, 1907, you will have more Camps than have ever gathered at any time or place. I further request that you urge every Camp throughout the Department to meet at once and monthly afterwards to arrange for sending delegates—one for every twenty members—with alternates and to pay the *per capita* to Gen. William E. Mickle, the Adjutant General, by the first day of April, 1907. The Committee on Transportation consists of Generals Steele, Graber, and Mendes, and Cols. B. S. Wathen and T. B. Trotman. . . .

There will be business of great importance in reference to the care of our dead, the care of our feeble comrades, the unveiling of a monument to our noble President, Jefferson Davis, and to perpetuate his bravery, his heroism, and his fidelity to the South. Then come. Be ready, and let us make this the greatest gathering of brave men and noble women that has ever taken place in our own sunny South. Richmond, the capital of the South, will receive you and treat you royally. Where no one from a Camp can attend the Reunion, give your proxy to some Confederate who can attend.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BATESVILLE, ARK.

BY JAMES P. COFFIN, BATESVILLE, ARK.

During the summer of 1906 the local Camp of the U. C. V. and the Chapter of the U. D. C. undertook the erection of a Confederate monument at Batesville, Ark., and each appointed a committee of three, and to this joint committee the whole matter was intrusted. The committee on August 31, 1906, adopted the design submitted by Mr. Otto Pfeiffer, of Batesville, and awarded the contract to him, stipulating that the monument should be erected in the corner of the courthouse yard, Main and Broad Streets, and that the material used should be Batesville marble from the Pfeiffer quarries, six miles north of the town. The monument, being completed, was accepted and paid for by the committee in January, 1907.

The height of this monument is a little over twenty-three

feet, the base twelve feet square, and the bottom section is six feet square, on the four faces or panels of which sections are the inscriptions as follows:

"In Memory of  
The Sons of Independence County  
who served in the

CONFEDERATE ARMY,

Their Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Daughters,  
Who, with patriotic devotion,  
Remained steadfast to their cause  
during the

WAR PERIOD.

1861-1865."

On the Broad Street face are the names of the ten companies of cavalry and on the opposite face those of the thirteen companies of infantry which entered the service of the Confederacy from Independence County, and on the remaining face is this inscription—to wit:

"Erected by

Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 863,

United Confederate Veterans,

Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 135.

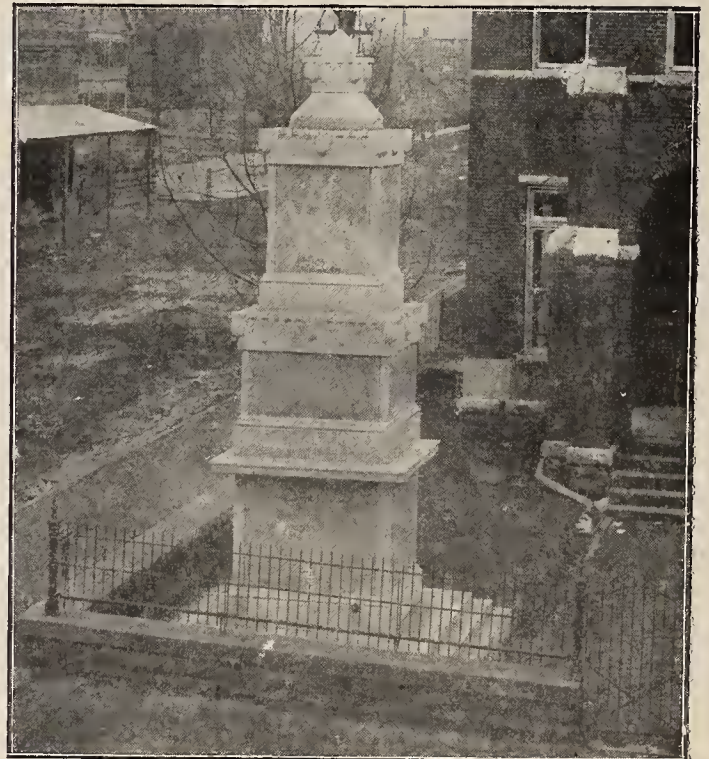
United Daughters of the Confederacy,

And Many Friends.

1907."

On the two street faces of the upper section are the first and last flags of the Confederacy, the staffs crossed, and beneath in raised letters: "C. S. A."

May 1, 1907, has been selected for the dedication of this monument, when Senator James H. Berry, the Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and Gen. Robert G. Shaver, who commanded two Arkansas regiments during the war (in each of which were Independence County companies), will deliver the addresses.



VIEW OF THE BATESVILLE (ARK.) MONUMENT.



ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER WAR PRISONS.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS, DECEMBER 10, 1888.

(This is a reprint from Belford's Magazine, January, 1890.)

Some eminent citizens of the North, who were farthest removed from the class known as "Southern sympathizers" during the War between the States, but who desire to know the whole truth, have requested me to write an article, to appear in some periodical published in the North, on the subject of "The Prison at Andersonville, Ga." The invitation is accepted, both as to the subject and place of publication, from a wish to vindicate the conduct of the Confederacy and because the proposed channel is that which will most assuredly reach those who have generally seen but one side of the discussion.

Civilization in its progress has mitigated the rigors of war among enlightened nations, and most prominent of these humane manifestations is the introduction of cartels for the exchange and parole of prisoners.

Early in the war the Confederacy sought and obtained the adoption of such cartel; by whom, how, and why it was violated will, in the course of this article, be shown as a part of the subject of the Andersonville prison.

When the United States authorities refused to fulfill their obligation to continue the exchange and parole of prisoners, the number of Northern captives rapidly accumulated beyond the capacity of the prisons at Richmond, and also beyond the ability of the commissariat to supply them. In the absence of any prospect of relief from these embarrassments the removal of the prisoners became necessary.

A large part of the food for our army in Virginia was drawn from the more southern and southwestern States, and the means of transportation were limited and diminishing. The place to which the prisoners should be removed had to be chosen and prepared. Andersonville, Ga., was selected after careful investigation for the following reasons: It was in a high pine woods region, in a productive farming country, had never been devastated by the enemy, was well watered, and near to Americus, a central depot for collecting the tax in kind and purchasing provisions for our armies. The climate was mild, and, according to the best information, there was in the water and soil of the locality "no recognizable source of disease."

A stockade was constructed of dimensions adapted to the number of prisoners who might probably be confined there. It was on a hill overlooking the valley of the Sweet Water, a tributary of which stream flowed through the prison inclosure. For a full description, illustrated by a map, reference is made to the exhaustive work entitled "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by R. R. Stevenson, M.D., Surgeon of Military Prison Hospital, etc.

Persistence by the United States in the refusal to observe the cartel caused so large an increase in the number of the captured sent to Andersonville as to exceed the accommodation provided, and thus to augment the discomfort and disease consequent on their confinement. It has been offensively asked: "Why was not the contingency provided for?" To which I answer that a selfish policy which for an indefinite time would leave in captivity their countrymen, who at the call of their government had volunteered to fight its battles, marked a degree of cold-blooded insensibility which we had not anticipated.

Without entering into details, the difficulties encountered in the care of the large and, in the latter part of the war, ever-

increasing number of prisoners may be briefly enumerated thus:

1. The exceptionally inhuman act of the North declaring medicines to be contraband, to which there is but one, if indeed there be one, other example in modern war.

2. The insufficient means of transportation and the more inadequate means of repairing railroads and machinery, so that as the war continued the insufficiency became more embarrassing.

3. The numerical inferiority of our army made it necessary that all available force should be at the front; therefore the guards for prisons were mainly composed of old men and boys, and but a scanty allowance of these.

4. The medical officers were not more than were required with the troops, and contract physicians disliked the prison service, among other reasons naturally, because of the impossibility of getting the proper medicines. (Our accomplished and diligent surgeon general did much to supply this want by substitutes extracted from the plants and trees of the South; but these, though possibly as good, would, like other substitutes, be less confidence-inspiring.)

5. The food was different from that to which most of the prisoners had been accustomed, particularly in the use of corn meal instead of wheat flour. Of the latter, it was not possible in 1864 to get an adequate supply at Andersonville.

It was not starvation, as has been alleged, but acclimation, unsuitable diet, and despondency which were the potent agents of disease and death. These it was not in our power to remove. The remedy was with those who, unlike King David, commenced their lamentation after the end had come. The remedy demanded alike by humanity and good faith was the honest execution of the cartel.

When it was decided to locate a prison at Andersonville, Gen. Howell Cobb was in command of the district of Georgia. He was a man of large capital invested in planting and farming, of generous and genial temper, so much so that all who knew him will readily believe that if the prisoners within his command had been suffering for want of food he would have supplied them gratuitously with such articles as his plantation produced. Thus probably arose the report that he had sent provisions to the prisoners, and it probably got wider circulation as confirmation of the starvation theory.

Statements from gentlemen of high standing and who speak disinterestedly of what they know are submitted as conclusive on the question of quantity of food at Andersonville prison.

It is not only requisite that enough of some kind of food should be furnished; it is needful that the power to use and assimilate it should exist. Of this I have personal experience. During the first year of my imprisonment at Fortress Monroe I was reduced to little more than a skeleton under the needless privations inflicted by that heartless vulgarian, Brevet Gen. Nelson A. Miles. He was at the time of my imprisonment selected to supersede Col. Joseph Roberts, an educated soldier, whose regiment had been the garrison of Fortress Monroe in the latter part of the war. Why was this officer deemed competent to command the post in war, but not in peace? My acquaintance with both would suggest the answer: a gentleman was not suited to the cruel purposes of E. M. Stanton, then Secretary of War.

Let us now consider the laws and orders in relation to prisons and how they were administered. Gen. John H. Win-der was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1820, and, with a brief interval, served in the United States army until he resigned, in 1861.



During the war with Mexico he was distinguished by gallantry in battle, for which he was twice brevetted. His character and his lineage precluded the supposition of cruelty to the defenseless. He was for a time the provost marshal of Richmond and supervisor of prisons thereabout. His conduct in these positions was in keeping with his reputation—that of a man neither humble to the haughty nor haughty to the humble. When the great body of the prisoners were sent to Georgia and the Carolinas, General Winder was ordered there to exercise a general supervision. He was selected, among other reasons, because of confidence in his kindness to prisoners, as specifically stated by James A. Siddon, then Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, S. Cooper, Adjutant General, who had been a cadet with General Winder, and George W. Brent. On pages 205 to 208 "Southern Historical Papers" the full text will be found from which these extracts were made:

"SABOT HILL, December 29, 1875.

"*Mr. W. S. Winder:* . . . I had privately and officially the fullest opportunity of knowing his [Gen. John H. Winder's] character and judging his disposition and conduct toward the Federal prisoners; for those in Richmond, where he was almost daily in official communication with me, often in respect to them, had been some time under his command before, in large measure from the care and kindness he was believed to have shown to them, he was sent South to have supervision and control of the large number there being aggregated. . . . I thought him marked by real humanity toward the weak and helpless—such as women and children, for instance—by that spirit of protection and defense which distinguished the really gallant soldier.

"To me he always expressed sympathy and manifested a strong desire to provide for the wants and comforts of the prisoners under his charge. Very frequently, from the urgency of his claims in behalf of the prisoners, while in Richmond controversies would arise between him and the commissary general, which were submitted to me by them in person for my decision, and I was struck by his earnestness and zeal in claiming the fullest supplies the law of the Confederacy allowed or gave color of claim to. This law required prisoners to have the allowance provided for our own soldiers in the field, and constituted the guide to the settlement of such questions. Strict injunctions were invariably given from the department for the observance of this law both then and afterwards in the South, and no departure was to be tolerated from it except under the direst straits of self-defense. Your father was ever resolved, as far as his authority allowed, to act upon and enforce the rule in behalf of the prisoners.

"When sent South I know he was most solicitous in regard to all arrangements for salubrity and convenience of location for the military prisons and for all means that could facilitate the supplies and comforts of the prisoners and promote their health and preservation. JAMES A. SIDDON."

"MONTREAL, June 20, 1867.

"To R. R. Stevenson, Stewiacke, N. S.

"*My Dear Sir:* . . . I have never doubted that all had been done for the comfort and preservation of the prisoners at Andersonville that the circumstances rendered possible. General Winder I had known from my first entrance into the United States army as a gallant soldier and an honorable gentleman. Cruelty to those in his power, defenseless and sick men, was inconsistent with the character of either a soldier or a gentleman. I was always, therefore, confident that the charge was unjustly imputed. . . . The efforts made to exchange the prisoners may be found in the published re-

ports of our commissioner of exchanges, and they were referred to in several of my messages to the Confederate Congress. They show the anxiety felt on our part to relieve the captives on both sides of the sufferings incident to imprisonment and how that humane purpose was obstructed by the enemy in disregard of the cartel which was agreed upon. . . .

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

"ALEXANDRIA, VA., July 9, 1871.

"To R. R. Stevenson, Stewiacke, N. S.

"*Dear Sir:* . . . I can, however, with perfect truth declare as my conviction that General Winder, who had the control of the Northern prisoners, was an honest, upright, and humane gentleman, and as such I had known him for many years. He had the reputation in the Confederacy of treating the prisoners confided to his general supervision with great kindness and consideration, and fully possessed the confidence of the government, which would not have been the case had he adopted a different course of action toward them; and this was exemplified by his assignment to Andersonville by special direction of the President. Both the President and Secretary of War always manifested great anxiety that the prisoners should be kindly treated and amply provided with food to the extent of our means, and they both used their best means and exertions to these ends. . . . S. COOPER."

"ALEXANDRIA, April 3, 1868.

"*My Dear Captain:* . . . The entry (in my journal January 9, 1865) is substantially as follows: 'In pursuance of orders I addressed a letter to General Winder requesting him to turn over thirty Federal prisoners to Major Hottle, quartermaster, for the purpose of taking out subterra shells and torpedoes from the cuts in the West Point and Atlanta Railroad. Shortly afterwards I received from General Winder a reply, stating that he could not comply with the request, as it would not only violate the orders of the War Department but would be in contravention of the laws and usages of war.' . . .

GEORGE W. BRENT."

General Winder arrived at Andersonville on June 17, 1864, and found gangrene and scurvy existing, and on the 20th of that month recommended that the prisoners should be removed as soon as possible to other posts. He received orders to remove the prisoners to Millen and other points suitable for their safety and health as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

The want of transportation and the insufficiency of guards produced occasional delays in the removal of prisoners; but on the last of September the number had been reduced from twenty or thirty thousand to about five thousand, who were too ill for transportation. General Winder had in the meantime recommended that agents should be employed to procure vegetables. These and all other suggestions for the comfort of the prisoners were sanctioned by the Executive Department at Richmond.

Much more might be added, but the foregoing is believed to be enough to refute the charges made against General Winder of cruelty to prisoners.

Let us now consider the conduct of the unhappy victim, Capt. Henry Wirz, and the proceedings by which he was condemned and executed. From such information as I possess he was a native of Switzerland, was a physician, and practicing his profession in Western Louisiana in 1861. He entered the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, and in the battle of Manassas his arm was broken, so that he remained a cripple permanently. General Winder, who had



opportunities to know him while employed at the Libby Prison in Richmond, selected him for superintendent of the prison at Andersonville. Whether his conduct there justified the selection, let the testimony of competent, unimpeachable witnesses determine. The eminent scientist and physician, Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, was in August, 1864, ordered to inspect and report on Andersonville prison. In the prosecution of Wirz garbled extracts were read to criminate the officers in charge. Dr. Jones has published his full report, so as "to place all the facts before the public, who have already had access to certain selected facts." After discussing the physical and pathological causes of the fatality at Andersonville, he wrote, as published, to Gen. B. H. Hill on January 17, 1886:

"In accordance with the direction of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, formerly surgeon general C. S. A., I instituted during the months of August and September, 1864, a series of investigations on the diseases of the Federal prisoners confined in Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga.

"In justice to myself, as well as to those most nearly connected with this investigation, I would respectfully call the attention of Colonel Chipman, Judge-Advocate U. S. A., to the fact that the matter which is surrendered in obedience to the demands of a power from which there is no appeal was prepared solely for the consideration of the surgeon general C. S. A. and was designed to promote the cause of humanity and to advance the interests of the medical profession.

"On May 21, 1861, it was enacted by the Congress of the Confederate States of America 'That all prisoners of war taken, whether on land or sea, during the pending hostilities with the United States should be transferred by the captors from time to time as often as convenient to the Department of War; and it should be the duty of the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, to issue such instructions to the quartermaster general and his subordinates as shall provide for the safe custody and sustenance of prisoners of war; and the rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy.'

"According to General Orders, No. 159, Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, 'Hospitals for prisoners of war are placed on the same footing as other Confederate States' hospitals in all respects and will be managed accordingly.'

"The Federal prisoners were removed to Southwestern Georgia in the early part of 1864, not only to secure a place of confinement more remote from Richmond and other large towns, from the operations of the United States forces, but also 'to secure a more abundant and easy supply of food.'

"As far as my experience extends, no person who had been reared on wheat bread and who was held in captivity for any length of time could retain his health and escape either scurvy or diarrhea if confined to the Confederate ration (issued to the soldier in the field and hospital) of unbolted corn meal and bacon. The large armies of the Confederacy suffered more than once from scurvy, and as the war progressed secondary hemorrhage and hospital gangrene became fearfully prevalent from the deteriorated condition of the systems of the troops dependent on the prolonged use of salt meat. And but for the extra supplies received from home and from the various State benevolent institutions, scurvy and diarrhea and dysentery would have been still further prevalent.

"A similar statement has been made by Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., in his recent work on the 'Physiology of Man.'

"It was clearly demonstrated in my report that diarrhea,

dysentery, scurvy, and hospital gangrene were the diseases which caused the mortality at Andersonville. And it was still further shown that this mortality was referable in no appreciable degree to either the character of the soil or waters or the conditions of climate.

"The effects of salt meats and farinaceous food without vegetables were manifest in the great prevalence of scurvy. The scorbutic condition thus induced modified the course of every disease, poisoned every wound, however slight, and lay at the foundation of those obstinate and exhaustive diarrheas and dysenteries which swept off thousands of these unfortunate men."

Gen. I. D. Imboden, being for the time incapacitated for active service, was in the autumn of 1864, on the recommendation of Gen. R. E. Lee, to whom he was personally known, directed to report for duty to General Winder, whose headquarters were then at Columbia, S. C.

In the "Southern Historical Papers," volume on the "Treatment of Prisoners during the War," page 187 and following, is the letter from General Imboden, written in 1876, and from which the following extracts are offered:

"I now proceed to give you a simple historical narrative of facts within my personal knowledge that I believe have never been published, although at the request of Judge Robert Ould, of this city, who was Confederate Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners, I wrote them in 1866 and furnished the MS. to a reporter of the New York Herald. But the statement never appeared in that journal for the reason assigned by the reporter that the conductors of the Herald deemed the time inopportune for such publication. My MS. was retained by them, and I have never heard of it since. . . .

"Colonel Bondurant's report on the Andersonville prison, taken in connection with written applications from Captain Wirz, which I had received, suggesting measures for the amelioration of the condition of the prisoners, strongly indorsed and approved by Colonel Gibbs, an old United States army officer, a cultivated, urbane, and humane gentleman, commanding the post, made it apparent to my mind that I ought to make a personal examination into its condition. . . .

"At the time of my inspection there was a good deal of sickness among the prisoners, but not a large percentage of mortality. Our medical officers, even with their scanty pharmacopœia, gave equal attention to sick friends and enemies, to guard and to prisoners alike. . . .

"Bad as was the physical condition of the prisoners, their mental depression was worse and perhaps more fatal. Thousands of them collected around me in the prison and begged me to tell them whether there was any hope of release by an exchange of prisoners. Sometime before that President Davis had permitted three of the Andersonville prisoners to go to Washington to try to change the determination of their government and procure a resumption of exchanges. The prisoners knew of the failure of this mission when I was at Andersonville, and the effect was to plunge the great majority of them into the deepest melancholy, homesickness, and despondency. They believed their confinement would continue until the end of the war, and many of them looked upon that as a period so indefinite and remote that they believed that they would die of their sufferings before the day of release came. . . .

"I have already alluded to Captain Wirz's recommendation to put up more shelter. I ordered it, and thereafter daily a hundred or more prisoners were paroled and set to work in the neighboring forest. In the course of a fortnight comforta-



ble log houses with floors and good chimneys—for which the prisoners made and burnt the brick—were erected for twelve or fifteen hundred men, and were occupied by those in feeble health who were withdrawn from the large stockade and separated from the mass of prisoners. This same man (Captain Wirz), who was tried and hung as a murderer, warmly urged the establishment of a tannery and shoemaker's shop, informing me that there were many men among the prisoners skilled in these trades, and that some of them knew a process of very rapidly converting hides into tolerably good leather. There were thousands of hides at Andersonville from the young cattle butchered during the previous summer and fall, whilst the country yet contained such animals. . . .

"A few weeks later many of the barefooted prisoners were supplied with rough but comfortable shoes. . . .

"Another suggestion came from the medical staff of the post that I ordered to be at once put into practice: it was to brew corn beer for those suffering from scorbutic taint. The corn meal—or even whole corn—being scalded in hot water and a mash made of it, a little yeast was added to promote fermentation, and in a few days a sharp, acid beverage was produced, by no means unpalatable and very wholesome. Captain Wirz entered warmly into this enterprise. I mention these facts to show that he was not the monster he was afterwards represented to be, when his blood was called for by infuriate fanaticism. I would have proved these facts if I had been permitted to testify on his trial after I was summoned before the court by the United States, and have substantiated them by the records of the prison and of my own headquarters. . . .

My personal acquaintance with Captain Wirz was very slight, but the facts I have alluded to satisfied me that he was a humane man and was selected as a victim to the bloody Moloch of 1865. . . .

"The Federal government remaining deaf to all appeals for exchange of prisoners, it was manifest that the incarceration of their captured soldiers could no longer be of any possible advantage to us, since to relieve their sufferings that government would take no step if it involved a similar release of our men in their hands. Indeed, it was manifest that they looked upon it as an advantage to them and an injury to us to have their prisoners in our hands to eat our little remaining substance. In view of all these facts and considerations, Generals Cobb and Pillow and I were of one mind: that the best thing that could be done was without further efforts to get instructions from Richmond to make arrangements to send off all the prisoners we had at Eufaula and Andersonville to the nearest accessible Federal post, and, having paroled them not to bear arms until regularly exchanged, to deliver them unconditionally, simply taking a receipt on descriptive rolls of the men thus turned over. . . .

"Finding that the prisoners could be sent from Andersonville by rail to the Chattahoochee, thence down that river to Florida, near Quincy, and from Quincy by rail to Jacksonville, within a day's march of St. Augustine, it was resolved to open communication with the Federal commander at the latter place. With that view, somewhere about the middle of March Captain Rutherford, an intelligent and energetic officer, was sent to St. Augustine. A few days after his departure for Florida he telegraphed from Jacksonville: 'Send on the prisoners.' He had, as he subsequently reported, arranged with the Federal authorities to receive them. At once all were ordered to be sent forward who were able to bear the journey. Three days' cooked rations were prepared, and so beneficial to health was the revival of the spirits of these men by the prospect of

once more being at liberty that I believe all but twelve or fifteen reported themselves able to go and did go. The number sent was over six thousand. Only enough officers and men of the guard went along to keep the prisoners together, preserve order, and facilitate their transportation. To my amazement the officer commanding the escort telegraphed back from Jacksonville that the Federal commandant at St. Augustine refused to receive and receipt for the prisoners till he could hear from General Grant, who was then in front of Petersburg, Va., and with whom he could communicate only by sea along the coast, and asking my instructions under the circumstances. . . .

"The real cause of all the protracted sufferings of prisoners, North and South, is directly due to the inhuman refusal of the Federal government to exchange prisoners of war—a policy that we see, from the facts herein stated, was carried so far as to induce a commanding officer at St. Augustine to refuse even to receive and acknowledge that he had received over six thousand men of his own side, tendered to him unconditionally, from that prison in the South which above all others they charged to have been the scene of unusual suffering." . . .

Confirmatory of this are the following resolutions, adopted at Savannah on September 23, 1864, by the prisoners who had been sent from Andersonville, as elsewhere described. (See "Historical Society Papers," volume on "Treatment of Prisoners during the War," pp. 184, 185.)

"*Resolved*, That, while allowing the Confederate government all due praise for the attention paid to the prisoners, numbers of our men are consigned to early graves, etc.

"*Resolved*, That ten thousand of our brave comrades have descended into untimely graves, caused by difference in climate, food, etc. And whereas these difficulties still remain, we would declare our firm belief that unless we are speedily exchanged we have no other alternative but to share the same lamentable fate of our comrades. . . . Must this thing still go on? Is there no hope? . . .

"*Resolved*, . . . We have suffered patiently, and are still willing to suffer if by so doing we can benefit the country; but we most respectfully beg leave to say that we are not willing to suffer to further the ends of any party or clique to the detriment of our families and our country.

(Signed)

P. BRADLEY,

*Chairman of Committee in Behalf of Prisoners."*

Whoso shall reject their declaration and insist, despite this and all other competent evidence, that the lamented deaths were the result of Confederate cruelty must be given over to believe a calumny.

In September, 1864, the prisoners, except about five thousand not able to bear transportation, were removed from Andersonville, and it virtually ceased to be a post for the reception of prisoners.

"Capt. Henry Wirz had the same control over the discipline of the hospital that he had formerly held over the prison. Surgeon R. R. Stevenson was placed in chief control of the Medical Department, with some thirty assistant surgeons and contract doctors. The process of renovating the post was now pushed on with vigor and rapidity, considering the small force and limited means at the command of Captain Wirz. In a short time the whole premises were in a much-improved condition, and the chances of the sick were growing more hopeful. At one time it had been thought by the medical officers of the post that nearly all the infected would die; but by the use of vegetables in such quantities as could be pro-



cured and an acid beer made from corn meal and sorghum molasses the death rate fell from about three thousand in August to one hundred and sixty for the month of December. . . .

"The dead were buried about half a mile to the northwest of the prison. They were placed side by side in long trenches and well covered up. Each grave was carefully marked by a stake bearing a number corresponding with that on the hospital register, which gave the name, rank, regiment, company, date of death, and disease of the patient. . . . At one time there were nearly eight thousand sick in the prison and hospital, and the mortality was very great, notwithstanding all possible efforts to check its ravages. The greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring medicines and antiscorbutics. These were made contraband by order of the Federal government. . . . The guards on duty here were similarly affected with gangrene and scurvy. Captain Wirz had gangrene in an old wound which he had received in the battle of Manassas in 1861, and was absent from the post some four weeks on surgeon's certificate. [In his trial certain Federal witnesses swore to his killing certain prisoners in August, 1864, when he (Wirz) was actually absent on sick leave in Augusta, Ga., at the time.] General Winder had gangrene of the face, and was forbidden by his surgeon, I. H. White, to go inside the stockade. . . . For a period of some three months (July, August, and September, 1864) Captain Wirz and the few faithful medical officers of the post were engaged night and day in ministering to the wants of the sick and dying and caring for the dead. So arduous were their duties that many of the medical officers were taken sick and had to abandon the post." (Pages 25, 27, 28, 29, Stevenson.)

The New York Daily News of August 9, 1865, contained a letter signed "M. S. H.," which is reputed to have been written by an officer of General Sheridan's staff. I have no personal knowledge of the writer; but I think no one can read the letter, to be found at page 138 and following of "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by R. R. Stevenson, without being struck with the manhood of the narrator and feeling a conviction that he is one to be relied on in any conflict between truth and popular clamor. Want of space restricts me to brief extracts. He writes:

"Having been for several months an inmate of the stockade at Andersonville, I propose herein to consider, in the first place, the causes of the excessive mortality there; and, secondly, how much of its frightful suffering is justly chargeable to Captain Wirz. . . . The mortality at Andersonville resulted mainly from the following causes: (1) Want of food, (2) want of shelter, (3) want of medical attendance and hospital diet, (4) causes of a purely local nature, coupled with the moral degradation exhibited by the prisoners themselves. By the want of proper food I mean that the dietary scale was neither of the kind nor quality to which most of the prisoners had been accustomed. Still it was the ordinary diet of the Confederate army, and they had nothing else to give us. Thousands of the prisoners had never eaten bread made of corn meal or any preparation of it whatever; and with those its use commonly resulted in diarrhea, which, aggravated by the excessive use of water, generally in a few days became chronic. Every one knows the difficulty of treating this disease, even under the most favorable circumstances. At first the meal was issued uncooked and the prisoners allowed to go out of the stockade under guard in squads to collect fuel. This privilege was accorded with the understanding that an escape would not be attempted. In a short time, however,

Captain Wirz was compelled to withdraw the favor, for it was evident that no reliance could be placed in the promises of our men. . . . But the cooks were our own men, liberated from the stockade for this special duty on parole and receiving therefor an extra ration and the liberty of the entire post, besides other privileges. . . . As for the quantity of food, I know that until Generals Sherman and Kilpatrick destroyed the railroad communications of the South the ration, as issued by the post commissary, was nearly if not equal to that of our guards. . . .

"Many of our men were taken in battle, their baggage generally at the rear. Others, too feeble or indolent to carry their blankets or knapsacks, threw them away. . . . When asked how they lost their clothing, they almost invariably replied: 'The Rebs stripped me.' All of these houseless and naked men were blistered by the sun and chilled by the dews. These were the men who waited for the dead at the gates and stripped every corpse to positive nudity whenever the immediate friends or comrades of the deceased rejected the loathsome rags. These are they whose portraiture has filled our pictorials and upon whose testimony of suffering and starvation the conviction of Captain Wirz will be sought, and whose vindictiveness now in the hour of the triumph to which they contributed little or nothing is equaled only by their total want of magnanimity, manhood, and self-control while prisoners. . . . The principal ailments were chronic diarrhea, dropsy, gangrene, and scurvy. Of the first three, probably four-fifths of the patients died. The treatment for scurvy was somewhat more successful, and would have been still more so had not these same hospital attendants exhibited all the demoniacal cruelty which is now so eagerly attributed to Captain Wirz. . . . When the sick were brought out every morning to fill the places of those whose death had made room for them, a general scramble would ensue among the nurses to secure those who would probably give the least trouble. Very expert judges, too, were these nurses of the probable amount of plunder a patient would yield either before or after death. . . . All that the physician could do was merely an approximation to the proper treatment. The stringency of the blockade (medicines and hospital supplies being contraband of war) was such that drugs were not procurable. . . .

"The local peculiarities of Andersonville were not of themselves of a character to induce any excessive mortality. The spot was selected mainly with a view to its salubrity, and such is abundantly proved by the fact that very few of our men who were out on parole died. . . . I have known our men to volunteer to accompany the hounds and bring back our fugitives. Should these men receive an honorable discharge and Captain Wirz be convicted and sentenced to an infamous punishment? Is he to be held responsible for the deaths in hospital when our men, deputed and paid to nurse the sick, more than neglected their duty? And because our own men, scoffing at every prudential consideration of cleanliness, willfully neglected every precaution which would conduce to their health, is he to be held up to the world as a murderer of hitherto unknown magnitude? I trust not. In our national heraldry I see an olive branch for the conquered, not a hangman's noose. Believe me, sir, I have no personal interest or object in making this statement or appeal. I never spoke of Captain Wirz nor he to me."

Poor Wirz, upon whom was devolved the most laborious and thankless task of preserving order among the crowded, uncomfortable mass of prisoners at Andersonville without



adequate force to preserve proper police or means to provide for their health and comfort, became at last the victim of a misdirected popular clamor. Arrested while under the protection of a parole, tried in time of peace by a military commission of officers in a service to which he did not belong, denied the favorable testimony of those who came and subpoenas for other witnesses of like character—without these ordinary means, granted to the accused in all civilized countries, he died a martyr to conscientious adherence to truth.

A venerable and venerated priest, Father Wheelan, of Savannah, Ga., visited me in prison, and there told me that, hearing of the great mortality among the prisoners at Andersonville, he went there to console the sick, to shrive the dying, and to perform the offices for the dead. He said he was daily in the stockade and in the hospital, and frequently met Captain Wirz, whom he described as an irritable but kind-hearted man, especially toward the sick. In regard to the food, he said it was neither good nor abundant, but added that he drew only the daily ration and subsisted upon it. In reference to the report that Captain Wirz beat the prisoners, he said it was certainly unjust, because his right shoulder had been broken; and if he had the will, he had not the power to strike.

When Captain Wirz was under trial, Father Wheelan went to Washington as a witness. He said that upon his arrival the prosecuting attorney asked him what he knew about the case; and after he had told all his observations at the prison, he was informed that he was not further wanted and could go home. Col. Robert Ould was another of the cases where witnesses for the defense were dismissed by the prosecution without being allowed to testify. Colonel Ould wrote:

"I was named by poor Wirz as a witness in his behalf. The summons was issued by Chipman, the judge-advocate of the military court. I obeyed the summons, and was in attendance upon the court for some ten days. The investigation had taken a wide range as to the conduct of the Confederate and Federal governments in the matter of the treatment of prisoners, and I thought the time had come when I could put before the world these humane offers of the Confederate authorities and the manner in which they had been treated. I so expressed myself more than once—perhaps too publicly. But it was a vain thought.

"Early in the morning of the day on which I expected to give my testimony I received a note requiring me to surrender my subpoena. I refused, as it was my protection in Washington. Without it the doors of the Old Capitol Prison might have opened and closed upon me. I engaged, however, to appear before the court, and I did so the same morning. I still refused to surrender my subpoena, and thereupon the judge-advocate indorsed upon it these words: 'The within subpoena is hereby revoked; the person named is discharged from further attendance.'" ("Southern Historical Papers," pp. 130, 131.)

Gen. R. H. Chilton, of the Confederate Adjutant General's Department, on account of misrepresentations in regard to Andersonville, on September 28, 1875, published a reply from which I extract a paragraph and ask attention to the personal reference to Captain Wirz:

"Colonel Chandler's testimony that Mr. Davis was not aware of the existence of his report is on the records (or should be) of the Mrs. Surratt court-martial, which, by the by, sentenced to death Captain Wirz, the only officer mentioned favorably in that report as doing all that a subordinate could do to improve the condition of the prisoners. Colonel Chandler in-

formed me that he was called before that court and asked one question—viz.: If it was possible that so important a report as his should not have been brought to the notice of the President? He replied that he had every reason to know that it was not. No other question was asked. That court was evidently anxious to implicate Mr. Davis. Its failure to make a case when the feeling against him was at its greatest heat should exonerate him from all such charges.

"I send with this a letter from Colonel Ould, recently received, which, relating more generally to the subject of Federal prisoners, you are at liberty to publish.

"Respectfully yours,

R. H. CHILTON."

Maj. R. B. Winder, M.D., Dean of the Baltimore Dental College, was a prisoner in the Capitol of Washington at the time of Captain Wirz's confinement there. A statement of his in regard to an event which occurred the evening before the execution of Wirz has been widely published. I therefore make but a brief extract from it: "A night or two before Wirz's execution early in the evening I saw several male individuals (looking like gentlemen) pass into Wirz's cell. I was naturally on the *qui vive* to know the meaning of this unusual visitation, and was hoping and expecting too that it might be a reprieve, for even at that time I was not prepared to believe that so foul a judicial murder would be perpetrated. I think—indeed, I am quite certain—there were three of them. Wirz came to his door, which was immediately opposite to mine, and I gave him a look of inquiry, which was at once understood. He said: 'These men have just offered me my liberty if I will testify against Mr. Davis and criminate him with the charges against the Andersonville prison. I told them that I could not do this, as I neither knew Mr. Davis personally, officially, nor socially; but if they expected with the offer of my miserable life to purchase me to treason and treachery to the South, they had undervalued me.' I asked him if he knew who the parties were. He said, 'No,' and that they had refused to tell him who they were, but assured him that they had full power to do whatever they might promise."

We are informed by the brave and faithful counsel of Wirz, Louis Schade, Esq., that "on the same evening some parties came to the confessor of Wirz, Rev. Father Boyle, and also to me, one of them informing me that a high Cabinet officer wished to assure Wirz that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with the atrocities committed at Andersonville his sentence would be commuted. He (the messenger or whoever he was) requested me to inform Wirz of this. In the presence of Father Boyle I told Wirz next morning what had happened. The Captain simply and quietly replied: 'Mr. Schade, you know that I have always told you that I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. If I knew anything of him, I would not become a traitor against him or anybody else even to save my life.' He likewise denied that he had made any statement whatever to General Baker. Thus ended the attempt to suborn Captain Wirz against Jefferson Davis. That alone shows what a man he was. How many of his defamers would have done the same? With his wounded arm in a sling the poor paroled prisoner mounted two hours later the scaffold. His last words were that he died innocent."

In answer to an inquiry addressed by me to the Rev. Father Boyle, I received the letter of which the following is a copy:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., October 10, 1880.

"Hon. Jefferson Davis, Dear Sir: Absence from the city and



the desire since my return to obtain information on the subject of your letter have delayed my answer. I have not succeeded in the latter purpose. But I know that on the evening before the day of the execution of Major Wirz a man visited me, on the part of a Cabinet officer, to inform me that Major Wirz would be pardoned if he would implicate Jefferson Davis in the cruelties at Andersonville. No names were given by this emissary, and upon my refusing to take any action in the matter he went to Mr. Louis Schade, counsel for Major Wirz, with the same purpose and with a like result.

"When I visited Major Wirz the next morning, he told me that the same proposal had been made to him and had been rejected with scorn. The Major was very indignant, and said that, while he was innocent of the charges for which he was about to suffer death, he would not purchase his liberty by perjury and a crime such as was made the condition of his freedom.

"I attended the Major to the scaffold, and he died in the peace of God and praying for his enemies. I know that he was indeed innocent of all the cruel charges on which his life was sworn away, and I was edified by the Christian spirit in which he submitted to his persecutors.

"Yours very truly, F. E. BOYLE."

These witnesses were men of high character and intelligence, of whom it could not be pretended that they were in any manner connected with the charges under consideration or otherwise of doubtful credibility. Could as much be said in behalf of the witnesses for the prosecution? Was a prisoner who violated his parole and was captured a proper accuser of the subaltern whose duty it was to prevent his escape and, not having a sufficient guard for that purpose, employed dogs to track the fugitive?

A few words will suffice for the bloodhound horror. Since the war I have been informed that there was not one bloodhound at Andersonville prison; but some deer or fox hounds were kept to follow prisoners who, when paroled for voluntary service, broke faith and fled. When Time shall have softened passion and prejudice, when Reason shall have stripped the mask from misrepresentation, then Justice, holding evenly her scales, will require much of past censure and praise to change places.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

#### TRIBUTE OF GEN. F. T. NICHOLLS, OF LOUISIANA, TO R. E. LEE.

In every relation of life he played his part well, meeting misfortune with the same serene dignity that in earlier times he had accepted honors. His virtues were surpassed only by his valor, his greatness by his modesty, and so transcendent were his qualities of mind and heart that even before the dark clouds of war had blown away the nation had begun to appreciate Robert E. Lee and to claim him as its own. Happy the country that produces such a man; happy the youth who have such an example of all a Christian and a gentleman should be.

John Hagerty, 372 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I am very desirous of knowing the present whereabouts of James McCarty or relatives if living. He served in a Kentucky regiment (12th or 18th) during the Civil War. I write in behalf of his sister, Mrs. Johanna Rose. Patrick McCarty, another brother, was South also. She last heard from James in 1874, when he said he was working, as was also Patrick, on the street railway in New Orleans. James McCarty would be about seventy-five years old, was married, and had a girl named Johanna."

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#### TREATMENT OF COPPERHEADS IN ILLINOIS.

An interesting letter comes with a subscription to the VETERAN from Mr. Enoch James, of Ashland, Ill.:

"February 23, 1907, will be my eighty-sixth birthday. My health is very good, and I do a good deal of work and enjoy walking to the farm and back, three miles distant, each day. My friend, Mr. Tuman, of this place, handed me a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have read it through, and am well pleased. Its object seems to be a true and impartial history of the Civil War. Have patience, and I will give you some of my experience before and during the Civil War.

"When the honest abolitionists headed against the sin of slavery, I did not fear; but when the politicians—hypocrites—drove the South into rebellion, I was much grieved. I thought it would be the most desperate thing in history. Lincoln, having been elected, called for seventy-five thousand men for three months to put down the rebellion. This was to be a 'breakfast job;' but it took two to three million men four years and cost \$6,500,000, besides the destruction of private property that can't be estimated. During the progress of the war a company was sent to this section occasionally to intimidate the copperheads. I went to the village of Pleasant Plains for my mail, when Mr. Cartwright approached a group of us and asked that we read a paper that had been sent to him and advise him what to do. Here is a true copy of the paper:

"February 17, 1864.

"V. C. Cartwright: Since my return here with my company we have been invited frequently to partake of the hospitalities of our friends, and we feel disposed to divide the trouble and eat with some of our antiwar friends; and, knowing that you are the most rabid copperhead in the neighborhood, we will here give you notice that we will on Saturday evening, the 20th inst., at six o'clock take supper with you. We give you this timely notice so you can be prepared and have plenty on hand.

JOHN RAISY,

Captain Co. C, 64th Regt. Ill. Vol. Infantry.

"N. B.—You are also notified that you can't advocate copperheadism in our presence, or it won't be healthy."

"The foregoing is a true copy of the communication. I waited a few moments for older ones to speak (Cartwright had asked us what he had better do. I had never seen him so angry). Finally I said, 'I would never give them their supper. I would ask my friends to come and protect me,' and added, 'I will come and bring my gun.' The next day (Friday) Cartwright's father, Peter Cartwright, carried the note to Springfield and gave it to the provost marshal and told him that Captain Raisy could get no supper unless he could chew bullets. Saturday evening I loaded my gun with buckshot and a bullet, put a seven-shooter in my pocket, besides a long-bladed knife, and was one of the first to arrive at Cartwright's home. The family seemed very much worried, and I asked what they were going to do; that if they intended to give that company supper they had no use for me. Citizens began to come in from all directions—some on foot, others riding, and all armed. They carried their pistols and had a pile of empty guns in a wagon. Soon the men went to loading the guns. I read Captain Raisy's letter to the crowd. One big man—big in every way—took the lead in discussion as he rammed home a bullet, and it soon appeared that all were determined. We drilled on the lawn in the moonlight, but no soldiers came. The provost marshal at Springfield had sent a note to Captain Raisy repudiating his presumption and stating that he would be held responsible personally for all misconduct of his men."



## RECORD OF A CONFEDERATE AND A SENATOR.

TRIBUTES PAID BY COLLEAGUES TO GEN. W. B. BATE.

LEADING ADDRESS BY HON. E. W. CARMACK.

[This address was delivered in the Senate of the United States on Thursday, January 17, 1907, at the memorial service on the life, character, and public services of Hon. William B. Bate, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.]

*Mr. President:* It is with a feeling of peculiar tenderness and reverence that I approach the sad duty of this occasion. I was born within a mile of General Bate's homestead, lived among his friends and neighbors, listened with rapt attention to stories of camp and conflict as they fell from the lips of the heroic veterans who were his followers and comrades in battle, and from my early boyhood was deeply imbued with the spirit of personal devotion to him that prevailed among the people of his native county. In later years circumstances brought us much together, and I became his personal friend and supporter in all his political contests. My personal knowledge of the man revealed inborn qualities which strengthened my love for him and held it to the last; and the affectionate relations that have existed and do exist between our families are among the most precious blessings of life.

*Mr. President,* if in youth one could be permitted to shape the end of his life, he could not wish for it a happier termination than that which closed the mortal career of William B. Bate. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors, he closed a life crowned with domestic peace and happiness, the esteem and confidence of his people, and that conscientiousness of duty faithfully done which more than all things else gives sweetness to life and takes bitterness from death. By the sternest code of honor he lived a life of rectitude. It is no exaggeration to say that neither to the right nor to the left, under whatever temptation, throughout a long life, full of action, full of excitement, full of strivings and honorable ambitions, did he ever swerve by the breadth of a hair from the path of honor. In addition to all this, and higher and better than all this, the Christian's faith and hope were his; so that his peaceful death, met with a calm and quiet resignation, was a fitting close to such a life, a happy realization of the prophet's prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" He died as one who knew that the gates of death were but the portals of immortal life.

William B. Bate was born in the old blue grass county of Sumner, a county still famed for the sterling character of its citizenship and the generous hospitality of its people. The world cannot produce a nobler type of men and women than may there be found. They are worthy of the ancestry from whom they sprang. General Bate was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and came from the old pioneer stock who in the early history of the State invaded this region with ax and rifle to hew through the primeval forests a pathway for civilization. They were men of heroic heart and simple faith. A faith in God that knew no doubts or questionings gave them the fortitude to dare the terrors of the wilderness. On the frontiers of civilization, struggling with wild beasts and with yet wilder men, they acquired the fundamental qualities that go to make the manners and the character of a gentleman—respect for one's self and for others. General Bate was born near Old Bledsoe's Lake, and within sight of the old fort where the early settlers found protection while yet the white man had to make good his title to the land against his savage foe. Here he spent the years of his boyhood until—a fatherless lad—he determined to go forth alone to match himself against the world. He went first to Nashville and secured a place as clerk

on a steamboat which plied between Nashville and New Orleans. The war with Mexico coming on, he enlisted in the latter city, joining a company of Louisianians, and went to Mexico. He served out his term of enlistment with the Louisiana troops and then joined a company from his own State, which had arrived upon the scene of hostilities, and was made first lieutenant. In this capacity he served to the end of the war.

After his return from Mexico, he soon entered upon the study of law, graduating from the Cumberland Law School, at Lebanon, Tenn. He did not have to wait for clients, but at once achieved marked success in his profession, being elected prosecuting attorney for the district including the city of Nashville in the year 1854, just two years after he had been licensed as a practicing attorney. In 1856 he married Miss Julia Peete at Huntsville, Ala., the loving and faithful partner of his long and checkered life, who still survives him. It so happens that this day upon which we commemorate his life and services is the anniversary of the day of their happy union.

General Bate early developed a taste for politics, and as a member of the Legislature and presidential elector on the Breckinridge-Lane ticket he began his political career, a career which had already given promise of greatness when interrupted by the outbreak of the war of secession.

Tennessee left the Union reluctantly and with sorrow. She had voted down the first proposal to leave the Union by an immense majority. But when the secession movement grew to such strength that war became inevitable, and she had to decide between the alternative of uniting her forces with or against her sister States of the South, she chose to abide the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. Looking calmly back from this peaceful time to that stormy period, I am proud that she dared and suffered with the South.

The martial, the military instinct in General Bate was strong, and his whole heart and soul was in the cause of the South. Neither then nor afterwards, to his dying day, did he ever question the justice of her cause or permit any man to do so in his presence without stern and emphatic rebuke. That cause had in him a friend who was faithful unto death and beyond the grave.

He enlisted as a private in a company then forming at Clinton, was made its captain, and later was elected colonel of the regiment. In his eagerness to give his services on the field he promptly took his regiment to Virginia and commanded it in the battle of Bull Run. As its term of enlistment was about to expire, so thoroughly had the rank and file become imbued with the spirit of their commander, when the proposal was made to them to enlist for the war the entire regiment stepped forward as one man. There was not one laggard in this regiment of Sumner County heroes.

There was another conspicuous illustration of the spirit that prevailed in this regiment. Because of the promptitude with which they had gone to the front, Colonel Bate had been permitted to select the army in which his regiment should serve, and he naturally selected the Army of Tennessee. Upon the transfer being made, all the members of the regiment were given a sixty days' furlough. Before this furlough had expired Albert Sidney Johnston made the movement which brought on the battle of Shiloh, and at the call of their colonel the members of this regiment voluntarily abandoned the ease and comfort of home, tore up their unexpired furloughs, and hastened to report for duty. For many of them it meant death or mutilating wounds, for this regiment was early in the battle and in the "focal and foremost fire." In a desperate charge



Colonel Bate rode in the very front of his regiment and cheered them toward the foe. While doing so he received a wound which shattered his leg, but he continued to lead his regiment onward until faintness from loss of blood caused the bridle reins to drop from his hands and until his horse was shot from under him. In that battle his brother and brother-in-law and a cousin were killed and another cousin severely wounded—five members of one family in one regiment weltering in their blood upon one battlefield.

Colonel Bate lay for a long time in peril of death from his terrible wound. His surgeons decided that amputation was necessary, but it was characteristic of the man that he overruled the opinion of the surgeons and decided to take the chance of recovery without the loss of his limb. His decision meant that he would take all the chances of death rather than become unserviceable to his country in its hour of peril. He slowly recovered from his wound, and was indeed badly crippled throughout the war. He returned to his command on crutches as a brigadier general.

He was so badly crippled that it was not believed that he would again be fit for duty in the field, and a movement sprang up to make him Governor of the State to succeed Isham G. Harris, whose term was soon to expire. There is no doubt whatever that he could have been elected; but he promptly declared that he would accept no civil office, but would share all the perils of battle with his comrades unto the bitter end. He was afterwards twice wounded while yet so badly crippled from his former wound that he had to be lifted to his horse as he rode at the head of his command. He had three horses killed under him at Chickamauga, and everywhere and under all circumstances he exhibited that same spirit that won the name bestowed upon him in the official report of his division commander, General Stewart, at Chickamauga—"The indomitable." I shall not dwell upon the details of his military career. I need not do so; there are volumes of eulogy in the simple statement that he entered the army as a private soldier and left it as a major general. From the hopeful beginning to the end of the sad but glorious chapter, when he surrendered the ragged, famished, battle-torn, heroic remnant of his command, it was the same story of a devotion that knew no weakness and a valor that knew no fear. Upon his tombstone, and upon that of every Tennessean who followed him, may be written without flattery the characterization of Bayard: "A knight without fear and without reproach."

When the war was over, he returned to the practice of law, removing to the capital city of Nashville, and soon commanded an immense practice. He was especially successful in jury trials, and at the time when he became Governor, in 1882, his firm probably had the largest practice in the State.

He was elected Governor at a time when the refunding of the State debt followed as a result of the settlement which was an issue in this campaign. An incident in connection with this shows the extreme punctiliousness of his sense of duty. The law required that the new bonds issued should be signed by the Governor. When it was proposed to prepare a stamp by which the facsimile of his signature might be placed upon the bonds, he insisted upon an exact compliance with the letter of the law and of undergoing the immense physical labor and writing the signature upon each with his own hand. In all his career this same nice and self-exacting sense of duty governed his public and his private conduct.

After his second term as Governor came his election to the Senate. It was a battle of the Titans in which he then prevailed. Intellectual giants like ex-Governor Marks and ex-

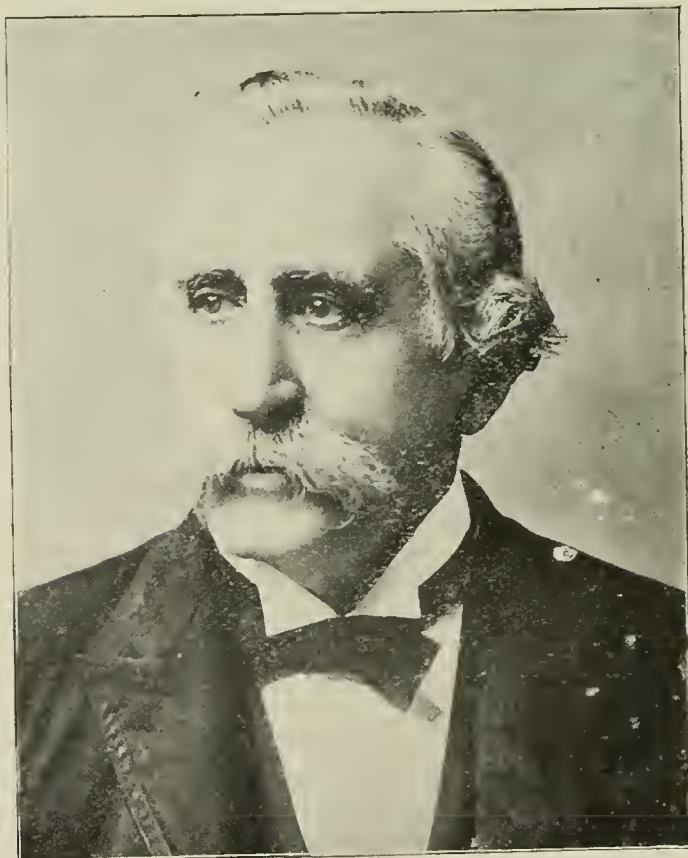
Congressman John F. House contended with him in friendly and chivalrous rivalry, and yielded him the palm without bitterness as to a victor worthy of their steel.

In politics he lived and died a Democrat—not simply in the sense that he supported the nominees of his party, but because he was a thorough believer in its great fundamental principles. Like the late Isham G. Harris, he clung with tenacity to his party's earliest creed, and felt a sense of resentment for every deviation from the Jeffersonian principle of a strict construction of the Constitution.

In his service here he was faithful, industrious, diligent, a close student of the business of the Senate, having a clear understanding of the questions of the day; and when he chose to do so, he presented his views with great ability, learning, and power. A speech on the tariff question in the early years of his service showed him to be a profound student of national taxation, and his speech upon what, in our part of the country, was usually denominated the "force bill" was liberally quoted from one end of the land to the other.

But above all other qualities, he bore among his associates here a reputation for honor and integrity that was without a stain. No suspicion of an unworthy motive was ever imputed to any act of his. No man here or elsewhere ever felt one moment's doubt as to the absolute rectitude of his intentions.

It is a fact significant of the happy passing of old issues, of old passions and prejudices, that among the most devoted friends he had in this chamber were those who wore the blue when he wore the gray, who fought under the stars and stripes when he fought under the stars and bars, with whom he contended for life and death in the awful shock of battle. There are no truer friends than those who have been honorable foes, and the handclasp that is made above the grave of kindred dead is never broken. Even as he loved and honored those who fought by his side, he loved and honored those who



WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE.  
Major General C. S. A., Senator U. S. A.



confronted them. And while old associations, the memory of common sorrows and of common sufferings, bound him as with hooks of steel to his comrades in arms, the story of that great war was to him a lesson of American prowess and American valor, which, united under a common flag, could withstand the world in arms.

His intense devotion to the memory of the cause for which he had fought and of the comrades who had died for that cause might seem to the superficial inconsistent with heartfelt devotion to the Union; but you in this chamber who fought on the other side—none of you ever questioned for one moment the loyalty to the Union of this battle-scarred old hero of the Confederacy. You loved and honored him for his very fidelity to those hallowed memories and hallowed graves. You who, like him, but on the opposing side, have passed through the furnace of war know that he who can lightly forget what was once the cause of his country, the cause for which its women prayed and for which its sons had died, could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag. You know that he brought to the service of the whole country as faithful a devotion to duty as when fighting for the cause of the Confederacy on the red edge of the battle. The Confederacy had no braver knight than William B. Bate when war was flagrant in the land; the Union has had no truer friend since the war clouds were lifted and the waiting sunlight came down to bless the land which is the common hope, as it is the common heritage, of us all. His love for the Confederacy was but the faithfulness of memory to the noble dead—that lingering with uncovered head by the tomb of old comrades and fallen hopes which purifies and exalts the soul.

Mr. President, it is true that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." William B. Bate was one of those who came back from the war, surveyed the scene of red ruin and blank desolation that overspread his country, and then with hearts resolute and undismayed faced the awful problems of that awful time. All the heroism displayed through four blazing years of war pales into insignificance by the side of that story of patience, constancy, and fortitude which enabled a weaponless and uncaptured army of disfranchised citizens to win victory even from defeat.

In private life General Bate was simple, plain, devoid of artifice or ostentation. Unusually blessed in his domestic relations, he found his happiest hours around the family hearthstone and in the company of congenial friends; but in all the walks of life the same high courage and noble qualities which won him honor and fame in field, in forum, and in Senate were his. And when he came to meet the inevitable hour, these qualities rose supreme, and he blenched not when he stood face to face with the king of terrors. Over him the grave could win no victory, and for him death had no sting. As in the ardor of his youthful prime he had faced death without a tremor, with all the courage of a soldier, so at the last he met death with all the fortitude of a Christian. At peace with his fellow-man, with his conscience, and his God, "he gave his honors to the world again, his blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, was the next speaker at the memorial service. He said: "William Brimage Bate was a soldier of his country before he became a man. He had just entered his fourth term of service in this body when he departed from us. Throughout his long and useful life he was an earnest and honest soldier of the common good. At the close of his service he left behind him a clean, white record, which bears witness that through his life's ceaseless

struggle he was always 'present for duty,' and that as God give him to see that duty so he did it, whatever might befall. He had passed considerably beyond the period of threescore years and ten before he died—indeed, he was in his eightieth year—but his strength had remained equal to his tasks; and it is consoling to reflect that it was not in the valley of helplessness that he left us nor by the process of slow decay. No matter when death comes, so mighty is the change it is startling and sudden. No matter what the premonitions may be, and no matter howsoever we steel our hearts to meet the inevitable, the blow that shivers the life of one beloved and honored must lacerate the sensibilities and pall upon the affections. Although the shadow upon the dial marked the evening of his days, Senator Bate was here and took the oath of office for a new term on the 4th of March, 1905. I had stood by his side when he entered the Senate in 1887, and again was with him when he was sworn in the last time. Together we joined in the line of Senators that proceeded from this hall to witness the inauguration of President Roosevelt from the east front of the Capitol. As we passed out of the chamber I said to him, 'General, I have seen you sworn into the Senate for four times, and I hope that you may long live and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you sworn in again;' but it was not so written. As we reached the throng pressing forward through the halls of the Capitol we became detached from each other, and I never saw him more."

Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, said: "I recall the sad incident when, at my own home at a formal dinner party at which he was to have been the guest of honor, while waiting for his arrival, the first tidings of his serious illness came unexpectedly to all present and cast a gloom upon the festivities of the occasion. . . . He was so unostentatious that it required an intimate knowledge of the man to know and appreciate his noble impulses and sterling qualities. To him anything suggestive of insincerity, duplicity, or mendacity was abominable. Purity of thought and speech was characteristic of his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. He led the life of a Christian, in all respects correct and consistent, and in his social life he was most genial, companionable, and hospitable. He was never so happy as when surrounded by his family and intimate friends; he and his charming wife, whom all who know her respect and love, dispensed so royally the well-known hospitality of their home."

Senator George C. Perkins, of California, said: "Senator Bate came from that part of our country where loyalty and personal honor are deservedly emphasized as the two highest virtues of man, public or private. Whatever views he might hold, whatever cause he might espouse, it was recognized that his position was taken as the result of impartial consideration and unselfish thought; and, though others might not at all times agree with him, no one could raise a question as to his honesty, his conscientiousness, or his integrity of purpose. His entire career is evidence of the simplicity and truth of his noble character. In two wars he exposed his life from the sense of highest duty to his people, and his many wounds received on the battlefield proved his energy and unshrinking courage in following the path to which that duty pointed. . . . As Chairman of the great Committee on Military Affairs he evinced a breadth of view and a grasp of detail that showed him to be one of the most efficient of legislators. And on other important committees of which he was a member his influence was felt as a force."

In concluding an admirable address, Senator Samuel D.



McEnery, of Louisiana, said: "His character was a grand one in its integrity, its honesty, and its purity. He had a lofty disdain for all that was low and mean. There was no shadow of fanaticism to cloud his character or to disturb his judgment. He was in public and in private life a person of the purest morals, and his indignation was aroused by profligacy or groveling baseness. His nature was kind and affectionate and true, and there was never a more steady or sincerer friend."

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, said: "But, Mr. President, with all his strength of comradeship and of associations, with his firmness of conviction, apologizing for nothing, repenting of nothing, when he, standing at that desk, took the oath of a Senator, no man who ever has taken it and no man who ever will take it can take it with a stronger, holier purpose to serve in every way to his uttermost the government of the United States than did he. He was utterly indifferent to his own comfort, sometimes indifferent to his own health and safety, in the discharge of duties relatively trifling as a Senator, because they were duties, and he regarded no duty as trifling. . . . Mr. President, he stood for the rights of the States; he stood for the rights of the national government. He stood for larger powers in the national government that he would have done thirty years ago, as I now stand stronger for the rights of the States than I would have done thirty years ago. He knew that the national government was created by the States; that every power which it possesses was surrendered by the States; that it possesses none except those which expressly or by implication were surrendered by the States; and that all the powers which the States did not surrender the States withheld and still possess. Mr. President, this may be said of him: that when he breathed his last—and happily he was spared a lingering illness—there followed him to his home in Tennessee the respect and affectionate regard of every member of the Senate and the respect which all thoughtful people everywhere cherish for an honest, sincere, manly man who had discharged to the full his duty in every relation of life."

Senator James B. Frazier, who was chosen by the Legislature of Tennessee in session at the time to succeed General Bate, had the concluding address for the Senate. He said: "In every walk of life, from musket bearer to division commander, from steamboat clerk to Governor's chair and Senator's seat, his fidelity to every trust was stern, unyielding, Spartan. From the path of duty as he saw it, from fidelity to those who trusted him, no threat or danger could drive him, no temptation could allure him. He stood always firm and uncompromising for the right, as his faith and his conscience pointed the way. . . . My father's friend, I cannot remember the time when I did not know Senator Bate. I was taught to honor and respect him; his friendship and fidelity made me love him. I sought his counsel. I was guided by his wisdom. His last official act was to dictate and sign a letter to me on the day before his death. It was the last time he ever signed his name, and so firmly was his hand held in the grip of death that the name is scarcely legible. It related to the disposition of the Confederate flags, ordered returned to the States by a resolution of Congress, about which, as Governor, I had asked his advice—the old, tattered banners, only representing a lost cause, a sentiment, if you please; but to him, even in his hour of dissolution, it was the Cross of St. Andrew, under whose stainless folds he had charged to victory and to glory."

The House of Representatives took much part in the memorial service. The leading address in the House was by Hon. John W. Gaines, of the Hermitage District.

#### HERITAGE TO SONS OF VETERANS.

The John A. Broadus Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in Louisville, were fortunate in having for their orator on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth Hon. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro. Whether leading his company in battle or advocating the cause of the Southern people in Congress, Captain Ellis has ever been an honor to his State and section.

Introductory to his response to the toast, "Gen. Robert E. Lee," Captain Ellis said:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Gentlemen: Whoever is asked to address the Sons of Confederate Veterans ought not to overlook the fact that he has been personally complimented and that he is to speak to a select audience. Who are these Sons of Confederate Veterans? I answer: They are the sons of men whose record in war and whose adherence to law and order in times of peace entitle them to a place in the first rank among those who have added renown to American arms and honor to American citizenship.

"It is true your fathers fought in defense of a cause that did not succeed; but they did not fight in vain. They struggled to establish a principle which they believed the Constitution of the United States recognized, and during the four stormy years that they followed the shifting fortunes of that cause they not only proved their loyalty and devotion to it, but by their splendid valor and unquestioned courage they shook a continent by their heroic endeavors and filled the world with the glory of their achievements.

"On the record Confederate soldiers made, I insist that every young man who can exhibit an authentic certificate showing that his father was a 'good Confederate soldier' exhibits a title in fee simple to an estate more valuable than all the stocks and bonds that corporate wealth and commercial greed can under any conditions acquire."

Captain Ellis began his worthy tribute as follows: "You ask me to respond to the toast, 'Robert E. Lee.' This is at once an easy yet a difficult task, for no words here spoken, no matter how eloquent, and no eulogy here pronounced can add anything to the imperishable record of that great military genius who, by his loyalty to the cause of the Old South and his unsurpassed military skill, not only wrote his own name and fame but that of the Army of Northern Virginia, which he commanded, on the front pages of the nation's history."

Inquiry from a correspondent for some history of Gen. Robert C. Tyler, who was killed near West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865, induces the request for the address of any relatives or friends of his who might be able to give something of his personal history as well as an account of his part in the notable engagement which cost his life. A most interesting account of the battle and the death of General Tyler appeared in the VETERAN (1896), Volume IV., pages 381-382.

Dr. W. M. Polk, son of the beloved Bishop-General Polk, killed at Lost Mountain, writes from New York: "Inclosed I send my check toward the monument the ladies of Georgia propose to erect to Captain Wirz." The amount is \$25.



## SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY TELAMON CUYLER (61 EAST 72D STREET), NEW YORK CITY.

I inclose you what I believe to be a correct roster of the surviving general officers of the Confederate States armies. I published a rough list in August, 1905, and circulated it widely and subjected it to frequent revision with this result. To print this roster in the *VETERAN* will be of great interest to all Confederates—my father's old comrades—for whom I cherish a patriotic regard. The post office address follows each name when possible, and also the State to which they were accredited in their commissions and the date of such commission. It will be seen that none are now living of the eight generals, three of the nineteen lieutenant generals, nine of the eighty-one major generals, and fifty-two of the three hundred and sixty-five brigadier generals. So that in the total of the four hundred and seventy-three commissioned of all ranks sixty-four are now living.

I am now engaged in a correspondence which, it is hoped, will bring me such generous response of pictures, war time papers, maps, copies of inscriptions on tombs and statues, reminiscences of veterans, correct information as to ancestry, early lives, war services, death in battle, decease during or since the war, of all our four hundred and seventy-three Confederate generals, as will enable me to compile a satisfactory biography of each of our heroic leaders.

I undertake this work with no desire for pecuniary gain, but give my time and labor that a correct narrative of their heroic services may be transmitted to posterity. I seek information from the thousands of veterans who followed these generals, from those members of their staff who yet live, and from their families and relatives. These can tell best the stories which I will edit and publish. Therefore I appeal to all Southerners to furnish me with all kinds of information, that I may succeed in producing, and at an early date, a book that will embody in its pages a correct biography of each and every one of our generals. I ask that the Southern press give this request the widest publicity, that the good results desired may be speedily secured.

To each Camp of the United Confederate Veterans I address an especial appeal. Bring this to the attention of all your members! Secure from them their written reminiscences of any of our generals under whom they served; of those generals who were killed on the field of battle. I desire narratives of their last moments, advices as to disposition of their remains, etc. Descriptions of their personal appearance—height, color of hair, beard, eyes, and complexion—are desired, together with details of highest rank, and above all an authentic war time likeness (in uniform, if possible). It is very necessary to have a complete history of their war services: date, place, rank and command in which they went out, battles and fights engaged in, and all promotions in proper order. If captured, date and place, and where and how long imprisoned. Comrades sharing their imprisonment can add much information to this book if they will write of those days.

## THREE LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

(The date of appointment is given with each.)

Simon Bolivar Buckner, Ky.; Sept., '64. Munfordville, Ky.  
Stephen D. Lee, S. C.; June, '64. Columbus, Miss.  
Alexander P. Stewart, Tenn.; June, '64. Chattanooga, Tenn.

## NINE MAJOR GENERALS.

M. C. Butler, S. C.; Sept., '64. Woodlawn, S. C.  
Samuel G. French, Miss.; Aug., '62. Freehold, N. J.

Robert F. Hoke, N. C.; April, '64. Raleigh, N. C.  
E. M. Law, Ala.; April, '65. Bartow, Fla.  
George Washington Custis Lee, Va. Burke, Va.  
Lunsford L. Lomax, Va.; Aug., '64. Gettysburg, Pa.  
William T. Martin, Miss.; Nov., '63. Natchez, Miss.  
De Camille J. Polignac, France; April, '64. Orleans, France.  
Thomas L. Rosser, Tex.; Nov., '64. Charlottesville, Va.

## FIFTY-TWO BRIGADIER GENERALS.

E. P. Alexander, Ga.; Feb., '64. "The Dunes," South Island (Georgetown County, S. C.).  
Frank C. Armstrong, Tenn.; Jan., '63. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Arthur P. Bagby, Tex.; March, '64.  
William R. Boggs, Ga.; Nov., '62. Winston-Salem, N. C.  
Pinckney D. Bowles, Ala.; April, '65. Tampa, Fla.  
William L. Cabell, Va.; June, '63. Dallas, Tex.  
Ellison Capers, S. C.; Nov., '64. Columbia, S. C.  
Francis M. Cockrell, Mo.; July, '63. Washington, D. C.  
George B. Cosby, Ky.; Jan., '63. Sacramento, Cal.  
John Z. Cox, Tenn.; '65.  
William R. Cox, N. C.; May, '64. Raleigh, N. C.  
Alfred Cumming, Ga.; Oct., '62. Augusta, Ga.  
Basil W. Duke, Ky.; Sept., '64. Louisville, Ky.  
Clement A. Evans, Ga.; May, '64. Atlanta, Ga.  
John W. Frazer, Miss.; '65. Clifton Springs, N. Y.  
Richard M. Gano, Tex.; April, '65. Dallas, Tex.  
George W. Gordon, Tenn.; Aug., '64. Memphis, Tenn.  
Daniel C. Govan, Ark.; Dec., '63. Memphis, Tenn.  
George P. Harrison, Ga.; Feb., '65. Opelika, Ala.  
Eppa Hunton, Va.; Aug., '63. Richmond, Va.  
Alfred Iverson, Ga.; Nov., '62. Kissimmee, Fla.  
Adam R. Johnson, Tex.; Aug., '64. Burnet, Tex.  
George D. Johnston, Ala.; July, '64. Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Robert D. Johnston, N. C.; Sept., '63. Montgomery, Ala.  
Wilburn H. King, Ga.; July, '64. Sulphur Springs, Tex.  
William H. Kirkland, N. C.; Aug., '63.  
James H. Lane, N. C.; Nov., '62. Auburn, Ala.  
Walter P. Lane, Tex. Marshall, Tex.  
Thomas M. Logan, S. C.; Feb., '65. New York, N. Y.  
Robert Lowry, Miss.; Feb., '65. Jackson, Miss.  
Hylan B. Lyon, Ky.; June, '64. Eddyville, Ky.  
John V. McCausland, Va.; May, '64. Point Pleasant, Va.  
William M. McComb, Tenn. Gordonsville, Va.  
Thomas H. McCray, Ark.; '65.  
James A. McMurry, Tenn.  
William R. Miles, Miss.; '64. Miles, Miss.  
John C. Moore, Tex.; May, '62. Osage, Tex.  
John T. Morgan, Ala.; Nov., '63. Washington, D. C.  
Thomas T. Munford, Va.; Nov., '64. Lynchburg, Va.  
Francis T. Nicholls, La.; Oct., '62. Baton Rouge, La.  
Lawrence S. Parker, N. C.; '63.  
Edmund W. Pettus, Ala.; Sept., '63. Washington, D. C.  
Roger A. Pryor, Va.; April, '62. New York, N. Y.  
William P. Roberts, N. C.; Feb., '65.  
Felix H. Robertson, Tex.; Nov., '64. Waco, Tex.  
Jacob H. Sharp, Miss.; July, '64. Columbus, Miss.  
Charles H. Shelley, Ala.; Sept., '64. Columbus, Miss.  
Thomas B. Smith, Tenn.; July, '64. Nashville, Tenn.  
James C. Tappan, Ark.; Nov., '62. Helena, Ark.  
Allen Thomas, La.; Feb., '64. New York, N. Y.  
Henry H. Walker, Va.; July, '63. New York, N. Y.  
Marcus J. Wright, Tenn.; Dec., '62. Washington, D. C.  
According to the roster prepared by Gen. Marcus J. Wright in September, 1904, there were four hundred and thirty-seven



general officers commissioned by the Confederacy. The late Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., Georgia's distinguished historian, placed the number at four hundred and seventy-four, by respective ranks—viz., eight generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-six brigadier generals in the regular military service of the Confederacy. Jones compiled his roster during the early seventies, and was distinguished for his accuracy in such work. Of this number, General Wright asserts that sixty-five were killed in battle and eleven died of their wounds. Thus seventy-six lost their lives during the war, and two hundred and seventy-three have died since the close of the war. Therefore eighty-seven were living in 1904. I have examined this list of the living, and find that it is very nearly correct. In addition to those named in my roster (revised up to this time), I find the following names of brigadier generals:

Cullen A. Battle, Ala.; Aug., '63. Troy, Ala.  
Charles C. Crews, Ga.; '65.  
Junius Daniel, N. C.; Sept., '62.  
Jesse J. T. Finley, Fla.; Nov., '63. Quincy, Fla.  
James E. Harrison, Tex.; Dec., '64.  
Edward G. Lee, Va.; Sept., '64.  
Dandridge McRea, Ark.; Nov., '62.  
Patrick Theodore Moore, Va.; Sept., '64.  
Hugh W. Mercer, Ga.; Oct., '61.  
Young M. Moodley, Ala.; March, '65.  
William R. Peck, La.; Feb., '65.  
Nicholas B. Pearce, Ark.  
Jerome B. Robertson, Tex.; Nov., '62.  
James P. Simms, Ga.; Nov., '64.  
Peter B. Starke, Miss.; Nov., '64.  
Richard Waterhouse, Tex.; March, '65.  
Frank B. Gordon, Mo.  
Julius A. de Lagnel, Va.; Nov., '62. Alexandria, Va.  
L. M. Lewis, Mo.  
H. P. Mabry, Tex.; March, '62.

The two last named I cannot find in any of my lists of Confederate generals. Perhaps they were officers of the militia in their States. Can any reader inform me? Great care should be exercised to distinguish between C. S. A. and the State troops.

I desire to print a correct list of the generals, in order that copies may be placed in leading public libraries as well as distributed in the South. It is therefore requested that any and all possible additions and corrections be sent to my address.

The foregoing is complimentary by the VETERAN to Mr. Cuyler. Let every friend help to get the record correct in the VETERAN as well as in responding to Mr. Cuyler.

According to the advance sheets of the forthcoming book by Mr. Telamon Cuyler, the Georgia historian of biographies of the Confederate generals, there were commissioned during the war eight generals, nineteen lieutenant generals, eighty-one major generals, and three hundred and sixty-five brigadier generals, making a total of four hundred and seventy-three. There are now living only sixty-four of this rapidly diminishing company—namely, three lieutenant generals, nine major generals, and fifty-two brigadier generals.

Accredited to Virginia and Tennessee, eight each; North Carolina, Georgia, and Texas, seven each; Alabama and Mississippi, six each; Kentucky and South Carolina, four each; Arkansas, three; Louisiana, two; Missouri and France, one each. There is no surviving general accredited to Florida.

## OUR WOMEN AND SAM DAVIS.

[An address by Ben Childers, Esq., of Pulaski, introducing Miss Sallie Ballentine to the many thousands present at the reunion in that city October 11, 1906:]

*Veterans, Daughters, Sons, Ladies and Gentlemen:* A duty has been assigned me which is an honor; for to be commanded by the noble band of women who constitute the Daughters of the Confederacy—your daughters, old veterans—is honor indeed. The women of the South were its pride and glory in the days of ante-bellum aristocracy.

In the four years of conflict, while you gentlemen were passing through "the battles and sieges"—fortunes of war—the "most disastrous chances," the "moving accidents by flood and field"—while you were giving the world the spectacle of the most magnificent army it had ever seen, an army that could win battles barefooted and hungry—as much of heroism and valor as you displayed upon the field of battle, the women at home, if such a thing were possible, showed a higher type of courage and a more consecrated devotion to the cause of the South than you yourselves did.

And since that conflict ended, with self-abnegation that is beautiful, these wives and daughters have devoted themselves to the perpetuation of the memory of your heroism.

And the women of this Chapter of Daughters, in the erection of this beautiful memorial, have chosen for perpetuation in granite and marble the greatest act of personal heroism in all history. They have reflected their own ideals of manhood. They have shown us the kind of bravery and fortitude Southern women delight to honor.

All honor to these noble women for their long and persistent efforts that have resulted in such brilliant success! Against discouragements that would have balked and defeated men, they have labored with persistence, until the funds necessary for this magnificent monument were raised. They all deserve our deepest gratitude. We adore them for what they are; we adore them for what they have done.

And now I have the honor to present to you a member of that organization whose personal and intellectual qualities have made her known beyond the confines of our State, a typical Southern woman, with all that is best and noblest that the name implies, who will extend to you a Southern welcome. I have the honor to introduce Miss Sallie Ballentine, who organized the Chapter that erected the monument.

By accident the foregoing was omitted from the report of the monument dedication as published in the December VETERAN, and it is too good to be lost.

The statement is made with gratitude that steps are soon to be taken to erect the Sam Davis monument in Nashville.

**CONFEDERATE FLAGS OF MARYLAND.**—At a meeting of the Maryland Line Confederate Veterans, in which all of the ten Camps were well represented, the question of removing the Maryland Confederate flags to a place of safety in Annapolis was introduced by Col. Oswald Tilghman. An animated discussion followed; but the consensus of opinion, it is said, was that the flags should be preserved by the State. A committee to look after the matter was appointed. It consists of Colonel Tilghman, Lieut. Col. William L. Ritter, Privates E. S. Judge and J. F. Hickey. The flags carried by the Maryland regiments in the Union army were recently placed in the Statehouse at Annapolis with imposing ceremonies. Colonel Tilghman said Governor Warfield is desirous that the State's Confederate flags be placed there. Most of the Maryland Confederate flags are at the Confederate Home at Pikesville.



*THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A CAPTURE IN VIRGINIA.*

BY M. L. LEONARD, COMPANY E, 1ST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

On the night of August 30, 1862, after the second battle of Manassas, Company E, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, was ordered to advance and establish a picket line. Captain McClung sent Sergt. E. G. Fishburne, with W. D. McCausland and Henry Kennedy, on a road leading across the country and connecting with the "Little River Turnpike" to take a position and wait for further orders from him. Shortly after Fishburne had selected his position a body of horsemen approached them from the direction of the enemy. Thinking that probably it was Captain McClung returning from the front with the remainder of the company after completing the picket line, the detail allowed them to advance to within one hundred yards before calling them to a halt. Fishburne demanded what regiment they belonged to, and received the answer, "— New York," and in return was asked, "Who are you?" Fishburne replied, "4th Pennsylvania," and at once consulted with his two comrades how they could manage to capture the New Yorkers. He then asked the captain to send his orderly sergeant forward. When the orderly rode up, they disarmed him and sent Kennedy back with him, instructing Kennedy to take him to the first camp he could find and ask the commander of the camp to send him a squad of men to aid in the capture of the Yankees that he was detaining.

The Yankee captain, becoming impatient at the delay, inquired why he could not come on with his command. Wishing to consume as much time as possible and expecting reinforcements as soon as Kennedy could reach some camp, Fishburne evaded the captain's question as long as possible, and then requested him to ride up to where he (Fishburne) was, that they might consult over the matter more fully and come to some understanding. This the captain agreed to; and when he rode up, Fishburne put the drop on him and told him that if he gave the alarm to his men he would be a dead man. He then placed the captain between McCausland and himself, facing the rear, and ordered him to command his company forward. The captain answered, "I am your prisoner and cannot do that," adding, "I suspected something was wrong."

Fishburne then gave the command himself, "Forward! Trot! March!" and started for the rear with one prisoner and forty-two armed men following, intending to keep the space of one hundred yards between them intact; but the men riding in the rear soon closed up the space between them. When they had marched thus for about one mile, they saw and recognized the dead body of Kennedy lying in the road, and realized that there was no hope of meeting reinforcements. At this point of the march to the rear a suspicion was aroused among their armed prisoners (for these men were not disarmed until camp was reached) when one of them said in a loud tone to his comrades: "Boys, I'll be d— if I don't believe these fellows are Rebels. Didn't you see that dead man lying back there in the road?" He evidently thought they were nearing the battlefield they had so hastily left a few hours before.

McCausland says that when he heard this chat going on among the armed men then trotting along in the rear he drew the rein a little tighter on his horse and gradually guided him to the left, so as to place himself on the flank and near the rear of the column, thinking Fishburne and himself were soon to meet the fate of Kennedy, and he wanted to be in position to do some shooting himself while the fun lasted. After marching a few miles farther, they came in sight of a regi-

ment of cavalry in camp and marched direct to it, when Fishburne repeated his second order to "Halt and surrender," and McCausland from the rear repeated the order to surrender.

This regiment was the 12th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Asher W. Harman, and to them were turned over the captain and forty-two armed men. Then, and then only, was there any confusion in this whole affair. The surprise was so great to these men in camp that they at once secured their arms, and Fishburne had to dismount as quickly as possible and run in among the men and explain to keep from being fired upon. Fishburne and McCausland at once arranged to have the body of Kennedy brought into camp, and upon examination it was found that he had been murdered by his prisoner by a stab in the heart with a knife, which had been overlooked in the hasty search of the prisoner when captured. Kennedy's body was sent home to his parents, and now lies buried in the old cemetery near Crimora, Augusta County, Va.

McCausland, so far as known, is still living (?) somewhere in Texas. Whether living or dead, no two braver soldiers ever served in the Confederate army.

The account of this capture is as near Fishburne's and McCausland's own language as I can give it, and I believe correct, as I have gone over the matter with Fishburne several times since the war, and also with McCausland, and as a comrade in the same company was familiar with the details at the time as recounted by those who made the capture.

The number of the New York regiment in question, I think, was the 47th, but I am not certain. At the time we had the captain's name, also the orderly sergeant who murdered Kennedy. The boys kept a sharp lookout for him ever afterwards among all prisoners captured, and I believe if they could have gotten their hands on him they certainly would have court-martialed him on the spot.

*HORRIBLE DEED BY FEDERALISTS IN VIRGINIA.*

[Capt. John H. Grabill sends a clipping from the Richmond Dispatch with an account by Mr. R. D. Stewart, of Baltimore, and he gives a careful version of the event. It concerns the murder of David Getz by command of Gen. George A. Custer.]

The article differs in some of the details from the account which I have secured from persons who were present and are still living in Woodstock. The writer personally knew the small family, consisting of Andrew Getz, Elizabeth, his wife, and their simple-minded son, David. David was about thirty years of age. The family lived in a small house close to the Methodist church, and for the rent of this humble home they served as sexton of the church. Davy was mentally deficient, and no duties of a civil or military character were required of him. He was simple and harmless. The boys loved to tease him, and many a Confederate soldier told Davy that he had come from the army to take him back with him. He was a very timid child. He had no ambition to be a soldier, but was always frightened when the suggestion was made that he should go into the army. Davy had in some way become possessed of an old musket, and with it amused himself hunting ground squirrels and small birds.

In the summer of 1864 he was engaged in his usual sport in the pines near his home when a squad of Federal soldiers suddenly came upon him. To their question, "Are you a bushwhacker?" he replied, "Why, yes." He had no comprehension of the term "bushwhacker." He was at once seized by a number of Federal soldiers, dragged to the pike, and then



tied to a wagon. The poor fellow was almost frightened to death, and his heart-rending screams aroused the whole town. There was a wail that can hardly be imagined.

Accustomed as were the people to the brutality of the Federals who prowled through this valley, nothing aroused their sympathy and horror, not even the burning of their homes and churches by the fire fiends of the brutal Sheridan, as did this inhuman outrage. Tied behind a wagon and dragged through the streets, his plaintive cries and shrieks brought to their doors the ladies on both sides of the street. Helpless they stood and wept for the poor unfortunate. Close behind him walked his aged mother and father, clasping each other's hands. They continued to follow their screaming child until they were driven back by the bayonets of the Federal soldiers.

Custer's camp was about one mile south of Woodstock. Here he was waited upon by Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Mrs. Murphy, and other ladies of the town, who gave him a truthful statement of the character of the man and besought Custer to look at him, as one glance would convince him of the truth of their statements. He roughly repulsed them. He was afterwards visited by Moses Walton, a distinguished lawyer of Woodstock, Dr. J. S. Irwin, a Union man of the town, and Mr. Adolph Heller, a prominent merchant and a strong Union man, at whose house both Custer and Torbett had occasionally made their headquarters. While Mr. Heller was at heart a Union man, he was always ready to protect the innocent so far as it was in his power. He earnestly besought General Custer to release the poor idiot. When Custer intimated that he proposed to have him shot, Mr. Heller boldly replied: "General Custer, you will sleep in a bloody grave for this. Surely a just God will not permit such a crime to go unavenged." These gentlemen left his headquarters saddened by the exhibition of brutality upon the part of Custer. The words of Mr. Heller proved to be prophetic.

Poor Davy Getz was again tied behind a wagon, compelled to walk to Bridgewater, a distance of forty-five miles, there forced to dig his own grave, and was then murdered like a dog. The father several years later committed suicide. The mother was taken to the home of her son, Mr. Levi Getz, of Rockingham County, where she died some years ago.

## ALABAMIANS AT VICKSBURG.

BY LIEUT. P. A. CRIBBS, MATADOR, TEX.

[Comrade Cribbs writes a personal note, saying: "I am not able to renew my subscription, yet I am loath to do without the VETERAN. I have been reading it so long. I am too old to work (seventy-one years) and can't see to read much, so I will have to give it up for the present; but it grieves me to say good-by, old friend. My heart is with you and all the good wishes for success and prosperity an old comrade can wish. May Heaven's richest blessings ever be with you, protecting and supporting you in vindicating the truth and the rights of the Confederate cause! Good-by and God bless you!"]

In the December VETERAN, page 551, S. A. R. Swan made some mistakes which I think ought to be corrected. He states that General Tracy was killed at Grand Gulf. I was second lieutenant of Company K, 20th Alabama Regiment, Tracy's Brigade. He was killed at Port Gibson. Col. Isam Garret commanded the 20th Regiment, Alabama Infantry, and United States Senator E. W. Pettus at that time was our lieutenant colonel. When General Tracy was killed, Colonel Garret took command of the brigade, and heroically led us through the

battle of Baker's Creek and into the trenches around Vicksburg. Colonel Garret was killed in the works at Vicksburg.

The 36th Alabama Regiment lost all their field officers and most of their line officers at Port Gibson and Baker's Creek and at the blow-up in the redoubt at Vicksburg, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, our division commander, put Lieutenant Colonel Pettus in command of the 36th, which at that time was completely demoralized, being cut down to less than one hundred men and without an officer above the rank of lieutenant. Gen. S. D. Lee ordered Colonel Pettus to rally his men and retake the redoubt, but they wouldn't rally. Colonel Waul's Texas Legions were in reserve at the rear of our lines. Colonel Pettus called on Colonel Waul for sixty volunteers to retake the works and drive the Federals out of the redoubt, which he did. Right here let me say that that act of gallantry made two brigadier generals of E. W. Pettus and T. N. Waul.

Col. E. W. Pettus was captured at Port Gibson, but escaped like an eel in the backwater and rejoined the regiment before the battle of Baker's Creek. When the old 20th congratulated him for his promotion to brigadier general, he complimented us by saying that it was the men in the line rather than his own valor that he was indebted to for his success.

Now these are the facts as I remember them. I may not be altogether correct myself in some respects, but in the main I know I am right.

## "CONFEDERATE" CANNON USED IN THE WAR.

Together with other "Incidents of Sharpsburg," C. A. Richardson relates "a good one on Lincoln."

"In one of the companies of the gallant old 15th Virginia Infantry, Company G, commanded by Capt. Joseph M. Gunn, there was a tall, stout, robust fellow; a dare-devil, rollicking chap, who gloried in a fight. In the Sharpsburg fight, when about half the regiment had been killed and wounded, my comrade and hero, 'Beauregard' (a nickname given him in the regiment), was badly wounded and left on the field. The enemy, already in superior force and receiving additional reinforcements, drove us from that part of the terrible field, compelling us to leave 'Beauregard' with many others. He was taken to the Federal field hospital, where he received as good attention as the crowded condition permitted.

"A bright, sunny day of the week following the great battle there was a grand review of the Federal army which had failed to defeat 'Marse Robert's' veterans. President Lincoln did the reviewing, riding a tall horse—both rider and steed being tall—and all under a very tall silk hat. The President was not considered a striking military figure (he was at his best as a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, angular citizen in ill-fitting clothes and awkward manners). Our wounded hero, with other badly wounded comrades, had been brought out on stretchers and placed on cots in front of the hospital, doubtless with the idea of impressing them with the grand parade. Several hundred pieces of artillery had passed in most imposing array, when the President rode up and drew rein near our 'Beauregard,' whom he noticed, and thus addressed: 'Now, Johnnie, tell me, what do you think of our artillery? Honest now, a square opinion?' 'Well, Mr. President, I will tell you: it surely does look fine, and there's lots of it, too. In our army we haven't got so much, but it looks jest like yours. On nearly all the limber chests there's the letters "U. S." same as yours.' This retort, courteous and so straight from the shoulder, greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln, who never failed to see and enjoy a good joke, no matter at whose expense, whose undoing. He rode on, trying in vain to suppress laughter."



## GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL.

Thomas J. Churchill was born on his father's farm, near Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1824; and died in Little Rock, Ark., on the 14th of May, 1905, having passed his eighty-first birthday. He was a veteran of two wars, having enlisted in 1846 as a lieutenant in the 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles, commanded by Col. Humphrey Marshall, and serving with distinction through the Mexican War, and then when a soldier of the Confederacy promotion came to him for his bravery and efficiency until he reached the rank of major general. At the time of his death he was the oldest survivor of the Confederate army of that rank. His service for the South was his pride, and few honors that came to him were more highly prized than was his election as Commander of the Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans.

In 1848 Lieutenant Churchill removed to Arkansas and settled in Little Rock. There was a special attraction to him in that city; for when he was on his way to Mexico as Lieutenant Churchill, of Colonel Marshall's command, he was entertained at the family mansion of Judge Benjamin Johnson during the time he was in Little Rock, and met Miss Ann Sevier, granddaughter of the house and daughter of Senator Ambrose H. Sevier, to whom he was married in 1849. She survives him with one son (S. J. Churchill, of California) and three daughters (Mrs. M. M. Hankins, of Little Rock; Mrs. J. F. Calif, of Nottingham, England; and Mrs. E. G. Langhorne, of Orange, N. J.). He left also two sisters, Mrs. Hampden Zane and Mrs. Luke P. Blackburn, of Louisville, Ky.

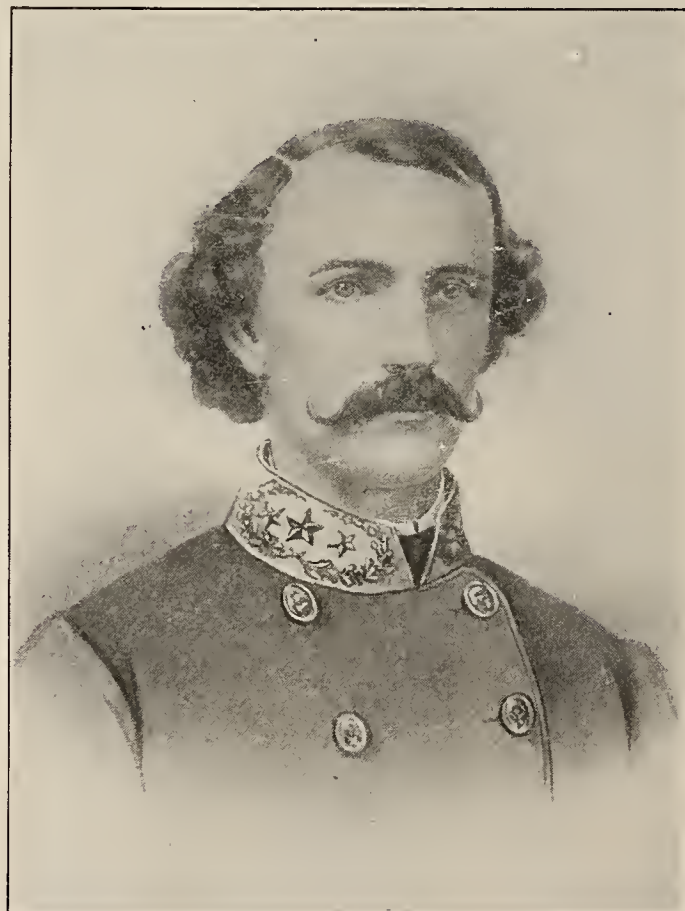
Thomas J. Churchill had in his blood not only the heroic strain of his English ancestry, the family of that Jack Churchill remembered as Lord Marlborough, but also an admixture of the famous Virginia families of Armistead and Harrison; and through his mother was descended from a gallant Kentucky officer who served as ensign and lieutenant under Washington, and fell in command of the bloody Ohio field where St. Clair was overwhelmed by the savage tribes of the Northwest.

When Arkansas seceded from the Union, Thomas Churchill raised the first regiment of mounted rifles, and with them immediately entered the service of the Confederacy. It was his cool and discerning leadership that saved the day at Wilson's Creek, preventing the junction of two Federal commands. Two horses were shot under him in this battle. His heroism and sagacity in that battle won him promotion to brigadier general. This was in March, 1862. While yet ranking as colonel, he had commanded a brigade at Elkhorn Tavern; and after crossing the Mississippi, he commanded a brigade at Corinth and at Tupelo. He then joined Gen. E. Kirby-Smith in East Tennessee and commanded one of his divisions. In the battle of Richmond, Ky., five thousand Confederates ably led defeated the Federal forces of ten thousand, capturing as many prisoners as their number, nine pieces of artillery, ten thousand stands of small arms, and a large quantity of quartermaster's stores.

The thanks of the nation were formally expressed by Congress to these gallant leaders, Generals Smith, Churchill, Cleburne, Col. Preston Smith, and their men for this signal victory and "the speed, vigor, and constancy which resulted in planting the Confederate flag upon the capital of Kentucky and upon the shores of the Ohio River in front of Cincinnati." General Churchill's next battle was at Arkansas Post, under orders to hold the position to the last extremity, though he had but seven regiments and seventeen guns and was assailed by McClernand's entire army from before Vicksburg,

including forty-nine regiments and nine gunboats under Admiral Porter, the total of the enemy's artillery being about one hundred guns. He made a most gallant defense, causing the enemy, by the latter's own reports, a loss of over one thousand killed and wounded before his artillery was silenced and the Federals, in greatly superior numbers, crowded over his works.

From this time, January 11, 1863, General Churchill was a prisoner of war, three months of the time at Camp Chase, Ohio. He was exchanged at City Point and ordered to report to General Bragg. He commanded an Arkansas brigade in Cleburne's Division, of Bragg's army, including many of his brave men at Arkansas Post, during the Tullahoma campaign of 1863. On December 10 he was assigned to duty again in Arkansas, and put in command of a brigade composed of the 26th, 32d, and 36th Arkansas Regiments. Almost at the same time he was given division command, including Gen. J. C. Tappan's brigade and his own, and just before the battle of Mansfield, La., he was in command of a corps which included his division under Tappan and a Missouri division under Gen. M. M. Parsons. While he was not in the engagement at Mansfield, he encountered the enemy in stronger numbers and position at Pleasant Hill on April 9; and Gen. Richard Taylor coming up, it was decided to make the attack that evening, as they supposed the Federal command of Gen. A. J. Smith had not effected a junction with General Franklin, whom Taylor had encountered alone on the day before. This was a mistake, as the Federal army was united; and, despite the gallantry displayed by the Arkansas and Missouri troops and positions taken, the result could not but be in favor of the enemy. At Jenkins's Ferry Churchill commanded his Arkansas division under General Price, supporting Marmaduke's cavalry in opening the battle, and fought with great



GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL.



gallantry until the enemy's line was broken. For this he was recommended by General Kirby-Smith for promotion to major general, which rank was conferred upon him in March, 1865. He was in winter quarters at Minden, La., and surrendered with the troops of the Trans-Mississippi Department when hostilities were concluded.

After his return to Arkansas, he retired to his farm in Pulaski County, from which he was called to serve his State in various offices of importance. He was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1866, but was not allowed to assume the office; was elected State Treasurer in 1876 and twice reelected; and in 1880 the people of Arkansas bestowed upon him their highest honor in electing him Governor, and his majority for this office was the greatest in the history of the commonwealth. After his retirement from office, he resided quietly in Little Rock. He retained his interest in the affairs of his State and the world generally, and during the long illness which preceded his death he would scan the papers daily for events of the world's happenings.

In compliance with a request made by General Churchill some months before he died, the funeral was a military one, conducted by Maj. Gen. W. H. Haynes, commanding the Arkansas State Guard. He was laid to rest attired in the Confederate gray, which he loved so well.

#### SHARPSHOOTERS WITH HOOD'S ARMY.

BY ISAAC N. SHANNON.

Hood's army halted at Decatur, Ala., in his Nashville campaign, and Cheatham's Division was formed in line ostensibly to assault the Federal works in its front. Lieut. John M. Ozanne ordered me to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding, for orders. Hastily approaching the General and making known my errand, he replied: "Yes, I will soon move

forward to the attack." I said to him: "In that event your sharpshooters ought to be upon that hill," pointing to a hill about a mile or more in our front, "so as to command their artillery fire." He then told me to tell Lieutenant Ozanne to advance to the hill and bring on the engagement. I replied: "General, that hill is a long way off; it is very near their line; it is covered with bushes, and it may be occupied by the Yankees." He replied: "Well, Shannon, what would you suggest?" I replied: "A company of infantry as a support." He asked, "What particular company would you suggest?" and I said, "Give us Company E, of the 9th Tennessee, for I know them." He replied: "You can have Company E. Let it be detailed at once and advance quickly to the hill and bring on the engagement."

In a few minutes the detail was made, and we moved rapidly to the hill, took our positions, and opened fire on their picket posts, as no artillery was in sight. The Federals replied promptly, but they fired wildly, as if they were surprised or excited. But picket post after picket post joined in, and soon the fire of every post in reach of that hill was pouring its shot on it. The best protection I could find was an oak stump about eighteen inches in diameter and two feet high. The tree had been cut entirely too low. The bullets came closer and closer and thicker and thicker until the air seemed in almost a continual buzz with them, and the bushes and limbs were falling everywhere and the dirt and trash were flying about lively. Two bullets had hit the stump. About that time I heard the silvery voice of Maj. Mat Pilcher, and the magic word was "Retreat." I crawled backward till out of range, and then led the retreat. Lieutenant Ozanne had climbed a tall water oak at the foot of the hill to see what the Federals were doing over in the town. Soon a three-inch Rodman cannon was fired at him. The shot struck the tree just below his feet and knocked out a slab of timber large enough for a rail. He called out, "I've seen enough," and descended with all possible speed. He then ran through a low marsh with standing water in it, and the next shot struck just behind him and knocked the mud and water on him. We were soon out of range and quiet reigned.

During the first of the war I was ensign of the 9th Tennessee Infantry, but could not carry the flag on long marches on account of a lame knee. Ed Buford swapped me the position of sutler for that of ensign. I remained as sutler till I had made some money, and with it I bought a mule, when I was given a Whitworth rifle. This old, gentle mule was a necessity to us, for she carried one man and all the extra camp equipage. When we were to cross the pontoon bridge at Florence, we found that an order had been issued that no officer under a certain rank should cross on animal over the bridge. A council was held, and I was appointed to see Gen. John C. Brown in regard to it. I did so, giving him all the reasons I could suggest why that particular mule ought to cross, and he replied: "Your position is in front of the division when on the march. I will be at the bridge to-morrow morning when my division approaches. Do you have that mule in your proper place, and when I turn my back get that mule across." It was arranged that I ride the mule and Lieutenant Ozanne carry my gun and cartridge box. I expected the mule to stop as soon as she saw the first crack in the floor, and the five men were to be behind her and make her move at all hazards, and then two were to run forward on each side and get between the sentinels and myself as I passed them.



JOHN M. OZANNE.

(See sketch in "Last Roll.")



Sure enough, just as we approached the bridge General Brown whirled his horse around and seemed very much engaged in observing something down the river, and I turned into the bridge. The old mule, true to her instincts, saw a crack in the floor, and, throwing her head down and her fore feet well out to the front, stopped ominously still. The men behind used the muzzles of their guns on her so vigorously that she could not stand it longer, and with a wild lunge started to rearing, plunging, kicking, and bawling. The camp kettle and coffee pot rattled and made her worse, but fortunately I was able to keep my seat till her gyrations were over.

In the battle of Nashville I was comparatively barefooted. I was at the front the day of the battle, and I did not see it again till we got to Corinth, Miss. It snowed about three inches deep while we were at Pulaski and turned bitter cold, but I walked very well after I got used to doing it barefooted.

By a flank movement General Hood succeeded in placing several divisions of his army on the east of Spring Hill, thus eluding the bulk of the Federal army, which lay at Columbia.

. . . At Spring Hill we saw but one position which could possibly be utilized, and it seemed certain death to try to reach that. There were a few large oak trees left standing on the north side of the road and in less than five hundred yards of the Federal works. If we could only get there, we could whip all the artillery they could bring to bear on the division. Lieutenant Ozanne ordered us forward in single file, with instructions to reach the trees if possible. Then commenced a race for life. It seemed certain that they would see our object and kill us all before we reached the trees. But we knew the importance of the position and made up our minds to gain it or lose our lives, and all ran as fast as they could. The tree nearest the road was the largest one, and I outran all the rest and got safely to it. The others filed to the right, and each got safely behind a tree. It was a hard run of over half a mile, and before we got calmed down we saw the wicked-looking mouths of a battery of Napoleon guns pointing at the lane near the river.

I think we fired at four hundred and fifty yards' elevation, and the way we did that battery up was simply wonderful. In less than twenty minutes, and before their gunners had got the right elevation, we had driven them from their position. Soon Brown's Division had formed at right angles to the road on the north, its left resting on the road. This battery or another took position in the northeast edge of the town and attempted to shell the division in the field, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. Then again our guns played upon them with such savage effect that after a desperate struggle they were driven from the field and did not show themselves again. The division remained in line of battle in the field unmolested till dark, and we had to remain behind our trees until the darkness would hide our withdrawal.

Some years ago somebody intimated that General Cheatham's Division, commanded by General Brown, ought to have advanced promptly against the Federals. The truth is, it ought to have done no such thing. The Federal line of infantry, about three-quarters of a mile long, ran northeast from the town. Cheatham's line ran about north and south, and was about half as long as the Federal line. If Cheatham had advanced, the Federals would have swung around in his rear.

After we had whipped the Federal batteries off the field and I was leisurely loading my gun, I saw a large man standing on the works and facing east. I called the attention of the men to him and asked them to watch him, as I intended to

punish him for his impudence. A trifling circumstance occurred just as I got the bullet down, and I let go the ramrod to adjust my clothing, which was ragged and had caught on the hammer of my gun. Being in a hurry, I forgot to withdraw the ramrod, and, hastily capping my gun, I called out to the men to watch my man. I fired at him, and the recoil of that gun was simply terrific; it knocked me down and away back from the tree. I fell full length, and hardly had sense enough to get back to the tree. My gun punched me in the ribs, nearly dislocated my shoulder, skinned my jaw and the side of my head, knocked my hat off, and sprang out of my hands. After a few minutes I got my breath freely and found that I was not killed, and I called out: "Boys, what became of the Yankee?" The reply was: "Both fell backward at the report of the gun." Now if that Yankee is living and is drawing a pension, he ought to divide with me, for if I had not shot the ramrod at him he would not have lived to make the application, and in shooting the ramrod I was worse hurt than he was. If we had not gained the position behind the trees, that battery would have cut the division to pieces or driven it back under the bank of the creek for protection. This incident illustrates two points in our peculiar service: First, that much was expected of us by the rank and file of our division, and, secondly, the desperate chances we took and the alacrity with which we fought their artillery. We never failed to silence or drive from the field a Federal battery under favorable circumstances.

The next morning after our sharp practice at Spring Hill we reported early to division headquarters, and with cleaned guns and replenished cartridge boxes took our position in front of the division and began the march to Franklin. Our division being the front one, we were the foremost infantry in our army. The Federal army had passed Spring Hill during the night, and we were following them. Nothing occurred of note until we arrived within a few miles of Franklin, when a battery was observed on a hill near the road. We pushed rapidly forward, and gained a good position on the opposite side of the road so as to enfilade the battery. It withdrew before we could open fire on it. Soon another hill was sighted, and on it another battery, with infantry support. We advanced rapidly and took position; but before we could open fire on them they all withdrew, and so it continued until we reached Franklin. Their cavalry rear guard were in a yard on the west of the road and about two miles south of Franklin, and were so busily engaged robbing the house that they did not see us, and I sent a shot at them, upon which they mounted their horses and galloped toward Franklin at full speed. Thousands of Federal soldiers, then in line behind their works near the Columbia Turnpike, must have seen them come in under whip and spur. This was the first shot fired in the opening of that terrible battle.

We were from a half to a mile in advance, and ran great risk of being captured. We soon advanced to the top of a high, rocky hill about a thousand or twelve hundred yards south of Franklin and on the west of the turnpike, which is known as Merrill's or Murrell's Hill. Here we had a fine view of the Federal works and the open field in front of them, but not a Federal could be seen. While waiting Gen. Pat Cleburne rode up to where we were standing and remarked that he had left his field glass behind and that he wished the use of a telescope. Lieutenant Ozanne (who always carried the gun of the man left with the mule and camp equipage) quickly detached the long telescope from his gun, adjusted the focus, and handed it to General Cleburne, who laid the



telescope across a stump and looked long and carefully over the field, and remarked, "They have three lines of works," and then, sweeping the field again as if to make himself certain, said, "And they are all completed." He then returned the telescope, thanked Lieutenant Ozanne for its use, and with kindling eye and rapid movement mounted his horse and rode rapidly back to where his division was forming.

Soon after General Cleburne left us there was the boom of a Napoleon gun near the Carter residence and the swish, swish of a shell high up overhead. Soon another and another gun opened until each one of us had a battery all to ourselves. We were firing at their gunners as best we could, when I saw them running out a big gun by hand down the turnpike toward us. It soon turned off the road to the southeast, and I saw that it was making straight for a knoll about four hundred yards south of the old ginhouse and about two hundred yards east of the pike and in nearly half a mile from my position, which was in a rock quarry on the northeast apex of the hill. Lieutenant Ozanne was on top of the hill above me and the other three men to his left. I called out: "Lieutenant, do you see those Yankees running that gun out yonder to my right?" He replied: "Yes; and do you direct your fire on it and drive it back." I replied: "All right; I'll drive them back." Soon the little elevation was reached, the gun charged, and Gunner Henry Fox stepped to his position to sight the gun, but I was in time for him and shot him in the shoulder. As soon as I could load and look Jake Helderman was sighting the gun, and I wounded him; next John Delph tried it, and I got him. While loading and looking at my gun their fourth gunner, Burrell Dunn, aimed the gun at me, and the shell struck the pile of beat-up road rock that I was behind and exploded within a few feet of my face with a terrific force, which knocked a bushel or so of the rocks over my head and all over the top of the hill. I was enveloped in smoke, dust, and small gravel, and was nearly knocked off my feet. Lieutenant Ozanne called out: "Are you hurt, Ike?" I replied: "No, not hurt, but scared." In a few moments I got over my fright and shot at Dunn, but missed him. I reloaded, took careful aim, and fired again, when I saw him reel. Soon they started back to their works with the gun. Thus at about half a mile distance at five shots I disabled four gunners and drove a gun to the rear, which, if it had not been molested, must have killed scores of Cleburne's Division. This was gun No. 1 of Company A, Captain Catron, of the 2d Regiment Missouri Artillery. (This specific information was voluntarily given me by First Gunner Henry Fox's brother, who lives at Goodlettsville, Tenn., my post office.) I have given the details of this affair to show the great effectiveness of those famous guns. I do not hesitate to state that I could alone and unaided have whipped the best six-gun battery in the Federal army under the same favorable circumstances in less than two hours, especially if they had shot at somebody else and not agitated me by bursting big, vicious shells in my face.

We continued firing at the gunners of the Federal batteries until our own men reached the works, when, for fear of injuring them, we ceased firing and sat down and watched the progress of the battle. I saw a skirmish line of Cheatham's division charge and take the first line of works. The line of battle of that doubly grand old division marched forward with the steadiness of a great wave of the sea until it struck the Federal works, when all was obscured by smoke. Never did soldiers march with steadier step and braver hearts than did those true and tried veterans into the very jaws of death.

They whipped the fight, but it cost them a fearful price. Their dead, dying, and wounded lay thick everywhere all over the field and on and over the Federal side of their works.

The next morning after the battle of Franklin I found out that one Dobe White had been trading with the Yankees, and that there was perhaps a lot of contraband articles in his house. The lieutenant colonel (C. S. Hunt) of my old regiment was the senior officer left in Cheatham's Division and was in command. I told him about it, and he detailed the detachment to search the premises. It was hastily mustered, and down to Dobe White's we went. For certain reasons Lieutenant Ozanne proposed to me that we swap coats and that I conduct the search. Coats were swapped, and I stationed men around the house with instructions to let no one pass. I knocked at the door, and a tall, fine-looking lady opened it, and I made known my business. She asked me to come in, and she very quietly led the way all through the house. I took one man with me and she took an old mulatto woman with her. Upstairs we found some barrels of flour, and in the cellar four full barrels and a part of another barrel of whisky and a five-gallon demijohn of blackberry cordial. She pleaded with me for the flour and cordial, and I promised to leave them with her. Then she asked me to leave her the remnant of whisky (a very few gallons); but I told her that we must compromise that by filling our canteens first, and then she could have the rest. She consented; all filled our canteens and sent a man to Colonel Hunt to report the capture and ask him to send a wagon quick for the four barrels. One of the men let Mrs. White's father pass out of the house, and he went up town and reported what we had found.

We were waiting quietly for the wagon to come; and as everything was quiet, we concluded to sample the whisky to see if it was any better than that miserably mean pine top edition we had met with in Georgia. So we all sampled our canteens and pronounced it very fine and good. Soon the question was sprung as to how much better it was than "pine top," and we took another drink to ascertain. We agreed that it was "ever so much better." Soon it was stated that if it was "ever so much better," and as we had nothing to do, we might as well take another drink so we could "enjoy" the great difference. So the third round was swallowed, and the goose began to hang a little high and everything seemed to wear a lovelier hue, and I had about forgotten which out-ranked, General Cheatham or myself, when down to the gate marched a lieutenant with about forty men. He saluted me and asked what I was doing there, and something very much like the following occurred. I answered: "I am guarding these prisoners." He asked if I had not searched for contraband articles and found a lot of whisky. I answered him that I had done so. Then said he: "I will relieve you of that whisky and take charge of it myself." Said I: "And that is the very thing you will not do." He replied that Colonel Cofer, the provost marshal of the army, had given him orders to do so. I replied: "I can't help what you or Colonel Cofer want done in this matter, I shall hold the whisky." He replied: "By what right do you claim to hold this whisky in disregard of Colonel Cofer's orders?" I replied: "I hold it by right of discovery, capture, and possession under the order of a major general." He replied: "I am first lieutenant commanding provost guard, under orders of Colonel Cofer, and I will put you and your men under arrest and take the whisky by force." I replied: "I am first lieutenant commanding the Whitworth Sharpshooters of Cheatham's Division, and I will



not give up the whisky, nor will I submit to an arrest by an officer of my own rank."

Just about that time an officer came dashing up to the gate, dismounted, and came rapidly around to where I was. It was my brother, Capt. H. Shannon, of Swett's Battery. As soon as he saw that lieutenant's coat on me he knew there was something wrong, and he ordered the lieutenant and myself both under arrest. This was just what I wanted, as I was only fighting for time for Colonel Hurt's wagon to arrive, so I could turn over the whisky for the wounded of my own division. Soon a wagon came, and old Major Murphy, of Memphis, who was corps commissary, came with it, and put everybody under arrest till he got the whisky in his wagon, and then, relieving everybody from arrest, started his wagon, and the last I saw of him he was following close after my whisky. He even took the part of the barrel I had given Mrs. White. And that was the last time Lieutenant Ozanne ever offered to swap coats with me.

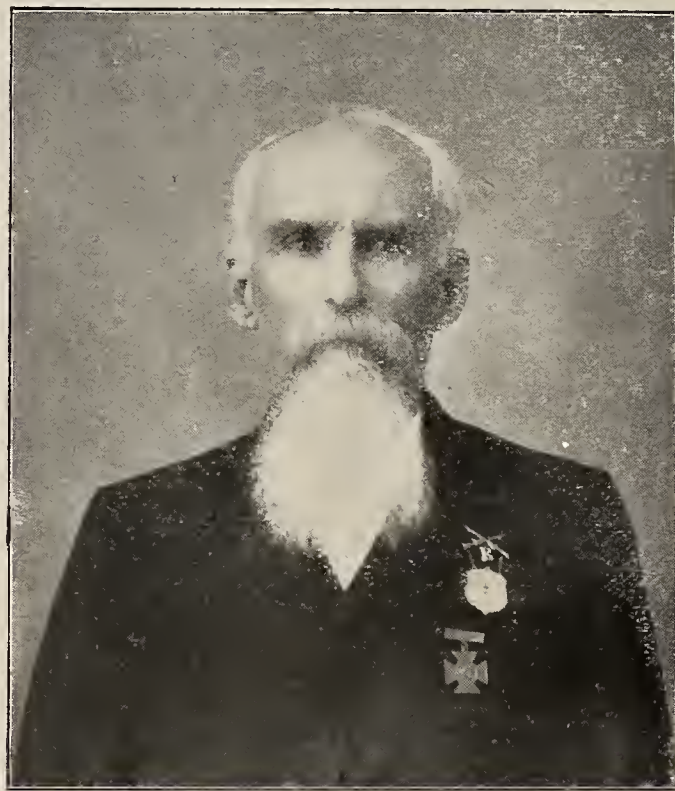
Mrs. White requested that we remain at her house and guard it from further search, which we did, and we fared well while we remained in town. As we returned through Franklin, after the disastrous battle of Nashville, she had provisions cooked and all our haversacks filled. She was a nice, good woman, and her kindness to us will never be forgotten.

Nearly all our ammunition was captured at Nashville, and just before arriving at the pontoon bridge over the Tennessee River we had permission to disband until we got to Corinth. This suited me well, for my bare feet were sore enough. I had made arrangements with a wagoner to mess with him, and the very next morning, just as the wagon train started before daylight, one of General Hood's officers called out to know if I was not there. I answered yes. He ordered me to report at once for duty at the pontoon bridge. I had time to get only my gun and cartridge box, leaving blanket, canteen, and haversack in the wagon. Nearly all our men were caught in the same fix, and our orders were to cross the bridge and go down the river and support Phillip's Battery in an expected assault on the Federal gunboats which were coming up the river. We found the battery nearly, if not exactly, opposite an island (Patton's, I believe). We had nothing to eat, and our division had gone on and left us. We found a water mill with some corn it, and we ground up about three bushels of very good meal. Some of this we swapped for salt, and sent two men out at night and killed a hog belonging to our army, skinned that, and unsoldered a Yankee canteen which made us two frying pans. We were then comfortable. One day three gunboats came puffing up the river, and a masked battery on the far side of the river opened fire, and I heard one shot strike. The gunboats at once turned back and hurried down the river, firing a few shots, one of which wounded the officer commanding the Whitworth Sharpshooters of Cleburne's Division just above the elbow joint. We remained here several days, and our meat gave out and we had to live hard till we got to Corinth. From Corinth we went south-eastward across Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina to North Carolina, where we surrendered. I bought a pair of flank leather shoes on the Black Warrior River in Alabama for eighty-five dollars, which, if new, would not now be worth more than eighty-five cents.

Before closing these reminiscences I want to say more about the great range of these guns. They were sighted up to over two thousand yards, and I always believed they would throw their balls five miles. I do not remember a single instance in which we failed to silence a Federal battery during a skir-

mish, and we often drove them from their positions during a battle if circumstances were favorable to us. The longest practice we ever had at them was down in Georgia. General Johnston's army had fallen back to a new position, and their army formed a line in about a mile of our own. Far back of their line their immense wagon train was parked in a large field, and so great was the distance that we put our sights up to twenty-two hundred, and then aimed at the tops of tall pine trees in the rear of the field. A trial shot revealed the fact that the movements of the air carried the ball about one hundred and fifty feet to the left. Making the proper allowance, we opened fire on them, and in less than thirty minutes there was not a wagon or team left in the field. I always believed the distance to be near three and a half miles.

It is due to Generals Cheatham, Brown, and Maney, who commanded our division, to say that our effectiveness was greatly enhanced by their good sense in letting us alone and leaving us unhampered with orders. Not a man in the detachment but knew more about what to do and when and how to do it than any general officer in the army. And now I will



I. N. SHANNON.

give a sad instance of the interference of an officer with this service that cost many hundreds of lives. At the battle of Franklin gun No. 1 of the 2d Regiment of Missouri Artillery came within my range, and I drove it back with the loss of four gunners at five shots. The other five guns of that battery crossed the river to the east of Franklin, and they were the ones which enfiladed the Confederate lines on the east of the turnpike with such deadly effect. Cleburne's sharpshooters were ordered into line with the infantry, and fought as infantry, when they ought to have advanced down the river, and, taking positions behind trees, stumps, or even in the open field, they could have driven those five guns off in a few minutes and saved hundreds of lives. If our five men could have been there, we could and would have moved them promptly, or the pension roll and Davy Jones's hotel register would have been much larger to-day.



The tendency nowadays is for rapid-firing, breech-loading guns, which must be far superior in point of general effectiveness to muzzle-loaders; but I do not believe a harder-shooting, harder-kicking, longer-range gun was ever made than the Whitworth rifle. I gave my gun and appurtenances to our division surgeon, Dr. W. E. Rogers, of Memphis, at the surrender. He promised to keep it for me till I called for it. He is dead and I want the gun, but have been unable to get it from his family or to hear from them in regard to it. One of these guns is on exhibition at the Watkins Institute in Nashville.

#### CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Confederate monument at Columbia, S. C., standing on the Capitol grounds, was erected by the women of the State in memory of their heroic dead. It was unveiled on May 5, 1879, in the presence of an immense crowd of veterans and citizens from all over the State. The introductory prayer was made by Dr. William Martin, of the Methodist Church, the closing prayer by Bishop Ellison Capers, of the Episcopal Church, and the orator of the day was Col. John Preston. The inscriptions on the monument were composed by Mr. William Henry Trescott, a native of Charleston, S. C., a diplomat of international reputation as well as a litterateur.

#### THIS MONUMENT

Perpetuates the Memory

Of those who, true to the instincts of their Birth,  
Faithful to the teachings of their Fathers,  
Constant in their love for the State,  
Died in the performance of their Duty;

Who

Have glorified a Fallen Cause  
By the simple Manhood of their Lives,  
The patient Endurance of Suffering,  
And the Heroism of Death;

And Who

In the dark hours of Imprisonment,  
In the hopelessness of the Hospital,  
In the short, sharp agony of the Field  
Found Support and Consolation

In the belief

That at home they would not be forgotten.

Let the Stranger

Who may in Future Times

Read this Inscription

Recognize that these were Men

Whom Power could not Corrupt,

Whom Death could not Terrify,

Whom Defeat could not Dishonor.

And let their Virtues plead

For Just Judgment

Of the Cause in which they Perished.

Let the South Carolinian

Of Another Generation

Remember

That the State Taught Them

How to Live and How to Die.

And that from Her Broken Fortunes

She has preserved for Her Children

The Priceless Treasure of their Memories.

Teaching all who May Claim

The Same Birthright

That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism

Endure Forever.

GEN. ARCHIBALD GRACIE'S FURLOUGH.—A correspondent from Huntsville, Tex., writes: "When General Gracie was killed, I was a 'foot courier' for Gen. Bushrod Johnson. I had to copy dispatches and deliver verbally to the generals on the line. One evening when I went to General Gracie's headquarters and walked into his bomb-proof he asked me if I had his furlough. I replied that I didn't know. He took the papers and said, 'Yes, here it is,' and asked me to share with him an eggnog to the health of his boy. Mrs. Gracie was then in Richmond, where the boy he was to go to see was born. Poor General Gracie! He never lived to see that boy. The next day he was going along the breastworks, as was his custom every day; and when he got to the Crater, where the 23d Alabama was stationed, the General, with two others, a captain and a private, stopped to look at some Yankees. Some of the boys asked him what he saw, to which he replied that he saw a general and staff riding along in the rear. About that time the Federals shot at them; and when the shell struck the top of the breastworks, it exploded and killed all three, all falling in a heap together. I did not see this, but write of what was told me by some of my company who did see the catastrophe. When the ambulance brought him out, it stopped near our headquarters. I looked into the front of the ambulance and lifted the hat from his face, and saw it so changed and cold in death. We all loved General Gracie, and I was not the only one who cried that day. I suppose I was one of the last of his old brigade to see him. He was carried to Richmond, but I never knew where he was buried. Colonel Moody, I think, took charge of the brigade; but that gallant little colonel, Martin L. Stansel, of the 41st Alabama Regiment, had charge of the brigade most of the time after that."

#### STORIES ABOUT DARKIES CREDITED TO JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

Hon. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, is the reported author of several humorous stories about old-time darkies.

"While driving along a road near my home, in Mississippi. I observed a darky resting under a tree, and said: 'What are you doing there, Sam?' 'I'se heah to hoe dat corn, sah,' was the answer. 'Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?' 'Not exactly, sah. I ain't hardly restin', cause I ain't tired. I'm waitin' fo' sundown, so's I kin quit work.'

"There is an old negro down in my town who did me a service. I wanted to reward him, so I said: 'Uncle, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a bottle of whisky?' 'Foh de Lo'd, Massa,' he replied, 'you sho'ly knows I buhn wood.'

"When Judge Stevens, of North Carolina, was in Asheville recently, he entertained some friends by telling some of his experiences. He said an old colored woman was brought before him charged with a misdemeanor. The offense was so small that the Judge decided that the payment of a small fine would be sufficient punishment. He knew the old woman had no money, so he questioned her about any other possessions she might have. 'Have you a cow, auntie?' he began. 'Deed, yeh honor, I ain't got no cow.' 'Have you any ducks?' 'No, sir, I ain't got none.' 'Any geese or chickens?' 'Befo' de Lawd, Judge, I ain't got no'hin' but jes' dis yere rheumatiz.' The Judge said he dismissed the case.

"A college president visited a hotel in New York; and when he left the dining room, the negro in charge of the hats picked up his tile without hesitation and handed it to him. 'How did you know that was my hat, when you have a hundred there?' asked the professor. 'I didn't know, sah,' said the negro. 'Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?' 'Because you gave it to me, sah.'"





How many a glorious name for us,  
 How many a story of fame for us  
 They left! Would it not be a blame for us  
   If their memories part  
   From our land and heart,  
 And a wrong to them, and shame for us?  
 But their memories e'er shall remain for us,  
 And their names, bright names, without stain for us;  
 The glory they won shall not wane for us;  
   In legend and lay  
   Our heroes in gray  
 Shall forever live over again for us.

R. R. HANCOCK, AUTHOR OF "HANCOCK'S DIARY."

Richard R. Hancock, private in Company C, 2d Tennessee Regiment Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Command, has passed over the river and now rests under the shade of the trees in God's glorious haven of rest. Comrade Hancock died August 11, 1906, at his home, near Auburn, Tenn. He enlisted at the age of twenty on the 26th of June, 1861, and was honorably paroled on May 10, 1865, date of surrender of Forrest's Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala. He was a typical Southern soldier. He participated in all the engagements of his command up to October, 1864, when he was seriously wounded at Paris Landing, on the Tennessee River, disabling him from active duty until about the close of the war. A braver, more gallant, and faithful soldier was not to be found in the army. His was a courage which nothing could daunt—a bravery which feared no danger. He was modest and full of honor, faithful to every performance of duty. Whether in camp, on the march, or on the firing line, his superior officers and comrades alike honored him for his loyalty to duty. His patriotism knew no bounds; he was a true Southern man in every respect, a soldier by instinct, with implicit confidence in the righteousness of his cause.

He was the author of "Hancock's Diary of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry" and the contributor of many facts of history and parts taken by Forrest's Cavalry. His writings contained the data kept by himself during the entire war, giving each day's movements of the command, his dates of engagements and important movements, and were therefore absolutely correct; hence his "Diary" is invaluable to the future historian, who will seek facts of the world's greatest cavalry leader.

After the close of the war, Comrade Hancock returned to his home, and applied the same devotion to duty in making a useful citizen and the upbuilding of his country as he practiced as a soldier. On September 27, 1871, he was happily married to Miss Sue Lester, who died some five years ago. He was an active member of the Baptist Church, of which he was a member from 1856 and in which he was ordained a deacon in 1877. His final sleep is near the spot that gave him birth, among the hills and valleys that he loved so well. Though the winter's blast may chill and deaden the surrounding verdure of the hills and valleys and make it sad and desolate, yet

the springtime in all its glory and life will return annually and bring to life the roses and lilies to brighten and beautify the little mounds of buried chivalry. When friends and patriots seek for the resting places of the South's heroes, the little swelling mound of R. R. Hancock in Cannon County, Tenn., will not be forgotten.

[The foregoing tribute is by Capt. George F. Hagar, who knew Comrade Hancock well.]

JOHN M. OZANNE.

A true Confederate and a faithful veteran was John M. Ozanne, who died in Nashville November 16, 1906. Mr. Ozanne was a native of France and was sixty-six years old. He came to America when ten years old, and the principal part of his life had been lived in Nashville. He was a useful and highly esteemed citizen. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was assigned to a company of sharpshooters, the heroic type of fighters who did much effective work during the conflict. He was known as one of the best shots and most fearless soldiers of his company. Mr. Ozanne was a man of strong convictions, and took a deep interest in Confederate affairs, being a member of the local organizations. Each year he looked forward to the annual conventions, and he had never missed one of them since the Reunions were inaugurated.

Since being a young man Mr. Ozanne had been actively engaged in business in Nashville, and for twenty-six years he had been in the bread and confectionery business. He served one term as a member of the County Court, being elected for six years in 1894. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, and he established a reputation for honest dealing. He was a valued and useful citizen.

Mr. Ozanne had been twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Higginbotham, of which union there are two children—John H. Ozanne, a West End merchant, and Mrs. Annie Fox, of Memphis. After the death of his first wife, he was married to Miss Lena Thuss, who survives him, and by the second marriage there is one son, Porter Ozanne.

On the evening of his death he had attended a lecture in the large tabernacle well known to Confederates who attended the great Reunions here in 1897 and in 1904. (This lecture, by Robert L. Taylor, now United States Senator, was for the benefit of a private soldier's monument in Nashville.)

It was this sturdy comrade who resigned his commission as a lieutenant because he could not buy his provisions and clothes with the pay. His action changed the laws of the Confederacy, whereby officers were supplied along with the soldiers.

CAPT. MCCOY CLEMSON CAMPBELL.

Capt. M. C. Campbell was born in the purple of an illustrious lineage of Scotch-Irish descent on August 6, 1838. He died November 10, 1906, at his home, near Spring Hill, Tenn. He enlisted in April, 1861, in the Brown Guards, a company formed by his brother, Capt. George W. Campbell, named in honor of his cousin, Miss Luzinka Brown, who became the wife of Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell. The Brown Guards became Company G, 1st Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. We ate, slept, and marched together, constant companions and close friends.

Amid the fierce onset and roar of battle and the shrieks of shells he always led where the fight was the hottest. Around the camp fire he was a noble companion. Although sleeping tentless upon the frozen ground, he was bright and jovial. He was indeed a most lovable man; but in battle he knew no fear, and seemed to court death itself by his heroic cour-



age and superb bravery. A better soldier never answered to roll call in the Confederate army.

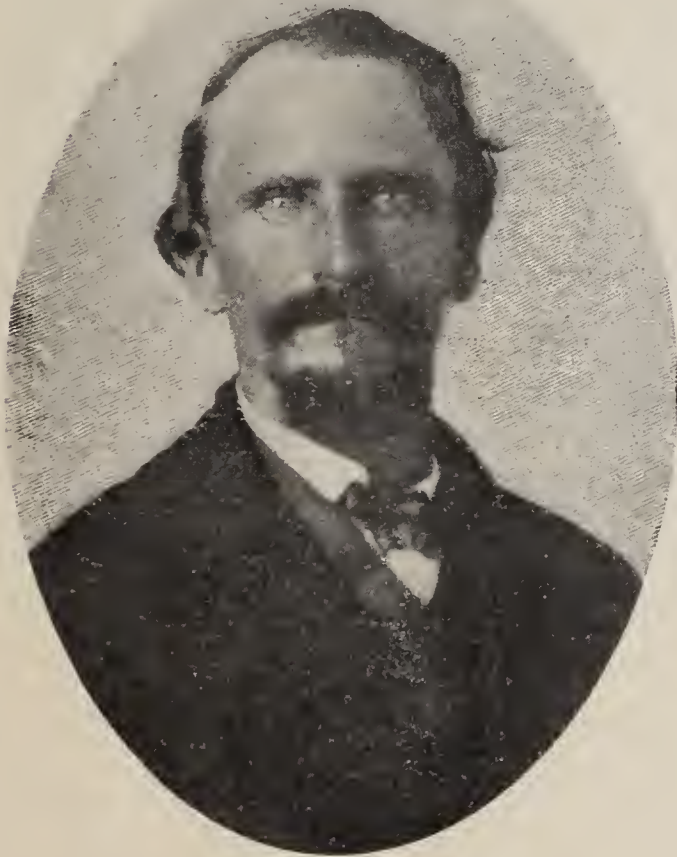
As a citizen, he was always true to the innate principles of his most noble manhood. He was a gentleman without reproach, a neighbor without guile, a Christian without hypocrisy. He has gone to the far-away home of the soul. A wife, six sons, and a daughter survive him, and he bequeathed to them the greatest of legacies—that of a spotless character.

Upon Decoration Day loving ones will repair to Rose Hill Cemetery, Columbia, Tenn., bearing garlands of flowers and lovingly place them upon the grave of Clem Campbell.

[From a tribute by John A. Miller.]

CAPT. C. R. PACE.

Died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Hill, Hickory, Miss., Capt. C. R. Pace on the 7th of August, 1906, just entering his seventieth year, having been born in Kemper County, Miss., July 30, 1837. He enlisted in a company of State troops in the early part of 1861, and was elected first lieutenant of



CAPT. C. R. PACE.

Company G, 8th Mississippi Regiment, in which position he served until elected captain of his company, which was a reward of his meritorious service and signal bravery. After surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865, Captain Pace returned home and engaged in farming. He was married in 1870 to Miss Laura Gibbens, and to them were born five children.

W. W. S. (BILLIE) HARRIS.

On the morning of the last day of the old year 1906, after a lingering illness and much but patient suffering, the soul of W. W. S. Harris returned to God, who gave it. His death, daily expected for weeks, caused general regret.

Comrade Harris was born in Humphreys County, Tenn., November 17, 1841, where he had lived all his life except the

time spent in the Confederate army. No man was better known or more highly respected. He practiced the golden rule by every one. He was loyal to all that was good, great, and noble. His life was like the days, more beautiful in the evening, and like the autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good works and deeds have appeared in the field. He was the last of five brothers and three sisters to "cross the river." His youngest sister (Mrs. Sallie Short, wife of Capt. W. A. Short, who died about four years ago), who was living with him, was found dead sitting in her chair in her room about three hours before his death. It was peculiarly sad—the two funerals and burials of the same family at the same time.

Comrade Harris was a member of Company F, 10th Tennessee Cavalry, which joined Gen. N. B. Forrest during his raid in West Tennessee in 1862, and was in the battle at Parker's Crossroads, where Colonel Napier was killed. He followed the "Wizard of the Saddle" in all of his principal battles and skirmishes until after the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863. During the fall and winter of 1863-64 his command was with General Longstreet's army in East Tennessee. He was with Joseph E. Johnston's army at Dalton, and was under Gen. Joseph Wheeler in all of that famous retreat to Atlanta and until General Hood's raid into Tennessee, when his regiment joined Forrest's command at Florence, Ala., and remained with him until the surrender of his army at Gainesville, Ala., where the men were paroled by Major General Canby on May 10, 1865.

After the surrender Comrade Harris returned home to his father's farm, afterwards began merchandising, and was one of the firm of Harris, Rogers & Co., whose business was destroyed in the fire at Waverly November 26, 1883. He was afterwards appointed Clerk and Master of Chancery Court by Judge Seay in 1887, and reappointed by Judges Gribble and Stout, which office he filled until his death.

He was married to Mrs. Tennie Drummond Berglund April 5, 1888, who, with two sons, survives him.

A few weeks before his death, while confined to his bed, the Cross of Honor was conferred upon him by the Daughters of the Confederacy. No one could have appreciated the honor more highly or have worn it more worthily.

His dying request, that he be buried with Masonic honors (of which he was a member and a long-time treasurer of the Waverly Lodge, No. 304) and that his body be lowered in the grave by old Confederates, was strictly complied with.

He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South. He was a good soldier, a useful citizen, a true friend, a tender father, a devoted husband, a faithful civil officer, and a Christian gentleman.

CAPT. BENJAMIN CLAYTON BLACK.

Capt. B. C. Black was born November 6, 1842, in Rutherford County, Tenn.; and died in Searcy, Ark., November 24, 1906, from the effects of a paralytic stroke received a few months previous. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted as a private in Capt. John McCauley's company, made up at Searcy, Ark., and which became a part of the Arkansas Regiment commanded by the gallant R. G. (Bob) Shaver. While camped at Bowling Green, Ky., young Black was afflicted seriously with measles. He became so feeble that he was (honorably) discharged from the service.

Soon after returning to his home he reënlisted in Capt. Will Hicks's company of cavalry, made up in White County, Ark., which company was on detached service for several months, during which time some severe engagements were



had, the battle of Whitney's Lane being one of the worst. It resulted in a great victory, numbers considered. Captain Black was a participant. After several months of this character of service, the company was attached to the 32d Arkansas Regiment, the last volunteer regiment raised in the State. Said regiment served in Dandridge McRae's Brigade, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. T. C. Hindman commanding.

Black attained to the rank of sergeant major of the regiment. He was in the battles of Prairie Grove and of Helena, Ark. When Little Rock fell into the hands of the Federals, he was inside the lines on furlough. He then reported to Gen. T. H. McCray, who was organizing a brigade in North Arkansas. He, in connection with Capt. T. B. Mosely, organized a company, and a short while after its organization he resigned and Black was elected captain. This company was attached to the 48th Arkansas Cavalry Regiment, which made the famous Missouri raid. Captain Black and his company were in its every engagement. No truer or more gallant soldier ever lived.

He took an active part in the political affairs of his county, filling the positions of Alderman, Treasurer, and Mayor of his little city; also sheriff of his county for several years. He was Adjutant of Walker McRea Camp of Confederate Veterans and Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of Gen. R. R. Poe's 3d Arkansas Brigade, U. C. V. Best of all, he was a Christian—a member of the Baptist Church from early boyhood, being loyal and faithful to his profession.

J. S. HILL.

J. Sloan Hill, an ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Brighton, Tenn., January 17, 1907, in his sixty-sixth year. He enlisted in Company C, 9th Tennessee Infantry, organized in Tipton County in April, 1861, and served faithfully and well for four years as a private, and was discharged about the 1st of May, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C. He was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged; and, although slightly wounded at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Atlanta, was disabled for but a few days at any time.

He was a Christian and died in the faith. He became a member of the "old school" Presbyterian Church when a mere boy, and was for several years prior to his death an elder in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

[The foregoing is signed "Brother" and dated at Memphis.]

MRS. THEODORE L. BURNETT.

[A tribute from one who knew and loved her well.]

Elizabeth Shelby Gilbert was born in 1832. She became the wife of Judge Theodore L. Burnett in 1852. On the evening of January 29, 1902, a brilliant assemblage of friends wished her and her noble husband many happy returns upon their golden wedding anniversary. Among the numerous and handsome gifts to the bride of fifty years was a U. D. C. pin of rubies and diamonds, presented with many messages of love and good wishes by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was an honored member. On the morning of January 7, 1907, there dawned upon her a day of eternal happiness, and her noble life on earth was ended.

In personal appearance Mrs. Burnett was strikingly attractive; possessed of unusual beauty of form and features, tall, stately, with an ease and grace of bearing which stamped her the thorough gentlewoman. Added to these charms was a vigorous, well-stored mind and an almost unerring judgment. Her fund of reminiscence was varied and charming, and her

friends were ever eager to hear a recital of her thrilling experiences during the War between the States. Her husband, Judge Burnett, was a member of the Confederate Congress. She shared with him the vicissitudes of war, and was a helpmeet indeed, a veritable tower of strength to him.

Soon after the close of the war the Southern women of Louisville organized the Confederate Monument Association. Mrs. Burnett worked zealously in this organization until its



ELIZABETH SHELBY GILBERT BURNETT.

efforts were crowned with success in the erection of a beautiful monument to Kentucky's Confederate dead. The monument occupies a prominent position on one of the broad streets of the city.

Mrs. Burnett was a charter member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and was prominent in every good work, her wise counsel and advice being sought and relied upon in every important undertaking. She, with a few other faithful women of Louisville, struggled to establish a Confederate Home, giving unstintingly of her means and labor for this greatly desired consummation, and from these heroic efforts has been evolved the elegant Home at Pewee Valley.

She most earnestly desired the erection of a monument at Shiloh to the memory of the Kentuckians who fell upon that battlefield, and we who were privileged to hear her appeal to the Legislature in the winter of 1905 for an appropriation for that purpose can never forget the striking picture presented by her and her gallant husband, who introduced her. Splendid representatives these two were of the grand man and grand woman of the grand old South. We who loved her



and honored her and relied upon her felt then that she was growing frail. An attack of pneumonia soon followed, from which she never quite recovered.

She was a communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, an exemplar of "pure and undefiled religion."

She was admired in society for her graciousness and kindness of heart. In her home Mrs. Burnett reigned queen, her husband, her children, her children-in-law, and her children's children delighting to do her honor.

As the days went by and "sunset and evening star and one clear call" came to her, she grew more beautiful. Her last evidence of consciousness upon this earth was a smile of ineffable love and tenderness given to her devoted daughter. Her sweet eyes closed, and after that the dark. But she feared no evil, knowing whose rod and whose staff would comfort her, and so she passed into the light that never fails. Her life work well done, she has responded to the summons of the King: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

We shall not see her like again, this grand, stately "lady" of the Old South. But the "memory of the just is blessed," and her memory will be treasured—a very benediction.

[In the April issue will appear valuable reminiscences of crossing the lines by Mrs. Burnett.]

VIRGINIA DYER.

They err who tell us that only the memory of the departed glory of the South remains. When the stars and bars were folded around the wrecked hopes of Southern nationality, when the Southland wept over the sepulchers of its martyred dead and mourned the ashes of its charred splendor, there were left untarnished the rich heritage of its national characteristics of blood—her cherished ideals that gave to that glory a soul. They withstood the storms of the reconstruction, and stand out to-day towering landmarks, architects in the upbuilding of the New South.

Virginia Dyer typified those characteristics in their fullness. She was a daughter of George W. Dyer and Caroline Keith, of Batesville, Miss., and a descendant of the early Dyer and Childress families of Nashville, Tenn., who were prominent in the social and political life of the Old South and who gave valiant service to the Confederacy.

She graduated from the State Female College at Memphis, Tenn., and taught in the schools near her home for several years. Later she took a special course in structural geography, science, history, and literature at the Chicago University, where she won distinguished honors. As an educator and lecturer, she was accorded front rank, and was one of the first Southern women to enter this line of achievements. Her brilliant mind was influenced by a high spiritual nature. She

vitalized whatever she touched in educational or religious lines. She lectured in Chicago to the delight of critical audiences.

Returning to Mississippi, she gave valuable services in this line to the normal institutes for several years, and was designated for a time "The Orator of Mississippi." As supervisor of nature study, professor of psychology and pedagogy to the city teachers of Memphis, she won fresh laurels. While there she also gave parlor talks before the Nineteenth Century Club and Woman's Council. These were made the occasion of social events as well.

Her versatile genius was shown to great advantage in a ten months' stay at Battle Creek, Mich., where she gave parlor talks to a cosmopolitan company of scholars, specialists, missionaries, and millionaires.

In a Rocky Mountain tour of five thousand miles in company with the Press Association of Mississippi a few years since Miss Dyer gave topographical readings from the car window that were preserved on the printed records of that body.

She removed to Barstow, Tex., a few years since with her father, who has large interests there. An extension of her brilliant career was planned for that State; but it was rudely ended by her death, which occurred October 22, 1906.

[The foregoing is by Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph, Nashville.]

DR. HARVEY SHANNON.

Dr. Harvey Shannon was born January 18, 1831, near Goodlettsville, Tenn., the eldest son of the late Harvey and Mary Shannon. At an early age he graduated in medicine, and prior to the war he practiced in Georgia, Holly Springs, and Vicksburg, Miss. At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, he assisted in forming an artillery company at Vicksburg, known as Swett's Battery, of which he was made lieutenant and afterwards captain of the company. He served with distinction until paroled at Johnston's surrender. His battery was in Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, and shared with that gallant brigade its fortunes and misfortunes from Shiloh to Jonesboro, Ga., where the battery was captured.

Captain Shannon was badly wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge on Tunnel Hill by an iron ball from a twenty-pound shrapnel shell, which broke his collar bone, passed down through his lung, and out near the backbone below his shoulder. He came out of the battle of July 20 at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, with a shattered arm. At Chickamauga he fought Loomis's celebrated six-gun battery of the Federal army, and with some assistance from Key's Battery cut it to pieces. It was captured eventually and held by Govan's Brigade for a short while. Captain Shannon received the surrender of the captain of Loomis's Battery, who presented him with his fine sash and field glass with the remark: "You have done the — best firing to-day I ever saw done." While General Burnside's forces were at Knoxville and General Sherman's army at Chattanooga rations were being sent from Chattanooga by five light-draft steamboats on the Tennessee River, and Captain Shannon was selected to destroy these boats. He did considerable injury to two boats; but he failed to destroy them, as he could use only seven pounds of powder in a charge placed in a stick of cord wood; and after the second boat was injured, orders were given to split every large piece of steamboat wood, and one of the new "infernal machines," as the Yankees called them, was discovered, and thus the plan was frustrated.

Dr. Shannon was married to Miss Lucy Irwin, of Vicksburg, Miss., and they lived happily together forty years. They





removed to Ocean Springs, Miss., and made their home there for several years. Five children blessed their lives. The eldest, Harvey, a noble young man, passed away five years ago. The surviving children are Irwin and William Shannon, of New Orleans; Miss Lucy Shannon, of Clinton, Ky.; and Mrs. Charles H. Warwick, of Nashville, at whose home his death occurred May 14, 1906. Besides these, he leaves several grandchildren, a full brother and sister, I. N. Shannon, of Dickson, and Mrs. Mary Freeman, of Baker's, Tenn., and a half-sister, Mrs. Orpha Wyatt, who resides at Greenville, Ky.



DR. HARVEY SHANNON.

[The foregoing is from a niece of Monticello, Fla., who concluded: "Sleep on, dear uncle."]

In a personal tribute Charles W. Harmon said of him:

"Whatever Dr. Shannon did was well considered and executed in the most unostentatious manner. After the war, when the dark days of reconstruction in Mississippi were fraught with events of oppression, when the yoke of provoking insult and injustice was chafing the Southern neck, he was again looked to to guide the people of his section, which he did successfully, using pacific means when the best policy, and again employing daring tactics when the emergency demanded.

"The latter years of his life were mainly devoted to the practice of his profession, and in this he was the same quiet, earnest, careful man, ever seeking the well-being of others above his own advancement. In war, in peace, in the Church, in the chamber of sickness, in the quiet of his home he was a tower of inspiration, of comfort, of good cheer, and Christian example. He lived his principles, and was as nearly as can be found an embodiment of the golden rule.

"He faced death as he faced every emergency in his eventful career. When such a life is to be yielded up, the end is always well. God gave him length of days, and in return he gave the years back to his Creator full of benefactions to his times and fellow-men. He has gone to meet his comrades now who are bivouacked on that shore where deeds of mercy and heroism done on earth are wrought into crowns of eternal rewards. His memory to those who knew him intimately will come as sweet incense from the past at eveningtide, and his life stands boldly forth as an example founded on truth that welcomed duty in every form and knew no fear."

DR. A. C. SLOAN.

Dr. A. C. Sloan, of Corsicana, Tex., died November 30, aged sixty-three years. That "Death loves a shining mark" was verified when he relentlessly swooped down and snatched from the bosom of his family one who was near and dear to so many of his friends and who seemed so necessary to the community in which he lived. To those at a distance who had last seen him in perfect health the sudden news came as

a shock. Memory recalled the near neighbor and friend who upon so many occasions of anxiety for the fate of loved ones had come into our home as a harbinger of rest and uttered reassuring words when the heart was faint, and who through years had been ever faithful and true.

Perhaps there were few men who ever filled the place of family physician so completely in every sense of the word. He was the safe confidant, the calm, unbiased adviser in every time of trial, and wore ever the white flower of a blameless life. He entered a sick room with softened tread, bending reverently to the agony he was called upon to alleviate; but his clear eye never faltered as he reassured the sufferer and inspired the hopes of the watchers.

Dr. Sloan was truly "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and this had mellowed his life into gentleness and given his manner a touch of tenderness to all wayward, suffering humanity, which gained for him the confidence and affection of his people. When only a youth he gave his willing service to the Confederacy in his native State, Alabama. When the banner of the Southern cross was furled, he turned to face the world in a hand-to-hand struggle for himself and loved ones, and to his brothers and sisters was "as a great rock in a weary land."

Going to Texas in 1868, he settled in Navarro County, near Dresden, and practiced his profession successfully. He made a trip to Europe, where he studied the best methods of surgery, and upon his return removed to Corsicana, where for twenty-five years he was one of her most honored citizens and successful practitioners. Intellectual, scientific, always dignified, he was ever reserved and unassuming. His influence was elevating, his example inspiring, his charity known only to its recipients, and his memory will be cherished in the hearts of his friends as something rare and beautiful.

To her who was the loved companion of all his joys and griefs, the one to whom his sensitive nature clung with undying fidelity, and to his children all hearts go out in sympathy as we stand with bowed heads in the presence of a loss time can never obliterate. To him all is peace and rest; and as the sands of life were slipping fast, he might have truly felt with the poet:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea!

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark!

For though from out our bourn of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar."

[The foregoing is by Mrs. A. V. Winkler, of El Paso, Tex.]

OVERTON S. OGILVIE.

Overton S. Ogilvie was born in Williamson County, Tenn., September 27, 1839; and died at his home, in Marshall County, Tenn., in May, 1905. In youth he went to Louisiana and took charge of a large farm owned by his father, Alfred S. Ogilvie. While there the Civil War came on, and he enlisted, taking with him his faithful servant, Henry. He did valiant service for his country with Captain Vincent's company, Dick Taylor's command, at St. Landry Parish, La.



He was in active service to the end. He returned to his boyhood home a physical wreck and penniless. Soon he regained his former strength and energy.

He married Miss Mary Clark, whom he had known from her childhood. They reared to maturity ten children, seven boys and three girls. He was indeed a noble character. His



OVERTON OGILVIE.

everyday life was a beautiful example of truth and integrity. He calmly met every obligation, and he put his trust and faith in One he knew would comfort and sustain until the end. In his family circle it was his delight to relate thrilling incidents of his soldier life around Washington and many other places. Two well-remembered comrades were Dan Quirk and Eugene Blakemore. No Confederate soldier ever loved the cause he espoused and the dear Southland more than Overton S. Ogilvie.

["Sister Alice" sends above "with the sweetest memories."]

## SALUDA COUNTY VETERANS.

Three among the best of Saluda County (S. C.) Confederates passed away during 1906. All three died of heart disease.

James H. Watson passed over in June. He made a brave soldier, as well as a good citizen afterwards.

James B. Suddath died in August. He enlisted at the beginning of the war; and, though disabled by a wound in the arm, he served faithfully to the end.

James A. Merritt answered the summons in October, at the age of seventy-three years.

Thus one by one they leave us, the brave boys of the South.

## JUDGE JOHN B. PILSBURY.

The earthly career of Judge John B. Pilsbury, of Americus, Ga., was ended on the 22d of October, 1906, after an illness of many months. He had been a resident of Americus for half a century, and held a prominent position in the life of that

section. He was a native of Winnsboro, S. C., but removed to Georgia when a young man. He served gallantly through the war with the 1st Georgia Regiment. For years he was Commander of Camp Sumter, of Americus, and the success of the Camp is due largely to his efforts. He engaged in the practice of law after the war, and served as judge for years in local courts. He was seventy-two years of age. His wife and a daughter survive him.

## DR. J. M. ABBOTT.

The death of Dr. J. M. Abbott at Trilba, Fla., January 4, 1907, was a distressing event. Although a Veteran (and they are all old), he was of such activity, physically and mentally, that his loss becomes a public calamity. Dr. Abbott was born in Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1844. He enlisted in the Confederate service at the age of eighteen years. He was second lieutenant, then first lieutenant, and in 1864 was in command of his company, E, 5th Kentucky Infantry. He was in many of the severe and famous battles, including Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, and Rock Face Gap.

Dr. Abbott removed to Texas soon after the war, and in the practice of law was successful. He returned, however, to Kentucky and took up the study of medicine. He graduated in the New York Medical College, and soon went to Florida, where a town is named in his honor. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Baptist Church.

Dr. Abbott sustained a severe injury by a wound in the battle



DR. J. M. ABBOTT.

of Jonesboro, Ga., that caused a hemorrhage of the lungs occasionally and resulted at last in his death.

In his final words to the wife and son he said: "Bury me in my uniform of gray; for four years I wore it with honor and pride, and I want to be laid to rest in the same."

Other Last Roll notices are unavoidably held over.



## MONUMENT OF WADE HAMPTON.

A most singular oversight occurred in the failure to mention even the name of the sculptor of the Wade Hampton colossal statue used on the front page of the *VETERAN* for December, which is regarded as one of the greatest works of art yet produced anywhere. The print in the *VETERAN* was very defective. It was molded November 20, 1906.

The fund of \$20,000 by the State of South Carolina was liberally supplemented by private subscriptions, and the leading papers of the South have been lavish in its praise. Mr. Ruckstuhl is himself very much pleased with his success, and his pride in it is hardly second to that of his *Gloria Victis* in Baltimore, which appeared on the front page of the *VETERAN* for March, 1903.

In a conversation with Mr. Ruckstuhl, he manifested his pride and gratitude, which are justified by the widespread testimonials he has received. Of many voluntarily written evidences of appreciation, the *VETERAN* requested a copy of the following letter from a son of the distinguished soldier, statesman, and citizen. It is as follows:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 21, 1906.

"My Dear Mr. Ruckstuhl: When the equestrian statue of my father, Gen. Wade Hampton, was unveiled yesterday, I saw it for the first time. This first and last impression was awe-inspiring, and made me feel that I saw my father as I knew him on horseback.

"I consider that the people of South Carolina are to be congratulated upon receiving from your hands such a magnificent piece of work and a statue perfect in purport and detail. With my regards and best wishes, yours very truly,

G. McD. HAMPTON."

Gen. M. C. Butler, in his oration at the unveiling, said: "Permit me in passing to congratulate you in securing the services of so accomplished an artist and sculptor for the design and completion of this historic picture, and to congratulate him (Mr. Ruckstuhl) on the taste and ability shown by him in his work. The appearance, the pose, the ornamentation, the artistic proportions, the likeness, the mounted attitude are as near perfect as it seems to me human effort and ingenuity can make them."

The Monument Commission, appointed by the Legislature, selected Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl as the sculptor without "competition" on the strength of his past work. The contract was signed two years ago, when Mr. Ruckstuhl went to Paris to make the statue.

The sculptor has represented Hampton riding down the line at a review of his troops and saluting them as they cheer him. The statue is fifteen and a half feet high, and was cast by the compagnie A. Durenne at Paris. It was shipped complete in a case sixteen feet high via Havre and New York to Savannah by boat, and from there by rail to Columbia, where it arrived safely. The sculptor followed it all the way from Paris, and watched each loading and unloading.

The horse's head in the bronze is not reined in, but the horse himself bends his head proudly as he bears his master, cheered by his soldiers.

The pedestal, in the designing of which Mr. Ruckstuhl was assisted by M. J. L. Fougousse, of Paris, consists, first, of a slight grassy mound; secondly, of a curb having beautifully designed angle railings of bronze; thirdly, of another grass mound; fourthly, of two steps of Winnsboro granite; and, finally, of a die made in Brussels of gray granite quarried in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace. The die is completely polished. It is mounted with twelve bronze plaques bearing

names of ten battles and dedications to Hampton, besides inscriptions in raised bronze, antique Roman letters. The pedestal is thirteen and a half feet high and of unusually happy proportion. The whole monument is twenty-nine feet high and cost complete thirty thousand dollars.

The monument is a great success with the people, and "is considered the finest monument in the South."

Mr. Ruckstuhl is the author of many public monuments, among which are celebrated Confederate monuments at Baltimore and Little Rock.

The New York Times says of it:

"In Columbia the likeness to General Hampton is regarded as perfect by those who have had the chance to see it. The sculptor depicts Hampton baring his head as soldiers defile before him—this in order to obtain a greater likeness and naturalness than would have been the case if he had placed the hat on. He has tried to steer clear of too much realism on the one side and too much conventionalism on the other. The horse especially is treated in a monumental way, with parts of the head, for instance, slightly exaggerated in order to carry well at a distance. The pedestal is about fourteen feet high and the whole monument nearly thirty. In the arching neck he means to express the pride of a thoroughbred. Hampton was a very dignified man of the old school, the very opposite of the men who supplanted him in the political field and occasionally amuse themselves by turning the Senate of the United States into a beer garden. This dignity the sculptor has tried to express.

"The statue, cast by A. Durenne, of Paris, is about sixteen feet high and weighs seventy-five hundred pounds.

"One of the commission from the Legislature, B. A. Morgan, writes to the Columbia State that it is 'artistic, imposing, inspiring, satisfying.' J. G. Marshall writes: 'The likeness to General Hampton is remarkably fine. It is a great success.' E. McIver Williamson says: 'The statue grows on me. It is Wade Hampton. The oftener I see it, the more I admire it.'



THE WADE HAMPTON STATUE IN COLUMBIA, S. C.



Gen. T. W. Carwile, who commands the Confederate Veterans of South Carolina, informs the State that he is much pleased with it."

The State said in commenting upon the monument: "The Hampton statue is a magnificent work of art. It is worthy of the subject, the masterpiece of a master. Hearty thanks are due the Hampton Monument Commission for their excellent judgment. They have been brilliantly successful in discharging the duty imposed on them by the Legislature."

The Columbia State says further in reporting the event:

"The statue to Gen. Wade Hampton is South Carolina's tribute in enduring bronze not only to that great captain of cavalry but to the men who rode with him in Virginia and to the men who counseled with him in 1876. This monument is but a typification of the chivalry and manhood of the South.

"The people of South Carolina contributed to this monument fund, and hundreds are interested personally in the successful fruition of their hopes. What they were unable to raise was supplemented by the Legislature. The first act approved by Gov. D. C. Heyward after he became Governor reads:

"Whereas the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the last Democratic Convention:

"Whereas it has pleased God, in his wise providence, to call to his eternal rest our illustrious fellow-citizen, Wade Hampton; and whereas we, the representatives of South Carolina in convention assembled, recalling his glorious example in war and in peace, and especially mindful of his incalculable service to the State as her leader and counselor in 1876, would put on record our sense of his noble career and our appreciation of his loss; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of Gen. Wade Hampton South Carolina laments the loss of one of her greatest citizens and most distinguished soldiers and a leader and counselor in her direst necessity, to whom she owes a debt of lasting veneration and love. His name and fame are a heritage of which any people might be proud. And we further recommend that a suitable statue be erected by the State and placed in the State Capitol; therefore

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, That the sum of twenty thousand dollars be appropriated, to be used in connection with ten thousand dollars to be raised by voluntary contribution. Said twenty thousand dollars shall not become available until the sum of ten thousand dollars shall be raised by voluntary contributions and the same shall have been deposited in some bank within the State to the credit of the commission to be appointed by the Governor. The total shall be used for the purpose of erecting upon the Capitol grounds an equestrian statue to the memory of Wade Hampton."

#### INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex., writes: "I want to express my approval of the erection of a monument to the memory of Captain Wirz, who was unjustly murdered by the United States authorities, and hope to make a donation individually and perhaps one from this Camp. I hope you will see fit to encourage the building of the same. Generations to follow should know that the Southern people hold in high esteem him who was made a martyr to the cause of the Confederacy."

Jap Logan, Buel, Johnson County, Tex.: "On the 22d of July, 1864, southeast of Atlanta, Ga., Second Lieut. Ed Ashby went with us in a charge made by our command in the

rear of the Federal army. He was never seen or heard of by his company afterwards. Any information of him that can be furnished will be gratefully appreciated. Our command was Company H, 10th Texas Regiment, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. Any one there will remember that rear movement and the Rebel yell made by Hardee's Corps. I had the honor to command Company H until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where I got my leg broken and was not able to fight any more."

#### NOTES OF HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS EVENTS.

The Memphis *Appeal* of June 17, 1862, quotes as follows from the Lynchburg *Republican*: "Good for Jack. An incident occurred with our friend Jack Alexander, during Jackson's recent dashes in the Valley, which should be put on record. In the neighborhood of Martinsburg our cavalry, among which was the Campbell company, commanded by Captain Jack, came up with and captured a number of Yankees who had in their possession a whole flock of negro women with their little pickaninnies and who were found in the wagons belonging to the army. Of course our boys took possession of the contrabands and turned them southward, with their Yankee friends keeping them company, Jack guarding the whole. But a short distance had been made when the little brats began to show signs of breaking down, and Jack, ordering a halt, directed each of the prisoners to take one of the little sables in his arms, telling them they had brought them there, and he'd be d—d if they should not carry them back! The order was obeyed, but with evident reluctance, and the march was recommenced, among the audible titterings of our boys and the suppressed curses of the Yanks. In this way they entered Winchester, the little brats fondling their nurses in some cases, and in others squalling as only they knew how. The scene was most ludicrous, and many a stern soldier, unused to the 'melting mood,' laughed until he cried."

Col. Fred L. Robertson, of Tallahassee, Fla., sent the above and adds: "In the same copy of the *Appeal* I found an excerpt from the Atlanta *Confederacy*, entitled 'Plunderings, Robberies, Outrages, and Atrocities of the Yankees in Middle Tennessee.' The article was brought out by the fulsome resolution adopted by the Yankee convention held at Nashville a short time before which stated that the 'forbearance, moderation, and gentlemanly deportment of the officers and soldiers of the Federal army, since their occupation of Tennessee, challenge our highest admiration.' I do not think these items should be lost or forgotten. The Yankees hold themselves up to the world as models of refinement, of culture, and of Christian forbearance; when, if they had justice done them, many of them would be in a penitentiary for stealing from the South the silver that adorns their tables, the jewels worn by their wives and daughters and of which they boast as 'captured,' as also the paintings on their walls and the finest furniture that adorns their houses. One Virginia lady who sat behind the wife of a general officer in Trinity Church, New York, discovered that the wife of a general was wearing her fine shawl. She informed her husband of the fact, and told him she intended to have it; that she knew it by a tiny darn that she had worked herself. The shawl had been stolen as usual. During the service the Virginia lady leaned over and said: 'That is my shawl you have on. We are stopping at the St. Nicholas.' The wearer turned crimson for the rest of the service, and early next morning the shawl was sent to the hotel designated."



*THE GREAT SOUTH—MATERIALLY.*

From a paper signed by W. W. Finley, new President of the Southern Railway, the following notes are taken concerning "the conspicuous industrial growth of the New South:"

"One of the most interesting stories of to-day is that of American industrial, commercial, and agricultural expansion. The decade closing with 1906 was the most remarkable in American history. In the ten years the republic emerged full-fledged as a world power. In this development the South was most conspicuous. The farms of the Southern States during this remarkable period gave the country its balance of trade with foreign lands. Cotton was the largest single article in the list of agricultural exports, and a majority of it came from the States traversed by the Southern Railway and its allied lines.

"The Southern Railway, like other lines of the country, was taxed to the limit in taking care of traffic. The growth of business exceeded the anticipation and prediction of the most optimistic economist. To have followed the dictates of the oversanguine might have proved disastrous. . . .

"The main territory traversed by the Southern Railway system, south of the Potomac and Ohio and east of the Mississippi, comprising about twelve per cent of the continental area of the Union, contributed more of the fruits of agriculture to world use than any other area on the face of the earth. The staples of this Southern region have thus become international, rather than national and sectional. They enter into the necessities of more people than those from the other sections of the planet. Of the eight important American exports, four are almost solely produced in the South, and these four—cotton, tobacco, oil cake and meal, and vegetable oil—contribute twenty-five per cent of the entire farm surplus of the American republic, coming, as already stated, from twelve per cent of the country's area.

"The year 1906 is one of an even dozen in the history of the Southern Railway, each a year of increased growth as well as responsibility; for not only has the road more than doubled its length, and earnings as well as operating expenses increased in proportion, but new problems present themselves for solution. Originally an agricultural line, it is now an industrial one, for the industrial growth of the South in the past decade had no equal in any other geographical division of the United States.

"The relation the South sustains agriculturally to the people of the world is fully established. For years it was regarded as a one-crop country, but within the decade it has risen to a commanding place in various ways, and in combination with its former great staple—and still staple—it has a multiplicity of farm crops which now participate in supplying Northern and foreign markets.

"Corresponding with this marvelous agricultural growth has been the industrial development, an attainment that has a most substantial basis. No other region of equal size on any continent has greater diversity and extent of natural resources in deposits of coal, iron ore, structural materials, and of rare and economic minerals, combined with forests of merchantable timber and unrivaled water powers.

"The increase in capital in Southern manufactures in the five-year period ending with 1905 was sixty-five per cent compared with forty per cent in the whole country, while the increase in products was forty-four per cent compared with thirty-two per cent in the country at large. Reports to the Land and Industrial Department of the Company show that

1,198 new industries were located in territory covered by the Southern Railway and Mobile and Ohio Railroad during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, and there was no diminution of activity for the last half of the year.

"The financial growth has been widespread and well distributed, as evidenced by the growth of the banking business. According to the report of the United States Comptroller of Currency, deposits in the banks of the South June 30, 1896, were two hundred and twenty-one and a half millions, which sum had increased June 30, 1906, to eight hundred and eighty-two and a third millions, or four times as much. Fifteen years ago there were eleven hundred banks in the South; now there are twenty-seven hundred. Thirty years ago there were nine hundred newspapers; now there are twenty-five hundred. Educational facilities have multiplied, but particulars of growth in all directions could be indefinitely detailed.

"The South has nearly as many seaports as all the rest of the country combined. The total exports and imports are not as great, but the figures are growing. During the fiscal year 1906 Southern ports sent abroad six hundred and forty-two millions of products compared with five hundred and fifty-five millions in the preceding year, while imports increased from eighty-three millions to one hundred and one millions. The ports of the South are nearer the West Indies, South America, and the Panama Canal than any other in the Union, and in the trade now in sight with our neighbors of Latin America the South has the supreme advantage.

"The known potentialities of the South and many yet to be reckoned with under the whip and spur of steam and electricity, aided by scientific research and application, promise much for industry and intelligence in the coming years; and so the Southern horizon shows no signs of stagnation, but instead acceleration and achievement. The wealth and variety of possibilities and opportunities for brain, brawn, and capital are so vast in the South that they baffle the mind to fully grasp their magnitude. Go where you may, there is room for energy and ambition with ample compensation for every expenditure of effort. There will be discouragements, individual and sectional, and occasional impatience that somebody or some place may be doing a little better; but persons and localities most sure to win out and share rightly in the increasing greatness are those who know there is a great work to do and concentrate their energies and back faithfully every interest directly or indirectly necessary to their home development. All ambitions and emoluments cannot be realized this week or month or year; but the earnest and honest worker of the South, regardless of his calling, is living in a section which has no equal on this continent for gaining all of the rewards of persistent and intelligent labor."

*PRESIDENT J. T. HARAHAH.*

The system of the Illinois Central Railroad is a different one from that of which he took charge sixteen years ago. By absorption and extension it has added many hundreds of miles to its total length and increased its earning power many fold. All this extension work has taken place under Mr. Harahan's direct supervision. He knows every foot of the roadway, and he is perfectly familiar with it from personal observation. Not only is he familiar with the physical condition of the property, but equally so with the earning capacity and possibilities of every section of the system. At a moment's notice he can tell where the bulk of the tonnage comes



from, of what the bulk of the tonnage of every section consists, and the possibilities of its future increase and expansion.

It is by this faculty of informing himself as to the general interests of the great railroad and as to how they best can be promoted that Mr. Harahan has attained his success. The one particular thing in earlier days that attracted the attention of his superiors was that he went outside the round of his duties to serve the interests of the road.

With every part of the work of railroad operation Mr. Harahan is practically familiar. He knows the process of tamping a tie; he knows every section of the machinery of which a locomotive is composed, and could put them together like an expert machinist; he can take out a long freight train and handle the throttle as efficiently as the most skillful engineer; he knows by experience all the dangers and all the experiences which befall the average train hand, for he has undergone them all, and no man is more competent than he to judge of merit on the part of his subordinates. He is, in short, a thorough railroad man.

Mr. Harahan has been called the Ulysses S. Grant of the American railway world because of his indomitable energy and perseverance and the faculty he possesses of pegging away at any difficulty encountered until it is removed and his purpose has been accomplished. He is a big man, of massive frame, strong physically, strong mentally, and with an insatiable determination to acquire all the information obtainable on any subject in which he becomes interested. His scientific as well as practical knowledge of everything relating to railroad affairs is extraordinary. Mr. Harahan is likewise a big-hearted man, considerate to the widest extent of the rights and feelings of his subordinates. He is a man of

few words, but is keenly observant of everything taking place about him, having a keen insight into the motives which prompt men's actions or the results that are likely to follow. He therefore excels in selecting the right men for important places. He is self-possessed; nothing perturbs him. When confronted with an emergency, he meets it with serenity and a clearness of perception of what is required and with alertness, energy, and determination.

It is said of him that, while other men are thinking of how a thing should be done, he has accomplished it; and if asked how he fulfilled his purpose, he simply points to the result, the only explanation with which he is concerned. He is not given to paying attention to methods so long as the results are satisfactory. He is impatient of delay, and cannot endure procrastination. While a man of few words, Mr. Harahan gives his instructions in definite terms, and he expects his orders to be carried out with alertness and precision.

While deprived at the beginning of his career of a technical training, Mr. Harahan recognizes the desirability of possessing such an experience. The pioneer period in railroading, in his opinion, has passed, and the successful railroad manager of the future must understand the whys and wherefores of every action. He must be the master of the principles of operation. Science and practice must be combined. Mr. Harahan, therefore, is the warm advocate of technical schools for railroad men, or rather for the youth who aims at devoting himself to a railroad career.

It gives the VETERAN sincere pleasure to testify that Mr. Harahan has always shown the greatest consideration for the Confederate Veterans, and has by his prompt and liberal coöperation contributed to the success of all of their Reunions. Although he fought on the other side, he has invariably manifested a sympathy and good will as generous as if he had been their associate in arms.

Mr. Harahan was entertained by the Nashville Board of Trade in January; and after leaving the city, he wrote to the President, Mr. Leland Hume: "I am pleased to receive the resolutions passed by the Board of Directors of the Nashville Board of Trade, expressing their confidence in my ability as a railroad manager, my friendship for Nashville, the State of Tennessee, and the South, and tendering me, as the chief executive of this company, their loyal support. For these expressions please convey to the Board my sincere and heartfelt thanks. The entrance into Nashville of the Illinois Central Railroad was the consummation of one of the greatest ambitions of my long railroad career, and there will be no change in my policy to do all within my power that is just and right to upbuild and see Nashville what it is destined to be—one of the foremost cities of this country. I could have no other feeling for the home of my early days, where remain unbroken some of my sweetest ties of friendship, and where at last by the side of many loved ones I expect all that is mortal of me to rest forever in peace."

The people of Louisiana entertained Mr. Harahan in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, on December 15 ult. There were more than one hundred and ninety participants at the dinner. Addresses were made as follows, Hon. Martin Berhman serving as toastmaster: Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, "Welcome from the State;" Samuel L. Gilmore, "The City of New Orleans;" Milton H. Smith, "The Great Railroads of the South;" M. J. Sanders, "Ocean Liners in the Mississippi;" Bernard McCloskey, "Port Facilities of New Orleans;" Albert Godchaux, "The Commercial South;" response by the guest, Hon. J. T. Harahan.



PRESIDENT J. T. HARAHAN.



REV. HENRY MARTYN FIELD, D.D.

LAST OF FOUR EMINENT NEW ENGLAND SONS.

Much might be appropriately written for these pages in regard to the life and character of Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., who died at his country home, in Stockbridge, Mass., January 25, 1907. It was the good fortune of the writer to know him well, to know him on many a journey in his business life in New York and in his home, a place he fitly described when standing with his back to a great wood fire on a cold evening after a journey from New York: "Ah! New York is very good, but Stockbridge is better." The remark illustrated the man. He looked on the bright side of things generally.

Through Dr. Field the editor of the *VETERAN* was favored with his clearest insight into New England life. The visit referred to above was the occasion for realizing hospitality that can't be excelled in the South. Dr. Field was, through his long life beginning at the forefront of higher morality and advantages for acquiring knowledge, enabled to see with broad vision. Then at an early age he possessed extraordinary advantages for travel, and as an author of eminence his society was sought and honors paid him by the nobility of nearly every country in the world.

Dr. Field was pastor of a St. Louis Church in 1843, at the age of twenty-one years. After a successful ministry there, he resigned to travel abroad. The summer of 1847 he spent in Great Britain, and the winter following in Paris, where he witnessed the Revolution, which he described in a series of letters to the *New York Observer*. That was his first work with the religious press. After his return to America, he became pastor of a Congregational Church in West Springfield, Mass., which pastorate continued about four years.

In May, 1851, Dr. Field was married to Miss Henrietta des Portes, a native of Paris and a woman of note. She was conspicuous in the tragedies connected with the French Revolution. After her marriage, Mrs. Field was principal of the "Female School of Art" in Cooper Union, New York, and among her pupils were Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, and Whitelaw Reid. In March, 1875, Mrs. Field died, after much suffering. Then it was that Dr. Field began his career as a world traveler. The plathoric purse of his brother, Cyrus W. Field, was opened wide to him, and with their niece, Miss Clara Field, the Doctor made a tour which was extended around the world.

In the fall of 1876 Dr. Field was married to Miss Frances E. Dwight, of Stockbridge, who survives him. He became half owner of the *New York Evangelist* in 1854, and subsequently sole owner, and continued its publication until 1898, when he sold the paper and retired, remaining quietly through the latter days in Stockbridge.

Dr. Field was one of the most noted travelers in all the tide

of time to write, as he did, from an exalted point of view. His first book, published in 1850, was "The Irish Confederate and the Rebellion of 1798." In 1853 he wrote "Summer Pictures from Copenhagen and Venice." It was while on the journey with his niece that he collected data for the two books, "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn" and "From Egypt to Japan." Some years later he wrote four other books, "On the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," and then "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War" and the "Gibraltar." He published "Spanish Cities" in 1892, and then the story of "The Atlantic Telegraph" after the death of his brother, Cyrus W. Field, whose greatest fame is connected with this achievement in coöperation with Peter Cooper.



REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

Interesting as is the career of Dr. Field, youngest and last of "the four most eminent brothers in America" (While the four mentioned were eminent men, it seems hardly fair to omit the others. One of them, Matthew D. Field, was an eminent engineer, and built the first suspension bridge at Nashville, Tenn.), this sketch is lengthened to give emphasis to his last and best book, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows." This is the last of his most important books. His versatile and patriotic mind enabled him in his latter days to appreciate most keenly the hospitality of Mr. John H. Inman, a Tennessee-Georgia Confederate, who accumulated millions of dollars in the metropolis and brought South a party of eminent men on an extended trip. Of this party was Dr. Field, and this was his first visit. "Bright Skies" is a series of papers on that and subsequent visits.

Appearing as "Bright Skies" did in Dr. Field's declining yet ripest days, he was anxious to have it read extensively in the South, and one of his last business acts was to ship the entire edition to the *VETERAN*. A large number of copies of the book have just been bound, and the interest of every man and woman even friendly to the South is asked now to become interested in this book.

In connection with the foregoing, mention is made of his series of letters about the South—"Bright Skies." The offer on this book is the best ever made except as to "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The publishers' price, \$1.50, is cut down to one-third of that sum and postpaid. It is a charming book about the South by a great author, who yearned to have the fraternal spirit that he entertained known throughout the South and appreciated. Remember the price—postpaid, 50 cents; two copies, \$1; and it will be sent free to any one who will send two new subscriptions with \$2. Let orders come at once. It would help to advertise the *VETERAN* if we could procure in thirty days orders for one thousand copies. This book should be in the home of every family in the South.



## FORREST'S FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT.

BY H. T. GRAY, PERRYVILLE, KY.

In September, 1861, David and John Prewitt and I left Perryville, Ky., after Church on Sunday night and rode to and through Bloomfield to the home of Mr. William Huston, about five miles south from Bloomfield, where we were fed and slept through the day. After supper we fell in with an old fox hunter, who was piloting Hon. R. W. Wooley, and started for Dixie. After several days and nights of hard riding and dodging the home guards, we arrived at Munfordsville, then inside Dixie's line. From there the two Prewitts and I rode over to Bowling Green, where we got transportation to Memphis. There we enlisted in Capt. Dave Logan's company of Forrest's Regiment. About ten days afterwards we were ordered into Kentucky.

After a short stop at Fort Donelson, we moved on to Hopkinsville, Ky., and went into winter quarters. There we began scouting the country, and did it thoroughly from Canton, on the Cumberland, to Morganfield, back to Eddyville, on the Ohio, to Princeton, back to camp. We were not in camp many days at a time, just enough to rest the horses, when we would be off on another scout. During Christmas week we started on a scout. The weather was very cold, with snow on the ground, and often we suffered severely. One night some of us boys got in a shuck pen and buried ourselves in the shucks and passed a comfortable night. After almost two days of marching, Colonel Forrest took one-half of the command and went off a side road, leaving Major Kelly to march on to Greenville with the rest. We had about three hundred men on this scout. On the second night Major Kelly went into camp about one-half mile north of Greenville, where the good people sent out an invitation to supper. They gave us a real royal feast at the courthouse. Just as we were finishing supper Colonel Starnes rode up and reported a Yankee scouting party out. Major Kelly took us back to camp. He sent Lieutenant Cowan out with twelve men as pickets to picket the road. We went about three miles, when our road ran into another. We halted here and prepared for a fight.

It was so cold that it seemed as if we would freeze, so we went to work and tore out about a hundred panels of fence to our rear and came up with them and built a big, strong fence across our road and staked and ridged it and braced it. Then day began to break. We mounted our horses and rode back to camp about sunrise. We fed our horses and lay down by a good fire to sleep, when boots and saddles was blown. O, Lordy! no sleep all night and no breakfast. Colonel Forrest came in just as we got covered up. We got up and saddled, mounted our horses, and took up our line of march over the same road we had picketed all night before. When we came to our base of the night before, we received information that the Yankees were a mile or two ahead of us. Colonel Forrest called a halt and said: "Now, boys, keep quiet." He then ordered the trot march.

We rode probably a mile or two when a halt was called. We all tightened our saddle girths. Colonel Forrest spoke to the bugler: "Blow the charge, Isham." With that, we raised the yell and away we went. The ground had begun to thaw by this time, and we were soon covered with mud from head to foot. Our company was in the rear, and our boys began cursing the two companies ahead of us, whom we thought were riding too slow, and threatened to ride over them. Colonel Starnes was riding with us. He told Lieutenant Cowan to pass them with his men right and left, which we did, reaching the open woods where Forrest had just

engaged the Yankees. We went in red-hot, and in about ten minutes we had them going. We chased them through Sacramento and about two miles beyond, when a halt was called. We killed over twenty and captured about twenty-five without the loss of a man.

## CHARITY FUND FOR CONFEDERATES.

"A Northerner" sends a clipping from the Chicago Tribune to the VETERAN suggesting that the merits of the case be investigated: "Unable to obtain employment and without friends to care for them, Mrs. Margaret Hickey, sixty-eight years old, and her daughter, Katherine, fifty years old and deaf and dumb, are being cared for by the Desplaines Street police. Mrs. Hickey is the widow of Col. Michael Hickey, of Kentucky, who served through the War between the States in the Confederate Army. For sixteen years after the close of the war mother and daughter clung to a little farm in Elizabethtown. Then debts swamped them, Mrs. Hickey said last evening. The mortgage was foreclosed, and they came to Chicago, where for twenty-five years they earned a precarious livelihood. The difficulty has been and is that Mrs. Hickey is determined to keep her daughter near her. Employment where this is possible has been hard to find; and as the women grew older, they found the task insurmountable. With linked arms mother and daughter leave the station each day, and until nightfall seek employment. During the night at the station the mother remains by her daughter. The matron has urged her to occupy an adjoining cell, where she might sleep better, but Mrs. Hickey declines. 'My relatives are dead and we are in the world alone,' Mrs. Hickey said. 'I am willing to work, but I must be near my daughter on account of her affliction. My great-grandfather, Sylvester Wheatley, served through the Revolutionary War. My grandfather was a soldier; my husband was wounded fighting for the Confederates. But the policemen have been kind to me, and I thank them.' Mrs. Hickey and her daughter have been at the station for a week."

The published records of Confederate officers has not a Colonel Hickey in the list. A case of an old veteran and wife who travel about quite extensively in Tennessee is recalled by the foregoing. The man has papers showing that he was a good soldier, and the pitifully filthy condition of himself and wife induces spontaneous aid from good women, and the money is spent in going from one place to another. He begs, and yet spurns the idea of going to the Confederate Home. While it is important to help unfortunate comrades and their families, it should be done with close discrimination. There should be a fund in the hands of a committee, and street begging for such persons should not be allowed.

## MRS. MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY'S BOOKS.

Mrs. Avary's pen delights in depicting Southern history. Her latest volume, "Dixie after the War," gives fascinating and pathetic glimpses of events during and immediately after that tragic period. There are numerous illustrations of notable personages. The work is written in a unique, conversational style, full of accurate anecdote. It is not too much to say that Mrs. Avary's books by future generations will be treasured as heirlooms. When the old folks are all gathered to their fathers, many a boy and girl will point with pride to what their ancestors did in the most gigantic of civil wars.

Mrs. Avary is a Virginian by birth. A glimpse of her life history is given by Gen. Clement A. Evans in the preface.

[The foregoing is by Helen Gray, of Atlanta.]



*TWO JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION PIERS:*

Of the sums appropriated by the United States government in aid of the Jamestown celebration, to be held next year near Norfolk, Va., five hundred and fifty thousand dollars is specifically set aside for the construction of buildings and the collection of exhibits. It has been the purpose of the Jamestown Exposition from its very inception to create a colonial city on the shores of Hampton Roads, and the policy of the United States government is to further this end by the erection of buildings all of which will belong to that distinct type of architecture. Dotted here and there along the six miles of roadway connecting the Exposition with Norfolk are several fine examples of colonial architecture, and in the city of Norfolk there are some houses which are perfect specimens of that type.

It might be said that the American adaptation of the Georgian style, called the colonial, reached its zenith in Virginia, as is attested by the splendid James River mansions, the colonial houses of Middle Virginia, and that marvelous example of the purest type, the University of Virginia. The lines of the buildings will be chaste and the gardens reminiscent of the seventeenth century. The whole picture will be a composite of green foliage, native flowers, hard shell or dirt roads, and houses, large and small, built of brick, white-columned, or of shingles intersct with tiles. The bill appropriating the government money sets forth that "Said buildings shall be erected as far as possible in the colonial style of architecture from plans prepared by the supervising architect of the Treasury."

To enable free and ready communication between the ships of the fleets that will assemble in Hampton Roads and the Exposition shores, and in order to furnish a safe and ample harbor for small boats and launches, the government has appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for the construction of two mammoth piers projecting eighteen hundred feet into Hampton Roads, connected at the sea end by a third pier. Each of these piers will be two hundred feet wide, and the lateral piers will be eight hundred feet apart, thus forming a basin eight hundred by eighteen hundred feet in area. The paragraph of the bill making provision for the construction of these piers further provides that the water basin shall be dredged throughout its entire area to a sufficient depth to accommodate boats drawing ten feet of water at mean low tide. This water basin will be unique among the Exposition sights. It will be brilliantly lighted at night, and at the sea terminus will have two tall towers, one for the Lighthouse Service and one for wireless telegraphy. The connecting pier will be arched sufficiently high to permit all the small craft to enter the basin. Shrubs will be planted all along the piers.

Besides its use as a harbor, the inclosed basin will serve as an arena for water sports, swimming matches, water polo and such games, and possibly for the exhibition of various models of mo'or launches. Boats will leave the main landing at the shore end of the basin and circle the outer harbor or take passengers to the various ships, while the sea end may be used as a landing place for larger boats. The dimensions of this enormous basin can hardly be comprehended without comparisons. The greatest length is about nine ordinary city blocks; the connecting pier at the end is six blocks long, and the width of each of the piers is the length of the average block, two hundred feet. The total pier way therefore equals the superficial area of twenty-four city blocks, ample space for a multitude of displays and space that will be utilized for such purposes.

HARRIET OVERTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.—A Girls' Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized on December 31, 1906, by Mrs. Isabella M. Clark at her home in Nashville. There is only one other Girls' Chapter in Tennessee, the other being located at Paris. These Girls' Chapters will be the means of bringing a large number of workers into the field. There are thirty-two members in this new Chapter, which is named in honor of Mrs. Harriet Overton, who so materially aided the South during the war and worked untiringly to the end of her life for those who espoused the Confederate cause. Mrs. Clark, who is a charter member of the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., was unanimously elected President, and under such an able and enthusiastic leader the Chapter should accomplish a great deal. Mrs. Clark is a woman of marked executive ability, which has been demonstrated during her long association with the Nashville Chapter. The membership list of the new Chapter includes representatives of the oldest and best-known families in Tennessee. Miss Jennie B. McCarver is the Secretary.

A case of widespread interest in the courts of Washington has been the trial of young Chester Thompson for murder on the plea of insanity. The Tacoma Ledger pays high tribute to the plea of the father, Will H. Thompson, for his son. The counsel was a Confederate soldier at fifteen years of age. His education was prevented by a combination of circumstances, but after attaining his majority he became a diligent student. Among his contributions to literature is one that will live through the ages—"High Tide at Gettysburg."

The W. B. Bate Chapter, of Nashville, will hold a memorial service at the residence of Mr. W. R. Bryan on the anniversary of his death, March 9, at 3 P.M. Mrs. Bryan, the President, extends a general invitation to this service.

Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph is to be congratulated upon the popularity of "Texas; or, The Broken Link," the book that she has advertised liberally in the *VETERAN*. She is soon to issue the third edition. The book has been liberally ordered in New York, Virginia, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Her native State of Mississippi honored her in having it placed in the State Library. It has also been placed in most of the leading Southern libraries and in some of the leading schools and universities of the South.

*GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.*

The life-size painting of Gen. Robert E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, of Nashville, Tenn., is justly regarded as the most faithful and characteristic of all the portraits of the "great soldier and greater man." He appears here in his lovable character as a man of peace while President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. His famous war horse, Traveler, is painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, and is a perfect likeness. At the solicitation of the Exposition authorities, this superb picture will have an honored place among the art treasures at Jamestown. Nothing could be more appropriate, for General Lee was not only one of the most illustrious sons of Virginia but he is recognized as a world character of the highest rank.

Photographs from this fine painting (copyrighted) are now on sale, and there is an increasing demand for them. Size 20x24 inches, \$3; size 12x15 inches, \$2. Mounted on best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Order from CONFEDERATE VETERAN.





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Alex Russell, of Galveston, Tex., is desirous of securing his father's war record, and will appreciate hearing from any one who can assist him. He says his father, Emanuel Russell, enlisted from Alexandria, La., going first as a substitute, as he was over age when the first call came for volunteers. He thinks he was with General Polk in Tennessee in the capacity of cook or messenger, and that he was some time in the company of Capt. Thomas Jack, of Texas, now dead, and that he was shot in the leg in some engagement. His father was in Alexandria when the gunboat Webb rammed the Queen of the West, and while firing a salute commemorating the victory he was injured by the premature explosion of the gun. Write him in care of the Galveston Tribune.

The VETERAN is pleased to introduce the Pettibone Bros. Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, a firm long established, but whose card we have not carried before. They are prepared to furnish uniforms in the real Confederate gray, badges, flags, etc. Commended by the Secretary of Tennessee Division, U. C. V. Write them for samples and prices.

R. C. McPhail, of Graham, Tex., reports the finding on a street of that town of a silver medal about the size of a half dollar, on one side of which is the following: "James M. Woods, New York City, Company H, 95th New York Vols." On the reverse appears: "Slaughter Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Gainesville, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg." The medal seems to have been issued by the War Department to Mr. Woods for distinguished service. It was found by a son of Rev. G. W. Black, of Graham, who will be glad to return it to the owner.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans, La., would like to procure the following copies of the VETERAN to complete her file: February, March, April, May, June, July, September, October, 1893; January, February, March, April, May, June, September, October, November, December, 1894; January, February, March, April, July, September, 1895; March, 1896; February, 1897. These copies must be in good condition. Write in advance of sending.

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GOOD WORDS FROM A UNION VETERAN.—Capt. Samuel Allen writes from Louisville, Ky.: "I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN almost constantly since the first copy came out, and I am delighted to have it and look forward to the coming of the next copy with pleasure, although I served on the other side, commanding Company H, 8th Kentucky Cavalry."

In complimenting a friend with renewal of subscription to the VETERAN, Mr. Thomas G. Howard, of Selma, Ala., wrote: "Renewal to CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and may it ever keep alive that true Southern chivalry that you are so happily endowed with, and may you live long to enjoy it!"

J. S. Overcash, of Taylortown, La., wants to know "how many men remember carrying rails one mile to line the breastworks at Port Hudson forty-four years ago." He was among the number, and would be glad to hear from any comrade who remembers helping to "tote" those rails.

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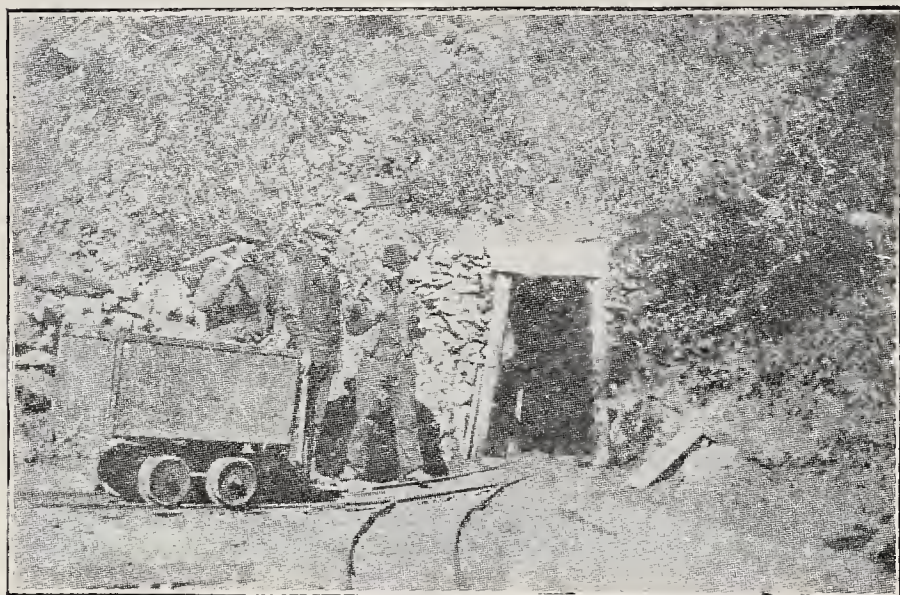
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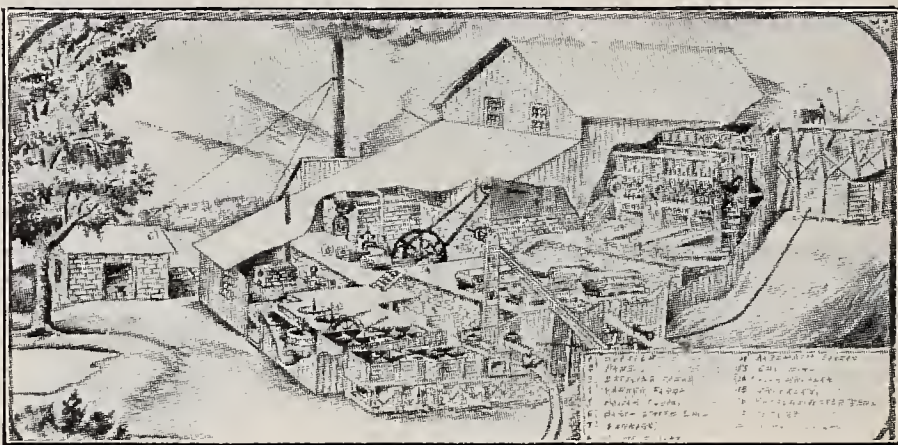
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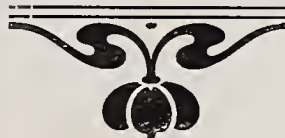
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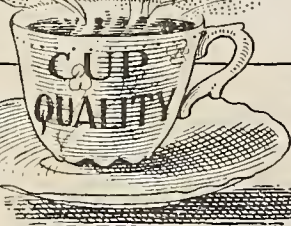
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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1907.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

The Chairman of the William P. Rogers Monument Committee of the Chapter by that name in Victoria, Tex., asks my advice and help in the matter of raising funds for that monument to be erected to the memory of the great Confederate who gave his life so gloriously at Fort Robinette, near Corinth, Miss., and to be erected on the spot where he fell. The Corinth Chapter has bought the ground all around it, and is raising money now to make it a beautiful park—Rogers Park—and the William P. Rogers Chapter is to erect in this park on the spot marked by his country's enemies as the place where this brave man fell, a monument to commemorate his daring act in which he was killed. He was born in Mississippi, and went from his native State in a regiment commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis to help fight for his country in the War with Mexico. He afterwards moved to Texas, and was leading a Texas brigade when he was killed. Is it not appropriate for these two Chapters to establish and beautify the place of his death and to erect on the spot hallowed by such a death a monument to perpetuate the memory of it throughout all ages? And is it not fitting that I should speak all the words

of encouragement I can as the representative of the U. D. C.? To show you that there are no two opinions of the estimate placed on such men, I copy the following letter from a man who was in the Union army and who saw his death. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Brownson, Chairman of the William P. Rogers Monument Committee:

"NEW YORK, November 27, 1906.

"*Dear Madam:* In my recent interview with you at Governor's Island I spoke to you of Col. William P. Rogers, of Texas, and promised to send you some account of his death.

"The battle of Corinth occurred on October 3 and 4, 1862. General Rosecrans commanded our forces and Generals Price and Van Dorn commanded the Confederates. On the 3d we got the worst of it, and were forced into the Union breastworks; but on the 14th the real battle began by a fierce assault on our lines, which for a time threatened to carry everything. The 17th Wisconsin, of McArthur's Brigade, of which I was adjutant, was placed in a position to defend Fort Robinette, which was occupied by a regular battery.

"We had cut down several acres of timber in our front, forming an abatis as we felled the trees, so that all the tops pointed toward the foe. The limbs were trimmed and sharpened. It made a very formidable obstruction.

"After an artillery duel in the early morning, there was a lull, the Confederates no doubt getting their assaulting columns in position and we waiting for them. Suddenly we saw a magnificent brigade emerge from the timber into the open in our front. They were formed in two lines of battle. The sun glistened on their bayonets as they came forward at right shoulder shift in perfect order, a grand but terrible sight. At their head, in front of the center, rode the commander, a man of fine physique, in the prime of life, quiet and cool, as though he were taking his brigade on a drill. Up to this time there was no firing on either side, when suddenly our artillery opened and the infantry followed, and pandemonium reigned. The Confederates were tearing their way through the fallen timbers, and, notwithstanding the slaughter, were getting closer and closer. Their commander seemed to bear a charmed life. Still on horseback, he was commanding and urging his men, going straight for Fort Robinette. Before he had realized it he had jumped his horse across the ditch in front of the guns, and was in the midst of us. There he was shot dead with some of the soldiers who got through with him. Then we learned who it was—Colonel Rogers, of the 2d Texas,



GRAVE OF COLONEL ROGERS AT FORT ROBINETTE.



commanding a Texas brigade. When he fell, the battle in our front was over. His brigade disappeared. How many escaped of the gallant brigade we never knew, but the slaughter was terrible.

"We laid the body of Colonel Rogers reverently in the shade and covered his face with an overcoat. When the battle was ended, General Rosecrans came over and asked us to uncover the face. He said: 'He was one of the bravest men that ever led a charge. Bury him with military honors and mark his grave, so his friends can claim him. The time will come when there will be a monument here to commemorate his bravery.'

"This we did, and a few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Corinth and found the grave still there, marked as we had marked it, but there is no monument. Surely this is wrong. The great State of Texas is full of men who love heroism and who are generous enough to see that a monument is erected to Colonel Rogers worthy of him and worthy of the State.

"With best wishes, I remain yours sincerely,

JOHN CRANE."

Daughters of the Confederacy, will we allow a stranger, one who fought against him, to show more appreciation of such a man than do we, the descendants of the men who fought with him? Can we longer allow this spot where fell this great soldier to lie neglected? Will we sit quietly with folded hands and leave all the building of this monument to these two Chapters? Do we not want—all of us—to show to the world that such a man belonged to all of us, to the Confederacy? Can you point to another instance like it in all our history? Is such a death so small a thing that we can longer neglect to commemorate it? Most of the Chapters in the South are already engaged in some monument work; but you, Chapters in the North, could, if you would, do much for this work. Even the Chapters who are least able to do because of other work can do something. Mississippi, his native State and in whose soil he lies, and Texas, in whose service he died, will, if your Chapters ask for it, give nice sums for this monument.

On the 7th of May I went, upon the invitation of the Alabama Division, to the unveiling of the beautiful monument it has erected on the battlefield of Shiloh to the Alabama soldiers who were in that battle. It is a magnificent piece of work, and I am sure you will heartily indorse the words of congratulation I spoke on your behalf on that occasion. In the Union lines monument after monument stands as a reminder that the North is proud of her sons who fought on that bloody field, while all the territory occupied by the soldiers of the South lies bare of such testimonies except for this monument recently unveiled by the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and one erected to the killed of the 2d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. (but later Major General and United States Senator) William B. Bate—this last erected by their comrades.

Daughters of the Confederacy, see that your States remedy this shameful neglect; and if you can't get your States to do their duty, follow the example of the Alabama Division and do it yourselves. For three thousand dollars each Division could erect a monument to the soldiers from her State, and then when there shall stand on the spot where Albert Sidney Johnston fell the monument built by the whole U. D. C. through your Shiloh Monument Committee we shall be satisfied. Can I make you see the importance of these monuments to the soldiers from the South in the four great battlefield parks? If you could realize the effect it has on those who go through those parks and see so many monuments to the

soldiers from the North and so pitifully few to our brave Southern men, knowing the South lost those battles through no fault of her soldiers, you could not keep out of the work. O, Daughters of the Confederacy, there are so many, so very many things for us to do, and we have so little to do it with! As long as we put a ten-cent valuation on the needs of our order, will we be able to do much? Think of all the things we must accomplish, and then put opposite it the pitiful ten cents each of us pays into the treasury of the U. D. C. each year; and if your cheeks do not burn, then I have misunderstood in estimating the great love you have, or should have, for the Confederacy and those who served her. Don't say to yourselves and to each other: "Our President wants too much. She must not expect us to do more than we are doing now. We can't." If you could see the needs as I see them, if you could see the opportunity for great things looming at our very door as I see them, you would go at it all with the energy and the determination to win! Let us do all that any heart could want us to do in honoring such men as I am telling you about herein.

Out of all this great world we are the only ones the great deeds of our Confederate men and women can appeal to with any hope of success. Will we too fail them? Will we allow the wheels of our progress in accomplishing things to be hampered and bound by this ten-cent rut we have slipped into when we were small and before we realized how much there is for us to do? I wonder if we do, all of us, realize all there is for us to do! Do you know that if these things are not started within the next five, ten, or twenty years at latest they will never be done? Let us arise in our power in this the ebb tide of our life as an association and, fitting our shoulders to the yoke of service—and selfless service, too—make the service so beautiful that when our shoulders are weak with age younger shoulders will take our places and on and on from shoulder to shoulder the work as long as the world lasts. While in this beautiful and much-needed work we perpetuate the greatest monument which could ever be built to our heroes and heroines—the United Daughters of the Confederacy—a monument with thousands of tongues to tell to the children of the South through all the ages "the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray."

When you read this, the greatest work we as an association have ever done will be finished and unveiled to the view of the world. Meet, indeed, that the first great work we ever did should be to honor the memory of the great President of the Southern Confederacy. The South is proud of us for this work. Let each milestone in our existence be marked by such a work finished. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association could tell you a pitiful tale of hard work and ceaseless in procuring this monument. Suppose that instead of five hundred or a thousand dollars a year we could have given ten or fifteen thousand a year for this monument! And, Daughters of the Confederacy, we could do it if we would. There is not one of us who could not make one dollar a year to pay into the general treasury. You know it as well as I do. What is one dollar a year to each of us when we think of all the great things we could do with it? If I could take you with me into the vista of my ambition for the U. D. C. and have you look with me down the years in front of us and see on each side great work after great work all down the life of the world, you would be so fascinated with the view that you would start with a double-quick step toward the accomplishment of those things, and the very first step you would take would be to pay a dollar each year into the general treasury.



At last I have succeeded in getting prices on the pictures of Gen. R. E. Lee, which I am urging that you put in the public schools all over the South during this his centennial year. I have seen the five-dollar and ten-dollar pictures, and they are very fine. The first is plain print, and the last is India print. But if any of you wish to have finer ones, you can get the signed artist proof on vellum and the signed artist proof on India paper, the price on the first being fifty dollars and the other twenty-five dollars—all of these to be ordered through the Corresponding Secretary General. If this is done, you get them for just half the price. But all orders must be accompanied with post office or express money order for the amount and a two-cent stamp to forward the order with. The pictures will be sent direct to you, so give your address on a separate sheet of paper that it may be inclosed with the order. And all orders must be made payable to John A. Lowell Bank Note Co., Boston, Mass.

I shall advise my own Chapter to get the five-dollar one, as that will be as good as any one need want. The advertisement for the pictures quotes Miss Mary Custis Lee as saying: "It is a beautiful piece of engraving and the most thoroughly satisfactory likeness of my father that I have seen." I hope that when 1907 is among the years that are past every schoolhouse in the South will have a picture of our peerless leader in it.

I have planned to go to visit some of the Chapters in the Northern cities right after the unveiling, and so I won't have an article for you in the July VETERAN. Any letters you have to send me before my return, about the 15th of June, send here, and they will be forwarded to me; but leave all that can be left until after my return.

The address of the Corresponding Secretary U. D. C. is Mrs. Annie W. Rapley, 2816 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., and that of the Treasurer until after the U. D. C. Convention in November is Mrs. L. E. Williams, Daughters of the Confederacy Building, Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Va.

Those of you who have not sent for the minutes of the Gulfport Convention do so now. You have no idea how it will help you with your work to read of how other Chapters are doing theirs. Don't adjourn for the summer until you have taken some action about a box for the U. D. C. bazaar to be held in Norfolk in the fall. Our First Vice President has entire charge of it; and if you will all do all you can to help it, it will be a great success. The U. D. C. needs the money, and we certainly do not want to fail with this, when we had such brilliant success with the bazaar held for the benefit of the Davis monument. We can all make something pretty for it while we are having our summer rest. So let no Daughter fail us.

#### DAUGHTERS AT THE PEACE CONGRESS.

BY MRS. JAMES H. PARKER, CHAIRMAN N. Y. DELEGATION, U. D. C.

The National Peace Congress, held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, April 14-17, 1907, opened on Sunday night with an audience which packed the immense building from pit to dome. Appropriate addresses were made and choral services were rendered by the Oratorio Society of New York.

The New York Chapter, U. D. C., was represented by a delegation consisting of Mrs. Richard Walter Jones, Second Vice President, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, and Mrs. James Henry Parker. There were no special seats assigned any patriotic society, the delegates seating themselves in the most accessible places after passing through the throngs which lined the sidewalks for hours before each meeting; so, while all were faithful in attendance,

the delegations at no session were able to sit together. Addresses were made by the Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York; the Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York; Rabbi Emil C. Hirsch; Hon. George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York; Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, Washington; Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York; Andrew Carnegie, Esq., President of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress; Baron D. Estournelles de Constant, Member of the French Senate; Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor; W. T. Stead, Esq., Editor Review of Reviews, London; Col. Sir Robert Cranston, Ex-Local Provost of Edinburgh; Sir Robert S. Ball, Professor of Astronomy Cambridge University. The women who spoke were Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Boston; Mrs. Helen M. Henriotin, Ex-President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Chicago; Miss Mary E. Woolley, President Mount Holyoke College for Women, South Hadley, Mass.; Mrs. Frederick Nathan, President New York Consumers' League; Miss Jane Addams, Head of Hull House, Chicago. One could not fail to be impressed by the clearness and strength and directness of thought evinced by these members of our sex as they propounded their views. Telegrams of greeting were read from the President General U. D. C. and the President General D. A. R.

An interesting feature of the Congress was the presentation of a peace flag to Mr. Carnegie by a committee composed of Mrs. Helen Beach Tillotson and Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, appointed by the President General D. A. R., then in Continental Congress assembled in Washington. The flag was a beautiful one, representing the national banner surmounted by a wide border of white satin, on the upper side of which was inscribed "Peace for All Nations," a dove with an olive branch resting upon the top of the staff.

One of the most interesting sessions was that devoted to the school children, five thousand of whom were present, and they listened to addresses treating of the horrors and barbarities of war, rather than dwelling upon its pomp and ceremony. Señorita Huidobro, of Chile, made a most interesting address concerning the peace compact between Chile and Argentina. She stated that on one of the highest peaks of the Andes, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, between the two countries, a colossal statue of Christ had been erected, called the Christ of the Andes, and bearing on its pedestal this inscription: "These mountains shall crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans shall break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain." The statue is unique, being the only one in the world to occupy such a position; and the majestic Christ of the Andes, standing with uplifted hand on the mountain far above the turmoil of the world below, seems to exclaim again as long ago did the Christ of Nazareth: "My peace I give unto you."

Large audiences and great enthusiasm and interest marked the Peace Congress, but its practical results are only to be determined by time.

#### ALABAMA'S SHILOH MONUMENT.

ERECTED BY THE ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C., MAY 7, 1907.

Nine years ago the Alabama Division, U. D. C., under Mrs. W. A. Gayle's wise administration, adopted for its work the erection of monuments on battlefields known as National Military Parks. Mrs. L. G. Dawson, of Montgomery, was made chairman of the committee, composed of one member from each Chapter. At various times appeals were presented to the State Legislature for aid in this work for perpetuating the



memory of brave deeds of Alabama's sons. Failing to gain a hearing before the General Assembly (for the bills proposed "never came from the calendar"), the Division went bravely forward until such sum was collected as enabled them to place a modest testimonial upon one battlefield.

Seven years ago the assistant chairman, representing the Monumental Committee at the Eufaula Convention, pleaded for Shiloh battlefield to receive the first memorial stone to be erected by Alabama Daughters. Mrs. Winn, of Demopolis, indorsed Mrs. J. N. Thompson's appeal, and by motion the co-operative work for Shiloh was begun.

That the monument should have been completed just in time for the Annual Convention, and that the Convention should meet in the section of the State nearest the battlefield, and, too, that the Chapter which gave most largely to the fund should number with its members the President, seemed most fitting and a coincidence most gratifying.

For the trip to the battlefield the Southern Railway granted a special train to the Alabama Division and its friends to Riverton, below the shoals in Tennessee River, from which point the party, by special schedule arranged by the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, was conveyed by the steamer Kentucky to Pittsburg Landing, bordering the park. That delegates from every part of Alabama might attend the unveiling ceremonies, special railroad rates were granted on the round trip.

The entire commission were aboard the boat to meet the Daughters of Alabama and their friends. Col. Cornelius Cadle, of Cincinnati, Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville, Ky., Colonel Ashcraft, of Paducah, Mrs. McKinney, President Kentucky Division, U. D. C., and Dr. Young, minister from Cincinnati, accompanied them. Dr. Young, by request, gave the invocation.

In addition to the party of fifty delegates were Dr. Thomas M. Owen, State Historian, of Alabama; Mr. Will Sheehan, of the Montgomery Advertiser; and of greatest importance and appreciation by the entire party, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., who had under most adverse circumstances journeyed to Tuscumbia in order to make the pilgrimage with this patriot band of men and women.

Vehicles were in waiting, and the crowd of about three hundred were easily conveyed to the site of the monument, a mile away, where Maj. D. W. Reed, the able Secretary of the Park Commission, had erected a platform and seats surrounding the monument. The unveiling was most impressive; and, though the programme was cut short by the unavoidable absence of some of the speakers, it was most enjoyable, and the day was one of history to Alabama and our country.

Following the exercises, a sumptuous luncheon was spread on the grounds by the ladies of Tuscumbia and Sheffield, after which the party drove over the interesting parts of the park, and then returned to the boat, reaching Tuscumbia at 9:30 P. M.

The presentation of the monument was made by Mrs. J. N. Thompson, President Alabama Division, U. D. C., in most fitting words, to which response was made by Colonel Cadle for the Park Commission in accepting it. Mrs. Henderson made a strong address in commendation of the spirit which had animated the women of Alabama to place this memorial at Shiloh, saying: "There could not be a more appropriate thing than for the Alabama Division to be the first of the U. D. C. to unveil on the battlefield of Shiloh a monument to the soldiers from their State who fell in that great battle, because the 1st Alabama Cavalry opened that battle and the

22d Alabama Infantry went into the battle with seven hundred and nine ready for duty, and on Monday morning, April 7, this regiment was one hundred and forty-three strong. For the battle of Shiloh Alabama furnished about ten infantry regiments, with several companies in the regiments from other States, and one cavalry regiment; while Ketchum's, Gage's, and Robertson's Batteries did such fine work that of the first Gen. Preston Pond said the safety of his whole command was due to Captain Ketchum and his battery; while Generals Withers and Chalmers spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of Gage's Battery, and the gallantry of Robertson's was the subject of general commendation."

In concluding her remarks Mrs. Henderson urged upon the Alabama Daughters the importance of building more enduring monuments in the education of the children of their State through the establishment of scholarships in different institutions of learning and the teaching of history truthfully that the glory of the men who wore the gray may grow with the passing years.

Among those invited to attend the exercises and speak on this significant occasion were the Governors of Alabama and Tennessee, Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander U. C. V., and General Harrison, Commander Alabama U. C. V., but important engagements prevented their attendance. Gen. Basil Duke, of Kentucky, made the chief address, herewith given in full:

"Not only as a Confederate soldier—as one who served under the same banner and for the same cause as did those in whose honor you are here assembled—but as a member of this Commission who represents the Army of Mississippi, so many of whose slain are buried beneath this soil, it affords me peculiar pleasure to assist in the sacred duty you perform.



THE ALABAMA MONUMENT AT SHILOH.



"It has been a matter of regret to my colleagues and myself that monuments to the Confederate dead who lie here have not been more generally erected. With the exception of this one we are now dedicating and one other on which is inscribed the name and service upon this field of the 2d Regiment of Tennessee Confederate Infantry, no appropriate structure or design to commemorate the valor and devotion of the Confederate soldier has been reared here where those qualities were so signally and splendidly illustrated. Save for the efforts of this Commission, which in a matter of this kind must necessarily be imperfect, their last resting places are unmarked. But surely this work ought to be done, not only as a labor of love but as a patriotic obligation, not only in justice to the dead but as a lesson and incentive to the living.

"The South has many such memorials, it is true, which in city and hamlet attest her grateful recollection of those who so freely gave their lives for her sake. In every Southern community perhaps some such testimonial of respect and affection has been rendered. Nevertheless, something more should be done. They should be reared upon the battle grounds where that patriotic blood was shed, where the sacrifice was consummated. They should appear side by side with similar tokens of appreciation bestowed by the people of the Northern States in honor of their fallen comrades. In this way only can the noble purposes to which these parks are dedicated be perfected. Only thus can they be made, as it was intended they should be made, the chosen and fitting places of national Reunion, where the national reconciliation may be evinced by the care with which these heroic ashes are guarded and patriotic duty be inspired by the emblems of its past performance, where citizens of a common and reunited country, all former enmity forgotten, may meet in amity to recall with proud remembrance the deeds of a sad but glorious past and witness equal honors paid to all the dead.

"And in this wise also can a wider knowledge be given your own countrymen and mankind of that which you seek by such means to preserve and wish the world to know. The monument builded and consecrated at his own home to the memory of the soldier who died for that home upon the field of battle is a touching and decorous offering, yet it may be seen only by those who are already familiar with the story and need nothing to remind them of the regard which is due him. But if it be erected at a spot like this, visitors from every part of our great republic, from every quarter of the broad continent, from every country perhaps of the civilized world may gaze upon the shaft, may read the inscription and learn the historic facts you desire to record and commemorate. And in the august presence of these dead, now sleeping together in the silence and peace of the grave, but who in life so nobly demonstrated what American manhood can dare and do, the story will acquire an added and solemn interest. The stranger may marvel at the recital of fraternal strife which wrought such dreadful havoc, but the heart of every true citizen of this mighty land will swell and throb with pride as he reflects how much of reason his country has for hope and how little for fear when men like those who died here are arrayed together in her cause.

"To the thoughtful and conscientious student of history the story of our great Civil War—or, as we of the South prefer to term it, the War between the States—must always be a subject of peculiar interest, and the part taken by the South in her brief but tremendous struggle for separate and independent political existence receive the broadest historical treatment.

"This is scarcely an appropriate occasion on which to attempt a discussion of the causes, much less of the merits, of the controversy. I will only suggest that the impartial historian may pronounce a verdict which shall exonerate both parties to it of any serious blame. He may find much of reason in the contention of each, and discern in the dire strife the latest, if it shall not be the last, assertion of that proud and stubborn spirit of our own race which has ever maintained what it has deemed a right even at the cost of war and bloodshed. When we remember that the free government founded on this continent was itself born in the throes of revolution, and also that questions of tremendous import were left unsettled when that government was established, there is small cause for wonder, although much for regret, that resort was later had to so terrible an arbitrament. The disputants on both sides came of the blood that is 'slower to bless than to ban,' prompter to strike than to parley; and the resort to arms to settle once for all issues which seemed otherwise insoluble—when debate and discussion had been proven fruitless—was only the instinct of that blood manifesting itself along traditional lines.

"But out of all that ordeal we have come a stronger and a wiser people. The recollections of the mighty energies which were called into action, of the valor, the fortitude, and splendid devotion exhibited during that crucial trial, are now a common heritage and give promise of a glorious and beneficent future. I believe that a people disciplined in such a struggle—a struggle in which the contending sections were taught mutual respect and a better understanding each of the other, and which our children may regard with pride unmingled with resentment—I believe that a people informed by such an experience will be able to deal successfully with any problem which shall hereafter confront them. So believing, I would have the history of the great conflict in all of its aspects become familiar knowledge with the coming generations of our countrymen.

"For work like this in which we are engaged to-day—important not only in the way I have endeavored to indicate but as an incentive and aid to historic compilation—the South is largely indebted to her women. To them must be awarded the credit of inaugurating nearly every enterprise of this nature and of conducting it to successful accomplishment.

"The Daughters of the Confederacy are now doing almost as much for the fame of the soldiers of the South as they did during the war for their comfort. Earnest, faithful, tireless, they prosecute their chosen and congenial task with constant interest and unflagging purpose. With a care and solicitude no less tender and affectionate than that with which they once ministered to the wounded and dying, they now cherish and protect the memory of the dead; and not less heroic than the story which they strive to perpetuate is that which shall be told of their own zealous love and labor.

"Could the dead speak, they would join their surviving comrades in proffers of gratitude. The sons of Alabama who fell upon this field, whose heroic spirits passed amid the smoke and thunder of battle, would have asked no greater reward for the service they so bravely rendered, no better recompense for the toil they endured, the danger they dared, and the fate they accepted in behalf of their native land, than the tribute they now receive from its daughters."

In addition to the foregoing there should be special tribute to Dr. Thomas M. Owen for his able services to the Daughters on that occasion and to their service in the Convention ceremonies at Sheffield.



## HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT MOVEMENT.

From the beginning it has been felt by our Southern women who had fathers or brothers, husbands or sons, sweethearts or friends to lose their precious lives in the never-to-be-forgotten War between the States that their deeds should be commemorated and the resting place of their sacred dust be marked by suitable memorials. Especially have they felt that in those cemeteries where the Federal and Confederate soldiers sleep their last sleep together or those hallowed places where the memories of both are equally recalled the latter should have equal honor with the former. No army, it can be truthfully said, ever responded to a more unselfish call or displayed in the field a nobler type of soldierly character and discipline than that one which marched in the uniform of gray and under the inspiration of the stars and bars in that memorable struggle of 1861-65. That struggle gave a new name to human chivalry and honor. Never in the history of the world have manhood and loyalty and self-sacrifice received a nobler interpretation. And our women have not been willing to see less done for the memory of their beloved dead than has been done for others by loving hearts and hands.

In February, 1899, at the Convention at Selma, Ala., an appeal was made by Mrs. L. G. Dawson to inaugurate a movement to secure sufficient funds to erect a monument on one of the four national battlefields of the country, which she set forth with suitable preamble and resolutions: that as the Federal government has purchased and converted into national parks some of the historic battlefields of the Civil War, that as some of the Northern States have expended large sums of money in erecting suitable monuments in commemoration of their soldiers who were slain on these fields, and that as the Southern soldiery who fell on those battle grounds, giving themselves as a sacrifice to the cause of constitutional right as they saw it, should have some marble shaft erected on each of these battlefields in commemoration of their heroic deeds and their devotion to their country's call—the Daughters of the Confederacy for Alabama appeal to the various Camps of United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans of Alabama to join them in raising funds and erecting such monuments.

They requested Gen. F. S. Ferguson, Commander of the U. C. V. in Alabama, to issue an appeal to the Veterans, setting forth the aims and purposes in view and request their co-operation.

The President of the Alabama Division appointed Mrs. Dawson, chairman of the committee, to promote the important interest suggested, and in the summer of that year a circular letter was issued by Mrs. Dawson to the one hundred and one Confederate Camps then in the State, asking for sympathy and coöperation.

Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., on June 23, 1899, wrote to Mrs. W. A. Gayle, President Alabama State Division, U. D. C.: "I heartily endorse the undertaking set forth by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and indulge the hope that every Veteran will contribute something in aid of this worthy cause."

In 1900 Hon. Frank Pettus presented to the Legislature of Alabama a bill asking for an appropriation for the object proposed, and in 1902 a committee composed of the chairman and other Daughters appeared before the Finance Committee of the House in support of their bill and made an earnest appeal for favorable consideration, and a bill was presented to the House and placed on the calendar, "where it remained." The Daughters, however, went to work in other ways, and labored

faithfully for eight years, strengthening their cause at every step, until they secured the sum necessary.

In Eufaula in May, 1901, the Convention selected Shiloh for the site of the monument, because of the famous battle at this place. Alabama, next to Tennessee, contributed the largest number of soldiers.

In July, 1906, the committee selected the plan for a monument, and on the 14th of September visited the battlefield and selected a site. Among the foremost of Alabama's contribution to this battle of the Civil War are:

*Alabama General Officers at Shiloh.*—Brig. Gen. Jones M. Withers, 2d Division, 2d Army Corps; Brig. Gen. Sterling A. M. Wood, 3d Brigade, 3d Army Corps.

*Alabama Cavalry.*—General Bragg's Escort Company, Capt. Robert W. Smith; 1st Battalion, Capt. Thomas F. Jenkins; Mississippi and Alabama Battalion, Lieut. Col. Richard H. Brewer; 1st Regiment, Col. James H. Clanton.

*Alabama Artillery.*—Gage's Battery, Capt. Charles P. Gage; Ketchum's Battery, Capt. William H. Ketchum; Robertson's Battery, Capt. Felix H. Robertson.

*Alabama Infantry.*—4th Battalion, Maj. James M. Clifton; 16th Regiment, Lieut. Col. John W. Harris; 17th Regiment, Lieut. Col. Robert C. Fariss; 18th Regiment, Col. Eli S. Shorter; 19th Regiment, Col. Joseph Wheeler; 21st Regiment, Lieut. Col. Stewart W. Cayce, Maj. Frederick Stewart; 22d Regiment, Col. Zachariah C. Deas (wounded), Lieut. Col. John C. Marrast; 25th Regiment, Col. John Q. Loomis (wounded), Maj. George D. Johnson; 26th Regiment, Col. John G. Coltart (wounded), Lieut. Col. William D. Chadick; 31st Regiment, Lieut. Col. Montgomery Gilbreath.

The soldiers' reward be theirs, peace to their ashes wherever they lie. Their sacred names are enshrined in every true and loving heart in the land that they loved so well and fought so bravely to defend. Their mounds will ever be bedewed with the tears of the grateful people that they have left behind.

"Each soldier's name

Shall shine untarnished on the roll of fame,  
And stand the example of each distant age,  
And add new luster to the historic page."

## MRS. L. G. DAWSON'S WORK FOR THE MONUMENT.

The success of the monument movement is cordially credited to Mrs. L. G. Dawson, of Montgomery. Mrs. Dawson has ever been loyal and enthusiastic for the cause. Her father, John G. Harris, of Hale County, Ala., entered the Confederate service in September, 1861, as captain of Company I, 20th Alabama Regiment, and later was promoted to major. He was wounded slightly in the siege of Vicksburg.

Mrs. Dawson was born during the war at the fine old antebellum home of her grandfather, John E. Brown, of Sumter County, Ala. She graduated at Judson College, Marion, Ala., in 1880, took a postgraduate course in 1881, and was married in 1883 to Mr. L. G. Dawson, a planter of Elmore County, Ala. They have lived in Montgomery since 1890. She is a charter member of the first literary club of the city, "No Name," and an active member of both the Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C., and Peter Forney Chapter, D. A. R.

## PRESIDENT ELECT—ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Alabama Division in its recent annual convention in Sheffield anticipated a spirited contest for President, when one of the two being advocated by their friends arose when



her name had been called with hearty seconds and said in substance: "My mother is very old and feeble; she needs my constant care. My husband is professor in the college at Auburn, and I am deeply interested in those boys. I will work in the ranks as hard as the President, and I know what that means." The splendid presence of the speaker (her name, unhappily, is not remembered, no notes being taken at the time), with those patriotic and loyal words, brought the Convention to its feet, and many glistening tears exhibited the highest ideals of Daughters of the Confederacy.

Concluding, the lovely woman commended the election of Mrs. Charles G. Brown, and soon the vote was cast unanimously for her, and she was declared President elect of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.

Mrs. Annie Southern Tardy so writes of the new President, of her nomination and election:

"When Mrs. Hannon, of Russellville, made the speech which nominated Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, Ala., for President of the Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, she said: 'As Mrs. Virginia C. Clopton stood before us, her beautiful old face, with its halo of silvery hair, aglow with enthusiasm and love, as her gentle eyes looked down on us, and her sweet voice, like a heavenly benediction, spoke to us, I thought: "Where will we find another who will in any way be to the Alabama Daughters what this rare woman has been and is?"' When Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, arose to respond to the address of welcome, my question was answered. All that we have waited for, all that we could desire as a President, stood before us.'

"Mrs. Hannon's sentiments were echoed from the hearts of every Daughter, and Mrs. Brown was by unanimous vote declared the President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Brown is well fitted by birth, education, and experience to do full justice to the high position she fills and the honor which has been given her. She is the daughter of Cyrus Billingsley, of Marion, Ala. She attended the Judson Female Institute, of that place, her father being one of the trustees. After graduating there with high honor, she spent some time at school in Kentucky, and later studied at St. Catherine's, near Toronto, Canada.

"In 1876 Miss Billingsley was married in Marion, Ala., to Hon. Charles G. Brown, an eminent lawyer of Birmingham, and afterwards Attorney-General of the State under the administration of Governors Johnston, Samford, and Jelks. Mrs. Brown, while a favorite leader in Birmingham society, has ever held the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy as her most sacred and holy mission. She was a charter member of Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., and has served the Chapter and Division faithfully since its organization. She was Chairman of the Monument Committee of Pelham Chapter, and on Decoration Day two years ago presented the city of Birmingham with the result of three years' work—the beautiful shaft which stands in Capitol Park to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy.

"She is also an honored member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee, which will complete its work with the unveiling in Richmond during the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans. At the time of her election as President of the State Division Mrs. Brown was completing her second term as President of Pelham Chapter, and right nobly has she filled the office. In giving her up to the broader work of the State, we of the Chapter who love her feel that we are honored in the giving, for we know what she has done and what she can and will do for the object so dear to all our hearts.

'She has lived her best;  
She has worked her best;  
She deserves the best to come.'

[A note was received since the above was typed from the lady of Auburn—Mrs. Letitia Dowdell (B. B.) Ross—expressing regret that she had no suitable picture for the *VETERAN*, and adding: "You have always been so courteous to the Alabama Division of Daughters that any failure to send requested data for the *VETERAN* is a cause of regret."]

## JOHN PELHAM PROMOTED AFTER DEATH.

United States Senator C. B. Culberson writes the *VETERAN* his thanks for copies of the magazine with sketch and picture of John Pelham, the South's honored artillerist, stating: "By the way, while everybody calls Pelham major, the official records show that General Lee wrote a letter to President Davis after Pelham's death, recommending that, notwithstanding his death, he should be made lieutenant colonel, and pursuant to this recommendation President Davis sent his name to the Senate, and he was confirmed as lieutenant colonel of artillery. This, to my mind, under all the circumstances, is the most remarkable honor conferred upon any man during the Civil War."

By reference to the records, it appears that John Pelham was commissioned major of artillery August 16, 1862, to date



LIEUT. COL. JOHN PELHAM.

from August 9, and lieutenant colonel of artillery April 4, 1863, to date from March 2 of that year. He was killed at Kelley's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863. A sketch of Lieutenant Colonel Pelham was published in the *VETERAN*, page 362, for August, 1898. Other accounts of his marvelous career have appeared in other issues.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Contributors to the VETERAN will please remember that there is the most exacting demand for space all the time. In sending reports for publication please be concise and practical in every way. The formality of "Whereas" and "Resolved," etc., is never desired. Manuscripts should be typewritten where practicable. In "Last Roll" notices it must, upon reflection, be realized that all should be brief. Then when engravings are used somebody ought to pay for them. Lengthy sketches are occasionally sent of men who did not take the VETERAN. Again, faithful patrons for years die and their families fail to give any notice. It is very desirable to have at least brief mention of loyal comrades when they die.

It is impossible often to publish reports of meetings and dedications of monuments as early as expected. Let all friends be considerate in these matters.

A much-regretted error occurred in the May VETERAN by naming Miss Varina Cook as sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., at the Richmond Reunion, as she should have been announced as maid of honor to Miss Lucy White Hayes, sponsor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes and granddaughter of the beloved President of the Confederacy, whose memory is to be specially honored in the great monument to be dedicated during the Reunion in Richmond. General Cabell took pride in the appointment of Miss Hayes as sponsor for his Department, and the error has been the cause of embarrassment to both families and of deep regret to the editor.

An explanation is therefore made which must satisfy those who have patience with the fellow who said, "Once one is two." The editor thoroughly understood the situation all the way through. He knew that Gen. Stephen D. Lee had selected Miss Hayes as sponsor for the South, and that she most graciously yielded to a recall of the appointment by him in deference to the request of the United Daughters of the Confederacy that no sponsors or maids be appointed for the Richmond Reunion. And he distinctly understood that Miss Hayes had been appointed by General Cabell as sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The error occurred through a letter from Colonel Cook stating that General Cabell invited Miss Cook as sponsor to the New Orleans Reunion in 1906, and that letter had been kept upon the editor's desk for the purpose of making a complimentary notice; for, as much as he appreciated the honor, Colonel Cook had felt that he could not take his daughter from her graduating exercise at Belmont College, Nashville, last year. A fine engraving of Miss Lucy White Hayes and late pictures of other members of the family are to appear in the July VETERAN.

The Guilford Chapter, U. D. C., of Greensboro, N. C., has issued a souvenir postal card representing the banner of the "Kuklux Klan," which is the property of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and now in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va. Mrs. J. G. Brodnax will attend to orders, the net proceeds to be for the charities and patriotic undertakings of the Chapter. Price, 5 cents each, \$3 per hundred.

COL. RICHARD OWEN.

BY M. R. TUNNO, SAVANNAH, GA.

Your pleasant reference to Col. Richard Owen in the May VETERAN I have read with very great pleasure. Not having been a prisoner at Camp Morton, I cannot speak of Colonel Owen's kindness to the prisoners there; but as one of his students at the Western Military Institute of Kentucky I know of his kindness to and fatherly care of his boys. He was so considerate, gentle, and just that he received our affection; and now, after the lapse of over a half century, we remember him with love and gratitude.

Except in the sense that as an officer in an army opposed to us on the field of battle, he was no enemy. His great, good heart was full of love for his fellow-man, a fact well known to us in 1850-53. Our love for him was shown at Blue Lick Springs, Ky., when in changing the location of the Western Military Institute to Drennon Springs the Hollidays (who were the proprietors) attacked the professors, Col. Thornton F. Johnson, Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson (then Colonel), Col. Richard Owen (then Major), and Maj. James G. Blaine. In the firing that ensued Col. T. F. Johnson was shot down; and when Colonel Owen attempted to "get at" the Hollidays, the cadets surrounded him to protect him for his patriotism. This act very forcibly evinced our love for him. I admired and loved Colonel Owen.

#### FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO THE MEMORIAL.

Frank A. Owen writes from Evansville, Ind.:

"Your article in regard to Col. Richard Owen, commander of Fort Donelson prisoners at Camp Morton in the winter and spring of 1862, interests me deeply. I was wounded and captured in that battle and imprisoned at Camp Morton, and soon formed the acquaintance of Colonel Morton and Dr. Madison J. Bray, his surgeon, who removed the excess of lead from my left leg.

"I want to thank you for your noble suggestions, and I desire to be the first to subscribe to this worthy fund. Yet I do not well see how you can fail to include Dr. Bray in this Statehouse bronze tablet. One kind act of the many performed by Dr. Bray entitles him to every old Johnnie's affection. A gallant young soldier from Henderson, Ky. (who has long since answered the last roll call), had every indication of pneumonia when he reached the prison. Dr. Bray, at his own expense, had a cot and mattress, with clean, new, warm bedding, placed in his prison office and nursed the young Confederate back to health.

"I never heard but one man speak disparagingly of Colonel Owen while I was in Camp Morton, and his words were promptly resented, and he was ashamed of it as late as the Nashville Reunion. He has since died.

"I inclose my check for five dollars for the Col. Richard Owen fund, and will send a check for a like sum if you decide to include the great, good surgeon of Colonel Owen's regiment. They have both gone home to glory.

"I knew personally ten or more of the thirteen who made their escape from Camp Morton, and there are but two of them now living. Johnnie Mills, a saddle and harness dealer in Madisonville, Ky., is one, and the writer is the other. I will give you the names of the ten brave fellows if you wish them."

[It is desirable that comrades who were prisoners and all others who are interested in this matter write promptly. Let us act with avidity upon the opportunity to honor Colonel Owen.—EDITOR VETERAN.]



## MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND EMPRESS EUGENIE.

BY PROF. H. A. SCOMP.

What is there in common between royalty and republicanism, a court and a cabinet, a palace and a President's manse? Surely joys or sorrows are the special dispensation of neither. Perhaps we should accept it that emotions in high life are the more poignant from the very restraints which such a life imposes, for grief seeks to hide itself from public gaze.

The recent death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis brings to mind a royal contemporary beyond the seas whose life has had so many points of likeness to hers that a Plutarch would find in their biographies abundant material for another pair of "Parallel Lives," though lived under conditions wholly inconceivable to the old Greek author.

The Empress Eugenie was born in Spain May 5, 1826. Almost at the same date was born Varina Howell on a Mississippi plantation, in the circle of the old aristocracy of the South.

Somewhat more than a century ago Eugenie's maternal grandfather, Kirkpatrick, left his native Scotland to settle in sunny Spain as British consul at Malaga. There he married a Spanish lady by whom he became the grandfather of the future Empress. The French wars were then convulsing Europe.

Not far from the time of Kirkpatrick's migration to Spain an Irish gentleman, James Kempe, implicated in Emmett's rebellion, sought an asylum in the New World, and settled in Virginia. By his American wife he became the maternal grandfather of Varina Howell Davis. Later Colonel Kempe removed to the Natchez country, where he became one of the most prominent figures in the military, political, and social life of those stirring times along the lower Mississippi.

A few years later some of the Montijo-Kirkpatrick family migrated from Malaga and settled in the beautiful old Moorish capital, Grenada, where, under the shadow of the Alhambra, the beautiful Eugenie first saw the light. Her education, however, was completed in Madrid, and her young womanhood was largely spent in travel with her mother over many parts of Europe, till in January, 1853, she was called to share the imperial throne of France by virtue of her marriage to the *pervenu* Emperor. A few years before this the American girl, trained by the best culture of the old aristocratic South, had been married to a young army officer, who was already attracting the attention of his countrymen by his military prowess.

While Louis Napoleon, just six weeks older than Jefferson Davis, was still a prisoner, under a life sentence, in the fortress of Ham, Colonel Davis was organizing the Mississippi regiment at the head of which he was to win world renown at Buena Vista. And he was already a member of the American Congress, while his French contemporary was fighting his way to a place in the Constituent Assembly. Within a few weeks after Eugenie de Montijo's accession to the throne of France, Varina Davis, as the wife of President Pierce's Secretary of War, became a leading figure at our national capital.

It is well known that Mr. Davis was the dominant spirit in Pierce's administration, practically controlling its policy both foreign and domestic. During those four years he directed the army organization and the building of national defenses.

These same years saw Louis Napoleon, as one of the allies, engaged in the Crimean, the first of his wars. Retiring from the Cabinet in 1857, Mr. Davis remained in Washington as one of the United States Senators from Mississippi till the

beginning of our dreadful quadrennium. During these years, as well as through the great struggle itself, Mrs. Davis was always at her husband's side as his counselor and helper; while Eugenie was probably the strongest support to the new dynasty at the imperial court.

If the Empress dominated the hearts of the French, with certainly no less affection was Mrs. Davis held in the hearts of the South.

But wide asunder as the poles do the histories of these two eminent ladies prove the radical differences between French volatility and Southern constancy.

Our great civil struggle of four years (1861-65) and the Franco-Prussian War of little more than four weeks, in so far as it concerned the Napoleonic dynasty—what national character settings do they afford! Both came as explosions of long-pent-up forces. On the American side two hostile, clashing civilizations were suddenly brought into violent collision by Lincoln's election, the tinder and the match had at last come together, and the fire thus kindled was to burn on till the South was utterly consumed. There was no surrender; indeed, hardly a parley between the combatants.

Yet even in the darkest hours—*e. g.*, after Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the fall of Atlanta, and the year of constant battle up to Appomattox—though in tatters and facing starvation, the people of the South never abated their faith in their leaders, and to the last they would have shielded with their bodies their President and his family. His sufferings in Fortress Monroe but the more endeared him and his wife to their hearts, and they would gladly have shared his burdens. And when at last he emerged from his prison and with his faithful wife once more passed through the quondam Confederate capital, it was to be received by the people with uncovered heads, swelling hearts, and tear-dimmed eyes. And twenty years afterwards, when, broken in health and tottering to the grave, he was brought to Atlanta to be present at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument, where he was chaperoned by the silver-tongued Grady—who of the thousands present that day will ever forget the shouts, the smiles, the tears with which that multitude welcomed the ex-President of a nation that lived only in memory and with no dream of a resurrection?

Such was the South toward that ex-chieftain who was to live in her midst an alien, an unpardoned exile, and who was at last to sleep in her former capital under a monument the freewill offering of her whole people, and in a grave bedewed with their tears. Contrast with this devotion the fickleness of French sentiment.

In a little more than a month after Napoleon III. had marched out of Paris amid the frantic "Vives l'Empereur" of the multitude on his "way to Berlin," Sedan had been fought, the Emperor was a prisoner, and that same giddy populace, whose huzzas for their Emperor and Empress had yet scarce died away, now in mad riot were driving from the throne the Napoleonic dynasty, and were forcing their beautiful Empress to flee secretly and for her life from the gay capital, where for seventeen years her slightest whim had been law unquestioned, and she must spend the remainder of her days in a foreign land among the hereditary enemies of her dynasty.

It is in their days of misfortune that the parallel between the French and the American ladies was the closest. Their husbands, once the men of all men in their respective lands, were now citizens without a country or a nationality; the one lived an exile in a foreign land, the other lived an alien in his own. The former dared not venture into the land of his



birth; the latter must not leave the home of his fathers. Maledictions from his own people followed the ex-emperor; benedictions were invoked upon the ex-President.

Eugenie, as if to drain the wormwood and the gall, must see her only child—the idolized Prince Imperial—brought back from the jungles of Africa a corpse mangled by the Zulu spear, and the beautiful Empress, her dark hair sorrowed into snowy white, was left alone with her dead, hopeless, despairing, a Niobe among women, though not yet petrified against her woe. On this side of the Atlantic the raven wings had long hovered over that other household, where another Rachel was weeping for her children; for Varina Davis, too, was passing under the cloud. Of her children, save one, she was bereft, and left alone in the world. Of those children, the world knows most of the youngest, Miss Winnie, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," born under the "Conquered Banner," now furled forever, the Juliet whose strange romance touched a nation's heart, and whose premature death brought mourning to her Southland.

For a generation the ex-Empress has lived among the ancient enemies of her people, respected and honored for her many feminine virtues. For years Mrs. Davis lived among a people who naturally regarded her as the chiefest of female rebels and an enemy of their government. Yet even among these her many splendid qualities of head and heart won for her a host of friends who have been touched with sympathy for her bereavements and unparalleled sufferings.

Yet in some respects her fate is not paralleled by any misfortunes in the Empress's life, for it was Mrs. Davis's hard lot to carry for nearly two years a woe far heavier than exile. During those long, dreary days her husband was a prisoner in the damp cells of Fortress Monroe, charged with treason, and with the yet more revolting accusation of complicity in Mr. Lincoln's murder. A frenzied public were calling for his blood; suborned witnesses who had never been south of the Potomac, lured by the immense bribe for "evidence to convict," presented themselves to swear away to ignominy and death a life which would have sacrificed itself a thousand times over ere it would have incurred so foul a stain. Yet even in the last decade we have seen that some of our State courts show themselves eager to use the perjury fruits of princely bribes to destroy hated political opponents.

What the proud spirit of Mrs. Davis suffered in those weary years, who can tell? For a year kept away from her husband's prison, forbidden to leave the bounds of Georgia—but we turn from the sad story.

Eugenie, settled in the quiet town of Chiselhurst, could devote herself to the rituals of her faith—for she was a devout Catholic—and to charitable work and to watching beside her dead. Her patrimony was ample for her needs and her charities.

But Mrs. Davis's ample fortune had perished in the war, and pretty Beauvoir, by the Southern sea, was a life tenure gift to Mr. Davis from an admiring friend. After her husband's death, the proud-spirited wife preferred to depend upon her own efforts for a livelihood. Yet few Southerners understood her reasons for leaving her native State to live among a people who could not be counted as her friends. They did not know that organic heart trouble had caused her physicians to advise a change of clime. Furthermore, they did not know that the thousands who were continually flocking to Beauvoir were laying a tribute upon the time, health, and resources of its mistress which she was utterly unable to bear. They forgot that the family income was no longer \$40,000 or \$50,000

per year, as in the ante-bellum. They forgot that the strain of the endless reception of visitors, most of them strangers, was too heavy for nerves which for years had been stretched to breaking. Mrs. Davis had been reduced from affluence to poverty; but with a true woman's pride she chose to support herself rather than be an object of charity.

Literary work seemed the kind most natural for her, and who among the living could be more familiar with the inner forces—the moving powers—of one side of the greatest civil war since the days of old Rome? But alas! a wasted land and an impoverished people could give but a scant support to their periodical literature. A contribution, paid for by a pittance at home, would command ten times as much in the journalistic market of the North. So necessity, then, rather than choice, sent Mrs. Davis northward.

The ex-Empress, on the contrary, had little need to give time and labor to literary drudgery, though we may be sure that such revelations as she could have given of the inner life of the French court would be intensely interesting both to the general reader and a thesaurus of facts for the future historian. Eugenie lived the first, last, and only Empress of the Second Empire; Mrs. Davis was the first, last, and only "First Lady" of the Southern Confederacy.

Each lived to witness the rise, the glory, and the fall of her people. Each had outlived all the men prominently connected with their respective governments. Each had suffered domestic bereavements of the saddest in our human lot. The Empress lived in affluence, though driven from own land by her own people. Mrs. Davis lived in comparative poverty, but with the love and respect of her people.

The founder of the Second Empire and his beautiful wife must sleep in a foreign land, unmourned by their own nation. The head of the Confederacy and his wife have been laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, that Machpelah of the Confederacy, their graves bedewed with the tears of a sorrowing people.

Each lady saw her court vanish into the land of shades without hope of restoration. The two might have sympathized with each other; yet had the Confederacy won, there can be no doubt but that almost at once the "Tricolor" and the "Stars and Bars" would have come into a death struggle in the land of the Montezumas, for it was a fixed conviction in the South that French dominion in Mexico should never be tolerated.

History furnishes no other pair of contemporary female characters whose lives have been so strangely alike, and yet so unlike, as those of Eugenie Marie de Guzman and Varina Howell Davis.

FLEMING'S LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—A life of Jefferson Davis is being written by Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. He desires the loan of material relating to any period of Mr. Davis's life. He has all the regularly published books by and about Mr. Davis; but desires such material as letters to and by Mr. Davis, diaries and newspaper and magazine articles, pamphlets, privately printed books, anecdotes, and reminiscences; also pictures of Mr. Davis, his homes, places of interest, etc. Those who possess such matter are asked to correspond with Professor Fleming, who will be remembered as the author of "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama," "Documentary History of Reconstruction," etc., and is most eminently fitted for the important work now in hand.

The VETERAN is most cordial in commending compliance with Comrade Fleming's request.





REUNION OF THE BLUE AND GRAY AT GETTYSBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 15-17, 1906.

The return of the sword of Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, of the Confederate army, by the Philadelphia Brigade to Pickett's men was an occasion of much interest. The presentation speech was made by Colonel McCarroll, of the Philadelphia Brigade, and the response by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, of the 56th Virginia Regiment, for Pickett's men. The ceremonies occurred at the Armistead monument on the spot where he fell in the enemy's lines. There is now marked on the monument: "The high-water mark of American valor."

The picture represents a group of Northern and Southern people after the ceremonies near the California monument on Gettysburg battlefield. Mrs. Pickett is in the center, and grasps with her right hand the sword held by Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress in his left hand. Between them stands her little grandson. Colonel McCarroll is to the right of Capt. Jeffress.

#### THE "CONSTITUTION" TO BE AT JAMESTOWN.

BY A. S. KELTON, OF THE EXPOSITION.

A report received from the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., states that the famous old sea fighter, the Constitution, is now undergoing repairs, subsequent to a visit to the Jamestown Exposition, to be held on the shores of Hampton Roads. The vessel has been in the Charlestown Navy Yard since October, 1897, where she was towed from Portsmouth, N. H.; and, owing to many years' neglect, it will be almost mid-summer before she will be able to join in the grand naval pageantry that will be on display during the period of the Jamestown Exposition. Only structural repairs are now being made on the Constitution; but a movement is on foot to collect the many souvenirs and equipment taken from the vessel at various times, so that she will have as near as possible her original appearance.

The Constitution is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length and forty-two feet in width, with a normal load draught of one thousand nine hundred and seventy tons. No ship of ancient or modern type has had such a glorious career as the Constitution. Such was the uniformity of her success that the British Admiralty ordered that the English frigates

should not fight her unless they met her in force. On August 19, 1812, she fought the Guerriere for four hours, leaving the latter a total wreck, which could not even be brought into port as a prize. Under Commodore Bainbridge off the coast of Brazil in December of the same year she captured the British frigate Java after a sharp fight. Again off Cape Verde Islands in a fight of less than an hour the Constitution, under Captain Stewart, captured the frigate Cyane and the sloop Levant, battle ships far superior to the Constitution.

In the midst of the modern war ships of the representative countries of the world Old Ironsides, anchored in historic Hampton Roads, will be one of the most interesting and educational exhibits of the Exposition.

#### GRAVE OF SERGEANT DAMASCUS WETHERLY.

BY MARY L. JOHNSON, COR. SEC. FITZHUGH LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

It was recently the privilege of the members of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Frederick, Md., to care for the remains of Sergeant Damascus Wetherly, of Homesville, Appling County, Ga. This one of the many brave defenders of the South died in 1862, and was buried at Braddock, Md. The intervening years have so changed this neighborhood that it was found advisable to do away with this country graveyard. Years ago the late Mrs. John H. Williams, a loyal Southern woman, had this lonely grave fittingly marked. The Daughters of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter have had the remains brought to Mount Olivet Cemetery, in Frederick, and placed in line with our other heroes, many of whom have "fallen asleep" in a strange land, far from kindred and hearthstone; but they "sleep well," guarded by our lovely mountains and cared for lovingly by the Daughters of that Southland for which they died. Here under the shadow of the first monument ever erected to the "Unknown Dead Who Wore the Gray" they are to sleep until the final reveille is sounded. Each year these graves are flower-strewn, and many tender thoughts go to those far off who know not where their loved ones lie. And so we will ever cherish and honor the memory of our noble heroes.



*FIRST SUPPLY OF CONFEDERATE AMMUNITION.*

John Battle Erwin, of South Carolina, tells this story of the manner in which the Confederate government procured the shot and powder with which Fort Sumter was bombarded:

"I got the story direct from Bob Toombs. He was in the first Confederate Cabinet, being Secretary of State. When he resigned and took the field, I was on his staff.

"It was at the beginning of the Wilderness campaign that he said to me one afternoon: 'Come, Erwin, I'm going over to see General Johnston. His wife and some of her young lady relatives are making him a visit, and I'll take you along to entertain them.'

"As we rode along Toombs began to reminisce. He described the many difficulties they had to deal with in forming the government and pointed out some of the mistakes which he thought had been made. The chief of these was, I remember, in not following the advice of Alex Stephens—buying the cotton crop and shipping it abroad before the enemy had time to blockade our ports. From these subjects, which he spoke of with deep regret, his naturally buoyant temperament turned to many little amusing incidents occurring at the time.

"Did you ever hear how we got the shot and shells that fired the first guns of this war?" he asked, and the recollection evidently amused him. 'Of course the conditions in Charleston Harbor were of the first matters taken up by Mr. Davis and his Cabinet. At the time Montgomery was overrun by unofficial delegates from Virginia and the other wavering States, all of them urging us to strike the first blow, saying: "The moment war actually begins, the waverers will join the seceders. We will rush the issue and force the State out of the Union into the Confederacy."'

"General Toombs continued: 'All the Cabinet were not in favor of our striking the first blow. We wanted Mr. Lincoln to be the aggressor. Finally, however, the bombardment of Fort Sumter was decided on, and Walker, as Secretary of War, was instructed to telegraph General Beauregard to prepare for the attack. Beauregard's reply was short and to the point. "Where is your shot and where is your powder?" he asked. Walker rushed to the President in his consternation. There wasn't time to send abroad, and making ammunition ourselves was out of the question. Davis called a Cabinet meeting, and the conference lasted far into the night. It was decided finally to ask Gov. Joseph E. Brown to turn over to the Confederate government the shot and powder purchased in England for the defense of Georgia before the State joined the Confederacy.

"The telegram was sent, and we were not kept long waiting for Brown's reply. It was this: "The government of Georgia will turn over to the government of the Confederate States of America the desired munitions of war, provided the government will purchase the other supplies bought at the same time and for the same purpose—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and two little gunboats now stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River—reimbursing the State of Georgia for the whole."

"The Secretary of War was in a rage. The President was nettled. "Brown deserves to be impeached!" Walker declared. "The idea of the Governor of a State presuming to dictate terms to the President of the Southern Confederacy!" Davis was more calm of speech and attributed the message to Joe Brown's ignorance of the situation. Being a Georgian and knowing Governor Brown personally, it was decided that I should send him a telegram of remonstrance. I was to point out to him the improbability of there being a war. Even if

our fire on Sumter was resented by the North, their resistance could not be long. But even in case of war the Confederate government could not possibly make use of the supplies he offered, as our troops were made up of Southern gentlemen, who preferred to furnish their own equipment and would never wear government supplies.

"Knowing Joe Brown, I was not surprised when his answer to my telegram came. This is what he said: "The Governor of Georgia will turn over to the government of the Confederate States of America the desired munitions of war, provided the said government will purchase the other supplies bought at the same time and for the same purpose—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and two little gunboats now stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River—reimbursing the State of Georgia for the whole."

"What did we do?" Toombs chuckled. 'The only thing we could do. We bought Joe Brown's munitions of war—ten thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand pairs of blankets, and the two little gunboats stationed at the mouth of the Savannah River. And do you know what Joe Brown did? He made the Confederate government pay the State of Georgia cash, and in gold.'

*INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.*

G. L. Gooch, 1127 North 13th Street, Waco, Tex., is seeking to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any comrades who remember him in the service will kindly write him. He states that he enlisted in the State service in 1861; and after the battle of Lexington, Mo., came South with General Price, and on arrival at Springfield, Miss., he enlisted in the Confederate service, 1st Confederate Cavalry (Colonel Gates commanding), Little's Brigade. When Price went East, Comrade Gooch was left in the hospital sick, and upon recovery he reported for service at Little Rock, Ark., and became a member of Company F, Hawthorne's Regiment, under Captain Barry, and served thus till the close of the war.

Mrs. B. W. Cook, of Eldorado, Ark., seeks to locate the relatives of Dr. Will H. Harrison, son of Dr. J. S. Harrison, who enlisted from Eldorado in Company E, 3d Arkansas Regiment, in 1861. He died soon after the war, and his father, Mrs. Cook thinks, returned to his former home, in Indianapolis, Ind. Dr. Harrison left a daughter, Mrs. Robertson, who died not long since, and her children are seeking to learn something of their grandfather's family at Indianapolis.

Isaiah Rush, of Hubbard City, Tex., desires to hear from any old comrades of the 10th and 38th Mississippi Regiments. In 1861 he belonged to Captain McKieffer's company of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, then reenlisted in Captain McKay's company of the 38th Mississippi, and lost an arm at Vicksburg. He wants especially to hear from Andy Whitely, who belonged to a Missouri regiment and nursed him while wounded at Vicksburg. "Noble fellow he was," adds Comrade Rush.

Mrs. J. D. Ramsey, of Lawton, Okla., inquires for any comrades of John W. Perry, member of a Missouri regiment (possibly the 15th), who can give her the names of its officers and time of being mustered out. She thinks Comrade Perry enlisted from North Missouri, Davis County.

T. L. May, of Brewton, Ala., wants to locate any comrades that served on the gunboat Arkansas Ram, Mississippi River, or the Chicora at Charleston, S. C. This comrade served on both boats as fireman, and wishes to prove his record.

Rev. J. A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, inquires for J. H. Burgess, of the 22d Alabama, and hopes some comrade can tell of him.



THE WOMEN OF MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

The great Civil War covered a wide area. Every Confederate State was the scene of battles and skirmishes, and warm, rich Anglo-Saxon blood soaked the Southern soil from the Potomac to the Brazos. Only one distinctively Northern State (Pennsylvania) heard the

"Fitful cymbal's clash

And the growl of the sullen guns."

For ages to come the Southland will be the theme of the historian, the poet, and the novelist. The siege of Troy was the inspiration of geniuses for hundreds of years, and not until this crime-stained earth shall cease to revolve on its axis will the "Iliad" fail to stir the pulse of adolescent youth and cause many a dreamer to "wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

The historian narrates in their order events and facts often painfully monotonous; but the novelist creates his plot, and then gives us the people as they lived and describes the surroundings with absolute fidelity; hence Walter Scott has done more to arouse the national pride of Scotia with his masterly sketches of Lowlander and Highlander than Macaulay with his matchless history of Scotland.

The pen of Albert Bitozious and of Berthold Auerbach has accomplished more to unify Germany into one nation than all the proclamations of kings or the edicts of emperors.

In our own country it is to the pen of Simms that we owe our pride in the achievements of Marion with his "swamp foxes" (as Tarleton called them), partisans who followed Marion and Sumter.

The aboriginal American Indian would be but a myth but for the genius of Cooper; "Leatherstocking" and the men of the frontier will live as long as America lasts.

When a second Walter Scott shall rise to portray the splendid endurance of the Southern people in the early sixties and paint in vivid colors the romance and sentiment of grim-visaged war, he will choose the spot most crowded with incident; and when from histories, books, and old files of newspapers he has caught the very "spirit and body of the times," he will enthrall humanity and charm the world with tales of "Derring do" and prove that the highest type of women was the Southern girl of the sixties.

Now what region would the novelist choose for a historical novel? Many Southern States (the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, and especially Tennessee) would claim the honor; but there is one section in Virginia that presents such preëminent claims that none can dispute her right, and that spot belonged to Mosby's Confederacy. The "debatable land" was the theater where the most stirring and sensational war drama was played. This region comprises the four counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Culpeper, and Fauquier, and within its boundaries occurred the first skirmish, when Captain Marr was killed in the early summer of 1861. The battle of Blackburn Ford took place on July 18, 1861, and the battle of Manassas was fought three days later. Then followed the bloody skirmish at Gainesville.

During the next year Mosby's Confederacy was a place of suffering, wounds, and death. Stonewall Jackson on August 20 burned Manassas Junction with all Pope's supplies, captured Tyler's Federal brigade, fought the battle of Grovetown for two days, and held Pope at bay until Longstreet got through Thoroughfare Gap; and on the 31st of August occurred one of the bloodiest and most decisive battles of the war. At the Second Bull Run fully twenty thousand men lay

killed and wounded on the field. The next year was fought the well-contested battles of Bristow and Mine Run. In June, 1863, occurred the greatest cavalry combat the world ever witnessed. Stuart was engaged in over a half dozen give-and-take cavalry battles, Mosby had over a score, while detached parties and individual scouts had combats by the hundreds.

Certainly if human blood enriches the soil, Mosby's Confederacy should be the garden spot of the world—a place where the dead far outnumbered the living. Fauquier County, however, was preëminently the "Debatable Land." Its people were put to severer straits, suffered more and endured more for the Confederacy, than any community of civilized people ever did in the annals of mankind. John Esten Cooke, the Southern novelist, and Captain King, the Northern writer, chose this region for their scene of action, and they are but the pioneers of romance.

Fairfax and Prince William Counties were strongly garrisoned by Federal forces, and Culpeper was generally occupied by our forces; but Fauquier was the dark and bloody ground of Virginia, and for three years it was the headquarters of Mosby and his partisans; and the wild forays, the midnight dashes upon the enemy's camps, the sweeps upon the Federal railroads, and the wild, mad charges on the Union wagon trains all had their origin and mostly all happened in old Fauquier. All the Federal plunder and the prisoners gathered in by the partisans were gathered and disposed of within this county.

There was not a house in old Fauquier that did not have its war history; every one of them had its latchstring hanging outside the door for the gray jackets; all of them had been searched by some detachment of some Federal scouting party, and many of the Black Horse men and Mosby's men had made a running fight and dash for liberty as the bluecoats surrounded the place. The whole fruitful county, which in the beginning of the war was gemmed with fine gardens, well-tilled farms, and princely estates, for three long years lay untouched by plow, harrow, or hoe, and abandoned so far as labor and tillage were concerned. The busy hum of industry, the melodious chorus of the blacks in the corn-shucking, the rhythmic music of the cradles as they swung their steel blades on the golden wheat, the cracking of the wagons loaded with grain were heard no more. The region was a desert where the silence of the desert reigned, the once fruitful fields were in parts grown up in their primeval wilds, great stretches of pine coppice were on every side, and these coverts were the favorite lurking places of the scouts. The Yankees never penetrated their depths; and if Rebel scout fleeing for life could strike the pines, he was safe.

The lower part of Fauquier County was nearly always occupied by the Federal troops. The old Orange and Alexandria Railroad was the only source of supply of the Army of the Potomac when advancing; and when they went into winter quarters, their camps were stretched along the railroad from Alexandria to the Rappahannock River.

In the winter the Black Horse, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, which was raised in Fauquier County, was always sent to the Debatable Land to get fresh mounts and to do all the damage they could to the enemy. The Black Horse gained Mosby much of his reputation, and some of his ablest officers were taken from the ranks of this crack company.

The people of Fauquier believed implicitly in Mosby, and his men had unbounded faith in him. When I recall Mosby as I saw him for the first time at the head of his battalion in the little village of Salem, in old Fauquier, in the autumn





MARTIN HOUSE, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA., HEADQUARTERS BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

of 1864 splendidly mounted, his lithe, elegant form attired in a showy, new uniform, slouch hat with gilt cord, and sweeping plume shading his clean-cut cameo face, I thought of the days when "knighthood was in flower;" that he was the knightliest of them all. He was the beau ideal of a "beau sabreur"—a Centaur, Mars, and Apollo all in one.

In many respects Mosby was unique. His power over his men was complete, but they did not love him. He had no magnetism; he was as cold as an iceberg, and to shake hands with him was like having the first symptoms of a congestive chill. He was positive, evidence of a self-centered man, and did not know what human sympathy was. He would have been a Stoic had he lived in Athens in the days of Pericles. The general impression of Mosby is that he was a rough-and-ready, fighting Cracker Jack. On the contrary, he was a literati, a classical scholar, and a thorough student; but he reminded one strongly of Goldsmith,

"Who wrote like an angel,  
But talked like poor Poll."

Mosby was fond of reading the old English literature, and he was familiar with Lord Chesterfield's letters, yet withal he had the manners of a Piute Indian. It has often been said of him that he made an enemy every time he shook hands. He was a fascinating character to study; but he was a "stormy petrel," a born soldier, a light cavalryman by instinct, and a partisan who under no orders could accomplish wonders, but in the regular army he would never have been heard of. In the piping days of peace he was as a fifth spoke in a wheel, and steady, plodding work was his abomination. He was of the meteoric type. Yet though cold, indifferent, and utterly selfish, he was the greatest leader of irregular warfare that history or tradition tells us of. Sumter and Marion were no more to be compared to him than Alvarez was to Cortez. Mosby, with his battalion numbering some three hundred fighters, caused more trouble to the Army of the Potomac than any corps in the Confederate army; and they kept over thirty thousand Federals guarding their communications, their railroads, their army posts, their frontier towns, and their depot of supplies, when but for this ubiquitous ranger these forces would have been in active service in the field.

In 1863 I obtained a transfer from the infantry to the Black Horse Cavalry, and spent the winters of 1863, 1864, and 1865 in old Fauquier; and though I recall many stormy scenes, yet the memory of the noblest, truest, most patriotic women that ever lived is what impressed itself most strongly on my mind.

Picture to yourself the scene of those long years. The

country seemed to lie under the curse; the country roads covered with grass, weeds, and sprouts; the ditches on each side a bed of briers. No ground was tilled. No sound save the sighing of the wind among the tree tops, no animate creature to be seen anywhere, save perhaps a passing glimpse of a horseman who had disappeared before one could raise his eyes for a second glance. In truth, the Debatable Land was the abomination of desolation. A man traveling through that section was in more danger in those days than a rich burgher in passing through Hounslow Heath when Dick Turpin and Claude Duval held high sway. In truth, a scout traversing Fauquier County carried his life in his hands.

The Federal Secret Service, with unlimited means, had equipped a battalion of picked men, dressed in the Confederate uniform, whose business it was to mix with the people, pass themselves off as Rebel scouts, and gain all the information they could. They were known as the Jesse Scouts; and, though they were fearless, daring men, they ran desperate risks for the high pay. They had forged passes, furloughs, and details, and met with some success at first as they had full and accurate information as to Mosby's command and the Black Horse; but their manners, their talk, and their accent betrayed them. Many a time, solitary and alone, I have gone to some house for shelter and food, and have been received with cold courtesy; but after undergoing a close examination a wonderful change would take place, and I would be welcomed as one who was near and dear to them. Many of these Jesse Scouts disappeared from the face of the earth; and when one Confederate cavalryman met another, it was with cocked revolver that they faced each other, and explanations were in order. If they were not satisfactory, then and there was a duel to the death.

I came within an ace of losing my life once because the girls of Mrs. Johnson's family mistook me for a Jesse Scout. It was the day after Christmas in 1864. The Federal General Merritt made a grand raid to celebrate the holidays, but it was a water haul. A detachment of the Black Horse hung on his flank and rear, picking up stragglers. When going down a steep hill full speed, my mare fell and cut her knee to the bone. I dismounted and led her to a house about a mile away. All the Black Horse men wore the blue Yankee overcoat; and when the ladies saw me approach, they naturally thought I was a Federal. I tied my mare and went into the house, and was received like a tax collector. I tried to explain the situation to one of them, the rest having left her to entertain me while they were hiding their valuables. In a few moments the three girls (and they were beautiful girls)



burst into the parlor and said: "If you are a Confederate soldier, you had better surrender, for the Yankees are all around the house." I rushed to the porch and saw a squad tying their horses to the palings of the fence. I ran down the hill, intending to reach the woods about a hundred yards away, when the sergeant in charge rode at me full speed and cut me off. He dismounted and threw up his carbine. I had only my army Colt's. The cap of his gun snapped. He had a very fine horse which I rode to the end of the war.

In many houses there were no men; every man capable of bearing arms was in the field. Often a party of us would stop at some lone farmhouse in the dead of night; and after an interval, a light would gleam, and the white faces of a group of women would be seen huddled together for safety. Then, no matter what the hour, they would start a fire and cook us a frugal meal. How those people lived, God only knows. In the lower part of the county there was no poultry, no hogs or meat of any kind; for a Federal raid would sweep the barn, the pens, and the smokehouse clean. In summer they had their gardens and vegetables, but in winter the great articles of diet were cow beans and corn bread.

The close season for three years had filled the country with game, but bird and beast, except the rabbit, were safe. Ah! Those old hares! What a blessing they were to those unfortunate noncombatants cooped up in Mosby's Confederacy! The boys and girls had traps set all around the place, and rabbits roasted, rabbits fried, rabbit hash, and rabbit fricassee were the prevailing diet. The people living near the Federal camps fared better, for in all truth and honor to the soldiers in blue they would give the country people mess pork and hard-tack; and when they broke camp, there would be left quantities of provisions, which the soldiers freely bestowed on those who came flocking from far and wide to share in the spoil. But for these supplies most people along the railroad would actually have died of starvation.

The Muse of history has written on her scroll the gallant deeds and the endurance of the Black Horse Cavalry, but in heroic endurance they cannot compare with the women of old Fauquier. It is impossible for the average American of to-day, as he sits in his own home, with his family and friends around him, with civilization encompassing him, he and his protected by law, to understand or to picture the existence that the delicate, refined women of Mosby's Confederacy led for three years. They were absolutely alone in their dwellings. Every man capable of bearing arms or act in the department was in the service. There was but little visiting among the neighbors except in case of dire necessity. There were no churches open, no entertainments to relieve the somber lives they led. There were no stores where they might purchase clothes or groceries, no social intermingling to shorten the long hours of the winter nights, and just think of it! no fashion to give joy to their feminine hearts. The negroes had long ago left, and these delicate women had to cut wood and carry it home on their shoulders, bring water, and work in their gardens. They cut the hay, and cultivated corn patches in some obscure spot that a scouting party would not be likely to find.

Many women to-day would feel nervous and frightened if they had to remain in a house without a male protector, even though they knew that law and order reigned and that constables and police were watching over their safety with sleepless vigilance. Think, then, what they would feel to-day in a lone country home and in a region between two great armies with a knowledge that there were soldiers constantly passing through the country, deserters and bounty jumpers, vicious,

unprincipled, and unmitigated scoundrels from the two armies on their way South or North, as it might happen their army was encamped! Think of sitting huddled around a fire, with no light save that of a guttering tallow dip, listening with fearful ears for the coming of—God knows what! Think, matron and maid, what would be the state of your feelings to be awakened out of a fitful slumber by the noise of some one tapping on the window pane, and then a long silence, or to hear the sudden knocking at the door!

This was often the experience of those women of old Fauquier, who, when the knocking came, would hurriedly light the candle, and with throbbing heart and shaking hands huddle on their clothes, and with lagging feet, almost blind with fear, go to answer the summons, and with horrid fancies rioting through their brain unlock the door, turn the knob, and open it to see—Heaven knows what!

Think, women of this fair land, who imagine you are unhappy, with your petty trials and trivial troubles; think of the suffering, the tribulations that the women of the Debatable Land endured for three long years. Yet not a word of complaint or despair fell from their lips.

These heroic women literally lived from hand to mouth, only too thankful that they had a roof to cover their heads. They existed in a strained state of expectancy, not knowing what one day might bring forth. And this is no fancy sketch, for traveling on horseback through this region after Lee's surrender, from Culpeper C. H. to Fairfax Station, I did not see a dozen houses in a ride of forty miles along the railroad track. As far as the eye could reach, the only signs of human habitation were lone chimneys—war's tombstones marking the spot of what had once been happy homes.

None but a Southern veteran or survivor of the Civil War can comprehend the life the people of Mosby's Confederacy lived. Most of them subsisted on the barest necessities. Setting the table was often a hollow farce, and grace before meat was but a bitter burlesque. In their daily prayers for daily bread they usually added: "And a little meat too, O Lord!" No tea, coffee, sugar, or milk, no preserves or pickles, no bread except the corn pone or hard-tack. If one was taken ill, there was no doctor to drive up in his family gig to bring hope and comfort. There were no medicines except the herbs of the field. The isolation from all humankind, the blind ignorance of the future, the seasons that came and went, the long winter nights, and those lingering summer days so spun out that it seemed as if a modern Joshua had commanded, "Sun, stand thou still!" and the midsummer times of dread; for the women knew that the active campaign was in full swing and that the blue and gray were in mortal combat, that their friends and relatives were in dire danger, and that, cut off from the world as they were, they must pass days, weeks, even months perhaps, hoping, doubting, and fearing as to whether their loved ones were alive or dead, and the brooding care and intense, anxious thought made their very souls sicken. Yet in their darkest hour of despair if you asked them, "If you could, would you end it all by submission?" the flash of the eye, the angry red in the cheek was answer enough. It seemed as if "Brahma" creed was correct and that suffering purifies and eliminates the grosser passions; for these women stood calm and dauntless in every storm, and all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" hurled at them failed to conquer or break them. Their faith was strong, their hearts were brave, and they smiled through their tears. Yes, they loved their State next to their religion, and to their adored cause they were as



"True as the needle to the pole  
Or the dial to the sun."

I have seen the women of Fauquier in war times in many situations, and on life's stage, in the bloody drama of the Civil War, they played many parts. I have seen many a delicately nurtured girl performing the coarsest manual labor; I have seen them staggering through the forest with a heavy bundle of fagots on their backs; I have seen them with blistered hands trying to cut knotty wood with a dull ax, and wished that I was a second Briareus and had a thousand arms to offer them instead of only two; I have seen them cooking food for the soldiers long after midnight, with the drum and bugles of the enemy sounding in their ears; for hours I have watched them sitting under the shade of the trees, knitting socks or plaiting straw for their summer hats, and even making footwear from the tops of the cavalry boots and turning out dresses from antique stuffs that had been heirlooms for I know not how many generations; I have seen these same girls dressed in gowns made from the blue overcoats of the cavalry; I have seen them standing for hours on the roof with spyglass in hand, watching the movements of the foe; I have seen them speeding through brake and brier, forest and fallow, to give the alarm to some neighbor who they knew was entertaining Confederate soldiers; I have watched them in the rôle of veritable picket guards, as they kept watch and ward whilst the tired, overworked soldier slept throughout the livelong night under their roof tree. Many a time I have slipped into some house for shelter and warmth during a bitter winter's night and dropped into peaceful slumber, though the camp of the foe was not a musket shot off, feeling secure and safe, "knowing that the girls were en garde" and would not close their eyes or relax their vigilant watch until the first dawn of day should lighten the distant mountain top. I have watched them with reverent wonder as they bound up the wounds of some soldier, at the same time conquering their sickness of heart over the spurting blood and mangled bones. I have seen them when they received the news of the death of some loved one, their heart's dearest, who gave his life to the cause he loved, and they met the blow as did the Roman matrons who said: "Return with thy shield or upon it." They quivered for a time under the stroke, but never gave way to unrestrained, hopeless grief nor to unavailing despair; they only grew more defiant, more bitter and irreconcilable. I have seen them on their knees praying to Almighty God to give success to the cause they loved better than life.

There were some cowardly, timid men in Fauquier County (we had a half dozen in the Black Horse, and there were a score or more of buttermilk rangers who kept dodging in the bushes, arrant poltroons whose greatest achievement was robbing some Federal deserter); but among the women, high-bred and ill-bred, educated and illiterate, the pampered child of fashion and the cruel sport of fortune high and low, there was the same spirit animating them all, the same vindictiveness and defiance of the foe. I never in all those trying years met a woman in old Fauquier who counseled surrender to the foe. The women for years saw only the sterner, sorrowful side of life; they heard only talk of war and things of war; tales of warlike deeds, of deadly daring, "of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field," of the mêlée, the fighting hand to hand excited their imagination and fired their blood. The small details that go to fill up the average woman's existence were not theirs. Instead, the martial air they breathed, their thoughts, their dreams—all were tinctured with war, and so

they learned to love and admire personal bravery in a man beyond and above all else.

Many a happy hour have I spent during the long winter evenings with these matrons and maidens, and the contrast between their firesides and the bivouac of the half-starved, gaunt troopers in camp was to a soldier the difference between Paradise and Purgatory. Yet I noticed one thing: it was no use to try soft dalliance or to play the Claude Melnotte with them; no matter what the subject was, they would invariably bring the conversation back to the war. It was the one absorbing, enthralling topic, and nothing else gained or held their attention. How they flattered, and what homage they paid the soldier who had performed some special act of bravery, and treated him as though it had been done for their own especial benefit! Many a gray-jacketed Othello charmed the ears and won the heart of some Fauquier Desdémona by his tale of deadly daring.

These girls had plenty of proposals. The soldiers did not waste time in their devoirs; they did not know how long they were to live, as lives were cheap in those days; but the women would not listen to such talk. "Drive these people away; and when the war is over, it will be time enough to listen to such things," was the universal reply to the oaths, declarations, and entreaties of their lovers to marry them. These women knew, as did their officers, that a soldier newly wedded was a soldier spoiled, for his heart would not be in his work. By their words and example the scout's soul was elevated, his heart beat stronger, and he became more reckless and more daring.

It was a Fauquier tot of three summers who was sent to visit her aunt in Boston just after the war ended, and just before going to bed on the night of her arrival she knelt down to say her prayers and ask Providence's blessing for General Lee and Jeff Davis. When she was through, her aunt said: "Mollie, the war is over now and we are one people, and you must pray for the Yankees too." Obediently the little, white-clad form sank back to her knees and raised her hands and said: "O Lord, bress the damn Yankees too."

No woman is aware of her own capabilities until she is tested, and there are some who will meet an emergency on the spur of the moment and bravely face the ordeal when they did not dream that they possessed such resolute powers.

There was a young cavalryman (a cousin of mine named Waller), a youth in his teens, who was visiting his fiancée, a tall, stately girl but a year younger than himself. She was a girl of gentle, winning manners, refined and lovely in mind as she was in person. She was the last one family or friends would have selected to play the rôle of heroine or to face a crisis successfully. This was one of the instances where the two extremes met. She was above the medium height; he was below it, and measured only five feet three with his boots off. She was timid; he was the incarnation of recklessness. She was slow and stately in her movements; he was lithe and quick as a wild cat. Even among the plucky cavalrymen Waller was noted for being the rashest among them all; he loved danger for danger's sake. He dashed through a Federal cavalry camp once in broad daylight in full uniform in pure bravado, and before they could recover from their surprise he was out and away. On another occasion he was concealed in a forest as a Federal detachment of cavalry was passing, and just as the rear guard reached the point where he was hiding he spurred his horse and with a mighty bound landed right behind them, discharged every barrel of his six-shooter among them, and dashed into the woods before the astonished men could fire upon him.



On the occasion when his life was saved by his fiancée he was on his way to pay her a visit. With his usual rashness he rode along the road as carelessly as if he were in the midst of Lee's army instead of a side road in Mosby's Confederacy, with the strains of the bugles of the bluecoats echoing from crag to crag of the Blue Ridge. He was riding in the open road close to his destination, when a company of Federal cavalry closed in on him. Waller, though taken by surprise, did not lose his nerve; he turned and shot the captain and then sped straight down the road, with the crack of the pistols of his pursuers sounding loud above the thunder of the beat of the hoof strokes. A high rail fence ran along the highway, and there was nothing for him to do but keep straight on. As he neared the mansion he saw that the gate was closed, but he was well mounted and a light weight and he just cleared it; but his horse lost his balance and fell to his knees, and in an instant Waller was off and ran up the steps into the house.

His sweetheart had seen the whole affair. The Federals had to stop to open the gate, and this gave him time to reach her side before the Federals reached the house. An ordinary woman would have screamed; an extraordinary woman would have turned white to the lips, and would have thrown herself before his bearded foes and thus have given him a chance to fly; but a heroine did neither. She heard the order to the troopers to surround the house, and, worse than all, she heard the clanking of spurred feet hurrying along the gravel walk. There was no time for tears, no time to think, only time to act on an inspiration that saved a human life. To do so was violating every principle of female modesty, every precept of the world, and doing violence to every finer feeling and performing an act which would in the common course of events cause her long and continued shame and regret. She loved her country, she loved its defenders; but she loved most of all the man now being hunted to death. She stood in the passage, her tall form rendered more imposing by the monstrous crinoline skirt, worn during the first two years of the war. She made her lover stoop down and she stood over him, her broad skirts effectually concealing his diminutive figure. As the bluecoats came streaming into the hall, an officer in front, with his cocked Colt's in his hand, demanded to know where the Rebel was. She motioned them to a rear door, and she stood like a statue all the time they were searching the house. When interrogated by the officer, she answered coolly, calmly, and plainly, as if she were discussing a dinner; and her magnificent nerve kept her standing there so naturally that not one of those men had the slightest suspicion that she knew anything of the Rebel fugitive.

After her sublime act, it would seem that Fate would have watched over and have protected her lover; but her heart was broken when a year later tidings came to her that he had fallen in the front of battle line, with a bullet through his heart.

Again in the winter of 1864 occurred an incident which proves the truth of this couplet:

"What will not gentle woman dare

When strong affection stirs her up?"

Shakespeare has made Cordelia the paragon of daughters, but it is doubtful if she would have ventured and dared for good King Lear what plain Mary Pilcher did for her father.

It was a bitter, tempestuous night, with the rain falling spasmodically in torrents, and black as Erebus. Mary's father was an aged man of seventy, and they lived inside Mosby's Confederacy, about three miles from the railroad, which was

heavily garrisoned by Federal camps. The Pilcher family consisted of the father, mother, and three girls, Mary, the eldest, being but eighteen, and the other two six and four.

Old Mr. Pilcher was a martyr to neuralgia, and on the night in question was taken with a severe attack which slowly moved toward his heart; his agony was terrible, and there were no medicines in the house except some simple lotions. Mrs. Pilcher did all in her power; but her feeble efforts availed nothing, and she told her daughter that death was certain unless a doctor could be brought to his relief. Then it was that Mary formed a heroic resolution, and, going to her room, she put on her heaviest clothes and told her mother that she was going to the Yankee camp for a surgeon. Her mother, distraught by the dreadful suffering of her husband, made no protest; so in the face of the storm Mary started on her perilous journey. She had to literally feel her way foot by foot. In a short while she was drenched to the skin. As she neared the camp her courage almost failed. She knew that at any moment she might unconsciously come upon a sentinel, who would shoot her down without waiting for any explanation; and this nearly happened, for as she moved cautiously along the sudden sharp challenge of a sentry but a few feet distant was followed by the click of his gunlock. She gave a scream, and the woman's voice saved her life. The darkness had momentarily lightened, and her form was dimly outlined against the sky. The guard kept her covered with his musket and called for the corporal of the guard. When he came with a squad at his heels, the girl demanded to be taken to the colonel.

What a meeting! The tent dimly lighted, the officer half-dressed and only half-awake as he listened to the tale of the maiden, who was wan and white, as if she had been fished out of the bottom of a river! That Federal officer had a heart of gold; he treated her as if she were his own sister. He roused his staff, an ambulance was soon ready, and the regimental surgeon, as fine a gentleman as the earth could produce, accompanied her, and was the means of saving her father's life. He called several times, carrying food and medicine; but never with an armed escort, for he knew his Southern foe, and he knew that he was as safe in the dense thickets and open plains of Mosby's Confederacy, with the Rangers lurking in every covert, as he would be on Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

It is to be regretted that ink was so scarce within Mosby's Confederacy that most of the correspondence between soldiers and maidens was written with lead pencils. What a world of romance would have been saved! How many tales of daring have been lost through the fading of the pencil strokes! Yet if the truth must be told, the love letters were mostly confined to the sterner sex. The girls would write a column about war to one line given for sentiment; then again they could never know into whose hands their letters might fall. The recipient might be captured, wounded, or killed, and curious eyes might glance over their loving words. No! With the girls it was war! War! and the knife to the hilt. The latest news from the army was talked of, rumor speculated upon. The relative merits of every general in the army were discussed, and the next campaign was the absorbing theme. Many of the scouts carried a map of Virginia, and many a fair head was bent over the plan to win a great victory that some Napoleon or Johnny in tatters and rags had outlined. It was a curious study to see them receive some old newspaper that had passed through many hands before reaching theirs, for it goes without saying that there were no post offices or post-



masters in Mosby's Confederacy. A newspaper was a veritable treasure in the isolated homes in that section, and its news was eagerly devoured by the women; but they did not scan the marriage notices or lists of bargain sales or society news. It was the war column and news from the front that was of interest to them.

Warrenton, the county seat of Fauquier, is a village of some eight hundred people and famous in ante-bellum days for its lovely women and its hospitality. It is beautifully situated on a high range of hills. The inhabitants, all well-to-do at the outbreak of the war, grew wretchedly poor before the conflict was half over. Warrenton was called the capital of Mosby's Confederacy, and every Federal raiding party would deflect from its course and dash through its streets. It must have been to the bluecoats like

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

for every door and window was tightly closed and not a soul was visible. Yes, there was one exception: the worthy mayor always met the visiting military with a bow and smile, and offered them the keys and the freedom of the town. This happened so often that "His Honor," like a popular country doctor, was often called up at the most untimely hours of the night.

On one occasion a Federal brigade of cavalry swept into town one day at noon most unexpectedly. It was a dull day in November, with a heavy fog, and it caught the villagers napping. A dozen or more old men were rounded up and taken before the general commanding. "What is your name?" he asked one.

"My name is Rabbitt, sir."

"And yours?" addressing the next one.

"My name is Coon, sir."

"Yours?" he asked of a little Dutchman.

"Lion," was the reply.

"Adjutant," roared the general, "lead all these men to their homes; we have struck a d— menagerie."

Yet these men gave their correct names. It was a curious coincidence that they all should have been together.

It was wonderful how quickly news of the movements of the enemy could be discovered and disseminated and spread abroad by means of the grapevine telegraph. There were some families who were appointed by Gen. Jeb Stuart himself to collect information, and it is safe to say he picked out the loveliest, brainiest, most devoted and patriotic among all the fair women in the Confederacy. These ladies received and entertained Federal officers at their homes, and they were ostracized all during the war by the whole community, for their mission was kept a profound secret. These Circes invariably wormed out every military secret from their visitors, and by the time the bluecoats were springing buoyantly to the bugle's blare of "boots and saddles" there were several Paul Reveres of every age and sex speeding through Mosby's Confederacy, and the flying Federal column might sweep through the country without seeing a living thing and return to report that the country was literally a desert, harboring neither man nor beast.

Yet sometimes the Federal raiders would start in the night-time and steal a march on their vigilant foe. Even Mosby was caught in Mr. Glasscock's house by a detachment of bluecoats, and was badly wounded. In such cases the women showed their nerve and bravery. The Yankees would have given millions of dollars to capture Mosby. After he was shot through the stomach, Mosby took off his coat, rolled it up, and slipped it under the bureau. When the Federal troopers

asked Mrs. Glasscock who he was, she told them that he was some soldier belonging to the regular army on a visit. They left him to die, but the ladies hurried him off in an ox cart to a house hidden away in the woods.

The women and scouts had a code of signals—by a motion of a light in the night time and a shawl or some bright color waved from the window. Another way in which these women helped the South: they bent all the energy of their keen wits to obtain firearms. There was a large number of deserters, bounty jumpers, and human ravelings from the Army of the Potomac who made their way northward through the country, and they would give their arms and accouterments for something to eat or for information as to the best way of making their way through the pickets or provost guards. The women would secrete the weapons and later send them to Lee's army when they were sorely needed. One girl secured one dozen Enfield muskets and four revolvers with accouterments, and she in her way aided the cause more than she could have done had she been an average soldier.

In the capital of every Southern State there stands in the public park a figure of heroic size either of granite, bronze, or marble, and it is the people's tribute to the courage and gallantry of the Confederate soldier. All, friend and foe alike, bow in homage to as noble a type of manhood as the Anglo-Saxon race has evolved. But it seems strange that there is not so much as a plain monolith or simple shaft erected to the memory of the Southern maids and matrons of America's great internecine war.

The Greeks gave credit and honor to their women, and the column to the memory of Artemisia will stand a living tribute to the virtues of the loving "daughter of the Greeks" as long as this world shall turn on its axis, and the temple to Diana of Ephesus is one of the seven wonders of the world.

It seems but meet and proper that the South should erect the loftiest shrine ever seen within her borders, commemorative of the virtues and patriotism of the lovely yet dauntless women who lived and labored for their State during the great Civil War.

#### WHAT AN ARKANSAS COMRADE SAID FOR THE VETERAN.

The following little talk was made for the VETERAN at a gathering in Arkansas by a comrade who has given much time and thought in its behalf, and it is given here in the hope of enlisting others in the work: "Confederate Veterans, I wish to ask a favor of every one of you. Every time you go to a public gathering take with you a copy of the VETERAN. If you haven't one, send and get it; it will cost you nothing. Then show it to every man you meet and ask him to subscribe. You don't know how easy it is to get a subscriber until you try it. Ask the young men to subscribe; tell them that after six months, if they are dissatisfied with it, you will give them their money back. I made that promise to one young man, and soon after getting his first number he told me there was one article in it that he would not take the price of subscription for. The young men ought to read it, and will if you will show it and ask them to subscribe. We old men can't afford to do without it. We can treble its list of readers if we will try within a year. If you were a good soldier, get up and hustle for the VETERAN."

Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., is anxious to procure the first eight numbers of the VETERAN (1893), and asks the comrades to look over their copies and write him. He will pay a good price for them in good condition.



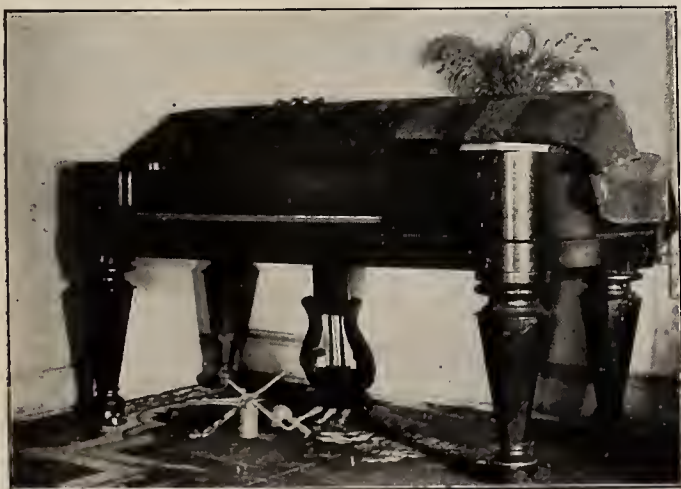
## VISIT TO BATTLEFIELD OF MURFREESBORO.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Recently I had the very great satisfaction of spending a day on the battlefield of Murfreesboro, which I had not seen for forty-four years—not since we marched off in the rain and storm of January, 1863. It was particularly gratifying that the party who accompanied me were near participators in the events of that battle. They were: Capt. B. L. Ridley, of the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, who then commanded a brigade of Cheatham's Division; Capt. Charles H. King, an officer in Maney's Brigade of the same division; and the editor of the *VETERAN*. We were driven on the historic ground by Comrade S. G. Hunt, who was familiar with the battlefield. In that battle I was adjutant general of Manigault's Brigade, Withers's Division, which division was supported by that of Cheatham. So all the party fought in the same part of the battlefield except Cunningham, whose regiment was in Mississippi at that time, and each could assist the other in identifying the points of common interest.

We drove right out to the point on the Wilkinson Pike where Manigault's gallant boys captured four guns. Easily fixing this, I could readily trace the line of advance to this point and subsequent advance toward the Nashville Pike. So far as I can learn from reading the "Rebellion Records," the four captured twelve-pound Napoleons were four of the six guns of Battery G, 1st Ohio Volunteer Artillery. On them were subsequently inscribed the names of four distinguished South Carolinians killed in the battle, two each from the 10th and 19th Regiments, which regiments were accorded the chief glory of the capture, and they were sent, under escort of a detachment from the two regiments, commanded by Capt. C. C. White, selected as a mark of honor for distinguished gallantry, to General Beauregard, commanding Department of South Carolina, and turned in for use to Gaillard's Battery.

Of course the face of the country, from clearing and cultivation, is very much changed; but there are many ineffaceable landmarks by which the correct positions could be identified. We drove over to the Harding Home, which at the beginning of the battle of December 30 was just within the enemy's line and in front of Withers's Division. Near this house, before our pickets had been driven back, took place the heroic picket fight of Companies A and C, 10th South Carolina Regiment, when Capt. Charles Carroll White, of Company A, won his promotion for distinguished gallantry. In the house we had the privilege of viewing the piano, shown in the illustration, which was in the Harding Home at the time of the battle.



THE OLD PIANO, STILL WELL PRESERVED.

A lot of Federal wounded were lying on the floor of the room in which was the piano. After the house fell into our hands by the victorious advance of the Confederates, a shot from the enemy's battery—said to be from the battery on the Wilkinson Pike, afterwards captured by Manigault's Brigade—swept into the room, killing five of the wounded Federals and making the shot hole shown in the left-hand back leg of the piano. The Harding house of that date was destroyed by fire some years ago, and the present house is upon the same spot.

While those of us who were in the battle were fighting it over again, Mr. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*, called upon the venerable Mrs. Harding, eighty-six years of age, but who sits erect and whose eyes sparkled as if a girl of twenty. She was reared in the vicinity. The fine old piano has been eagerly sought by relic hunters. One man begged them to accept a thousand dollars for it, and another offered to supply the best piano in the Nashville market and to give her three hundred dollars in addition.

Standing on the lawn in front of the house could be seen the cedar thicket in which was Withers's Division, supported by Cheatham's. Well do I remember that thicket. The enemy on December 30, by the advance of their main line, had driven our picket line back to the edge of the cedar thicket, in front of which was an open field. Our effort was to prevent their development of our main line of battle, and at one time half the brigade was on the picket line to prevent this, which was successfully accomplished.

A vast crowd of vivid memories rushed upon me as I stood on this the scene of the first great battle in which I had participated.

For dinner we rode out to the hospitable home of Capt. George Beesley, and met the good old comrade, his charming family, and Maj. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, his brother-in-law. The company and the dinner matched the enjoyments of that day—real old-time Tennessee fare and welcome.

After dinner we drove over to McFadden's Ford, on Stone's River, where Breckinridge's Division so gallantly endeavored to cross on the afternoon of January 2. We stood on the hill where the Federals had posted fifty-eight guns, and from the sweep they had of all the approaches it is not to be wondered at that the Confederate attack failed.

To mark the historic spot, the N., C. & St. L. Railway has erected a very handsome shaft. On the modest tablet on this monument is "Shops N., C. & St. L. Railway," giving credit to the patriotic workers of this great railroad.

The whole day was one of unqualified gratification, and our only regret was that it had not lasted a week. It seemed to me a great pity that the historic points around Murfreesboro could not be fully and clearly marked. Not only was it the scene of the great battle of December 31, 1862, but of two other battles. Heroism is indigenous to the soil of Tennessee, and around Murfreesboro it is manifestly strong.

WATTS'S OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE.—The March number of Watts's Official Railway Guide, Atlanta, Ga., marks the twenty-second year of its publication. Many thousands of miles of railway passenger trains are shown in this issue, the exact mileage, schedules, and connections are clearly shown, with miscellaneous information and hotel directory of the South, making it especially valuable to the traveling public and the business man of the South. Mr. J. R. Watts, by his indomitable energy, has well earned the success of his efforts. The tourist and traveler will find it a valuable handbook of information, well worth its price, only twenty-five cents.



*MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE AT CHARLESTON.*

Miss Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of our beloved Robert E. Lee, recently visited Charleston, S. C., and among the many attentions most deservedly paid her was an entertainment by the Chapter composed of the Children of the American Revolution, of which body Mrs. W. Moultrie Gourdon is the Mother or President. There were several interesting ceremonies, and among them the reception to Miss Lee, the children being grouped around an American flag in the hands of Master Rhea Johnston, a grandson of Gen. (now Bishop) Ellison Capers; a recitation of "Washington at Greenaway Court," most charmingly given by little Miss Ruth Harvey; and a speech on Robert E. Lee by Master B. Wilson Walker. The latter is a grandson of Gen. C. I. Walker, only seven years of age, but, true to his heritage, a loyal little Rebel. The little fellow spoke with great earnestness, and as if he felt every word he uttered, the following speech taught him by his grandmother, who believes in keeping fresh in the memories of her descendants the precious memories of the past: "Gen. Edward Lee was born on the 19th of January, one hundred years ago. He was a grand man. He loved God, he loved his country, he loved all that was good and noble, and I am proud to say he was our Confederate leader. The name of Robert Lee will never die. It is written in history and in the Book of Life, and will live forever."

Miss Lee was so charmed by his manly tribute to her great father that she snatched him up in her arms and kissed him.

Let us forever by just such incidents and such teachings keep alive in the hearts of the uprising generation the lesson of the heroism of the Confederate fathers and mothers, that they may be bettered by the example of such glorious forefathers.

*GEORGIA RANGERS IN EAST TENN.*

J. K. Valentine wrote from Loudon, Tenn., February 15, 1863 (he was of a cavalry battalion, Smith's Legion):

"For two weeks past we have been stationed at this place, resting and awaiting developments; but last night these conditions were broken into. The men were asleep, when suddenly the shrill notes of the bugle sounded the alarm signal. \* \* \* The voice of the adjutant sounded throughout the camp: 'Turn out squadrons with your whole effective force and be ready to move in ten minutes.'

"Then there was hurry and confusion. Nobody knew what was up. The general impression was that the Yankees were moving to attack and beat us back so as to burn the Loudon bridge. In ten minutes the whole battalion was moving in line of battle by squadrons, and we were soon double-quickened toward Loudon. We entered the town, and raised such a yell as I have never heard. The citizens roused from their beds dreadfully frightened. They thought the Yankees had charged the town; but when they learned who it was, they were somewhat relieved. \* \* \* As soon as ammunition

was issued the column was turned toward the bridge, evidently to cross. This was trying to our nerves, for I believe if the men had been offered their choice of crossing that bridge or engaging five hundred Yankees in a fight they would sooner have fought. It was very dark and raining, and the floor of the bridge was full of holes. The crossing was a dangerous feat at any time. We were fearful of accidents, and one horse did fall through in the beginning. This crossing detained us at least an hour, but finally we all got over without further trouble.

"Then commenced the rain. We struck off at a brisk pace in the direction of Knoxville, our destination being Ebenezer Station, and our object to intercept one hundred renegades and conscripts who were to pass there on their way to Kentucky to join the Federal army. At daylight we reached the point to which we had been ordered, but there was not a conscript or renegade to be found."

[The bridge referred to was very long and high across the Tennessee River. It was enough to alarm all who had to cross it. This description will recall many thrilling experiences that were alike severe and perilous, the causes of which were never understood by the men in the ranks. Such experiences were severe tests of the faithfulness of soldiers and were maintained through rigid discipline.]

*WHO KILLED GEN. PHIL KEARNEY?*

BY COL. W. L. GOLDSMITH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Col. W. L. DeRosset, 3d North Carolina, Wilmington, N. C., in the April number is correct when he says that a Georgian killed Gen. Phil Kearney. At the time (1862) I was captain of Company K, 14th Georgia Regiment, Thomas's Georgia Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps. Thomas's Brigade was composed of the 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments. I had charge of the skirmish line in front of this brigade at Ox Hill in 1862, and it was late in the afternoon in the midst of a rain storm and very dark that we saw some one approaching the skirmish

line on horseback a few hundred paces in front of us, and not very far behind the horseman came a line of Federals, who in their blue uniforms coming from the green field were scarcely distinguishable. Our brigade was behind an old-fashioned rail worm fence, thickly screened by sassafras bushes, and my first impulse was to withdraw the skirmish line, so as to ambush this approaching line of battle, passing the order on the right and left to retire; but the skirmish line of the brigade, some of the men seeing the horseman and not understanding the reason for retiring, fired and killed this horseman, who turned out to be Gen. Phil Kearney. I do not remember from which one of the regiments the man came who fired the shot, but think it was the 14th.





As Colonel DeRosset says, this is not a matter of much consequence; but the truth should be told. I remember distinctly that there was great sympathy expressed by every Confederate for this brave Federal general, who had left an arm in Mexico.

#### GENERAL KEARNEY KILLED IN FRONT OF 49TH GEORGIA.

Col. G. N. Saussy, of Hawkinsville, Ga., writes to Col. William L. DeRosset, Wilmington, N. C.:

"Your story of the death of the Federal general, Phil Kearney, and the instance of the Georgia boy who claimed that his bullet rolled the General from his saddle, as noted in the *VETERAN* for April, has much of fact in it. In the gloom of dusk General Kearney, getting beyond his line, rode right up to the front of part of the 49th Georgia, which was resting in the edge of the woods. General Kearney asked in a quiet way: 'What troops are these?' Possibly a half dozen responded: 'The 49th Georgia.' He quietly remarked, 'All right,' and turned his horse in the opposite direction. Some one exclaimed: 'That's a Yankee officer!' Then 'Halt!' rang out from a dozen voices, when the General threw himself forward on his horse, running the spurs into his sides by the same impulse.

"Major Pate, of the 49th, was standing just behind the line. He ordered, 'Shoot him!' and possibly a dozen or more rifles, as one explosion, rang out. More than one bullet cut the General's clothing, several pierced his saddle, and the one that proved fatal, singularly enough, entered from the lower part of the body and possibly pierced his heart as he fell from his horse. When picked up almost immediately, he was found dead. His body was brought near a fire around which some men and officers were gathered. Near by was a wounded Yankee officer, who, raising up and viewing the remains, told the Confederates it was Gen. Phil Kearney.

"These facts can be substantiated by Judge A. C. Pipkin, of this little town, who was a member of the 49th and witnessed the tragedy. He says McCrimmon, of Telfair County, Ga., exclaimed as the shot rang out, 'Boys, I've got him!' supposing his gun was the only one fired; but as the saddle and the General's clothing indicated many bullet marks, McCrimmon's claim is questionable. But the volley from the boys of the 49th Georgia did the work, and a gallant and valuable Federal officer paid the penalty of his misfortune in getting beyond his lines.

"Stonewall Jackson did so, but the bullets that severely wounded 'Old Jack' were those from the guns of his own men. McPherson rode up to the Confederate line near Atlanta by mistake, and paid the penalty of his life in attempting to regain his own troops.

"General Kearney's horse as soon as the General fell wheeled and came into the line of the 49th, and was captured.

"Col. W. L. Grice, lieutenant colonel of the 45th Georgia, also a resident of this town, verifies Judge Pipkin's narrative, and I believe there are other witnesses here who can substantiate the story as above.

"I was not a member of either regiment named, but of the Jeff Davis Legion, Hampton's Brigade, in the same brigade, at the time with Baker's gallant 1st North Carolina Cavalry.

"These incidents are just as related to me by Judge A. C. Pipkin and Colonel Grice."

#### SEEMINGLY CLEAR ACCOUNT OF GENERAL KEARNEY'S DEATH.

[Colonel Grice writes J. R. Chiles, of Wayside, Ga.]

It was John McCrimmon, of the 49th Georgia Regiment, who killed Gen. Philip Kearney at the battle of Ox Hill (or

Chantilly), September 1, 1862. Darkness had put an end to the conflict; the battle was over and the firing had ceased when General Kearney left his line and rode alone to the front of the 49th Georgia. Evidently he was trying to ascertain whether these men were friends or enemies, as there was some confusion on both sides caused by the growing darkness.

When close to our line, he asked: "What troops are those?" His question was answered by a similar one concerning his own belonging. Some of the men understood his reply to be "We are Confederates," while others thought he said "Federals." Discovering his mistake, he wheeled his horse and started to retreat. Capt. John H. Pate, of the 49th, gave the order to "Fire on him." General Kearney bent low down on the neck of his horse; and as he did so, McCrimmon's bullet entered his body directly from the rear, making no external wound. He fell from his horse, and died in a few minutes. McCrimmon was the only man who fired just at that time.

My regiment and yours (the 45th Georgia) was detailed to hold the field while the others went into bivouac. It had rained that evening while the battle was in progress, and the night air was chilly to men in wet clothes. At the regimental headquarters we built a fire, and to this fire the dead body was brought. We knew by the uniform that it was a Federal officer, but we did not know his name or rank. A Federal captain who had been wounded and captured had been brought to the same fire, as soon as he saw General Kearney with his one arm (the other having been lost in the Mexican War), told us who the dead man was. His body lay by that fire all night, a few hundred yards from where he fell.

Such of these incidents as did not come under my own observation I got from the men that night and afterwards. John McCrimmon died a few years ago at his home, in Telfair County, Ga. He always claimed that it was his shot which killed this distinguished officer, and the men who were standing by him at the time confirmed this claim. Major Rivers, of the 49th, who was wounded in the battle, rode General Kearney's horse off the field to the hospital. The next day General Lee sent the body, under flag of truce, to his own men, and he sent with it the red smoking cap which was found with the body.

It may not be amiss to add that a few weeks afterwards Mrs. Kearney wrote a letter to General Lee, requesting that her husband's sword be sent to her. General Lee sent to General McClellan not only the sword but the horse and saddle of the dead officer, explaining that the bridle had been lost. At the same time he sent a letter in care of General McClellan to Mrs. Kearney. The correspondence between these officers relating to the return of this property was published in the "War Records" by the United States government.

There ought to be no dispute about the time, place, or circumstances of the killing of this officer, as there are yet living witnesses to the foregoing narrative; and yet I have seen from time to time various accounts of his death, no two of which were alike, and no one of which was true. I hope this will settle the dispute you mention over this affair between Captain Rutherford and others.

#### GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY'S SWORD.

[W. E. Duncan, Company H, 14th Georgia, Dublin, Ga.]

In the April (1907) *VETERAN*, page 168, is an article by Col. W. L. DeRosset referring to an article in the October *VETERAN*, page 498, where it is stated that W. Singleton, of the 9th Louisiana, is the soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney.



As stated by Colonel DeRosset, it is not a matter of much importance; but as truth is the object sought for, the record should be correct.

In the battle of Ox Hill, in 1862, Thomas's Brigade, composed of the 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments, went into action at the commencement. The enemy soon gave way, but was rallied after falling back a short distance. Meanwhile our (Thomas) brigade was deployed and thrown forward some distance in advance of the main line, when this officer (who we afterwards learned was Gen. Phil Kearney) rode up within twenty paces of the 49th Georgia Regiment and asked what regiment that was. One soldier (whom Colonel Derosset minutely described) answered: "This is Company G, 49th Georgia."

The General saw his mistake, wheeled his horse, threw himself close upon his horse's back, and put spurs. This soldier, taking in the situation, fired and killed the officer, who proved to be Gen. Phil Kearney.

The soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney is Elijah Curl, of Company G, 49th Georgia Regiment, who related it to me about two years ago. He now has General Kearney's sword. It has always been understood here that Lige Curl killed General Kearney and, taking his sword, gave it to his lieutenant colonel, Johnathan Rivers. Colonel Rivers soon afterwards lost a leg and was retired. He took the sword home with him. Colonel Rivers died soon after the war, and the sword being among his effects, the question arose as to who was the rightful owner of it, as no one seemed to care anything about it. Some years after other parties came into possession of the premises, and found the sword, and, knowing something of its history, began the inquiry as to who gave the sword to Colonel Rivers. I heard of the inquiry, and wrote to Mr. Curl, telling him how and where he could get the sword if he cared for it. He proceeded as I wrote him, and got it, so he informed me about two years ago. This is the true history of the killing of Gen. Phil Kearney as related to me immediately after the battle and several times since.

#### YOUNGEST LIVING CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. William F. Hopkins, formerly of York County, Va., now residing at 224 South Pine Street, Richmond, Va., enjoys the distinction of being the youngest living Confederate soldier. His age is fifty-six, and he is hale, hearty, and heavy of body. Mr. Hopkins has been twice married, his first wife being Miss M. J. Davis, a direct descendant of Light-Horse Harry Lee; and two sons, Rev. R. F. Hopkins, of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. C. Fitzhugh Hopkins, of Hampton, Va., survive this union.

Recently the jeweled cross to the youngest living Confederate soldier was awarded to Mr. Hopkins. He was a full-fledged fighter at the age of eleven years and a few months, and fought the whole war through, his career as a soldier ending at Appomattox, when he was just fifteen years of age.

In a letter to the Times-Dispatch of Richmond, Mr. Hopkins says: "I was born November 13, 1849, in York County, eight miles below Yorktown, and entered the Confederate service when I was eleven years, five months, and seventeen days old with York Rangers at the beginning. Afterwards we were Company I, 32d Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, until after the fight at Gettysburg; then in General Corse's brigade. I served during the entire war, and was paroled at Appomattox Courthouse, at which time I was fifteen years old, and weighed over two hundred pounds."

Mr. Hopkins is a member of Magruder Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Newport News, Va., and is rich in reminiscences of the gory days of old when the flower and chivalry of the Old South's manhood went forth and won enduring fame upon many fields of blood. He was painfully wounded at the battle of Chafin's Bluff, and will carry upon his stalwart person to the grave scars of battle.

#### WAR RECORDS WANTED.

W. H. Bachman, of Magnet, Ark.: "I belonged to Company F, 42d Mississippi Regiment, and while in camp about Richmond, Va., in the summer of 1862 it became a part of our duty to guard the Federal prisoners that were captured in the seven days' fighting about Richmond and at that time stationed on Belle Isle, in the James River. In this work we were assisted by troops known as Montgomery's Battalion, but from what State I do not recall. While thus engaged the officer of the guard was always from the 42d Mississippi, while the officer of the day was from the battalion. One night while carrying out strict orders to have all approaching persons lean over the bayonet to give the countersign, unintentionally my bayonet was run through the clothing of the officer of the day. If that officer is still living, I should be pleased to hear from him, or from any one who belonged to Montgomery's Battalion."

George R. Terry, of Cameron, Tex., seeks to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and would like to hear from any comrades who can testify in his behalf. He enlisted in John Pelham's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862; afterwards served in James Breathed Battery, then in P. P. Johnston's Battery, and lastly in Dan Shank's Battery—all Stuart's Horse Artillery. He wishes to get a pension by proof of his service.

Mrs. F. G. Catlett, President U. D. C., Pawnee, Okla, wishes to secure the war record of J. W. Perry, who was from Northeast Missouri, and helped raise a company in Shelby, Clark, and Lewis Counties; was with Price and Van Dorn, and both in the infantry and cavalry service during the war. This record is desired to enable his wife and daughters to become members of the U. D. C. and the son a U. S. C. V. Any information will be appreciated.



WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS WAS IMPRISONED.





#### THE MONUMENT AT LINDEN, TEX.

John A. Morris writes from Linden, Tex., sending picture of the Confederate monument erected there in 1903, where the "boys in gray" and the Daughters have kept in memory the noble virtues of the patriots of the sixties. The monument stands in the yard of the county courthouse at Linden, and was unveiled on October 29, 1903, with appropriate ceremonies. It is a beautiful marble shaft, and was erected in the most public place that all might be made familiar with the heroism of Southern soldiers and keep in memory their glorious achievements.

This monument movement was successfully carried through by the untiring efforts of Mrs. Gertrude Cartwright, of Cusseta, Tex., and she is the central figure in the group about the monument, holding the flag, with her grandchildren on each side. An only brother died in the Confederate army, and his memory inspired her devotion, which was untiring to the Southern cause.

#### WHAT A FELLOW IN NEED DID.

BY WALLACE WOOD, NEW ORLEANS.

So many interesting reminiscences are published in the *VETERAN* that I am tempted to give my experience with the Hotel de Ragsdale, of Meridian, Miss., during 1864 for the fun I enjoyed. While knocking around Pontotoc County, Miss., hunting for some freebooters from Memphis in the shape of Yankee cavalry, I accidentally got too close to one of these freebooters, who killed my horse instead of me. This necessitated a trip to Meridian for a furlough to Canton to get another horse.

With a twenty-dollar Confederate bill in my pocket, I walked around to the Ragsdale House, a well-known hotel in those days, to get a room and breakfast. Some staff officer at Forrest's headquarters had given me supper. Approaching the counter and registering, I asked for a room. The proprietor replied: "Five dollars per bed, and cash in advance." I inquired if that included breakfast also. "No, sir," said Mr. Ragsdale; "breakfast is five dollars more." I did not have courage to back out and sleep on the ground, so I brought out my twenty-dollar bill, said good-by to it, and passed it

over to Mr. Ragsdale. In the dim light furnished by a tallow candle—good old days when they were fashionable—he handed me back a one-hundred-dollar bill in place of the ten coming to me. After this interesting little episode took place—and highly interesting was it to me—he called "the boy" to "show the gentleman to No. 28," giving him at the same time a tallow dip and a key to unlock the door. After climbing up to the third floor, I was ushered into a wide hall running the full length of the house, with about one hundred cots strung out and about fifty of them occupied. The shouts of derision which greeted me took away all the courage of the negro, who handed me the candle and key and ran back down the stairs.

On the morrow I soon had my "C" changed into small bills. So intent was my mind on the good things I expected to eat on the morrow that I scarcely slept, and no one in the hall could tell me how many stations were between Meridian and Jackson. I went to sleep guessing whether the number was twenty or fifty. At breakfast next morning I tried to eat five dollars' worth. I left the table feeling fully satisfied. I took a good seat on (not in) the front flat car and watched closely both sides of the track for a lunch stand. I don't remember the name of the station which was the first stop out of Meridian. I invested one dollar in lunch (no such things as sandwiches in those good old days). It was a leg, second joint, and the wing of a tender, juicy chicken, fried crisp and brown, with four biscuits and a glass of milk. We made the run, as near as I can remember, in twelve hours. After I had "hit" about ten lunches, I began to feel generous and liberal, and I commenced treating my companions, who were not so well supplied with money.

We reached Canton about 2 A.M. The lunch counters were closed after dark, or I probably would have eaten my way to Canton. After that trip, I always had a high regard for Mr. Ragsdale, and remembered him with great pleasure. I made a trip over the road recently, but I failed to see many of the stations we passed that day in 1864. It may be that our train ran so slow that the lunch counters may have moved and kept up with our train. I heard of Mr. Ragsdale's death with much regret. One old Confederate had a good time through his liberality.





*THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.*

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed dead;  
 Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited;  
 Forget not the forgotten;  
 Keep a strain of divine sorrow in sweet undertone  
 For all the dead who lived and died in vain.  
 Imperial Future, when the countless train  
 Of coming generations lead thee to thy throne,  
 Forget not the forgotten and unknown!

[These lines were furnished by Hon. St. G. T. C. Bryan, Richmond, Va. The author's name is not remembered.]

R. W. McGREW.

The Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 563, U. C. V., pays tribute to the memory of Comrade R. W. McGrew, who departed this life December 22, 1906, in the following resolution:

*"Resolved,* That this organization, some of whom have known this brother from our youth, mourn with heartfelt sympathy the loss from our midst of a faithful and patriotic Confederate soldier. He was a member of Company A, 7th Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, remaining at his post of honor un'til the surrender. He bore wounds on his body received at the brilliant capture of Galveston on January 1, 1863. We here extend to his faithful wife and devoted children the deep sympathy of all members of this Camp, of which he was a charter member in good standing."

L. Ballou, W. T. Melton, T. H. Marsden, committee.

CAPT. JOHN POSTELL.

Captain Postell died at his home, in Cartersville, Ga., in May, 1906, after an illness of several months. He was born in 1836 in Beaufort District, S. C. His parents moved to Savannah, Ga., when he was an infant. He received his education in Savannah. Captain Postell was a civil engineer, and he was identified with a number of noted undertakings, both military and civil. His first work as civil engineer was as rodman on the Brunswick and Florida Railroad. He was promoted early, and was soon intrusted with the preliminary survey from Waresboro to Albany. He was afterwards selected to help locate the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and was employed in the construction of that line.

Soon after the opening of the Civil War he was a member of the Savannah Guards Battalion. He was immediately chosen for engineer work in the defenses of Charleston, and during such service he assisted in locating the Port Royal Railroad. He was next assigned to duty under General Beauregard at Charleston, and did some perilous work under heavy and continuous shelling, constructing a columbiad battery and other defense work at Johnson's Island. Next he received an appointment as lieutenant of engineer troops, C. S. A., and on reporting at Richmond he was assigned to work south of the James River. This placed him in the responsible task of mining and countermining about the defenses and fortifications around Petersburg.

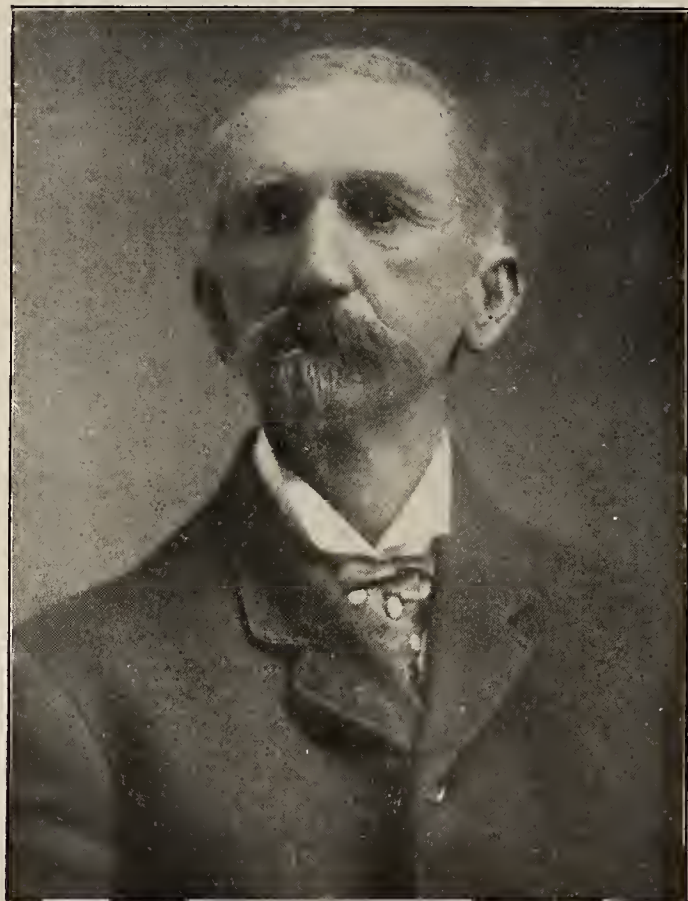
Lieutenant Postell was ordered to locate and build a line

of defense around Petersburg. The line, begun at night, was not completed when the Federals appeared before it about daylight. They began to build earthworks, and a continuous fire was begun and kept up by both sides for a month until the great Crater explosion. Under Lieutenant Postell the Confederate works were strengthened in every possible way; but it was possible to work only at night, on account of the continuous firing by sharpshooters throughout the day. A deserter finally informed the Confederates of the tunnel the enemy was driving, and Lieutenant Postell was ordered to countermine against the Federal work, and a competent, tried corps of men was placed under his charge. . . .

Lieutenant Postell soon after the work on Petersburg defenses was promoted to the rank of captain in a corps of engineers, being thus transferred from the engineer troops. He subsequently acted as adjutant for Gen. W. H. Stevens, chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. Just before the fall of Richmond Captain Postell was promoted to the rank of major, and on the retreat from Richmond was assigned to the position of chief engineer for Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson.

After the war, Captain Postell, in company with his ex-chief, General Stevens, went to Mexico, arriving at the City of Mexico about the 1st of June, 1865. Their mission was engineering work on the railroad from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. The revolution which overturned the empire began, and, foreseeing an interruption of the railroad work, Captain Postell returned to his native country. After a time he was selected as engineer for the street and suburban railway in Savannah. After that he went to Macon and built a tram road from the fair grounds through the city. When General McRea was appointed Manager of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, he appointed Captain Postell engineer of the road. After this he took charge of the Cherokee road.

About the year 1888 Captain Postell married Mrs. Kate



CAPT. JOHN POSTELL.



Maxwell, of Mobile, Ala., whom he met while they were both on a visit North. She survives him. Captain Postell had many friends. He was a quiet, dignified gentleman. His remains were carried to Savannah for interment. The Veterans of P. M. B. Young Camp took charge of the funeral arrangements and attended his remains in a body to the train. Rev. W. A. Cleveland officiated in a short but impressive service at the home, Cartersville, Ga., at which place his widow resides.

## CAPT. WILLIAM N. JAMES.

At his home, in Hickman, Tenn., January 31, 1907, occurred the death of Capt. W. N. James at the age of seventy-one years. He enlisted in Company G, 55th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, in December, 1861, was soon elected first sergeant of his company, and at the reorganization at Corinth, Miss., he was elected captain of Company C, 44th Infantry Regiment, C. S. A. He went through all the great battles from Shiloh to Petersburg, where he was captured and held at different places. He was one of the "immortal six hundred" placed on a small island in front of Charleston and held there under fire of the two armies for forty days and nights and fed on musty meal and spoiled pickles, nothing else. While in active service he was frequently in command of his regiment as senior captain. He led a very quiet life after returning, scarcely ever referring to the war and never to the part he took in it.

## MAJ. SAM SHARP.

As the result of a stroke of paralysis while on his way to visit his daughter, Mrs. Leon Sanders, of St. Louis, Mo., death came to Maj. Sam Sharp about a month later, January, 1907, and his body was taken back to Corinth, Miss., for burial under the auspices of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of which he was its worthy commander.

Major Sharp was born February 20, 1838, in McNairy County, Tenn. He was an intimate friend of President Jefferson Davis. Entering the army as a second lieutenant, he was attached to Company G, 31st Tennessee Infantry, with which he remained throughout the war with successive promotions until brevetted major by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and served under General Johnston throughout the entire Georgia campaign. Although twice wounded, he served to the surrender of Lee. Major Sharp was one of the most prominent citizens of Corinth, a large landowner, and for the past ten years President of the Corinth Bank and Trust Company, as well as interested in a number of other enterprises.

Major Sharp was married to Miss Idotha Fulghum in

Humboldt, Miss., who survives him with two sons and a daughter.

## MAJ. JAMES H. BICKERSTAFF.

Maj. James Henry Bickerstaff, one of the most prominent citizens and veterans of Seale, Ala., died at the residence of his son, in Columbus, Ga., May 18, 1906. He had been in ill health for some time, and had gone to Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, for treatment; but the operation there performed did not bring the hoped-for improvement.

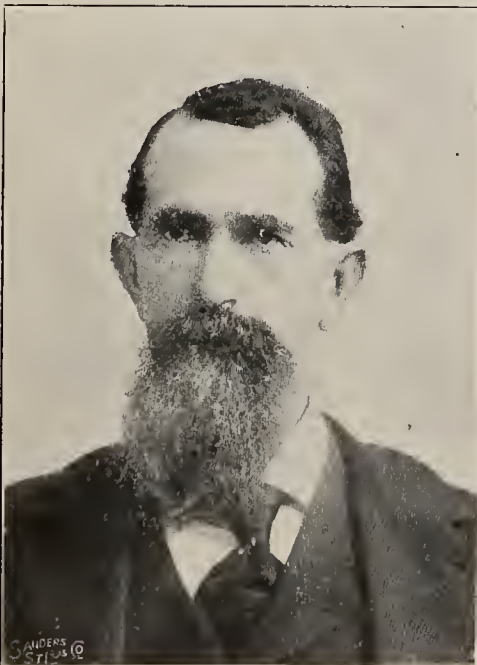
James Bickerstaff was born in Russell County, Ala., in 1844. He was among the first to respond to the call of the Southland, and enlisted in the Russell Volunteers, under Capt. Ben Baker, in April, 1861, before he was seventeen years old, and his company was sent to Virginia. He took part in the first battle of Manassas. While in camp there his brother Robert, also a member of the company, died from exposure and measles, and was buried at Manassas. After the term of his first enlistment had expired, he returned to Alabama with several companions and joined the battalion of Maj. James Waddell. However, his father, Capt. U. F. Bickerstaff, having organized a company of Russell County men, James Bickerstaff was transferred to that command, Company I, 34th Alabama Regiment, and was made second lieutenant. The company was stationed at Corinth, Miss., for some time.

In the battle of Murfreesboro Comrade Bickerstaff manifested great courage and determination. In the midst of the battle his father was mortally wounded, and Captain Burch, commanding the company, was also wounded. With tears of grief blinding his eyes, Lieutenant Bickerstaff seized the sword that had fallen from his father's hand, assumed command, rallied the company, and led them on in the battle until himself shot down, seriously wounded in the thigh and slightly in the arm. His father lingered until February 14, and was nursed and cared for by a Mrs. Thompson in her own home, and was buried in her garden. While attending the Reunion at Nashville in 1904 Captain Bickerstaff visited Murfreesboro in the hope of locating his father's grave, but was not successful.

Among other battles in which he took part were Mumfordsville and Perryville, Ky., Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Tenn., Chickamauga, and all the battles from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta. In the battle of East Point, near Atlanta, July 28, 1864, he lost his left arm, a bullet shattering the elbow. After Hood's campaign into Tennessee, Major Bickerstaff again joined his command and accompanied them to South Carolina. Of this later attempt at service he said: "Finding the loss of an arm too much for me, I sorrowfully returned home, took charge of my mother's farm, and helped to care for her and my younger brothers and sisters."

A few years later he was married to Miss Emma Lindsay Harrard, of Columbus, Ga., who, with four sons and three daughters, survives him. His aged mother, heart-broken over his death, joined him in the spirit land a few months later.

For several years Major Bickerstaff served Russell County as tax collector, but at the time of his death was engaged in farming and brick-manufacturing, being successful in both enterprises. He was pension examiner for Russell County and a member of the staff of Gen. George P. Harrison, with the rank of Major, also an officer of Camp Waddell, and was always interested in anything pertaining to the Southland. For forty years he had been a humble follower of Christ. He was tenderly laid to rest by his comrades dressed in his suit of Confederate gray. The casket was of the same gray and



MAJ. SAM SHARP.



draped with a Confederate flag. Over the grave a prayer was offered, a salute fired, and taps sounded.

Recognizing his true worth and many noble qualities, one of his home papers said of Major Bickerstaff: "Few men have lived and died in Russell County or elsewhere who have left a record of so great faith, hope, and service. He was a gentleman of the old school, courtly, courteous, an upright, honorable citizen of whom Russell County and the State may well be proud, and a true friend whose death we all sincerely mourn and deplore."

W. A. BRITTON.

A paper by Judge Joseph Bogle on the death of W. A. Britton, of the J. E. Johnston Camp, Dalton, Ga., was adopted:

"Comrade William A. Britton was born in Greeneville, Tenn., August 22, 1815, and removed to Bradley County at the age of eighteen, where he remained until the commencement of the Civil War. He enlisted in Capt. John Kuhn's company, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, and was in the campaigns of Tennessee and Kentucky for about two years. He was wounded at Loudon, Tenn., and as soon as able to return to his command was transferred to Company E, 4th Georgia Cavalry, and served to the close of the war in that fine regiment, which was commanded by the gallant Col. I. W. Avery. He was a member of the Christian (Campbellite) Church, and was faithful to his country, his Church, and his God. He died near Pine Grove Church February 15, 1907, at the advanced age of ninety-two years.

"In the death of Comrade Britton Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., has lost a faithful and valued comrade; and we tender to his relatives and children our sincere sympathy in their loss, which is also a loss to his neighbors and friends as well as to this Camp."

SON OF THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Comrades in Kentucky and largely throughout the South sympathize sincerely with the well-known and generally beloved Thomas D. Osborne in the death of his noble son, Lee Byrd Osborne, who died on the eve of Christmas. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Carter Helm Jones, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Weaver, uncle of the deceased, and the Rev. Joseph T. Watts. The services were held in the Broadway Baptist Church. After the opening prayer by Mr. Watts, Dr. Jones read the selections of consoling scriptures. He briefly mentioned the Christian career of the departed, who had in early boyhood been baptized with his mother in the Broadway Baptist Church, and in whose Sunday school he had been awarded a gold medal for five years' consecutive attendance. The young man's great-great-grandfather, Lieut. Bennet Osborne, served under Washington in the Revolutionary War.

BISHOP JOHN C. GRANBERY.

Another sorrow came recently to the South, and especially to the Methodist Church, in the death at his home, in Virginia, of Bishop Granbery, a devout, faithful servant of his country and his Lord.

His fellow-bishop, C. B. Galloway, said: "Bishop Granbery was noted among us for the serenity and saintliness of his character, the accuracy and variety of his scholarship, the gentleness and beauty of his disposition, and the wisdom and tenderness of his leadership. He was called the St. John of the Southern Methodist Church. A holier human being I never saw, and the transparent beauty of his spiritual charac-

ter was most appreciated by those who knew him best. His absolute integrity of spirit and life could bear the fiercest search light. It was never my privilege to know a person who, like Bishop Granbery, was so dominated by the principle of Christian love without its emotional elements. He was not a man of impulse, and was never swayed by his feelings. Whatever the occasion, I do not recall ever seeing him yield to his emotions. And yet he had the gentleness of a woman, and the wealth of his sympathies was like the crystal flow of an exhaustless fountain. During the Civil War Dr. Granbery was an army chaplain, and no soldier on the firing line displayed more unawed courage than did this modest man of God. It was while on a battlefield in Virginia, ministering to wounded and dying soldiers, that he received a wound in the eye, from which he suffered to the day of his peaceful death."

Dr. W. F. Tillett, S.T.D., of Vanderbilt University, said: "The noblest public tribute I remember ever to have heard paid by one man to another was that paid by Dr. James A. Duncan, of Virginia, to Dr. John C. Granbery. It was in June, 1875, at the close of the commencement exercises of Randolph-Macon College, of which Dr. Duncan was then the successful and honored President. He said that John C. Granbery was the only person that he had ever known in whom he had never been able to discover a single moral fault."

Many beautiful tributes from high Church officials tend to strengthen his comrades, who will ever be proud of his services as a Confederate chaplain.

THOMAS EDWARD HAMBLETON.

At a regular meeting of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, held in Baltimore on October 2, 1906, the death on the 21st of September, 1906, of Comrade Thomas Edward Hambleton, a member of that Camp, in his seventy-eighth year, was announced and recorded with deep sorrow. The Confederate cause was indebted to him for services extraordinary and eminently successful; likewise in his death Baltimore City has lost a citizen preëminent for enterprise, capability, and marked success in advancing the public welfare, and withal a man of unsullied honor, with the courage of his convictions.

After enlisting in Company E, 1st Maryland Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, he substituted and equipped in his stead a soldier who served faithfully to the end. The superior talents and capabilities of Mr. Hambleton were availed of by the highest authorities of the Confederate government to penetrate the enemy's lines with dispatches and subsequently to bring supplies from foreign parts, prosecuting this latter service to the bitter end. Two successful trips across the Potomac through the enemy's country, under the authority of the Confederate Secretary of War, in peril of the scaffold, led to his receiving authority from the Confederate government to proceed to Europe, take out cotton, etc., and return with supplies for the government.

He purchased, sailed in, and was acting commander of the blockade runner, Virginia Dare, which (with himself on board) was wrecked on the sands of Lockwood's Folly, on the South Carolina coast. He then had built in England the steamer Coquette for a blockade runner, which ship continued in the Confederate service until the end of the war.

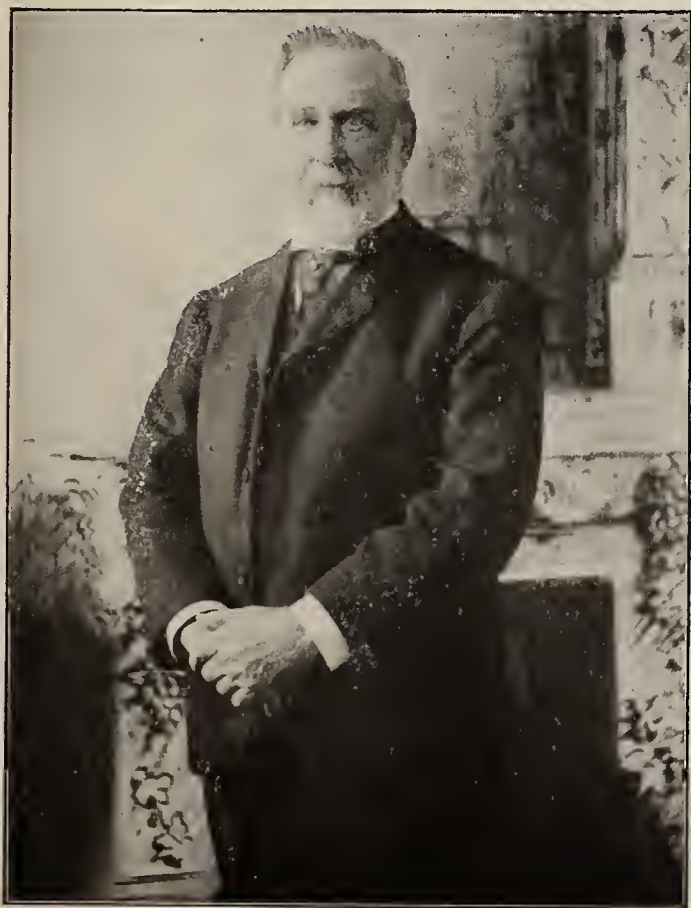
Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, A.M., LL.D., Editor in Chief of the "History of Baltimore," wrote of Mr. T. Edward Hambleton in 1898: "At the outbreak of the Civil War his sympathies, as well as his vast and varied interests in the South, induced him to cast his fortunes and his life with the Confederacy. Accordingly he moved to Richmond, Va., and became a firm



member of the Importing and Exporting Company of that city. This concern owned and manned several swift steamers which ran in and out of the blockaded harbors of Charleston, Wilmington, and other places South. They often escaped the vigilance of the Federal fleets and carried cotton, stores, munitions of war, etc. These swift 'runners' were not always able to escape, however; but Mr. Hambleton, the man in charge, most frequently was. He made many European voyages or trips in safety; and after the close of the war, he returned to Baltimore and joined his brother, John A. Hambleton, in business. In 1865 they founded their banking house, of which far-famed concern Mr. T. Edward Hambleton was the executive head."

A Marylander to the manner born, animated by the highest patriotic spirit and the impulse to contribute to the cause he loved, his great faculties of enterprise, energy, and invention enlisted in providing the materials necessary to conduct the war, earning the thanks of the Confederate authorities, we have in Captain Hambleton a bold and shining contrast to those engaged in the blockade-running service for mere personal gain.

The marble statue of a Confederate cavalryman which adorns our burial plot in Loudon Park Cemetery, made in Italy by the Baltimore sculptor, Volck, by order of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Baltimore, arrived here in due course; but funds were lacking to pay the import duty (about \$125), whereupon Captain Hambleton donated and paid the money, and the statue was unveiled on Memorial Day, June 6, 1874, thus evincing in this substantial manner his loyal devotion to our departed comrades. His fealty to the South was further evidenced by taking his wife and young children with him into the South, and after the war by having his two sons educated at the Virginia Military Institute.



THOMAS E. HAMBLETON.

Modest and unostentatious, Captain Hambleton was far from parading his great services to the Confederacy. On solicitation, he applied for membership in this Camp, was elected May 2, 1905, and was duly awarded a Cross of Honor by the Daughters of the Confederacy. As a tribute of respect to the memory and worth of Comrade T. Edward Hambleton there was entered on the minutes of this Camp the record of his faithful, invaluable, and perilous services to the Confederacy, and it was ordered that a copy thereof be tendered to his family with the sympathies and condolence of the members of this Camp.

The following members of this Camp were appointed to attend his funeral: Commander William L. Ritter, Lieut. Commanders Winfield Peters and Spottswood Bird, Adjutant William H. Brent, Quartermaster M. Warner Hewes, Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, Gen. John Gill, Gen. John M. Hood, Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, Maj. James W. Denny, and Maj. Nicholas S. Hill.

#### JOHN MIFFLIN HOOD.

The Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, U. C. V., of Baltimore, paid high tribute to John Mifflin Hood, who died December 17, 1906, in his sixty-fourth year. He was a member of that Camp. The cause of the Confederacy was indebted to him for faithful and distinguished services: First, as a civil engineer constructing a government railway, next as a private in the infantry of the Maryland line, and then as lieutenant of engineer troops.

Seriously and painfully wounded, with protracted illness and prostration, his indomitable spirit yet kept him at the post of duty to the end at Appomattox. The seven wounds he received bore eloquent testimony to his bravery, fortitude, and devotion to duty. At Gettysburg, in the charge on Culp's Hill, he was struck by a bullet and one passed through his cap. And, as related by him, the two men on his right and left, respectively (taller than he), were killed in each of the two assaults on July 2 and 3, 1863.

Born near Sykesville, Howard County, Md., April 5, 1843, he began his active career in an engineer corps in 1859. This was on the Delaware Railroad; next he engaged in the construction of the Eastern Shore Railroad, and for a time had charge of the operations there. Leaving that service, he went to Brazil in August, 1861. Finding the climate to be uncongenial, he returned to Baltimore in January, 1862; and after studying marine engineering, he ran the blockade, and offered his services to the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

The chief engineer of the Confederate States navy directed him to report to Major Meyers, chief engineer of the military railroad in course of construction from Danville, Va., to Greensboro, N. C., by whom he was assigned to the duties of topographical engineer and draughtsman. After this railroad was completed, he declined a commission in the Engineer Corps, C. S. A., and he enlisted in Company C, 2d Maryland Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, on August 25, 1862. As a private, he served with bravery, fidelity, and distinction until the spring of 1864. He then, owing to the scarcity of engineers, accepted a commission as second lieutenant in Company B (Capt. John M. Baldwin), 1st Regiment of Engineer Troops (Col. T. M. R. Talcott), Army of Northern Virginia, and continued in that service until the surrender at Appomattox, where he was paroled April 10, 1865.

During the engagements near Spottsylvania C. H. his left arm was shattered, but was resected, and was saved from amputation only by the skill of Surgeon Russell Murdoch, of Baltimore. In order to consult Dr. Nathan R. Smith, of Bal-



timore, he at great risk crossed the Potomac River under fire, and safely reached Baltimore, where, in seclusion for about two weeks at the home of an aunt, his arm was successfully treated by Dr. N. R. Smith, and a lieutenant's uniform was sent him by Hamilton, Easter & Co. A cousin residing in New York, being informed of all this, raised a sum from Southern sympathizers there, and a handsome sword and sash were sent to Baltimore, which reached him undiscovered. During his hiding in Baltimore he ventured out one night to a barber's near by, and while waiting his turn he noticed a policeman enter the shop. Concealing his face as best he could behind a newspaper, he thought he escaped the notice of the police officer, who was an acquaintance. After the war this good man told Mr. Hood that he had recognized him; but generously kept his secret, and thus saved him from capture and imprisonment and possible death.

Despite the hazard and peril, he returned to his regiment with his new uniform, sword and sash, and with recruits.

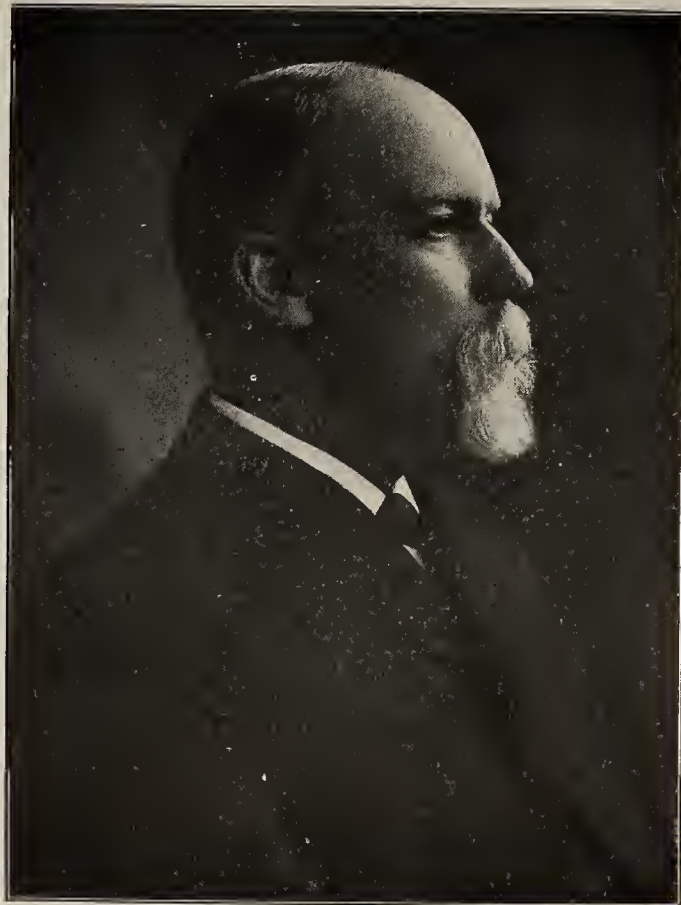
Mrs. Mary Eloise Dick, widow of Judge Robert E. Dick, of Greensboro, N. C., wrote of him: "I love to recall everything connected with Lieutenant Hood. I remember well when my husband went to the hospital here and found him weary, sick, and badly wounded. It was in the sweet month of May, and he insisted on his coming home with him and staying till he was well and strong. He refused at first, but finally consented; and it was fortunate that he did, for with our best care and nursing he was ill for some months. He was one of the most modest and unassuming of men, with a courage and devotion to duty seldom equaled and never surpassed. His noble self-poise was neither disturbed by victory nor defeat. His love for the South was a passion, and for her he would have freely given his lifeblood, and he was so impatient to return to his command that his recovery was retarded, and even before he was able he was 'off for Richmond.' I thought of him when the news of Lee's surrender came, for I knew how his great heart must be filled to the brim with bitter sorrow. Some days afterwards a young officer rode to our door and inquired if Judge Dick lived there. The answer was 'Yes.' 'Then,' he said, 'I have a message to deliver. I was standing by Lieutenant Hood when the surrender came; and when I started for my far Southern home, he said: "Stop in Greensboro and tell my Carolina friends that my heart is broken and I do not care to live."' But his noble, useful life was not to end then. The service he rendered in after years to Maryland and Baltimore that great city can tell, and in her future, for which he planned so much, his will be one of the 'immortal names that were not born to die.' The South never had a more devoted defender nor a more gallant spirit."

After his parole at Appomattox, he was arrested in Richmond by the Federals and sent to Point Lookout, Md., but was shortly released and returned to his home. From September, 1865, to January, 1874, he occupied positions of responsibility, such as chief engineer, superintendent and manager of various railroads in course of construction or operation.

He became Vice President and General Superintendent of the Western Maryland Railroad in January, 1874, and in March of that year President and General Manager. In consequence of the sale of this railroad, he resigned February 27, 1902, yet continued to hold his office until July following. Like the good soldier that he was, he stuck to his post twenty-eight years in the firm faith and effort to build up the Western Maryland Railroad and protect the interests of Baltimore. His labors were unremitting and his recreations were few indeed. On February 27, 1902, he was elected President of the

United Railways and Electric Company, and so continued until his death.

His presidency of the Western Maryland Railroad and subsequently of the United Railways and Electric Company,



GEN. JOHN M. HOOD.

taken together with his record in the Confederacy, rendered him a man preëminent for ability, skill, and leadership.

General Hood rendered unrivaled services in behalf of Baltimore for thirty-three years, and they were coextensive with the city's recuperation after the ravages of the four years' war. Credit is due to his master mind and his persistent and indefatigable labors for the building up of a railway system that gave Baltimore a trunk line which was sold for every dollar that it cost and enabled the city with \$8,500,000 to speedily recuperate from that most disastrous conflagration of 1904. Likewise as the head of the great unified city passenger railway system of Baltimore his marvelous faculties were displayed in its extensive development up to the period of his untimely demise. As a superior commander of railway forces and a soldier withal, the people promoted him to be General because they could find no higher title.

The delegation from Isaac R. Trimble Camp, U. C. V., to attend the funeral of Gen. John M. Hood was composed of Commander William L. Ritter, Lieutenant Commanders Winfield Peters and Spottswood Bird, Quartermaster M. Warner Hewes, and Maj. Nicholas S. Hill.

BALYS E. GRAY.

Balys E. Gray was born in Charlotte, N. C., February 3, 1840. His parents moved to Holly Springs, Miss., when he was four years of age. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the 17th Mississippi Regiment, under General Featherstone, and went with the troops to Virginia, where he served until the close of the war, receiving his parole at



Appomattox Courthouse. In 1870 he was married to Miss Anna Davidson, of Holly Springs. He is survived by his wife and three daughters: Mrs. B. B. Jones, of Bristow, Ind. T., and Mrs. C. H. McDowell and Miss Anna Cheatham Gray, of

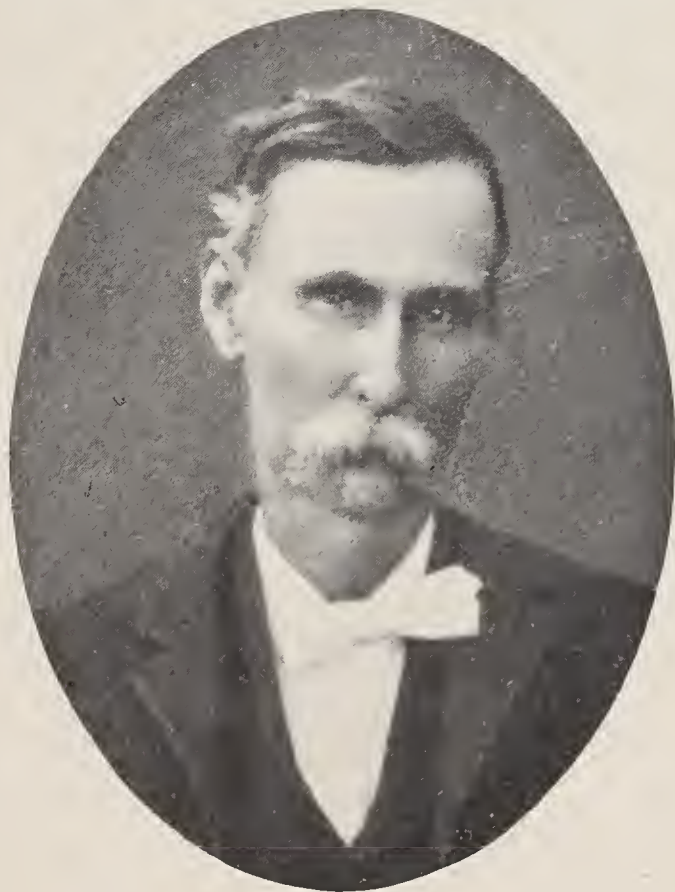
conducted by Rev. Edwin Emerson Davis, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who delivered a brief address commemorative of the life of the deceased and appealing to the Christian spirit of the large assemblage to look upon death as a transformation to a better life.

## J. TOM BROWN.

J. T. Brown was born in Williamson County, Tenn., March, 1839; and died at his home, in Nashville, on March 1, 1907. His father was Thomas Brown, of Virginia, and his mother, Margarette Bennett, was from North Carolina and a great-niece of Dolly Madison. Comrade Brown was educated at Campbell's School, Franklin, Tenn., and then at Bethany College, West Virginia. Shortly after his return from college he enlisted in April, 1861, in the "Williamson Grays," a company formed by Dr. James P. Hanner, which became Company D. of the 1st Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. As a soldier, Tom Brown seemed to know no fear. He was severely wounded at Perryville, Ky., in the afternoon of October 8, 1862, when the 1st Tennessee made one of the most desperate charges during the war, and captured a section of Loomis's Battery of four Napoleon guns and brought them off the field. This battery was supported successively by five different Federal regiments.

The superb courage and heroism of the "Kid Glove Regiment," as the 1st Tennessee had been styled, was commented upon by Harper's Weekly and by George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, the latter stating that it was "such a pity the magnificence was not displayed in a better cause."

After the battle of Chickamauga, Tom Brown was detached



J. TOM BROWN.

from the Army of Tennessee and ordered to report to Captain Shaw under the assumed name of "Coleman" as a scout for Bragg's headquarters. He and the hero, Sam Davis, were sent out at the same time—Davis for the vicinity of Pulaski,



BALYS E. GRAY.

Nashville. In 1876 Mr. Gray moved to Jackson, Tenn., where he was an upright, honorable citizen, making many friends by his genial disposition. He moved his family to Nashville last June, hoping to improve his health.

## HENRY CLAY EVANS.

Henry Clay Evans, of Roswell, N. Mex., died March 4, 1907, in St. Mary's Hospital. For five weeks he had been a patient sufferer through great pain. He was sixty-two years old and had lived a life of usefulness.

The deceased was born October 15, 1844, at Evansville, Ark., which town was named for his father. At the age of eight years the family moved to Gonzales County, Tex. When the Civil War broke out, he was seventeen, and he promptly enlisted in his brother's company, the first to be raised in Gonzales County. He served with honor and bravery the entire four years of the struggle as a member of the Terry Rangers. He was wounded on one occasion so seriously that he was laid up several months, but reentered the service as soon as practicable.

After the war Mr. Evans engaged in the cattle business, and amassed quite a fortune. Later much of this fortune was swept away by the reverses that often came to the Western cattlemen. Three years ago he went to Roswell, where he made a host of friends.

Besides the widow, the deceased leaves three sisters and one brother, one son, and two daughters. His son, Clarence Evans, lives in Detroit, Mich. The daughters are: Mrs. W. C. Miller, of Medicine Lodge, Kans., and Mrs. Frank Priestly, of Gonzales, Tex.

Mr. Evans was a member of the Episcopal Church and of the I. O. O. F. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the Valverde Camp, U. C. V., though not a member. He was a splendid citizen and a good man. The funeral service was



Tenn., and Brown for that of Nashville. Tom Brown was captured near Nashville and sent to prison at Camp Morton, and in March, 1864, was transferred to Fort Delaware, where he remained until the 27th of February, 1865. He was never exchanged, but was paroled by the Confederate States of America at Richmond in March, 1865, and at the close of the war paroled by the Federals at Greenville, Miss. The privations and trials of army life he endured without a murmur, as he did the most inhuman treatment at Fort Delaware, especially after the prisoners there were set apart in retaliation for the Federal prisoners at Andersonville.

Comrade Brown was married in December, 1865, to Miss Josephine French, who survives him with two daughters and a son, three children having preceded him to the great beyond. To his widow and surviving children he bequeathed the priceless heritage of a Christian character.

MAJ. P. H. MOREL.

In correction of the notice appearing in the *VETERAN* for February, R. H. Venable, of Louisville, sends the following:

"After a short illness, Maj. P. H. Morel passed away at his home, in Louisville, Ky., aged sixty-two years. He was born in Savannah, Ga., and was a member of the old Georgia Regulars, participating in many battles. Following the close of the war he located in Louisville, and continued to reside here to the date of his death.

"Major Morel was a prominent Mason, Knight Templar, and Shriner, and a member of the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., and its members followed his body to the grave. He was an employee of the City Health Department for eight years, the last four of which he was registrar of the department. He enjoyed to the fullest the esteem and confidence of the health officer, with the friendship and affection of his office associates. No one knew the 'Old Cap,' as he was familiarly known, but to like him. He was of a jovial, kind, sympathetic disposition, and always ready to assist the worthy poor and unfortunate. His death is mourned by a son and two daughters, the former a resident of Los Angeles, Cal."

MRS. CAROLINE PENELOPE DAVIS.

Mrs. C. P. Davis was born in Wilson County, Tenn., August 18, 1822; and at the age of twenty-one married John R. Davis, a successful farmer, who was born and reared in the same neighborhood, near LaGuardo. Early in life she became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and remained a consistent and devout Christian until the day of her death, February 24, 1907, which occurred at the residence of Mrs. William J. Baker, Cuero, DeWitt County, Tex. She was a noble mother and devoted wife. Her greatest pride was in being a true helpmate to her husband. Of this union there were born six children: Mrs. Novella D. Marks (wife of Governor Marks), William H., Winfield S., Thomas, Alice, and Samuel W. Davis, of whom William and Alice are the only survivors.

She "was a Christian without hypocrisy and a friend without deceit." Every one who came into her presence realized in her a woman of great force of character. Her motto was: "Never let the sun go down on a duty unaccomplished." If able to sit up, she never allowed a day to pass without reading three to five chapters in her Bible, and never failed to attend divine worship, especially on Sunday, if her health and the elements permitted. She was magnanimous and charitable when occasions demanded, but could not tolerate an impostor. She had no patience with those who were physically able to work and became beggars.

Her husband, Maj. John R. Davis, was a member of the Legislature of Tennessee when the State seceded from the Union. He was originally a Union man; but when he found that his constituency were for secession, he cast his vote for the same, returned home, and raised the first company in his county, which formed a part of Colonel Starne's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. After one year's service commanding Company



MRS. CAROLINE P. DAVIS.

B, of that regiment, he resigned and organized the 4th Tennessee Battalion, which he unflinchingly and gallantly led into the battles of Perryville, Ky., and Murfreesboro, Tenn., besides numerous smaller engagements. Soon after the Murfreesboro fight, where he was wounded by a fragment of a shell, he was seized by a malady that completely unfitted him for service and which eventually caused his death. He resigned, and his and Maj. Baxter Smith's battalions were merged into a regiment, Major Smith being elected colonel and serving as its commander to the end.

REV. JOHN JOHNSON, D.D.

[Tribute by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.]

The most obstinate, prolonged, and gallant defense of the whole war was that of Fort Sumter, in Charleston (S. C.) Harbor. There the first Confederate flag was planted in victory, and there almost the last was lowered in disaster. For two years the vast resources of the United States, its navies and its armies, were in vain expended against the fortress. Shot and shell from the most powerful armaments of that day were thundered against its ramparts; but it never yielded to a front attack, and was abandoned only when Sherman flanked the Confederates out of Charleston. The heroic men who so gallantly held the fortress won an imperishable glory. The man who, by his skill, patience, untiring energy, and superb courage, made possible the prolonged holding of the fort was its chief engineer, Maj. John Johnson. His genius converted the crumbling ruins of Fort Sumter into an impregnable stronghold. So preëminent and well-known were these services that all unite in yielding him the credit.

It is fortunate that the defense of Fort Sumter has had an eminently fair, impartial, unimpassioned, and scientific history from both contestants—Gilmore writing as to the attack and



Johnson as to the defense. Major Johnson's most valued historic contribution is remarkable in its entire accuracy, its completeness of detail, and, above all, for the supreme modesty of the author. Forever the name of Maj. John Johnson will be linked with the fame of the heroic defense of Fort Sumter.

After sheathing in honor his Confederate sword, he drew bright and fair the sword of the Lord, and was for many years the beloved rector of St. Philip's Church, Charleston. Brave in the struggle of life, consistent in every action, persistent in every duty, loving and tender to all around him, he was in a long life of peace devoted to all that was pure, lofty, and ennobling, as true as when, amidst war's alarms, facing death, he was coolly and skillfully rebuilding the ramparts of Fort Sumter.

Maj. John Johnson was called to his immortal reward Sunday, April 7, 1907. Ever present in life to cheer and comfort him was the love, esteem, and confidence of all mankind, and in the hour of death those who knew him best have every confidence that the world is better in that he lived.

The father of Dr. Johnson, Joseph Johnson, M.D., was a son of William Johnson, one of the Revolutionary patriots of "Liberty Tree" fame and an exile to St. Augustine, and a nephew of Justice William Johnson, of the United States Supreme Court. General Beauregard said that to the Rev. Dr. Johnson was due the masterly defense of Fort Sumter.

Dr. Johnson was the youngest son of Joseph Johnson, M.D., and was born in Charleston December 25, 1829. He received an academic education at the school of Mr. C. Coats, and then engaged in professional and active life as a civil engineer. During ten years of such occupation he was employed in the surveys and construction of railroad, waterworks, etc., preparing and publishing under the patronage of the State a large map of South Carolina, considered to be the best of the time (1853) and for many years thereafter.



REV. JOHN JOHNSON, D.D.

MRS. MARY E. DUDLEY.

Mrs. Mary E. Dudley, aged sixty-three years, died at twelve o'clock Monday, February 18, 1907, at her home, in Nashville, Tenn., after an illness of about two months. Mrs. Dudley was the wife of Maj. R. H. Dudley, former Mayor of Nashville. Mrs. Dudley was a greatly esteemed woman, and her death will come as a great shock to the community.

Mrs. Dudley had been in ill health for some time. She is survived by her husband and mother, Mrs. Susan Beasley, of Rutherford County, who is nearly ninety years of age. Mrs. Dudley came to Nashville soon after her marriage to Maj. R. H. Dudley, April 9, 1868. Mrs. Dudley, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Beasley, was born June

24, 1844, in Rutherford County, near Murfreesboro, where she passed the earlier half of her life. Mrs. Dudley's brothers and sisters are: William, George, Durant, and Charles A. Beasley, Mrs. J. M. Brooks, of Rutherford County, and Mrs. T. H. Williamson and Mrs. G. H. Crockett. Her family were



MRS. MARY E. DUDLEY.

all ardently for the South in the sixties, and her brothers who were old enough served in the Confederate army. She was a prominent member and official in the Woman's Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was amiable, as her face indicates, and yet absolutely firm in maintaining her principles. Her husband, who was advanced from the ranks to the command of a regiment, is a leading business man and a progressive citizen, worthy of the gray that he wore.

THOMAS E. HANCOCK.

After a brief illness, Thomas E. Hancock died at his home, in Sylvan, Lamar County, Tex., March 31, 1907. He was born in Wilson County, Tenn., November 1, 1843. He enlisted in the Confederate army in the early days of 1861 in Company A, Whitfield's Legion, General Ross's Brigade, and served until the close of the war. He participated in many hard-fought battles; and after the four years of hardships and privations, he returned to his Texas home. He was happily married to Miss Mary Skidmore, who, with their two sons and two daughters, survives him.

His chief ambition in life was to be helpful to those around him, and often gave his time to the sick and needy. From 1869 he was a consistent Christian and active member of the Methodist Church. The large attendance of his neighbors and friends at his funeral attested their love for him. He was a member of Camp No. 70, U. C. V., and rarely ever missed an annual Reunion. Thomas Hancock was devoted to the South and to his comrades. At his request, he was laid to rest in his suit of gray, kept and treasured for more than forty years.



## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT. United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

*Organized July 1, 1866, in Richmond, Va.*

Conducted by the Commander in Chief, to whom all contributions intended therefor should be addressed.

THOMAS M. OWEN, LL.D., COMMANDER IN CHIEF, { Montgomery, Ala.  
ALBERT C. SEXTON, A. G. AND CHIEF OF STAFF, {  
GEORGE R. WYMAN, COMMANDER ARMY N. VA. DEPT., { Louisville, Ky.  
A. T. BURGEVIN, ADJUTANT, {  
R. E. L. BYNUM, COMMANDER ARMY TENN. DEPT., { Jackson, Tenn.  
C. E. PIGFORD, ADJUTANT, {  
J. M. TISDALE, COMMANDER TRANS-MISS. DEPT., { Greenville, Tex.  
C. W. GOFF, ADJUTANT, {

(No. 16.)

### CONFEDERATION NEWS.

This will probably be the last contribution of the present Commander in Chief to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The courtesy and kindly helpfulness of the editor will ever be held in pleasant and grateful memory. He has done much for our Confederation. In turn the Sons everywhere should stand by him and his noble work. As a final appeal, I bespeak the hearty support of the VETERAN!

### NEW CAMPS.

New Camps since No. 15, May, 1907, have been chartered as follows:

No. 560, Camp James Lynn West, Covington, Ky., May 1, 1907, sixteen members; James P. Tarvin, Commandant; B. A. Frazer, Adjutant.

No. 561, Camp Sparks-Walton, Fort Smith, Ark., May 1, 1907, sixty-nine members; T. P. Winchester, Commandant; Charles M. Cooke, Adjutant.

No. 562, Camp Mace Langston, Clinton, S. C., twenty-eight members; E. Lee Pitts, Commandant; J. D. Bell, Adjutant.

### NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Comrade J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Baltimore, Md., was appointed April 30, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 25, to succeed himself.

Comrade Chilton Atkinson, St. Louis, Mo., was appointed April 30, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 26, to succeed himself.

Comrade Charles C. Lewis, Jr., Charleston, W. Va., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 27, to succeed himself.

Comrade E. R. MacKethan, Fayetteville, N. C., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 28, to succeed himself.

Comrade Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C., was appointed May 14, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 29, Commander District of Columbia Division to succeed Thomas Raleigh Raines, whose term expired.

Comrade H. J. McCallum, Alachua, Fla., was appointed May 18, 1907, in Special Orders, No. 30, to succeed himself.

These Commanders by the terms of their respective appointments serve for the year ending December 31, 1907.

### SONS AT DALLAS, TEX., TO ERECT A MEMORIAL TO JOHN H.

REAGAN, POSTMASTER GENERAL CONFEDERATE STATES.

The Dallas Times-Herald, April 20, 1907, in a special from Austin, Tex., says:

"There was filed yesterday in the State Department a charter of unusual interest. It was that of Camp John H. Reagan Sons of Confederate Veterans of Dallas, and which, if its provisions are carried out, will serve to perpetuate the memory of the late Judge John H. Reagan. The object of the corporation, as declared in the charter, is 'for the purpose of promoting and building a memorial hall, or monumental edifice,

to perpetuate the memory of John H. Reagan and to solicit funds for that purpose; to perpetuate and to preserve the war records of those who bore arms in the cause of the Confederate States of America; to accept, collect, and preserve such public records, relics, and other property as may be committed to the keeping of the Camp by the United Confederate Veterans.'

"The incorporators are all members of the Camp, and all reside at Dallas. They are: W. Lindsay Bibb, Charles S. Swindells, Jennings M. Moore, O. D. Ford, and Jeff D. Reagan."

### LEE ANNIVERSARY.

The following is the full text of the General Orders of the U. S. C. V., issued for the purpose of urging the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of the peerless Lee:

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS U. S. C. V.,  
MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 27, 1906.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.

"1. It is hereby ordered that Camps of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans observe with formal and fitting ceremonies January 19, 1907, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert Edward Lee. The exercises may be held alone or as a joint exercise with other Confederate organizations. Individual Sons are expected to encourage the observance of the day in the schools of their communities and to cooperate with every effort or movement looking to its observance in other ways. It should be a pleasure to the descendants of the heroic men who followed Lee, as well as of all others who shared in the patriotic struggles of the sixties, to yield ready response and obedience to this order. The name and fame of this gallant soldier and Christian gentleman have grown with the passing years until he is easily recognized as one of the great men of all time.

"2. No special form of exercises will be prescribed, each Camp being expected to prepare and carry out such a programme as will best suit local conditions. It should, however, embrace patriotic songs, the rendition of prose and poetical selections, a brief biographical sketch of Lee, with a formal address by a Veteran or by some member of the Camp. Confederate flags and likenesses of Lee should be used in the decorations.

"3. General headquarters will be glad to advise with Camps in the preparation of programmes or in securing appropriate selections, etc. Newspaper or other accounts of meetings, together with copies of addresses or other printed matter, such as programmes, etc., should be promptly forwarded the Commander in Chief for preservation in the Confederation records.

"By order of THOMAS M. OWEN, *Commander in Chief*.  
"Official: ALBERT C. SEXTON, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*."

### MINUTES OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION U. S. C. V.

The minutes of the eleventh Annual Reunion of the Confederation, held in New Orleans April 25-27, 1906, in a handsome volume of three hundred and fifty-seven pages, has at last been published. Owing to the length of the volume, being three times the size of previous issues, much difficulty has been experienced in getting it from the press. Again, the character of the materials embraced in the volume was such as to require careful editing, in which much time was consumed. The volume embraces organization and officers for 1905-06, an introduction containing extracts from the New Orleans press for the Reunion period, the journal of the Convention, reports of officers, reports of committees, his-



torical papers by members of the staff, official documents and papers for the preceding year, constitution, and roll of Camps. The whole is carefully indexed. The introduction, containing many personal facts and editorial expressions, is intended to preserve in a permanent way the very spirit and atmosphere of the occasion. The journal is unusually full, and contains every detail of the proceedings. The reports of officers and committees must be examined for an appreciation of the value of the efforts being put forth by the Confederation. The reports of the Relief, Monument, and Historical Committees are fine contributions to the literature of their respective fields, and will serve to indicate the seriousness of the present condition of the work. The Relief Committee reviews pension, Soldiers' Home, and special legislation in behalf of the Confederate soldiers, their widows and orphans. The Monument Committee presents an elaborate review of the entire field by States of monument and memorial effort for the period of the War of Secession. The Historical Committee has brought together a series of valuable summaries, bibliographies, and suggestions, which will prove of the greatest service for future historical activity. These reports place the Confederation on a higher ground than ever before, and the thanks of the Sons are due the chairmen of the committees. Messrs. Stone, Haughton, and Duncan have performed unselfish and excellent service, which will not soon be forgotten. The historical papers by members of the staff form a series of studies in the history of the several departments of the Confederate States government and army. While in no sense complete, they are substantial contributions to these phases of our history. The roll of Camps is quite elaborate, containing number, name, location, date of organization, date of charter, and names of Commandants, Adjutants, and Historians.

While delay in issuing the volume is to be regretted, its great value as a permanent contribution to the literature of the Confederacy will more than compensate for any inconvenience of delay. It was edited by the Commander in Chief.

## AMENDMENTS TO CONFEDERATION CONSTITUTION.

Four amendments have been proposed to the constitution of the Confederation. The probable fate of the amendments cannot be seen. These affect eligibility, enlarging the present regulations; provide for the appointment of a Historian General, provide a special assessment of five dollars on each member to aid in completing the Women's Memorial, and provide a definite period in which reports are to be made to general headquarters each year. The amendments, as contained in Circular No. 7, February 25 1907, are as follows:

(1) To amend Section 11, Article IV., so as to read:

"Sec. 11. All male descendants of those who served in the Confederate army or navy to the end of the war, or who died in prison or while in actual service, or who were killed in battle, or who were honorably retired or discharged; all male descendants of women who rendered aid or comfort to the Confederate forces; all nephews and their male descendants of the soldiers or sailors named in the first clause of the above, provided there was a good and honorable reason for their direct male ancestor not having been in the Confederate army or navy; and all male descendants of men who, not having enlisted in the Confederate army or navy, held civil office under the Confederate government, or who were employed by the Confederate government and served it in some other capacity, who were retained out of such service by their respective State or local authorities, and who rendered service to such State or local government which prevented service in

the land or naval forces of the Confederate government, shall be eligible to membership in the Camps of this Confederation, provided no member under sixteen years of age shall have the right to vote, and provided no person shall be admitted under twelve years of age, and provided, further, that applicants whose right to membership is not based on lineal descent shall furnish complete and satisfactory reasons why their direct ancestors did not enlist."

(2) To amend by adding after Section 14, Article V., the following additional section:

"Sec. —. There shall also be elected at each Annual Reunion a Historian General for the Confederation, whose duty it shall be to collect, preserve, publish, and otherwise disseminate the truths and facts of the history of the South for the period from 1850 to 1876."

(3) To amend by adding after Section 106, Article XVIII., a new section as follows:

"Sec. —. To enable the Confederation to more speedily complete the task which it has undertaken of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, for the years 1907 and 1908 each Camp of the Confederation shall pay, as a special assessment, in addition to its regular annual *per capita* tax, the sum of two and 50-100 dollars *per capita* for each active member upon its rolls, the said sum to be forwarded prior to October 1, in each year respectively, to general headquarters. The moneys received from said special assessment shall be kept by the Quartermaster General in an account separate and distinct from any other accounts kept by him, and at each Reunion shall be turned over to the chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee."

(4) To amend Section 60, Article X., so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 60. The Adjutant General shall send out blank muster rolls to the various Camps at least sixty days before the Annual Reunion. These blanks shall be filled out by the Adjutant of each Camp and certified to as the correct roll of the Camp and returned to the Adjutant General, with the annual *per capita* tax and all arrearages, thirty days preceding the Annual Reunion. Upon this certified roll will be computed the Camp's representation at the Annual Reunion and a certificate issued to the Camp signed by the Adjutant General certifying to the number of votes to which it is entitled if the dues have been paid in full."

## REUNION OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Inasmuch as no formal report has been received, only a brief account of the Reunion of the Mississippi Division can be given. It was held September 12, 1906, in Jackson, with only a small attendance. Division Commander W. Calvin Wells, Jr., declined a reelection, and Brigade Commander E. A. Miller, of Meridian, was chosen to succeed him. Further particulars are not at hand.

## REUNION OF THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

In anticipation of the union of the Indian and Oklahoma Territories, a joint reunion convention of the several Divisions of these Territories was held at Ardmore, Ind. T., July 26-28, 1906. The Veterans held a joint reunion at the same time and place. The business sessions of the two conventions were separately held; but the social features were for Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and visitors alike. All participated in a grand parade on the last day.

At the business session of the convention of the Sons resolutions were adopted, providing for the union of the amalgamation of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Divisions under



the name of the Oklahoma Division, for the new State. Brant H. Kirk, who has from the very beginning of the Confederation taken enthusiastic interest in its promotion and development, was elected the first Commander of the new Division.

Patriotic addresses were made and much enthusiasm prevailed. The Division Commander announced the appointment of Otis B. Weaver, of Ada, Ind. T., as his Division Adjutant. Comrade Weaver had previously served as Commander of the Indian Territory Division.

#### FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

The fifth Annual Reunion of the Alabama Division was called to order in Temperance Hall, Mobile, Ala., at ten o'clock November 21, 1906, by Commander John L. Moulton, of Camp George E. Dixon. Hon. Max Hamburger, of Camp George E. Dixon, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address of welcome. Following the address of welcome, Commander Moulton introduced Hon. E. M. Robinson, of Camp George E. Dixon, who spoke enthusiastically of the work of the Alabama Division and gave a most cordial second to Comrade Hamburger's address. Comrade C. J. Owens, Commander of the Fifth Brigade, responded to the address of welcome in eloquent and appropriate terms.

Commander Moulton turned the convention over to Commander P. W. Hodges, of the First Brigade, who presented the gavel to Division Commander George W. Duncan. On assuming command of the Convention, Commander Duncan directed William J. Conniff, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, to read extracts from General Orders convening the Reunion convention. Committees were appointed as follows: Credentials, William J. Conniff (Chairman), J. D. Leigh, L. B. Chapman, Paul E. Rapier, and N. B. Stephens; and To Extend Greetings to Veterans, Dr. Thomas M. Owen (Chairman), E. M. Robinson, C. R. Bricken, John H. Wallace, P. W. Hodges, and John L. Moulton.

While waiting for the committees to report, the Convention was entertained by Miss Emma Frances Ives, who read "Tom's Last Forage."

The annual address was delivered by Hon. Robert Tyler Goodwyn, of Camp Holtzclaw. His subject was "The Life and Character of Jefferson Davis." The address was worthy of the occasion and the subject.

After the singing of "Dixie" by the school children, Commander in Chief Thomas M. Owen was introduced to the Convention. He spoke informally, but in eloquent terms, of the Confederacy and its glorious history. At the close of Dr. Owen's address the Convention adjourned to 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon and marched in a body to the Mobile Theater to attend the meeting of the Veterans.

At the afternoon session Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, spoke on the Confederate monument to be erected in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C. At the conclusion of Colonel Herbert's address Comrade E. M. Robinson offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, indorsing most heartily the plan proposed by Colonel Herbert for erecting this monument.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker was introduced to the Convention by Commander Duncan. He spoke of the progress of his work in collecting funds for the erection of a memorial to the Women of the Confederacy. A resolution was introduced by Comrade John H. Wallace, and unanimously passed by the Convention, pledging the Sons of the Alabama Division anew in their approval and support of this great work.

The report of the Committee on Credentials showed the

Camps of the Division to be in fine condition, and, with few exceptions, that good delegations were present.

Chairman Thomas M. Owen, of the Committee to Extend Greetings to the Veterans, reported that his committee had performed its duty. The report of the committee was received and the committee discharged.

Commander George W. Duncan read his annual report, giving a full account of the various activities of the Division since the last Annual Reunion, November 15 and 16, 1904. The report showed that many new Camps had been chartered and that the affairs of the Division were in good condition.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Chairman of the Historical Committee, reported at length on the work of his committee. Dr. Owen's report showed that there was much activity among the Sons of the Alabama Division, and that they were taking great interest in historical work by the Confederation.

The report of the Pelham Monument Committee showed that some progress had been made, and that the committee had collected some funds for the erection of this monument.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens was elected by acclamation for the position of Division Commander, there being no other nomination. Col. C. R. Bricken was elected Commander of the First Brigade; P. W. Hodges, of Greenville, was reelected Commander of the Second Brigade; Eli P. Smith, of Birmingham, was elected Commander of the Third Brigade; John H. Wallace, of Huntsville, Commander of the Fourth Brigade; W. H. McElroy, of Anniston, Commander of the Fifth Brigade.

Appropriate resolutions were passed on the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Resolutions were also passed thanking Camp George E. Dixon, U. S. C. V., the Confederate Veterans of Mobile, the several railroads entering Mobile, the press, and the people of Mobile for the many courtesies extended the visiting Sons during the Reunion.

The visiting Sons and their guests were entertained by Camp George E. Dixon, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the people of Mobile generally with several delightful receptions, balls, and other social affairs. One of the most happy features of the morning session was the singing of "Alabama" by four hundred school children under the leadership of Miss Maude E. Truett, Director of Music in the Mobile city schools.

The Reunion was pronounced one of the most successful in the history of the Division.

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Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick, Ga., makes some corrections of the paragraph giving historic data about Savannah. John Houston's name should be spelled *Houstoun*; he was twice Governor of Georgia before he became the first Mayor of Savannah; then the delegates to the Continental Congress were *Houstoun*, Archibald Bulloch, and Dr. Noble Wimberley Jones; and the visit of George Washington to Savannah was in 1781 instead of 1778. This accumulation of errors in one little paragraph in the Morning News, of Savannah, clear, clean, and accurate as that newspaper is, is in a comparative sense excusable.

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Dr. W. B. Wall, now of Santa Ana, Cal., in sending a contribution to the Wirz Monument Fund, says: "I trust a monument will be erected to the memory of the Federal prisoners of Andersonville who were allowed to go to Washington to beg and implore the exchange of prisoners, that their comrades might have better food and comfort than was possible for the Confederacy to give, and, failing in their mission, returned to the prison. Such bravery and fidelity should be commemorated, and I wish to contribute a few dollars to that end should a monument be erected."





CITY HALL, CAPITOL SQUARE, WASHINGTON MONUMENT, GOVERNOR'S MANSION, AND CAPITOL, RICHMOND.

### STATUE OF POCAHONTAS.

BY ELLA LORAIN DORSEY.

It seems a far cry from 1607 to 1907; but nearly two thousand women are engaged in collecting money with which to erect a memorial to another woman who three hundred years ago saved the Jamestown colony from "death, famine, and utter confusion," as set forth by the chief of the settlers in a "Petition to Queen Anne" (wife of James I.) in her behalf and attested in three several narratives by other beneficiaries of her bounty.

The society is known as the "Pocahontas Memorial Association," and is a steadily growing organization whose branches extend north, south, east, and west, and whose obligations are the slightest ever imposed by the demands of a great work undertaken for education, history, and art. Life membership is secured by the payment of one dollar, and there are no dues and no duties except the bringing in of another member by each new recruit.

What has made this simple method of procedure possible is:

1. The generous wisdom of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which furnishes a site and then takes over into its perpetual care the monument, thus relieving the Pocahontas Memorial Association of the expense of purchasing ground and maintaining it with custodians, wages, etc.

2. The great desire the ladies have to spread as widely as possible the membership, so that out of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who learn to realize that the first foothold of our race was secured by the humanity, courage, and generosity of this young Algonquin princess at least ten thousand may be found who will contribute a dollar toward the beautiful golden bronze which will front the James River on the

scene of her services. The American sculptor, Mr. William Ordway Partridge, is the artist who has the work in hand, and his exhaustive study of all the material available has resulted in a design of exquisite beauty. The bronze is to be of heroic size (6½ feet), but represents Pocahontas at the age of twelve or fourteen—historically accurate—just budding into womanhood, her slight, young frame almost boyish in its lively activity. Her fringed doeskin skirt and jacket, her mantle of dressed doeskin, and her wrought moccasins are carefully reproduced and gracefully disposed. Her flowing hair is held by a fillet in which is caught the white eagle's plume, which in her nation was the token of chastity for the maidens and valor for the youths, and which suggests her secret tribal name, "Matoaka," the little Snow Feather.

The moment chosen by the artist is that in which, after running through the forest at night at the risk of her life, she warns Smith and his company of the plan to kill them as they sit at supper and implores them to fly. The grace of restrained speed is in every line, the light of courage and inspiration in her young face, and the gesture is free and fine with which she implores them to seek the safety of their own settlement.

The Association expects to have the statue unveiled during the Exposition; but, being good business women, they pay as they go, and already \$2,500 of the necessary \$10,000 has been paid in on the contract through the Treasurer, Mr. C. C. Glover, President of the Riggs National Bank, and their legal counsel, Mr. C. C. Calhoun, of Kentucky, and they are working with hearts, heads, and hands to make another such payment, so that the great cast can go to the foundry and yet preserve the time clause should recasting prove necessary.



The money of the Association is raised by membership fees, contributions, the sale of badges, pins, post cards, portrait of Pocahontas, plates, photographs of "the marriage of Pocahontas," the official ribbon, and entertainments.

The national officers in Washington, D. C., are: President, Miss McLain; Honorary President, Miss Matoaca Gay; Vice President, Miss Jane Randolph Codwise; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Desha; Corresponding Secretaries, Miss Louise Harrison and Miss Mary R. Wilcox; Treasurer, Mr. C. C. Glover; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. J. R. Garrison; Legal Counsel, Mr. C. C. Calhoun; Historian, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey; Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. A. Campbell Pryor; Chairman Appointment Committee, Miss Mary Lee Goddard.

The President, the Vice President, and the Honorary President are descendants of Pocahontas, the latter by a series of intermarriages being of the nearest generation.

Eligibility to membership is not confined to descent from Pocahontas, however (although on the lists the descendants are carefully recorded as such), but every man or woman who wishes to join in paying this debt of gratitude may do so by complying with the simple conditions above stated.

#### MERRIMAC-MONITOR SCENES AT JAMESTOWN.

The terrible days of March 8 and 9, 1862, are to be described in Hampton Roads at the Jamestown Exposition. It will be represented as the most unique naval engagement in the history of the world—the struggle between the Merrimac and the Monitor—a struggle which spoke the knell of wooden vessels of war and marked the beginning of a new style of naval warfare from which the modern battle ships and cruisers have been developed.

To those who witnessed this famous event, as well as to those millions of visitors from all parts of this and other countries to whom the details of the battle are familiar as matters of history, one feature of the Jamestown Exposition will be of especial interest. This will be the spectacular reproduction of the great engagement, which occurred just off the Exposition grounds.

The Exposition management announces that "the presentation will be given in as realistic a manner as the perfect equipment of the present day will allow." The historical location so near the actual scene of the occurrence lends added interest to the reproduction.

The scene of the battle will be cyclorama, and "will be as grand a sight as the human eye ever beheld." The scene opens the day before the battle between the iron-clads, and shows the sun just setting upon the leaping flames of the burning Congress and the sinking Cumberland, with her cannon booming and her crew cheering as the ship settles beneath the waves and the brave fighters go down to death rather than surrender. The victorious Merrimac is seen slowly steaming away to the shelter of the Confederate shore batteries to await the coming of dawn to complete the work of destruction. This sunset scene will be a revelation of this character of scenic effect. Twilight comes on, and the lurid light of the burning vessel casts its reflection upon the waters, revealing the other vessels of the Federal fleet to which it seems as a forecast of their own doom on the morrow. As the darkness appears, the stars twinkle and the scene becomes tranquil. Then come rolling clouds, forked lightnings, and peals of thunder, and a storm bursts in all its fury. Rain falls in torrents, and the scene has every appearance of reality.

After the storm has subsided, the stars again show themselves and the moon appears in all her glory.

After a while the day dawns, the sun peeps over the eastern horizon, and the audience beholds the most beautiful sunrise imaginable. Out on the water the Merrimac steams down upon the Minnesota. The Confederate iron-clad has been repaired after her damages from ramming the Cumberland the evening before, and draws closer and closer to the Federal ship. The Minnesota lies helplessly stranded in shallow water, but suddenly from the rear darts the Monitor. The Merrimac puts on all steam, and soon the battle between iron-clads is on. The cannon is seen in action, and the crack and roar of the guns seems as real as during the great fight. Each gunboat and every movement is in harmony with the most authentic records of the great battle. Just at the climax the curtain is drawn and the audience is left to determine which is victor.

The engagement is such that no exception can be taken by the visitors from any section of the country. Mr. Austin, the great scenic artist, says this is his masterpiece.

The Merrimac and Monitor used in the reproduction will be made of steel, and by the effect of the new appliances of electricity they will appear to the spectators the actual size of the vessels engaged in the famous battle.

## VIRGINIA ELECTORAL TICKET.

*Election November 6th, 1861.*

FOR PRESIDENT,

**JEFFERSON DAVIS,**

OF MISSISSIPPI.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

**ALEX. H. STEPHENS,**

OF GEORGIA.

### ELECTORS

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.

JOHN R. EDMUNDS, Halifax.  
A. T. CAPERTON, Monroe.

FOR THE DISTRICTS.

- 1st. JOSEPH CHRISTIAN, Middlesex.
- 2nd. CINCINNATUS W. NEWTON, Norfolk City.
- 3rd. R. T. DANIEL, Richmond City.
- 4th. W. F. THOMPSON, Dinwiddie.
- 5th. WOOD BOULDIN, Charlotte.
- 6th. W. L. GOGGIN, Bedford.
- 7th. B. F. RANDOLPH, Albemarle.
- 8th. JAMES W. WALKER, Madison.
- 9th. ASA ROGERS, Loudoun.
- 10th. SAMUEL C. WILLIAMS, Shenandoah.
- 11th. SAMUEL McD. REID, Rockbridge.
- 12th. H. A. EDMUNDSON, Roanoke.
- 13th. J. W. SHEFFEY, Smyth.
- 14th. H. J. FISHER, Mason.
- 15th. JOSEPH JOHNSON, Harrison.
- 16th. E. H. FITZHUGH, Ohio.

The above election ticket comes from Brig. Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., and is copied as near facsimile as practicable.



THE KISS FROM TENNESSEE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

They found him where the sunshine falls  
In grove of oak and pine,  
A boy in years, but one who stood  
Upon the battle line;  
He looked as if he sweetly slept,  
His face so young and fair,  
And on his wan cheek nestled close  
A strand of golden hair.

The growling guns of war were still,  
The foe had fled afar,  
And floated proudly on the hill  
The banner of the star;  
The merry bugles of the Gray  
For once had silent grown,  
The fair young trooper kept his camp  
Among the trees alone.

No more would he with Stuart ride  
Triumphant through the wood,  
No more would "boots and saddles" stir  
His eager Southern blood;  
The bravest of the brave, in line  
He'd stormed his last redoubt,  
And 'neath the boughs he lay that day  
Forever mustered out.

His fair white hands a let'er clasped;  
He seemed to read it still;  
His loving look had been his last  
Upon that quiet hill.  
He'd placed it ere the fight began  
Beneath his coat of gray—  
The missive breathing words of love  
From sweetheart far away.

How happy, cheering ran the lines,  
The words how full of bliss!  
She'd sent the let'er with her love  
And sealed it with a kiss.  
"We'll meet," she wrote, "when war is past  
And all again is fair;  
You have at morn my endless love,  
You have at eve my prayer."

He'd kissed it as the end drew nigh;  
His lips had touched her name;  
She dreamed not that her soldier slept  
Upon the field of fame.  
Aye, in the gray he'd not disgraced  
Beneath the stately tree  
He slept in death, his last thoughts with  
The one in Tennessee.

They left him on the little hill;  
They left the letter rest  
So peaceful and so calmly on  
The youthful hero's breast;  
And when they brushed the golden hair  
Back from his brow that day,  
A comrade took a look for her  
Who watched so far away.

The fragile rose is blooming fair  
Within Virginia's glade,  
Where met the legions long ago  
With bayonet and blade;  
And where a beauteous river sings  
Beneath a hoary tree  
There lingers still the last fond kiss  
That came from Tennessee.

THE GUNBOAT GEN. TAYLOR FAILED TO GET.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

Can any reader of the *VETERAN* furnish the details of Gen. Dick Taylor's attempt in 1865 to purchase a Mississippi River gunboat from a captain of the Federal navy? If so, it would make a chapter in the history of the Civil War well worth reading. What I know about the circumstances and how I came to know it follows:

Retired from the Confederate service in February, 1865, and—thanks to a specimen of penmanship that owed its extraordinary wretchedness to a timely hint from Dr. J. C. Jones, the surgeon of the 4th Texas—not assigned to clerical duty, I lost no time in setting out for Texas and home. At the terminus of the Jackson and New Orleans Railroad, in Mississippi, I fell in with Isaac Stein, of Company B, 4th Texas. He lacked an arm and I a foot, so we immediately formed a mutual aid society of which, on account of my nearness to a state of impecuniosity and his presumed opulence—he having been a sutler after the battle of Second Manassas—I secretly elected him the eleemosynary and myself the receiving member.

Subsequent events demonstrated the wisdom of such an alliance. Where wounds and heart-rending tales of woe failed to convince or persuade, Stein's command of funds or mine of cheek invariably succeeded. And there was urgent need in the section of country through which we passed to employ all these resources; for at the terminus, Alexandria, La., we again began the poorly systematized, but none the less gratefully received, paternalism of the Confederate government, the country between the two points being a "debatable land" whose denizens, as well as the travelers across its swamps and morasses, were in a sense bereft of any flag that they could call their own, and therefore permitted their fealty to Union or Confederacy to be controlled largely by expediency.

Indeed, here, instead of in the mountains of Tennessee, might easily have transpired the adventure of the widow who, learning that her son in the Confederate army was short of rations, determined to supplement them with bacon. Putting half a side of the rich meat into each end of a sack, a man's saddle on a horse, and a number four lady's gaiter in each stirrup of the saddle, thus effectually concealing the provisions under the drapery of flowing skirts, she departed cheerily on her mission of love. Its successful issue depended in large measure on prompt adaptation of her own political faith to that of the roving bands of soldiers she would meet; and as these seldom wore a distinctive uniform, a good deal of guessing must necessarily be done. Suddenly she came face to face with a party of troopers, and her struggles began. Plied by the commander of the squad with question after question, she answered or evaded them so adroitly that the inquisitor grew angry, and at last spoke sternly, saying: "Now answer my question truthfully, madam, or I will have you arrested as a spy. Which side are you on?" For a moment the widow despaired, and then womanly cunning came to the



rescue. Blushingly looking down at one side and then the other, she exclaimed: "You — fool, you—can't you see for yourself that I'm on both sides?" She escaped before the disconcerted officer and his laughing comrades regained their composure.

Starting from the terminus on board of a shakily old wagon whose axle broke at the end of the first six miles, Stein and I so manipulated the accident as to secure transportation in a comfortable carriage as far as Duncan's. There, failing to find another conveyance, we ungratefully impressed the borrowed vehicle, team, and driver. Here the exigencies of the Confederate military service put us to our wits' end and compelled a temporary dissolution of the mutual aid society.

Being unable to swim, Stein hesitated to undertake my perilous way of crossing the great river, and decided to wait until he could get a boat. I landed safely on the west bank. Soon an old negro astride of a mule as ancient and weather-beaten as himself came in sight, and I hailed him. "How far to your master's house, uncle?" I asked as he halted before me. "Jess a li'le piece, marster," said the old man, doffing his battered straw hat and sliding off his mule with an agility not warranted by his aged appearance. "Jes git up hyar, suh, on dis here mewel, an' he'll teck yer dar immegitly."

Unwilling to offend by refusal, I climbed upon the beast, and, proceeding to the house, alighted at the gate. A first glimpse gave pleasant assurances, for the mansion was large, commodious, and well-ventilated, and a motherly-looking lady stood at a table on the front piazza, busily engaged in measuring and cutting cloth for negro wear. A glimpse, however, brought the liveliest disquiet into my mind; for near the lady and in Yankee naval uniform from top to bottom sat a man who, the moment he saw me at the gate, sprang to his feet with suspicious alertness and came briskly out to meet and—as I naturally supposed—capture me.

The one Federal betokened the near vicinity of a dozen, and for a moment a child could have knocked me down with a feather. Great heavens alive! After fighting, bleeding, and almost dying for four long years in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee; after safely concluding the long, arduous journey from Richmond to the Mississippi, and after braving the perilous passage of that great inland water, to be taken prisoner and perhaps shot to death by a parcel of bow-legged Yankee marines!

Resigning myself to the inevitable, I awaited the approach of the Yankee with calm, self-respecting dignity. "How do you do, sir?" he began as he stepped out of the gate and with an engaging smile extended his hand. "My name is Johnson—Captain Johnson, of the Federal navy." "Happy to make your acquaintance, Captain," I rejoined, seizing the proffered hand and, in token of my joy over such an amicable meeting, squeezing it cordially. "My name is Polley—Private Polley, of Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia; but now, sir, retired and on my way to Texas. Can you take care of me for the night?" "I am but a guest myself," he replied; "but I feel sure that you will be kindly received by Mr. —. The lady on the piazza is his wife; and if you will accompany me to her, I shall take pleasure in making you and your wants known to her."

Half an hour later, so quickly did I adapt myself to circumstances, you would have thought me an old-time friend of the Captain, mine hostess, and her husband, the latter having meantime made his appearance and confirmed the welcome his better half had accorded me; for, sitting in a rocking-

chair that was most comfortable and soothing to my tired body, I was relieving them of all embarrassment and solicitude by making myself thoroughly at home. They were burning to hear the news from the seat of war, and I, in the happiest frame of mind, was not at all loth to communicate such items as in my judgment might safely be imparted to a Federal officer.

At supper our party was reinforced by a couple of Confederate officers whose patriotism, not being of the quality that could stand fire out of sight of their own hearthstones, found inspiration and vent for courage in the command of "swamp angels" or "River Guards." The company and fare were too good to be willingly deserted, and the newcomers therefore remained overnight. Next morning I learned from them the little they knew of the Captain.

In January, 1865, Captain Johnson was the honored commanding officer of one of the best armed and equipped gunboats on the Mississippi River. His was an itching palm, though, and it itched most cravingly at the very time Gen. Dick Taylor got an idea in his head that he, the general commanding the Confederate forces along the west bank of the river, must have a gunboat of his own. It took but a little while for the two parties—the one desiring to sell, the other to buy—to get together and agree upon price and terms—the understanding arrived at being that on a certain night the Captain was to run his boat close enough to the shore at a designated point for it to be easily surprised and captured by the Confederates. Somebody, though—presumably the Captain—was indiscreet; for the subordinate officers on the gunboat found reason to suspect the intended treachery, and reported their suspicions to the admiral. Luckily learning of this, Captain Johnson took advantage of the darkness of night to lower himself into a small boat and, cutting loose from the ship, to make his way to *terra firma* occupied by Confederates, and finally to deliver himself, instead of the gunboat, the only thing wanted, to General Taylor. Disappointed, disgusted, and wrathful, the General turned a cold shoulder on the unsuccessful traitor; and, with a price set on his capture by the Federals, the Captain was thus compelled to seek concealment and safety among Southern people who, while detesting his want of principle, were yet unwilling to betray him to their enemies. And certainly no place was better suited for refuge than that at which I made his acquaintance, which was on an island surrounded by the waters of Bruin Lake, a few miles above the town of Bruinsburg, La.

In conclusion, writing of the one gunboat reminds me of an incident on the Mississippi River related to me by my friend, J. C. Myers, of Floresville, Tex., who respectfully refers to Buck Pettus, of Goliad County, Tex., for any corroboration deemed necessary. A gunboat fired a six-pound shell at a party of scouts, among whom was a reckless, daring, and fun-loving Irishman who had not forgotten the game of town ball. Between the scouts and the bank of the river lay a half-drained and miry pond, and into this the shell first landed; then, continuing its course a hundred feet under the mud and water, struck something solid close to the Hibernian. Robbed by this of much of its momentum, the shell went straight up into the air twenty feet and, making a short curve forward, began to descend. Pat saw it as it entered and left the miry pond, and, reckoning it had lost both its heat and its explosive power, sprang forward, caught it in his hands, and, holding it aloft, shouted to the artillerists of the gunboat: "Throw down your paddles, boys, for be Jesus I've caught you out."





*CONFEDERATE FLAG IN A MICHIGAN BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENT.*

Collier's Weekly, back cover page, for March 9, 1907, contains a conspicuous advertisement by the Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., imperfectly shown above, as the advertisement was in colors. In December previous a party of men left New York City for Florida on an Oldsmobile "A," and they had finished the trip of fourteen hundred miles to Daytona, Fla., on January 12. The purpose of the advertisement is to show the great power of the machine through muddy roads.

Any favor to the company by this notice is gratuitous, and

it is given as the first illustration known by the VETERAN of any Northern concern giving prominence to the Confederate flag. Let it not be the last. That flag is clean enough in its record to be the pride of humanity at the North or elsewhere, as in the South, and it should not be regarded as inappropriate for the families of men who faced it to ornament their homes. It should be the pride of every American, and the tendencies are that way. The time will never come when patriots and Christians can taint the "bonnie blue flag" with dishonor.

#### *TRENTON (TENN.) SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.*

A Confederate memorial has recently been unveiled by the Russell Hill Chapter, U. D. C., at Trenton, Tenn. The monument is of white bronze and was made by the Monumental Bronze Company, 416 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. The base is seven feet square, and the total height, including the life-size statue, is twenty-two feet and eleven inches. The design is a shaft of beautiful proportions and expression, and Trenton people are justly proud of their monument.

The statue represents the ideal Confederate infantry soldier at "parade rest," and the features were modeled to order in preference to adopting any stock statue. The upper die of the monument contains life-size portrait medallions of Generals Lee and Forrest. The dedicatory inscription reads: "Erected to the memory of our Confederate soldiers by the Russell Hill Chapter, U. D. C." On the front base are the words: "Lest we forget."

All the inscriptions are in bold raised letters, and the emblems, badges, etc., are all in bold relief. Altogether it is a very handsome memorial, and the white bronze material is said to be actually more enduring than the best of granite and to retain its beauty and artistic effect much better. This material is being extensively adopted for soldiers' monuments at the present time.

MONUMENT FOR MORGANTOWN, KY.—This company has also secured an order from Morgantown, Ky., to erect a monument to all soldiers of all wars from Butler County, including for the Civil War both Confederate and Federal. The names of the dead and living will be separated with suitable headings. One Revolutionary soldier's name appears and a number of Spanish-American War veterans. On one of the dies of the monument will be a portrait medallion of Gen. Joseph Wheeler. The front tablet will bear the great seal of the commonwealth of Kentucky, showing the blue and the gray grasping hands, with stacks of arms in the distance.

The State of Tennessee has made provision for the preservation of all flags used by her State troops in the Civil War, and any one having knowledge of any flags of Tennessee commands will please communicate with John P. Hickman, State Capitol, and furnish him with any particulars about it.

The VETERAN office is in need of copies for January and November, 1902, and March, 1907, to fill out some incomplete volumes. Only copies suitable for binding are desired. Write us at the time of sending, so proper credit can be given on subscription.



## HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.

Fred L. Robertson, compiler of records of the soldiers of Florida, wrote from Tallahassee sometime since:

"I think it was an old Persian philosopher who said, 'A lie has short legs.' It is very evident that he was unacquainted with the Yankee variety, or he would have made an exception in its favor and added, 'This variety has tremendously long legs and an inexhaustible supply of gall and wind.' I say this because I have just had an irritating example of it.

"In a so-called 'History of the United States,' by one Henry William Elson, published by the Macmillan Company in 1905, page 287, appears the following: 'At Orangeburg a slight battle was fought and another before Columbia, the enemy being led by Gen. Wade Hampton. Columbia surrendered February 17 [1865], Hampton escaping after setting fire to five hundred bales of cotton. The fire soon spread, and a large portion of the town was consumed.'

"In a footnote is the following: 'Mr. J. F. Rhodes, in an article in the American Historical Review, Volume VII., page 485 sq., gives as his opinion that Columbia did not take fire from the burning cotton, but that it was set on fire by drunken soldiers, negroes, and escaped prisoners.'

"At the close of the volume he cites a number of authorities; but he fails to mention General Sherman, who published his 'Memoirs' in 1875. On page 286, Volume II., Sherman says: 'In my official report of the conflagration of Columbia I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and I confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him.' In that same report he says: 'I estimate that the damage to Georgia alone is \$100,000,000. Ninety-eight million dollars was simple destruction; two millions have inured to our advantage. Our soldiers have done the work with alacrity and cheerfulness unsurpassed.'

"These long-legged Yankee lies will continue to run until we write our own history and print our own books."

*"HALF HOURS IN SOUTHERN HISTORY."*

One of the most interesting books of late issue is "Half Hours in Southern History," by John Lesslie Hall, Ph.D., Professor of English and of General History in the College of William and Mary, and recently from the press of B. F. Johnson & Company, Richmond, Va. It gives in brief outline salient features of Southern heroism and achievement as well as the side of the South in the long controversy between the sections. This book will be a revelation to those of the North who have known only one side of the questions at issue, and be an incentive to deeper reading and broader thinking. To the Southern man it will be as a tonic, strengthening his faith and dependence in the principles and convictions which animated those who fought for their rights in the sixties. It is not a book to stir up controversy or ill feeling, but rather conduces to that deeper, quieter thought which leads to "mutual forgiveness and reparation, the open sesame to fraternal union and to the full measure of our national greatness."

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*"MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE."*

The latest addition to Confederate military history comes as a "critical narrative," by Gen. E. P. Alexander, under the title of "Military Memoirs of a Confederate." This book was not written for the purpose of extolling the valor of Confederates in arms nor the skill of Confederate generals,

but its object is to present a criticism of each campaign in so far as the author is able to judge of the good and bad plays on each side. That such a presentation will be of benefit to general history goes without saying, and especially will it be appreciated by military students and officers. As the commander of a brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia, General Alexander was thoroughly conversant with the movements of the army, and therefore should be a competent critic of those movements on which hinged victory or defeat.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth-bound. Price, \$4 net. See advertisement in this number.

## COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the press of the Jones Brothers Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, has been issued a new history of the United States by Dr. John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., so well known as a historical writer. This history comes in a set of twelve volumes under the following subjects: "The Era of Discovery," "Discovery and First Colonization," "Middle Colonies and New England," "Colonies to the Struggle with France," "Seven Years' War," "Outbreak of Revolution," "Revolutionary War," "Constitution and Washington's Presidency," "Downfall of the Federalists," "Slavery and the Territories," "The Civil War and Reconstruction," "National Expansion," "The Twentieth Century," Index. These volumes are handsomely bound and illustrated, and would be an attractive as well as valuable acquisition for any library.

A general review of this new history is contemplated for a later number of the VETERAN, the above being given now as an introduction of the work.

## A NOVEL BY A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

A pathetic story rich in folklore and human interest is "Margaret Ballentine; or, The Fall of the Alamo," written by Mr. Frank Templeton, of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., and issued in attractive form by the State Printing Company, of that city.

That the Volunteer State will take just pride in the book goes without saying, as the mother State of the Southwest has recently claimed Texas in legislative resolution, and a Houstonian among the Texas Solons has assented in these words: "Tennessee is the mother of States; and of her daughters, Texas excels them all."

Mr. Templeton has made it a labor of love to see that the names of those less-known defenders of the Alamo be "not writ in water." Compilers of family histories will thank this painstaking historian, who has made a record of these immortals, giving their place of nativity, former home, and in many instances personal and even physical characteristics.

"Last, but not least," this invaluable contribution to local history has been made by one who, wearing the gray, has himself given much to the cause of constitutional government.—*Kate Kleer.*

[Since the publication of his book, Comrade Templeton has passed into the better land. A sketch of his life will appear in the VETERAN later.—Ed.]

Inquiry is made for any information of J. J. Allison, who went out in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. John R. Neil, and was under Ashby, but afterwards transferred to Forrest's command. The last heard of him was the day after the battle of Seven Pines. Response can be sent to the VETERAN office.



A STORY OF THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT BEFORE RICHMOND, VA., 1862.

BY JOHNNIE REB.

Come, listen to a story  
I am going to relate;  
It happened near by Richmond,  
In the Old Dominion State.  
'Twas a stampede of the Yankees  
Down the Chickahominy.  
Big Yank, little Yank,  
Root Yank or die.

"To Richmond, on to Richmond,"  
Had been the Yankees' cry;  
They said that they would have it  
By the middle of July;  
But you see that their predictions  
Turned out to be a lie,  
For everybody knows we made them  
Root Yank or die.

Quite early in the morning,  
The thirty-first of May—  
I guess you all remember  
That memorable day—  
When Hill, of Carolina,  
Found the Yankee brothers nigh;  
He soon made them "double-quick"—  
Root Yank or die.

McClellan he was bothered  
In regard to our course;  
He was also quite uneasy,  
For fear we'd reinforce.  
O how little was he thinking  
That Lee's chicanery  
Would soon make him "double-quick"—  
Root Yank or die.

Lee and Stonewall Jackson  
Together put their wits,  
And very shortly afterwards  
Threw the Yankees into fits;  
Lee put into center  
And Jackson on the sly;  
Down the river went the Yanks—  
Root Yank or die.

Lower down the river  
Mac' thought he'd make a stand,  
But after some hard fighting  
Found he couldn't stand his hand.  
So onward went McClellan  
Down the Chickahominy,  
Crying to his hirelings,  
"Root Yank or die."

McClellan wrote to Lincoln,  
Not far from our lines,  
That he fought the Rebel devils  
At a place called Seven Pines;  
He fixed it all up nicely,  
But wound up with a lie,  
For everybody knows we made him  
Root Yank or die.

General Stonewall Jackson  
Is a terror to the Yanks.  
He regularly used up Fremont,  
Shields, and also Banks.  
Go it, Stonewall Jackson,  
And make the feathers fly!  
Make Yankee doodle, doodle  
Root Yank or die.

Now I tell you, Uncle Samuel,  
We will have you understand  
To get back Cousin Sally  
You never, never can  
For she's opposed to union;  
So, Uncle Sam, good-by.  
Dixie will be Dixie,  
Root hog or die.

The Omaha Chapter, U. D. C., was organized some three years ago by Miss



MISS GRACE LENNON CONKLIN.

Grace Lennon Conklin, who has until recently filled the office of President, and upon resigning was made its honorary President. This Chapter is noted for efficient work in the organization and much credit is due to the enthusiasm and interest of its President. Miss Conklin is a graduate of the Department of Expression in the Marden School of Eloquence, and has entered upon a career as a professional reader, in which she has been very successful. Her readings throughout the Southern States under the auspices of Chapters U. D. C. have been favorably received, and her success seems assured. She is a daughter of Comrade E. Conklin, of Omaha, Nebr., who has been a zealous friend of the VETERAN for many years.

P. A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., writes: "On the 14th of August, 1864, I was severely wounded and captured at Deep Bottom, Va., and carried to Fortress Monroe. In the same room at the hospital where I was taken were General Walker, who had lost a leg, Captain Mason, of Major General Field's staff, Lieut. E. W. Ware, of Virginia, and Captain or Lieutenant McEachern. J. Chester Jones, of Baltimore, was then nursing his wounded brother, who was captain of artillery in the Federal army. He was very kind to me in my helpless condition. I should like to hear from all or any of the above-named veterans if living, and should like to shake hands at the Reunion in Richmond."

Mrs. W. E. Carter, of Marietta, Okla., seeks information of the war record of her father, J. B. Guthrie, whose home was at Walnut Grove, Walton County, Ga.; but he died near Cumming, Forsyth County, Ga., in 1887. In the early part of the war he was in Company H, 11th Georgia Regiment, under Captain McDaniel or McDowell; but he served in both the infantry and cavalry during the four years of his service, and she does not know where his later service was. Any information that will help establish her mother's claim to a pension will be appreciated.

Mrs. George N. L. Buyers, 37 North High Street, Columbia, Tenn., writes in the interest of Mrs. I. N. Buyers, widow of Lieutenant Buyers, of the 7th Georgia Regiment, under Col. W. C. Claiborne, who enlisted at Macon, Ga., at the opening of the war for one year in the infantry. When the year was up, he, with Lieut. L. J. Smith, made up a company of cavalry, Company B. Partisan Rangers, under Claiborne. Any information as to the record of Lieutenant Buyers will be appreciated by his widow, who seeks to establish her claim to a pension.

J. C. Bell, of Baldwin, Miss., writes of a strange occurrence during the war near Okolona, Miss.: "Three captains and a lieutenant took shelter from a storm under a black jack tree, which was struck by lightning and all of them killed except one captain. He was attended by Dr. S. N. Walker and a young physician, and got well. Dr. Walker is anxious to locate his young assistant if still living. He thinks these officers and the young doctor were from Alabama."





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## WHAT TEXAS IS.

BY G. HERB PALIN.

A man once asked a native  
What Texas soil would grow.  
Said he: "I'll never tell you,  
For really I don't know.

The soil's so rich in this great State,  
Remember what I say,  
That if I told you everything  
I'd not get through to-day.

Just take the products of the earth  
From every land and clime,  
And Texas soil will equal  
The best grown every time.

Why, sir," said he, "if walls were built  
Around us ten miles high,  
We'd have the best of everything  
And wouldn't halfway try.

We have our mines, our countless herds,  
And industries galore,  
And hands that work and hearts that  
beat  
For Texas evermore.

And women fair, large men and strong,  
Our cities rich and great;  
I'll tell you, sir, what Texas is:  
The world rolled in one State."

E. W. Winkler, State Librarian, Austin, Tex., wants to secure volume for 1893; January, February, March, May, 1894; June, 1895; February, 1896; August, 1901; September, 1904. He has some duplicates that he would like to exchange for these missing numbers. Write him as to what you have.

Mrs. Bettie Taylor, of Springfield, Mo., inquires for one John Coats, who was, she thinks, from Johnson County, Mo., and just before the battle of Jenkins Ferry he stopped at her mother's house for dinner. While there he distinguished himself in resisting capture by a squad of Federals, killing a number of them and then making his escape. If he is still living or any one knows of his whereabouts, she will be glad to hear.

R. D. Almond, of Roosevelt, Idaho, would like to hear from some member of Stanford's Battery of Light Artillery, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee, with which he served. The battery went out from Grenada, Miss.

Thomas Lewis (adjutant 38th Artillery, Pickett's Division) writes from Roanoke, Va., of a Confederate flag in possession of some people in Cincinnati who have made repeated efforts to locate the company to which it belonged. It is a handsome silk flag with "Plout Guard" on it. The lady who wrote of the flag said: "It was pathetic to see the bullet holes in it." It is hoped that this notice will reach some member of the company who will be interested in securing its return.

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Announcement has been made by Joe Johnston Camp, Mexia, No. 94, U. C. V., that their next annual Reunion will occur on July 26 and 27, 1907. These Reunions have become noted as gatherings of much interest, and those who attend one time do not need a pressing invitation to another.

H. D. Pearce, Chairman of Executive Reunion Committee, Robert Lee, Tex., writes that his Camp desires to hold a West Texas Reunion this year of three days in July—24-26—on the Colorado River, two miles above Robert Lee, Coke County, Tex. A cordial welcome is extended to as many of the old soldier comrades as will attend.

Comrade John E. Raller, of Harrisonburg, Va., wishes to procure the following numbers of Trotwood's Monthly in order to complete his file of that publication: October, 1905; July, October, and December, 1906. Write him in advance of sending.

J. A. Dahlgren, of Atlanta, Ga., wishes to hear from any survivors of the 7th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Col. W. H. Bishop, who was killed at Franklin, Tenn. After the war the survivors of this regiment presented their battle flag to Mr. Dahlgren's father, and he is anxious to have the flag inscribed with the number of engagements it went through.

J. F. Dunbar, of Palestine, Tex., would be glad to hear from any of his old friends of Company C, 10th Georgia Infantry.



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# Confederate Veteran.

Vol. xv.

JULY, 1907.

No 7.



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¶The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia, now on exhibition in the Lee Building on the Warpath, Jamestown Exposition. ¶Agents wanted in every Southern city to sell a beautiful lithographic copy in color of this painting. Write for terms to National Printing and Exhibit Co., Lee Building, Jamestown Exposition.

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## "The Sword of Honor"

— BY —  
 Lieut. Hannibal A. Johnson  
 THIRD MAINE INFANTRY

ONE OF THE NEW AND SUCCESSFUL BOOKS OF THE YEAR. A GRAPHIC AND THRILLING NARRATIVE OF THE CIVIL WAR

• • An Untold History That Reads Like a Romance • •

inasmuch as the author has written his personal reminiscences, his daring adventures, his captivity in Confederate prisons, the heroic dash for liberty, the perils and privations of the ensuing months, with a refreshing force and directness, a dramatic strength and action of events that has woven the whole into a story of remarkable power.

An unusual and most interesting feature of the book is that surrounding the recent visit of the author to the scenes of his army career after forty-one years' absence, where he was the guest of Confederate soldiers in Richmond, Columbia, Anderson, and also of the family of the late Capt. J. C. B. Smith, of Columbia, who was Lieut. Johnson's captor at the Battle of the Wilderness, thus bringing about a happy reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and forever cementing the feeling that knows no North, no South, but one United States.

"THE SWORD OF HONOR" contains one hundred and four pages, with twelve full-page illustrations, handsomely bound in blue and gold.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. Postage Prepaid.

For Sale by the Author, H. A. JOHNSON, 25 Woodland Street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. William R. Freret, 836 Berlin Street, New Orleans, La., wishes to hear from some comrade of her husband who can give the company and regiment in which he served. Surviving comrades will kindly respond in order to assist her in securing a pension.

Mrs. L. A. Lucas, the widow of W. P. Lucas, who enlisted in 1861 at Simsport, La., in Capt. Dick Boone's company, seeks to establish the record of her husband in order to procure a pension, of which she stands in great need. Write her at Hico, Tex.

J. A. Storey, of Arcadia, La., wants to get a copy of the "History of the 11th Georgia Regiment," written by Kit Warren, of Lee County, Ga., and thinks some members of his company (G) may be able to tell him where it can be procured.

The annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans of Coryell County, Tex., will take place at Gatesville, Tex., July 24-27. The Third Brigade will meet with them this year, and every effort will be made to make this occasion successful in every way.

R. A. Cheatham, of Acworth, Ga., R. F. D. No. 13, writes of a badge found near Acworth, a silver circle, on one side of which is inscribed: "Sergeant Wash Hollon, 8th Ky. V. I." He would like to find the owner or some of the connection.

B. F. Rook, of Sumner, Miss., writes that he is in the Delta far away from where he enlisted; and as a veteran of the 2d Mississippi Infantry, Company G, he would like to hear from any surviving comrades.

C. H. Cleveland, 616 Market Street, San Antonio, Tex., is anxious to get the address of any surviving member of Company I (Ball's company), of the Fairfax Cavalry, Jones's Brigade, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., with which he served.

Jacob Howell, of Huntsville, Ala., who was a member of Company G, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Jake Biffle, wants to get addresses on any survivors of this company or of the regiment.



# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. XV.  
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1907.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## THE RICHMOND REUNION.

So widespread and so elaborate have reports of the Reunion of 1907 at Richmond been published that no attempt to make record in the VETERAN is made other than the historic and official features. It is an unhappy error and a blunder to talk about the greatest Reunion ever held in these days when the gray line is thin indeed. True, there were more Veterans at Richmond than it seemed possible ever to muster again, and the health and vigor of the average was amazingly fine. It may be said that the capital of the Confederacy did its best on this occasion. The management through the cold, rainy weather was called upon to supply quarters and a multitude of blankets, and this at a time when resources must have been quite exhausted, but the issues were met promptly. It was doubtless the heaviest tax yet put upon any entertaining city, and it shows that Richmond was resourceful to the great emergency.

Richmond is indeed a strong, large city, with magnificent hotels, and hospitality was without stint. The Jefferson, a block deep, has the unstinted praise of world travelers who have money to enjoy the best in any clime. It was a Mecca on that occasion. Indeed, it was the pride of every Southerner. Such scenes will hardly ever be witnessed again on an

occasion of honoring Confederates. It was without doubt the greatest occasion that will come to them this side of that greatest reunion where the secrets of honest, patriotic souls will be recognized and established forever and forever.

The Conventions of the Veterans were well attended, though the hours were shorter than usual. Committees had their work and reports well in hand, and there was no friction manifested at any time. The leading reports will appear herein and in future issues of the VETERAN. The report of the Confederate Memorial Association was read by Gen. Robert White, of West Virginia, who at the conclusion turned to the editor of the VETERAN and said: "I want to shake hands with you, and we want you to help us. You have thought we were against you in the past, but you were mistaken. We were simply trying to hold our own."

Public answer is made in the statement that the VETERAN ever has had sincere esteem for the motives of the men who inaugurated the "Battle Abbey" movement. That which caused its greatest calamity was in their interest and the interest of those who were giving their money to establish it. There never was at any time any other motive in its course. It would not seem just or fair to refer to this except to mention in gratitude the princely donor, Charles Broadway Rouss, and



CONVENTION HALL, RICHMOND, WHERE THE CONFEDERATE REUNION FOR 1907 WAS HELD.



his royal representative, Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, the latter offering on various occasions to give the money necessary to the prolonged litigation. Yes, the VETERAN will rejoice to see the undertaking perfected, and expects it to be one of the chief attractions in the South.

It has been impossible to put in this VETERAN all that was intended, especially in regard to the Reunion and the dedication of monuments. The main reports are given, but much

of the assembly, and a fine band of music and hundreds of girls were singing about the area of the monument. Such a joyous throng of so great magnitude must have rarely ever been witnessed on the earth.

#### CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was ably represented by its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans. She was the only woman official who responded in person before the great assembly gathered to dedicate the monument to President Jefferson Davis. She said:

"In the name of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, composed of the women of the 'sixties,' the contemporaries of the men who wore the gray, I thank you for this hearty welcome. To the loyal and patriotic women of Virginia, and particularly to members of the Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, U. D. C., we extend sincere congratulations and rejoice with them that our labor of love is accomplished. It is not my purpose to deliver a lengthy address or eulogy on the life of Jefferson Davis. This will be portrayed in more eloquent words by the orator of the day. I esteem it a great privilege, however, to stand here as the representative of Memorial Associations, and in the presence of this vast assemblage in a humble way and feeble voice give testimony to the loyalty and devotion of Southern women who proclaim to the world their love and reverence for the only President of the Confederate States of America. Gray-bearded Veterans, silver-haired wives and mothers, patriotic sons and daughters are here to-day to witness the unveiling of this monument, erected by the people of the South and dedicated to the lofty patriotism and sublime courage as exemplified in the character of Jefferson Davis. Kentucky is here to claim him as a son, Mississippi is



MISS VIRGINIA STUART WALLER,  
Granddaughter who unveiled the J. E. B. Stuart Monument.

that occurred with which it was intended to entertain veterans and other Confederates who were not present is unavoidably omitted. Affliction which usually takes subjects unawares is mentioned in an important sense as explanation.

The dedication of the J. E. B. Stuart monument caused an outpour of people that must have gratified those who were most intimate with the wonderful cavalryman and a man who was so light-hearted and gay, and yet in whose life there were such deep and undying Christian virtues. "Jeb" Stuart will ever be a study in human nature. The unveiling of the monument was by his little granddaughter, whose modest but splendid face is here presented. She was with Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart.

The dedication of the Davis monument was all that could have been imagined. Such a sea of human beings was hardly ever seen in the South, and for a Confederate occasion its like is not expected to appear again. The order of exercises was carried through as perfectly as could have been anticipated. Of course it was not expected that the human voice could be heard by the vast throng, and without seeming impropriety—for it was a gala day rather than mournful—rockets were being sent high above, from which emerged many beautiful figures, conspicuous among which were balloons with magnificent Confederate flags floating, which fell in different parts



THE J. E. B. STUART MONUMENT.

proud of him as the able representative of that State, and the people of the South are here to honor him as the President of the Confederate States of America.

"Mr. Davis possessed in an eminent degree the heroic virtues of fortitude, constancy, and devotion to principle. To him, our resolute leader and the stanch defender of the Constitution, the South owes a debt of gratitude. Our children



and our children's children should be taught to honor and revere his memory. They should assemble on each June 3, the anniversary of his birth, and strew immortelles on his grave and learn from the matchless oratory of the Veterans



SOME DECORATIONS AT JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

the true worth of this great American patriot and Christian soldier. It has been well said that 'to-day his fame is ours; a century hence it will be the world's.' In this historic city the destinies of our short-lived but glorious nation were shaped and guided by his giant intellect, his services being dedicated to his people and to their cause, 'the grandest that ever rose, the purest that ever fell.' He was the vicarious sufferer of the Southern people. No man of the Confederacy was more ruthlessly maligned, more grossly misrepresented, and it devolves upon us to protest against the base calumnies that have been charged against him.

"Having implicit faith in his stainless character, we ask that the search light of impartial history be thrown upon the life and character of Jefferson Davis, believing that his name will shine forth as a bright example of patriotism, statesman-

ship, and Christian virtue, for he was a man 'faithful to all trusts.' The Women of the Confederacy have come from the farthest ends of the South with garlands of love and affection, which they offer as a tribute of love and reverence to his memory. Come hither, you battle-scarred veterans, loyal remnant of the grandest army ever marshaled in battle, come, honored heroes, as great in peace as you were valiant in war, and with bowed heads and grateful hearts lay your testimonials at the feet of your beloved President. Let all unite in honoring the name of Jefferson Davis, the noble exemplar of truth and justice, who, when the roar of battle ceased, 'withdrew from his exalted charge with the dignity made strong by his faith' and 'gained for himself the love and reverence of his people, who trusted him.'"

In the resolution of thanks to the good people of Richmond the Confederate Memorial Association expressed gratitude to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, to the Hollywood and Oakwood Memorial Associations, to the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., to the Hebrew Memorial Association, and to the Hollywood, Oakwood, and Hebrew Junior Memorial Associations for their invitation and for doing that which made the meeting so successful, for the beautiful reception at the Confederate Museum, and for all the personal courtesies extended during the sessions of the Convention; to the pastor and deacons of the Second Baptist Church for the use of the assembly rooms, which proved such comfortable quarters for the Convention; also to the ladies of the lunch committee for the lunches so daintily served.

Drs. W. R. L. Smith, Landon R. Mason, and J. Powell Smith were gratefully remembered for their assistance in the meetings. Thanks were extended to various other organizations and individuals for kindness to the Association.

The committee was comprised of Mrs. Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman; Miss L. Byrd Mock, Mrs. Nannie Seddon Barney, Mrs. James Dinkins.

In commenting upon the Reunion, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., said: "This Reunion can never be excelled nor equaled. Our Convention was the largest in attendance and most enthusiastic of any held since its organization, in Louisville, in 1900. The success of the Reunion and Convention was due largely to the patriotism, zeal, and energy of the patriotic Confederate men and women of Richmond."



SCORES OF THOUSANDS ASSEMBLED FOR DEDICATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In soliciting advertising patronage, the VETERAN is making earnest effort to put before its readers only what can be relied upon as being just what is offered; and should this fail to be the case in any particular, the fact should be reported at once. Much business has been refused because of its apparent unreliability or other objectionable features; and while losers to a large amount by this policy, much more is gained by the protection thus afforded to our patrons. In asking their consideration, therefore, of anything offered through its columns, they can be assured that their interest is sought as well as the help such patronage will afford the VETERAN in enhancing its value as an advertising medium.

### OBJECT LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

It is gratifying to observe in the press of Havana, Cuba, the Spanish *La Union Espanola* spring to the rescue of the *Havana Post* (English). The Spanish journal says:

"A few days ago we published in these columns the fact that our cultured and distinguished companion, Mr. Leavitt, the editor of the *Post*, has been indicted as a result of a suit brought against him by Messrs. Reading and Steinhart. The case is one which is clearly within the class known as 'offenses of the press' and within the limits of the daily risk which may befall any companion. And yet, so far as known, the Press Association has not met and adopted any resolution to investigate the case and offer to the distinguished companion its more or less efficient aid.

"We who have always practiced true newspaper unity, which should extinguish all differences existing between companions of the press when one is the object of such persecution, decisively offer to Mr. Leavitt all of our sympathy, our affection, and, if it is possible that it is useful, our modest assistance.

"The cause of this indictment has not been a personal question discussed in the columns of the *Post*, but a matter of general interest in which the companion may perhaps be mistaken in his criticism, but for which there is no reason to believe him any the less sincere and honorable. We are, we repeat, by the side of our prosecuted companion."

In commenting on the foregoing the *Post* says: "We are most grateful for the cordial support of our colleague. By its words it shows that it knows what true press companionship is. A libel suit is something that any paper with courage to speak its convictions is always running the risk, and it is for their common good that newspapers stand together, forgetting all other differences on such occasions. *La Union* furnishes an excellent example of broad-mindedness. Unable to agree with us in our policy of opposing the purchase of Church property by the State, it nevertheless recognizes our right to our opinion and stands by our side when an attempt is apparently made to shut us up by means of libel suits."

There is no periodical in the United States more suited to appreciate the foregoing than the VETERAN. Press organizations ought to organize for practical support to their members in such emergencies.

A subsequent issue of the *Post* renders sincere thanks to

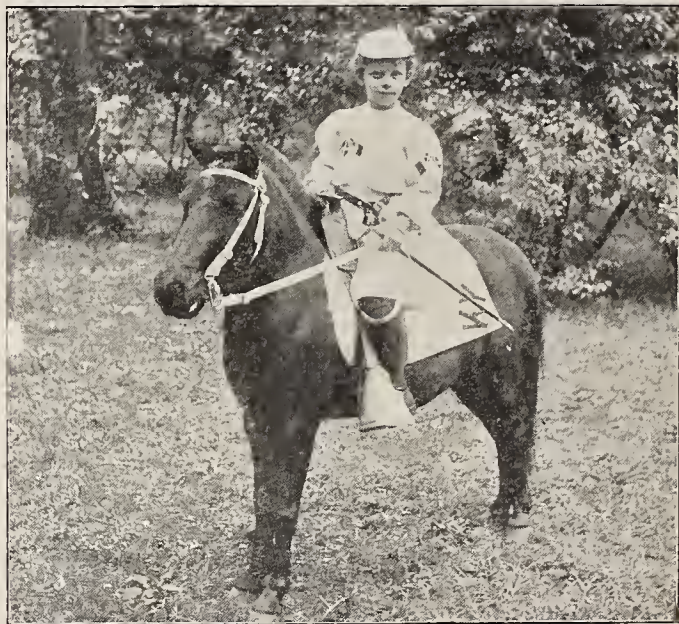
the Cuban press as follows: "The hearty and unlimited support which is being given the *Havana Post* by almost all of its colleagues in the press on account of the libel suits which have grown out of the *Post's* opposition to the Church property deal is very gratifying to this paper, and is an edifying spectacle to the world, showing as it does that in Cuba, when a newspaper in the pursuit of what it considers its duty is assailed by powerful forces, its companions in the press know how to forget all differences and rally to its support. We cannot but give our sincere thanks for the hearty support of the comrades of the press."

### STRANGE! STRANGE!! STRANGE!!!

The National Tribune of June 13, 1907, says: "Many people will be shocked into incredulity by Murderer Orchard's cold-blooded testimony as to the industry and lack of remorse with which he followed his horrid trade of assassination. It seems unbelievable to them that any man could go about day after day coolly taking away human life with as little compunction as a pig-sticker in the Chicago Stock Yards slays his victims. History, however, tells us that such natures are not at all unusual. We of this generation have seen a Captain Wirz, aided and abetted, specifically ordered by Gen. John H. Winder and Jefferson Davis, conduct a system which every day sent to their graves hundreds of fully as good men as Orchard slew, and accompanied this with cruelties incomparably worse than Orchard visited upon his victims. There are men born so destitute of moral sense and sympathy as to feel absolutely no compunction about taking human life, and Orchard is one of them."

The National Tribune is related to the Grand Army of the Republic quite as is this VETERAN to the Confederates.

Black clots of old bloody shirts seem to have become petrified, and cleansing is evidently hopeless. Good men of the North differ in their views. A handsome patriot at the Richmond Reunion was asked where he served in the sixties, and he replied: "I served in the Union army; but if it were to do over again, I would be a Confederate." He so spoke referring to the principles involved in the war. He believed in the stainless life of Jefferson Davis.



ELIZA BENNETT YOUNG,

Six years of age, as she appeared on her pony "Johnny Dixie" at the head of the Kentucky Division parade, Richmond Reunion.



## ADDRESS OF R. E. LEE, JR., TO THE VETERANS.

An event second to no other in interest of the many addresses at the Reunion was that of the grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee. The young gentleman—son of "Rooney" Lee—was presented to the Veterans at the first Nashville Reunion. He was then a mere youth, but is now developed into magnificent manhood. His speech was of much length, but was heard with increased interest throughout. The speaker by his word and manner seemed to realize fully the responsibility of the name he bore. He used no notes, and yet never faltered in word or expression to the end. The nearest he approximated reference to his eminent and beloved ancestor was in an expression about "the anguish of Appomattox."

Mr. Lee discussed the underlying causes of the great struggle of the sixties. The following is from what he said:

"Nowithstanding the fact that we are told upon the best authority that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' yet there are times in the lives of men when that fullness is so ample, the demand so great, that the poor, stammering, stuttering tongue remains silent and palsied at the magnitude and munificence of the task that is set before it. Surely there is such a moment in the life of every true son of the South when he attempts to depict the days of doubt and dread between 1861 and 1865, to describe the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the people of the South, to recite the deeds of unparalleled courage and heroism wrought by her incomparable armies, and to lay memories of sweet immortelles upon the graves of the countless heroes of the Confederacy.

"There never has been a more critical period of American history than that which ushered the year 1860 upon the world's stage of action. The trouble was not of recent origin, it was not the spasmodic outburst of an hour nor the stubborn and

senseless resistance of a factious maintenance of groundless opinions, but was the result of the existence of antagonizing forces operating for a long time in the country, the seeds being first sown by the forefathers, some in the fertile valley of the James and some on the rock-bound coast of New England. Sectional differences exhibited themselves long before the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

"For the purposes of this occasion we care not how the African slave first placed his unhallowed foot on Southern soil. Suffice it to say that, although the South had at one time no inconsiderable career of maritime adventure, 'no ship or shipmaster of hers was ever in a single case implicated in the illicit African slave trade.' Her greatest men always maintained slavery to be the most dangerous element in the country. From the beginning the statesmen of the South scented danger in the great race problem with which they were being saddled, and the question that was uppermost in their minds was, What shall be done with the emancipated serf? 'Much as I deplore slavery,' says Patrick Henry, 'I see that prudence forbids its abolition.' Henry Clay asserted that 'the evils of slavery are absolutely nothing in comparison with the far greater evils which would inevitably follow from sudden, general, and indiscriminate emancipation.' And again he says: 'If we were to invoke the greatest blessing on earth which heaven in its mercy could bestow on this nation, it would be the separation of the two most numerous races of its population and their comfortable establishment in distant and distinct countries.' Mr. Mason, of Virginia, went farther in declaring: 'The traffic is infernal. To permit it is against every principle of honor and safety.' Mr. Calhoun was of the opinion that the existing relations between master and servant 'cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness.'

"Virginia in October, 1778, and Georgia in 1798 passed acts prohibiting the importation of slaves. The former act provided for a penalty of one thousand pounds, and also that every slave imported contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act shall upon such importation become free. Thus, to the everlasting credit of the South, upon whose devoted head the vials of holy wrath have been so unjustly and brutally poured out for propagating, nourishing, and harboring slavery, she led the world in an earnest attempt to prevent the very thing of which she is accused.

"During the fight of 1820-21, which resulted in the Missouri Compromise, slavery had hardly become a political question, and as proof that the Southern States had not at that early period banded together in support of the system, the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for gradual emancipation of their slaves; and this good work continued until it was arrested by the abolitionists, who 'insisted upon convicting as criminals those who were so well disposed to bring about the very result at which they themselves professed to aim.'

"'Promised emancipation refused to submit itself to hateful abolition.' Under the guise of philanthropy and humanity, and notwithstanding the fact that England had liberated four hundred thousand slaves at the cost of twenty million pounds paid to their owners, the abolitionists demanded the uncompensated freeing of the slaves, the great majority of which were in the South. Such a wholesale attack on private property by the State has no parallel in history; the nearest approach to it is the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. and Talleyrand's famous measure for the spoliation of



MISS ELIZABETH W. WASHINGTON AND ROBERT E. LEE, JR.

(Picture made ten years ago. "Bessie" is now Miss Washington, and soon to be married. Mr. Lee was a guest in the family of Hon. J. E. Washington, and was presented to the U. C. V. Convention, Nashville Reunion of 1907.



the Church during the French Revolution under the sophistical plea that it belonged to the nation.

"Finally scheming politicians, 'invincible in peace, invisible in war,' took advantage of the unfortunate state of affairs and adopted slavery for their slogan and a vehicle for their selfish ends.

"Mr. Lunt, of Massachusetts, says: 'Self-seeking and ambitious demagogues, the pest of republics, disturbed the equilibrium, and were able at length to plunge the country into that worst of all public calamities—civil war. The question of morals had as little as possible to do with the result. Philanthropy might have sighed, fanaticism have howled for centuries in vain, but for the hope of office and the desire of public plunder on the part of men who were neither philanthropists nor fanatics.' Thus slavery was the occasion and not the cause of the revolt, 'just as property is the cause of robbery.' Slavery was the South's calamity, and not her crime. Two most significant facts remain in this connection. First, there was incorporated in the organic law of the Southern Confederacy, made wholly by slave States, an absolute prohibition of the foreign slave trade. The final act was the emancipation of the slaves by the votes of the Southern States.

"Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of January, 1863, was legally absolutely void and ineffective. The negroes were freed by the thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. When this was adopted, the Federal Union was composed of thirty-six States. The fifth article of the Constitution provides that no amendment to the Constitution shall become part thereof until 'ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States.' Therefore it required twenty-seven votes to ratify the amendment. On the 18th of December, 1865, the Secretary of State reported twenty-seven States having so ratified. Sixteen of these were Northern States. Nine of those States refused to vote for the measure, and the remaining eleven required to make up the two-thirds were the Southern States. The much-maligned, slave-tortured South became the liberator of the serf. It is one of the ironies of history that the South, which had done so much to prevent and stamp out the black terror, should be called on to be sacrificed on the altar of the opinions of those who were in a large measure responsible for the existence of the African within her borders.

"The South is charged with a desire to destroy the Union. As fair and impartial a judge as Lord Wolseley falls into this error when he says: 'Few find fault with the men of the North for their manly determination, come what may, to resist every effort of their brothers in the South to break up the Union.

"Secession was not preached for the first time in the South, as is so well pointed out by the Rev. Dr. McKim, of Washington, a gallant Confederate soldier: "It was threatened in the North four times before South Carolina seceded. The first came from Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, a friend of Washington's and a member of his Cabinet, opposing the acquisition of Louisiana; the second from Josiah Quincy, another distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, over the proposed admission of Louisiana as a State in the Union; the third from the Hartford Convention, in which five States were represented, over the dissatisfaction occasioned by the war with Great Britain; and the fourth from the Legislature of Massachusetts, because it was proposed 'to annex Texas to the Federal Union.'

"The steady development of the South, especially territorially, stirred in the North a great 'jealous anxiety,' a fear of a great slave empire and loss of political power. The ven-

erable Quincy pronounced it 'the duty of the North to take possession of the government at any hazard, even at the dissolution of the Union itself.' When Louisiana knocked at the door of the Federal family, it so stirred this distinguished Massachusetts statesman that he boldly declared on the floor of Congress that 'if this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it frees the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.' Adams and Giddings were also nerved to such a pitch that they issued an address declaring that the annexation of Texas would be 'so injurious to the interest of the Northern States as not only inevitably to result in dissolution of the Union but to fully justify it.'

"Zachariah Chandler wrote the Governor of Michigan requesting him to send delegates to the Peace Compromise Congress, called by a Southern State, being the only effort made by a State to avert the war. 'Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a curse.' When the Congress failed of its purpose, there sprang from the throats of the radicals this triumphant note: 'We have won the battle, and we mean to have the fruits.'

"It would seem that Mr. Lincoln himself puts at rest all doubt as to the responsibility of the conflict in an interview with Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, as given by Miss Tarnbell in her 'Life of Lincoln.' 'Gentlemen,' he is reported as saying, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war to the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New England opposed the South. It is you, Medill, who is largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you have asked for, you have had. Now you come begging to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war you demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"When the red curtain of war rolled up on the American stage, it revealed the South in arms, ready and willing to defend all that makes life worth living—the freedom of country, the honor of people, the sanctity of home. There was also exhibited the sublimest and most unique figure the world has ever seen, that of the Confederate soldier, the evolution of a revolution, which history here takes up never again to put him down.

"The courage of the Confederate soldier was like that of Lacedæmonians: he inquired not for the number of his enemy, but for the place where they could be found. 'The available forces scattered over the Confederacy, from Richmond to New Orleans, from the frontier of Arkansas to the everglades of Florida, can hardly have numbered in April, 1861, 150,000—about one-fifth of those of the enemy.' The Confederates amused in the tangled wilderness an enemy three times their number; 51,000 Confederates confronted Grant with his 190,000, attacked him wherever he showed an uncovered front, killed, wounded, and captured more men than the number of the whole Southern army.

"I care not what some may think of the Confederate soldier as an individual; put his cap on his head, button his old gray jacket around him, fill his canteen, put his musket on his shoulder, place him in the war-worn and weather-beaten ranks of his fallen country, and see how he soars above the rest of mankind, how grandly he enters the awful realm of war in which he has become a denizen, unfolding its mysteries and interpreting its strategies, permitting



the military genius of the world to gaze a humble, reverent observer. Let us not, then, be content with the lukewarm and, if you please, molly-coddling expression that the Confederate soldier fought for what he believed to be right. If precedent is a guide, if argument has any convincing force, if approving conscience any solace, if subsequent approbation by those who once disagreed with him any justification, if duty magnificently performed any indication, then we can assert without fear of successful contradiction that the Confederate soldier fought and died for what he knew to be right.

"I would not give my dead Ossory for any living son of Albion" was the cry of a bereaved English mother. "Yea, I would not give the memory of my dear dead country and her glorious past for all the living anticipations of the nations of the world" is the true Confederate soldier's proud declaration. Wherever his hallowed bones are buried, earth has the care of one more hero's grave and heaven the custody of an additional soul over which the plaudit of 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' has been pronounced.

"These blessed post-bellum camp fires which you kindle year by year warm into life the shadows of the past and the mighty days from 1861 to 1865 that are dead and gone. Now the polemic heat of the quarrel having passed without 're-crimination or abuse,' without 'throwing faith to the winds,' without 'waving good-by to confidence,' the South proudly points to the actors in that great drama as her rarest jewels and places them in the diadem that crowns the nation's head to shed undying luster to American arms.

'She is not disturbed that people know so much about her, but what wounds and offends her is that they know so much about her that is not so. She still has problems to solve and burdens grievous to be borne. It is recorded that the great Napoleon, walking at St. Helena with an English lady, met in a narrow path a man struggling under a great load. The lady ordered him to get out of the Emperor's way. The 'Little Corporal' stepped aside, turned on her, and with his characteristic fire said: 'Madam, respect the burden.' And this is what the South calls on the nation and the world to do—to respect her burden and to add not to it, and to leave her alone while she bears those burdens which she alone can bear and solves those problems which she alone can solve. Some day generations yet unborn will rise up and call her blessed, for the fight that she has been in, and will ever make, to keep Anglo-Saxon blood untarnished and American citizenship pure and unblemished."

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The report of a wicked proceeding comes from Lexington, Ky. It is that a veteran, Frank Tatman, sixty-five years old, had been arrested under the charge that he had been drinking. "He pleaded so hard for mercy that Police Judge Riley told him if he would win a race from a mounted policeman he might go free. Tatman ran three blocks with the officer's horse, and won by three feet. He was immediately released."

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"Where shall I send my daughter to school this winter?"—or son, it may be—is a sentiment of concern by parents all over the land, anxiously interested in providing the best in the way of instruction as well as surroundings for their children. Some most attractive school advertisements appear in this number of the VETERAN, and it guarantees that any selection among them will prove satisfactory. Write for their catalogues; and just to help the VETERAN along a bit, mention where you saw their advertisement.

### JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR CARMACK'S ADDRESS.

A more appropriate address could hardly be imagined than that by Hon. E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee, who made the address for Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson (whose father was United States Senator from Mississippi), President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through whom the monument was erected. The selection of Mr. Carmack came through Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Mrs. Henderson had never met Mr. Carmack until he was presented to her on the platform by the monument. A memorable tribute to the address remains in the animated, patriotic face of the U. D. C. President, which glistened through her smiles and tears as he made record for eternity of the great character of Jefferson Davis and the principles for which he stood through the tremendous ordeal of war and reconstruction.

Senator Carmack's address was in substance as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is my privilege to appear in the exercises of this great occasion as the representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose noble part it is and has ever been to keep 'fires of chivalry alight in hearts of gold.' Let me add that this monument to the South's great leader is no less a monument to the South's great women, who have wrought into it their devotion to the memory of his heroic services and his stainless life as well as to the cause of which he was alike the foremost champion and the most illustrious victim.

"It is no part of my task to justify this monument. Let me say only that if the unselfish devotion of all the powers of a great mind, if patient self-sacrifice and heroic suffering deserve a grateful remembrance no man ever builded more surely than Jefferson Davis the foundation of his fame. Great in all the years of his active life, he was surpassingly great in those last years in which mistaken malice laid on his devoted head all the supposed sins of his people. With the serenity of a great and unconquered soul he bore the fury of persecution and opposed a mighty and magnanimous contempt to the crawling calumnies of his defamers. These have lived their summer day and died, while the fame of Jefferson Davis gathers new splendor with each passing year.

"Here let me say that there is no Southern soldier pusillanimous enough to accept that lenient judgment sometimes proffered by the charity of his critics that he was the innocent, deluded victim of a wicked leadership. No soldier of the South, however ruined in fortune or broken with wounds, no wife bereft of her husband, no mother bereft of her son, has ever raised an accusing voice against the leaders of the South. The Southern people are not of that coward breed that seeks a vicarious sufferer for its own deeds.

"Let no man mistake us—the South, the whole South, gave both heart and hand to the war of secession; and as history shall judge Jefferson Davis, so let it judge every soldier who fought beneath the flag of the Confederacy. Yea, and so let it judge us of a new generation who ask for ourselves no higher honor and no prouder fate than that by their deeds we may be judged and whose most fervent prayer is that the sons of these heroes may be worthy of their sires. No, my countrymen, it is not as a trembling penitent that the South approaches the judgment bar of history.

"Standing in the presence of this noble and impressive monument, we proudly front the world and proclaim to the present and the coming time: 'This was our hero, and his cause was ours.' Whether for chieftain or for private, we



make no confession of wrong, we plead for no forgiveness of error, we ask no tenderness of the future historian, no charity from the enlightened judgment of mankind. If there are those who are shocked by such sentiments, let me add that this reunited country will not be best defended by conscious criminals begging for mercy at the victor's feet. Thoughtless people have sometimes reproached us for such scenes as this, and have demanded as a pledge of our loyalty to a reunited country that we give the memory of our heroes to oblivion and their graves to the wilderness. They know not what they ask. They would have us prove our loyalty to the Union by proving ourselves recreant to the noblest sentiments that could swell the bosom of an American patriot.

"I say that the valor of our Southern soldiers, the fortitude of our Southern women, the fidelity with which we cherish the memory of their deeds and their sufferings are but the measure of our loyalty to a reunited country and to the flag that floats over it from the lakes to the gulf and from sea to sea. If the Southern people could so soon forget, if they were so fickle and inconstant that they could learn to despise the cause for which they gave the best blood of their veins, if they could be ashamed of a record that is the wonder and admiration of the world, then indeed might they be despised as a degenerate and ignoble race who could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag.

"He is foolish, indeed, who holds that the Southerner must surrender not only his arms but his manhood and self-respect before he can become a faithful soldier or a worthy citizen of the republic. No, my countrymen, the world respects us for what we are doing this day. It will despise us if we ever come to despise our own glorious history.

"This monument is also commemorative of the soldiers and the sailors of the South. Whatever else may be said, no man has the hardihood to question the splendid valor and prowess of the South, whether by land or by sea. With a courage so great that her adversaries have loved to stigmatize it as sheer folly and madness, she challenged the power of a great nation vastly superior in numbers, in wealth, in everything that makes ready for war. Without an army, without a navy, without money, without credit, without arms or ammunition of war, and without factories to supply them, she entered upon that fearful struggle. Against the appalling odds of nearly four to one she maintained it for four years, and for a long time the issue of battle hung doubtful in the balance. Nay, more: I assert that there would have been no victory for the Union if the contest had been on land alone.

"It was the fatal weakness of the Confederacy at sea that turned the tide of war. Given men, the organization of an army is a matter of comparatively easy achievement. It is another matter to improvise a navy for instant service. The navy of the United States in 1861 ranked fourth among the navies of the world, and in proportion to its strength was second to none; perhaps superior to any in efficiency. Its merchant marine was the greatest upon the sea. A rich nation with all the appliances for shipbuilding would have been at immense disadvantage. The Confederacy had no such appliances and was poor. Makeshift trading craft constituted the bulk of the Confederate navy. Yet under all these adverse conditions the genius of the South shone with as much brilliancy by sea as by land. Cruisers like the Alabama and the Shenandoah almost swept the merchant ships of the Union from the sea. Ironclads like the Merrimac wrought havoc with the best-equipped war ships of the enemy. To naval warfare the Confederacy bequeathed the torpedo and

the ironclad ram as well as some daring and partially successful experiments in submarine navigation. The record of the Confederate navy was in short the story of genius, energy, and fertility of invention baffled by poverty of means and natural resources.

"But, my countrymen, no just tribute to the quality of Southern manhood could be made that did not include the story of its marvelous achievements in the redemption of the South after the war. To my mind there is nothing in all history so magnificent as the indomitable and invincible spirit which enabled a defeated people to rise in determined, victorious resistance to the policy of the conqueror's government. The Southern people could accept what they deemed the legitimate results of the war; they could give up slavery without a sigh; they could live under the Union and under its flag (after all, it was their land and their flag); but to be despoiled of their heritage, to be subjected to the rule of a servile master—against such degradation and dishonor they rose as one man with one spirit.

"Judge Tourgee, author of 'Fool's Errand,' by no means a friendly critic, could not withhold his admiration for the 'indomitable men who, being conquered in war, yet resisted every effort of the conqueror to change their laws or their customs, and this too not only with unyielding stubbornness but with success.' He admits that in all this they showed the 'elements that go to make up a grand and kingly people,' and that their 'triumph was incredibly grand,' that it was the most 'brilliant revolution ever accomplished.'

"And grand it was not for the South alone but for the whole country, for free government could not have long survived under the rule of the worst elements of the North combined with the ignorant negroes of the South. Let it be the proud boast of the North that by the power of the bayonet and the force of numbers it saved the country from disunion; it is the proud boast of the South that with its naked hands it saved it from degradation and destruction.

"Let me say, my countrymen, that such are not the deeds of conscious criminals. They are possible only to men deeply convinced of the justice of their cause. The world has paid its just tribute to the Confederate leaders and the Confederate soldiers. History has placed the statesmen, the military chieftains, and the armies of the South beyond the reach of calumny or detractions. President Roosevelt has written that the Southern soldier was more effective in battle than his Northern adversary. Those who would apply the name of traitor to such men are but teaching the youth of America that treason is a nobler school of manhood than loyalty and that crime can outrival virtue in the greatness of its deeds and the sublimity of the sufferings.

"My countrymen, the doctrine of secession is dead; but because it is dead, because it can never again plague the country or disturb the repose of the nation, we can afford to speak and teach the truth about it. Our children have a right to know that the doctrine of secession from our earliest history under the Constitution was taught by the ablest publicists of the North as well as of the South; that the very first treatise on the Constitution, written by the then leader of the Philadelphia bar, taught the right of a State to secede from the Union; that a standard work on the Constitution at West Point when Jefferson Davis was a student there taught the same doctrine, and that Jefferson Davis learned his lesson of secession from the government of the United States. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, says that the very men who framed the Constitution regarded it as an experiment, and did not



doubt the right of a State peaceably to withdraw from the Union. In fact, the first secession movement in this country had its origin in New England, and only sixteen years before the State of South Carolina actually seceded the State of Massachusetts by act of its Legislature threatened to secede.

"We have a right to teach these things to our children, teaching at the same time that the causes that once threatened to divide us have passed and that henceforth the strength and glory of the South are bound up forever with the strength and glory of the Union. After all, this Union is bound by stronger ties than the phrases of a written Constitution; it is bound by a common interest, a common heritage, and a common hope.

'Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;  
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die.'

"All these things are now glorious memories. Proud of her glorious history, proud of every drop of blood that has gushed from the veins of her sons, proud of every grave and every ruin that proclaims the splendor of her deeds while it marks the failure of her hopes, the South turns resolutely from the ashes of the past to the fruits of the future. We may strew

"In the field of statecraft the opportunity is again at hand for the South to assert her old preëminence in the nation's councils. The perils that menace the republic call for courageous leadership. We of the South have a high and noble lineage, and with it a high duty and great responsibility. We are the descendants of a Revolutionary, a colonial ancestry. Elsewhere the blood of the pioneer trickles in a thin and diminishing stream. We are the sons of sires who laid broad and deep the foundations of our government, who hewed the logs of the wilderness to build their rude but imperishable temple and dedicate it to liberty forever and ever. In our veins flows the pure blood of the founders of the republic; and as we have kept the blood, so let us keep the faith."

## THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. W. CLAPP, RECORDING SECRETARY, MEMPHIS.

The largest and probably the most eventful session of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was the eleventh Annual Convention, held at Columbia May 15, 1907.

The growth of the Division is evidenced by the report of the President, showing a gain of about one-third or an increase of more than one thousand members during the year, seventeen new Chapters having been organized since the Convention in May, 1906. The membership now numbers 4,269.

The interest and enthusiasm increase each year, as was exemplified by the large attendance of delegates upon this Convention. The Chapters responded with their usual generous donations for the projected monuments of Sam Davis and Shiloh, also for the care of the soldiers at the Home, and Chapter reports showed a unanimous zeal and unity of purpose in the objects to be accomplished. The marked prosperity of our Division, I am constrained to say, I feel is largely due to the efficient administration of our retiring President, Mrs. Alexander B. White, and cannot but hope and believe that the judicious selection of Mrs. M. B. Pilcher as her successor will result in a continuance of our successful work, as she by her past experience in various branches of the work is well equipped for the responsible duties devolving upon her.

Contributions to the amount of something over three hundred dollars were given to Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, permanent Chairman of the Sam Davis Monument Committee; and the annual pledge of twenty-five dollars to the Shiloh monument, which has not been met owing to a depleted treasury each year, was ordered paid, the amount being seventy-five dollars for the past three years. The financial condition of the Division is most gratifying, as the State Treasurer, Mrs. Denney, reported all obligations met and three hundred dollars in bank.

Enough cannot be said of the hospitality of the citizens of Columbia in their entertainment of this Convention. No effort was left undone for the comfort and pleasure of the delegates by the local Chapters, clubs, courthouse officials, and citizens. The newly elected officers are: Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, President; Mrs. N. B. Dobbins, of Columbia, First Vice President; Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, Cleveland, Second Vice President; Mrs. E. E. Adams, Lebanon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. W. Baird, Humboldt, Recorder of Crosses of Honor. The Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis, the Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Denney, Knoxville, the Registrar, Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, the Historian, Mrs. N. B. Dozier, Franklin, the Custodian of Flags, Mrs. B. J. Baker, McKenzie, and the Poetess, Miss Beatrice Stevens, will hold their office for another year, according to the constitution, which provides for a two years' term of office.

Chattanooga was chosen for the next place of meeting.



MRS. THEODORE R. FROUDLE,  
Matron of Honor, Kentucky Division.

our flowers and let fall our tears upon the hallowed mounds where valor sleeps in his bloody shroud, but the lesson of the lives of our heroes admonishes us to do our duty as bravely as they did theirs.

"We owe love and memory to the past; we owe love and labor to the present and to the future. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' In the field of commerce and industry the South has already reaped a golden harvest, and she has but thrust her sickle into the grain. The present century is stored with richest blessings for our Southland.





VETERANS ON THE WAY TO THE MONUMENT UNVEILING BY DAUGHTERS OF GENERAL GORDON.

#### *STATUE OF GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.*

The dedication of the statue to Gen. J. B. Gordon occurred on May 25, unhappily in too close proximity to that of the great Reunion at Richmond and the dedications there to secure that general attention from comrades of the South that was due. The veterans, other Confederates, and the people of Georgia, however, were in large attendance. There were so many more thousands in attendance than could possibly hear that Gen. Clement A. Evans, the special orator of the occasion, gave only an epitome of his able oration.

Gordon established a fame for himself and his fellow-Confederates that is more appreciated than is manifest in the part taken in this work to commemorate him in bronze. While the entire South claimed him, his adopted State of Georgia merits more gratitude than is yet manifested for this magnificent equestrian statue.

#### *CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY IN WASHINGTON.*

On Confederate Memorial Day in Washington there was a gratifying programme. Two hundred and sixty-five Confederate graves were decorated. During the day a good portion of the city's population crowded every means of transportation to Arlington. John G. Capers, of South Carolina, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, made the oration, and the Thirteenth Cavalry Band, by direction of Secretary Taft, rendered a number of appropriate selections.

The feature of the proceedings was the Southern cross, composed of eighty young Southern women, forming about a floral offering contributed by one of the local Camps. The Daughters were dressed in pure white with red diagonal sashes and made "a group of beauty." After the speech of Mr. Capers, visitors decorated the graves of the Confederates.

An exchange states: "All the Confederates regret that General Wheeler is not buried in the Confederate section instead of the plot selected by his family in another part of the cemetery. General Wheeler, however, was by no means overlooked.



WILLIAM HAYES DAVIS, GRANDSON OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



## TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF THE VETERAN.

One of the most interesting and manifestly most pleasing actions of the U. C. V. Convention came of a spirited address by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division. He said:

"I am grateful for the courtesy of the floor at this time, and I shall use the moment given to move that the United Confederate Association now indorse the action of the Commander, Department and State Commanders, and a large number of the officers of the Association in approving the great worth of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and commending its support to Confederates and all who sympathize in the splendid vindication which time is giving to those who fought for the independence of the Confederacy.

"It is difficult, Mr. Commander, in view of the marvelous eloquence and genius of the orators of the Southland, to give utterance to anything new on this subject; but in sleep last night a thought passed through my brain, the repetition of which I am sure will create pleasurable thought in the minds of those who are present.

"Fate denied the Confederate States a place in the constellation of nations; but it crowned the efforts and sacrifices of their people with a glorious immortality and wrote the story of their heroic deeds and magnificent courage on the brightest pages of human history.

"Refused nationhood by the stern decree of God, yet as a compensation the Confederacy has been assigned a foremost place in the respect, admiration, and esteem of mankind; and no people whose government lived only so brief a period as four years has ever won more renown or achieved a nobler or grander distinction in the discharge of duty in camp, on the march, on the battlefield, or laid superber offering on the altar of patriotic duty.

"But, comrades, there is another consolation which adds something to the exaltation of those who shared in the struggles of the Southland to be free. Relatively there are more monuments to Confederate valor and to Confederate renown than to any other cause, human or divine, that has ever known struggle or conflict in the past of the world. Voiceless stones become eloquent messengers to reveal to the world how magnificently the men of the South battled for the right, and for ages yet to come will proclaim the grandeur of their courage and the fidelity of their services and the sincerity of their purpose.

"An inexorable destiny adjudged that the men of the South should fail in the mighty conflict they made for the greatest principle known in true liberty—the precious right of local government—but that same destiny has decreed that the fame of the heroes of the Southland shall live forever, and that, whatever may come in the years that are to follow, these hundreds of monuments throughout the States which have been made illustrious by the unsurpassed heroism of their sons shall stand as sentinels to guard the glory of those who died and those who struggled in the great war for liberty and freedom.

"To produce these unparalleled results three great agencies were necessary, and they combined to work out these wonderful conditions:

"1. The magnificent achievements and superb valor and extraordinary patriotism of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought for the Southland, constituting as they did the noblest and grandest army of volunteers that ever aligned under any flag and for any cause.

"2. The splendid heroism and sublime devotion of the wom-

en of the South, than whom no grander have ever lived or sacrificed or struggled for any cause. Their calmness in danger, their steadfastness in disaster, their cheerfulness in misfortune, and their loyalty in defeat gave a constancy, a courage, and a chivalry to the men who composed the armies of the South that were simply immeasurably great. These things, united with their undying love and their unfaltering steadfastness to the memories of the great struggle and of the awful sacrifices they and their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers have made for Southern liberty, produced a type of womanhood so exalted and so noble as to win and command the admiration and wonder of the world.

"3. The patience and the labor and the energy and the breadth of the talent and genius of the Southern press and the enormous inspiration that it gave to those who loved the Confederate cause rendered possible and made successful the efforts to build these monuments to Confederate valor and Confederate glory which cover every portion of the Southland, and no agency has been more effective than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and its superb management, coupled with the genius of its owner and its editor, has been a strong factor in all that has been done to provide not only those things which make up the comfort, relief, and happiness of infirm and feeble Confederates but in rescuing from oblivion thousands of noble acts of the heroes that wore the gray and in defending the valor of the sons of the Southland on the hundreds of battlefields, where they did all that man could do to maintain and defend the cause to which they had given their allegiance and to which they pledged, if need be, their lives."

The motion, which was to indorse the address of the general officers and others and published in the May and June issues of the VETERAN, was heartily adopted without a dissenting voice, and the editor was presented to the Convention by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

## FORT WORTH CAMP IN RICHMOND.

BY B. B. PADDOCK, FORT WORTH, TEX.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the splendid Reunion of the Confederate Veteran Association which culminated in Richmond was a luncheon tendered the Mary Lee Higbee Guards, of Fort Worth, Tex., by Miss Ellen Glassgow, of Richmond. The Mary Lee Higbee Guards are a contingent of Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 158, of Fort Worth, Tex., the largest Camp of the U. C. V. in the South. They were quartered at Belvidere Hall. Nieces of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, under whom many of them served, were present and served at the table. It is not unusual for these amenities to be tendered to the general officers and to those who wear gold lace, but this courtesy to the men in the ranks is an innovation. The Mary Lee Higbee Guards will carry a pleasing story to relate to their Camp. This gracious act by one of the charming daughters of their beloved Southland will be a bright spot in their memories through life.

J. E. Witcher, of Bells, Tex., calls attention to an error made by Comrade Young in his article about Jones's raid in West Virginia, in which he speaks of "Whitcher's" Battalion, which should have been "Witcher." This error should have been detected by the VETERAN. Vinson A. Witcher was major and lieutenant colonel of the 34th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.

John Tart, of Mason, Tex., wants the address of any surviving members of Company B, 16th Louisiana Regiment.



## WOMAN'S MONUMENT DESIGN NOT ACCEPTED.

BY GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The committee to award the prize and decide on the best suggestion for the design for the bronze statues to crown the various State monuments to the Women of the Confederacy met at the Jamestown Exposition Wednesday and Thursday. It was composed of Mrs. Rosenberg, of Galveston, Mann, and myself. We gave most careful consideration to all the seventy-five suggestions; but it was with deep regret and much disappointment that we were forced to conclude that none were suitable, so we could not award the prize to any. There were many good suggestions, but none were suitable, from varying causes, for the purpose. There were several very fine designs for monuments, but we asked only for suggestions for the bronze statues to crown the monuments.

The committee will take further steps to secure a proper design to honor those deserving of all honor—the glorious Women of the Confederacy.

As readers of the *VETERAN* will be anxious to know the results of our conference, I would be glad if you would embody the above in an article and publish as early as you can.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, RICHMOND.

Born of a people proud and free,  
Nurtured in lore of sovereignty  
Of Statehood's rights—of manhood's right  
To read the meaning, in his sight,  
Meant by the fathers writ in words  
Of their day's need—

He came in fearless faith to lead  
His people at their call, the seed  
Of a new nation to implant,  
Where pride of race should make no feint  
Of closer ties than nature bids  
Mankind to make.

Conscious of right, unbent he bore  
Defeat and failure, proudly wore  
The smile that met the cruel arts  
Of dark misfortune, all the darts  
That torturing shame and venom'd shaft  
Could fling and thrust.

Content that coming years would prove  
His stainless honor, quenchless love,  
That truth impartial does not fail  
To make untruth of no avail,  
He left to time, whose scales are true,  
Its work to do.

Time's work is done. The world of weight  
Has placed him with immortals great.  
And to his memory stately stone  
To-day is reared that it be shown  
His name into eternity  
Honored shall be.

Son of the South! Anew we swear  
Allegiance to those memories dear,  
Which time nor place nor power nor might  
Can dim or pale or cower or blight,  
And to the world we proudly say:  
"All hail this day!"

## UNITED CONFEDERATE CHOIRS OF AMERICA.

The uniformed Confederate choirs which attracted so much notice and which were generally pronounced the most beautiful feature of the great Reunion at Richmond organized a federation at the meeting held in the parlors of Murphy's



MRS. J. GRIFF EDWARDS.

Hotel on June 1, 1907, and elected Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., Commander in Chief of the organization.

The "United Confederate Choirs of America" was the name adopted, with the thrilling motto, "Song Forbids Glorious Deeds to Die." A constitution was adopted; and pursuant thereto, on June 3, the birthday of President Davis, the Commander in Chief issued General Orders No. 1 setting forth the plan of government, which will be furnished on application.

The officers of the "United Confederate Choirs of America" are to be quite on the order of Veteran organizations. The seal shall be the great seal of the Confederate States, with the inscription "United Confederate Choirs of America" with date of organization and motto on the outer rim, and the seal of State or county Divisions shall be the great seal of the State or county with the addition "United Confederate Choirs of America." The badge of the Association shall be the illustration generally used with Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner"—viz., the second national flag of the Confederacy soaring aloft on its staff in a star-studded heaven, with a bank of clouds beneath, all in an oval. The inscription "United Confederate Choirs of America" is in red letters surrounding the oval and the name of the Division beneath in red letters. In colors on white ribbon.

At the Richmond Reunion the Confederate Choir No. 1 complimented the *VETERAN* by a serenade in the parlors of the Jefferson Hotel, a packed audience enjoying the songs. Col. W. H. Stewart, Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, in an address to the gathering, was very kind to the editor, stating among other things that he has done more than any one who has lived to bring about such results, as were there apparent, to honor the Confederate cause.



## HORRORS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

Mr. J. T. Dargan, of Atlanta, Ga., sends a remarkable paper with the following introductory note: "I herewith inclose you a copy of a letter written from Phillips, Va., under date of August 6, 1862, by J. Wood Davidson and addressed to my sister, Mrs. Maclean, who was at that time Miss Clara Dargan, of Columbia, S. C. Mr. Davidson was well known for many years as one of the leading literary characters in the Southern States and a man of profound scholarship. Poor fellow! he died last year in Florida. I simply send you this letter as a thrilling bit of correspondence from the battlefields of Virginia. It was written in August, 1862, while he was in camp. He was at the time attached to a South Carolina regiment. As a curiosity I send you the original, showing that every word was written with punctilious care and without a scratch anywhere. It is certainly remarkable, considering the surroundings he must have been facing at the time."

The following is an exact copy of the letter except the omission of italics:

VIVID DESCRIPTION WRITTEN AT THE TIME.

PHILLIPS, VA., 6 August, 1862.

And you would have "the grandeur and glory of a real battle"—"impressions, incidents, and accidents?"

The magnificence of blood is a theme worthy of a great poem, and all that I have seen written upon it is as nothing to the truth that lies hid—hid to all save the eye that has seen it all—behind those common words. I would not if I could, my young friend, nor could I if I would, produce in your mind the feeling awakened in mine by the tragedies I witnessed; and to approach as near this as possible is the end of the literary artist. Look for no such effort now. A touch here and a touch there, and memory would hurry from those scenes to seek relief in the atmosphere of some treasured past while hope catches a breath of a peaceful future.

I have a brother in the 4th Texas Regiment, under Jackson, and I have not seen that brother in fifteen years. He is an old man—past fifty—and very gray.

Friday's tornado of battle at Cold Harbor, on Gaines's Farm, had swept over our heads. I had sunk down when the signal for rest was given in the line of battle as we were, too weary to unbuckle any of my trappings. With gun in hand I slept the broken sleep of the battlefield, drenched as I was in perspiration, fasting for over a day, and almost covered with mud and dust. Momently came from the plain around us, imperfectly audible in that troubled slumber, the deep groan or piercing pain-wrung cry of some friend or foe or—brother. In various directions over the field passed, passing and recrossing each other, many lights of the infirmiry corps and the ambulanee corps seeking the wounded. The cautious hail and the low reply barely broke the horrid silence.

Morning came at length with its peculiar train of things to shudder at; but let us pass that, and with broad daylight look over the field of yesterday's agony.

Impelled by a feeling I could not control, though exhausted by such labor as I had undergone and almost utterly prostrated by a chill during the night, I strolled over the field of gore after I had eaten a cracker and a bit of bacon. The area of the field is at least five square miles, partly plain and partly woods. No burials had yet been made. (Here an order to strike tents and march arrested my pen and closed my knapsack upon your letter till this the 14th of August, at which time I resume.) In the shrubbery we found a few of our own men lying here and there stark and still; and as I began to

ascend the rising plain, I found our poor men thick and fearfully mangled with cannon shot and shell, being at long range. Next upon the brow lay the blue-vested regulars by the score in lines, as fire after fire from our side had been poured into them during their advance. To the left, over five or six acres, lay the Zouaves—the dead and the mangled—all over the plain. The scenic effect of their blue jackets and red trousers (a la Turque) with the fez, a red skulleep, was rather ornamental. But a wild, deep, new feeling of (maybe it was revenge) anger maddened my eye and stifled my breathing. For hours I walked often alone among them through wood and field and looked upon the faces of many dead enemies and conversed with many of the wounded; looked upon many friendly faces cold in death there and hideous in squalid pallor. I then sought to trace the course of some special troops—the Louisianians and Texans. Both fought well, both died well. You know why I passed along the route of the Texan charge—a charge as fatal as Balaklava. I walked slowly and looked (may God spare all other brothers from such a feeling!) carefully at every gray corpse. Many were shockingly slaughtered. I could see none like him. Hope again came to me, and I returned to our bivouac somehow elated, yet crushed in heart.

You have not yet caught the faintest glimpse of the most disgusting horror of a battlefield—to me. You will smile (as I would have done lang syne) when I tell you that horror is the smell—the smell of blood. A mangled corpse is discoverable in this way a distance of many yards. The odor comes gradually yet surely. You sit down to rest, hoping to be out of it for a respite; but the same dead, faughy, penetrating odor steals over you, and you experience the overpowering sense of blood, look around, and there it is in the weeds there just at your feet. One-third of his breast may be shot away; but he stares as you turn upon him, and —!

In the afternoon of the same day I walked partly over the same field. Our dead had been buried, and only our foes lay there and fewer of them.

The severest fire we received was on Monday evening in the fight at Willis's Church. Here I advanced with the regiment as usual in the face of a brisk fire, one that dropped our men every few yards. This subsided for a while and darkness thickened around us. We were ordered to lie down, and remained thus for several minutes; meanwhile the bullets revived. Some Yankee advanced to the front of our regiment inquiring for the colonel and informing Colonel E., who was then on our right in conference with General G., that they wanted him up there "to see about some prisoners." Colonel E. asked, "Who wants me?" and was disregarding the summons and going on to carry out General G.'s instruction. His order was "To your feet, by the right flank"—. Here, just as the order to rise was heard over the field and as the unknown individual had time to get out of range, there came into our faces a fire from the front—such a fire as only a full regiment can pour upon one spot. It came just as we rose—just after—and some lay down again to rise no more. The fire did not have our height perfectly, else certainly half our number had slept forever there. They calculated for our rising and allowed too much, a few inches too much, and that few inches saved a hundred lives. Above us flashed and popped the explosive balls wherever they hit a tree or skull or a bone! These infernal balls explode whenever they hit any hard substance; hence they rarely inflict a slight wound—it is miss or death.

In receiving a fire in that way one thinks of death remotely



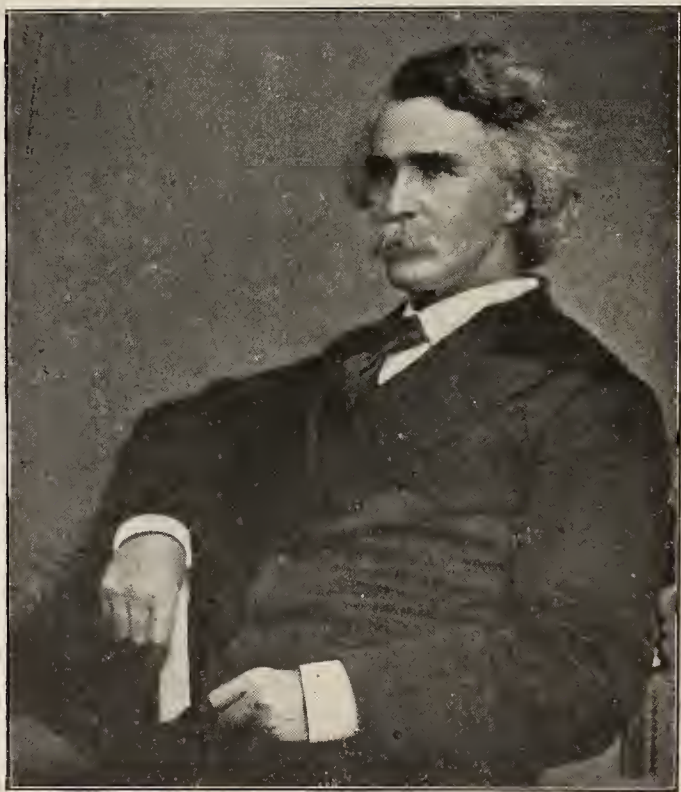
in one sense, because there are enough practical things to do that absorb the attention; yet one remembers momentarily that he may fall next step. This remembrance has nothing to do with bravery; for when a man has made up his mind to advance to do his duty even to death, he never for once dreams of changing his plan—hasn't time. Under that most blasting breath of lead our regiment moved as coolly as the nature of the ground and the darkness would permit. And in the most trying charges of Friday, when universal Death seemed sweeping whole armies before him, our lines were always good. I never saw at any time three men waver in the whole regiment in which I was. They were never confused, and only puzzled when they could not possibly hear the word of command on account of the incessancy of cannon fire overhead, the bursting of shells among them, and the constant zip-zip-zip of the leaden balls at their feet or the low groan of some comrade who sinks upon his face to die, the quick, spasmodic "O!" of the youth or the heavier "O God!" deeply gushing from the soul that feels its lease on life is over that moment. So much of the steadiness of men could hardly be said of all the regiments in our brigade, yet none did less than their duty and none more.

One view more I must give you before I leave these experiences. It too you would scarcely anticipate. It was on Wednesday morning, 30th July, upon the battlefield of Monday, at Willis's Church, or rather near it, at a cottage used for the time as a hospital for the wounded. Wednesday morning in the pelting rain I sought the hospital to get some information for some one. The cottage was jammed with mangled men, armless, legless, and bleeding. The wounded of Tuesday were also just coming in. Around upon the fence, the ground, the garden, the ash hopper boards—everywhere around lay dead men, perhaps thirty (men died since brought in), and outside too were yet many mangled lying in the rain upon the grass, sometimes partly in the water puddles. One corpse nearly stripped lay stark, ghast, and staring with leaden eyes up at me—eyes into which was beating the cold rain, eyes that never winked or wavered in their stony stare right at me in their agony of physical pain, eyes from which the life had fled in such haste that they could not close, from which the soul had fled under the surgeon's knife. His leg had been shot through the knee, and an amputation above, midway the thigh, had killed him. They had left him lying there upon the plank just as he had died, and had dropped the limb at his remaining foot. The whole expression was one of agony and despair: the wrench back of the shoulders, the clinched fingers—all. I was held in amazement by its Gorgon horrors—it stared at me so—and was instinctively bearing away from it when I trod upon the upper extremity of the limb, which was lower than I calculated. Remember, I could not look at the limb or at my feet, for my gaze was absolutely chained by such a stare. I was looking at those dead, imploring eyes into which the pitiless rain was beating incessantly, and they did not wink, but stared—absolutely glared—at me. The limb felt to my foot touch like a piece of pickled pork, hard and yet fleshly. In my intensest moments of feeling I never make any sound, neither a groan nor a cry. Here I only leaped with my full muscular might away, and lighted over in the weeds upon a heap—yes, a pile a foot high—of arms, legs, hands, feet, and fragments of these; all these piled up with a corpse or two, these white and slippery and cold in the grass and puddles of water—some of the water was red. Now I was fully restored from the influence of those eyes, and scrambled from the piled mass of fragmen's, but

not without difficulty, for dead flesh in water is very slippery. And yet I did not quite fall over any of them.

On Tuesday evening, 2d July, we had one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever saw—a great battle at night. We were within range of shot and shell, and the danger (one shell over or among us every half minute maybe) was just enough to keep one's blood up. We did not fire a gun, but were held as reserves that evening, and had full leisure for seeing. As the battle raged, yet fearful and unbroken night stole darkly down upon the scene and wrapped Malvern Hill in a shroud. Every flash of every gun flared up against the sky in secondal succession—nay, ten per second might often be counted! And the shells could be traced by a faint streak overhead; and when they burst, the pyrotechnic splendor was grander than any view of "the lightning's red glare painting hell in the sky." These when near us were somewhat uncomfortable, but grand. And with all this the roar, the din, the thunder of seventy cannon played with electric speed, and a mellow peal of musketry rolling sometimes through minutes so incessant as to seem one unbroken roar. And with all this the moral significance of such work, the life-and-death struggle known and felt to be there, the majesty of will, the contempt of death, the royalty of hate, the infinity of distance between the parties—all these things heightened the special touches of the scene as a material picture. Majestic murder! The shroud on Malvern Hill covered three thousand corpses.

I close this brief note to you, my young friend, in our bivouac, on the main road between Gordonsville and Orange C. H. The battle of Cedar Run last Saturday, 9th August, was within five miles of Culpeper C. H. (Fairfax), beyond the Rapidan (had to strip and wade that river), and was a hearty Stonewall blow dealt upon Pope by Jackson, who then fell back ready for anything else. The enemy lost at least two thousand; we lost less than one thousand. I conversed with many prisoners, saw three hundred and seventy-five unwounded ones, while I was in Orange. We are called Jackson's foot cavalry. Our brigade was not in the battle of Cedar



J. WOOD DAVIDSON.



Run. I see Jackson rarely. Saw some fine specimens of Virginia ladies a few days ago. Dress is ignored among us. We enter fine parlors with the coarsest of clothes, the plainest of shoes, and (O, Chesterfield and O, Brummel!) the dirtiest of shirts. We sometimes do not see our baggage for ten days. How else? Such is the camp and such is Jackson's foot cavalry.

J. W. D.

Three days ago I received official notice of the death of my brother in the battle of Friday, the 27th of June, on Gaines's Farm. I close the 15th of August, 1862.

#### ABOUT THE DEATH OF COL. C. D. DREUX.

[Columbus H. Allen, of New Orleans, corrects some errors in reports of the death of Col. Charles D. Dreux, the first officer of note killed in the Civil War. He is one of the survivors, and his account is concurred in by Comrade W. McVicar.]

The battalion commanded by Colonel Dreux was composed of the Shreveport Grays, Grivot Guards, Louisiana Guards, Orleans Cadets, and Crescent Rifles, Company A. Of the latter company my twin brother and myself were members. The command left New Orleans on the 15th of April, 1861, being the first troops called into service by the Confederate government from Louisiana, and enlisted for the term of one year. \* \* \* It was while we were encamped near Young's Mill, Va., that the Colonel formed the plan to surprise a body of Federal soldiers who were reported as making daily incursions from Newport News out into the country and depredating upon the citizens.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1861, as I sat upon the bank near the old mill, I saw Colonel Dreux riding down the road, where he encountered a farmer driving. The latter halted at Dreux's request, and commenced to tell of the acts of vandalism of the Federal troops. Colonel Dreux asked him a good many questions as to the topography of the land, and sought information in regard to the movements of the enemy.

That evening about dark a detail of twenty men was ordered from each of the companies, reinforced by a detachment from the Richmond Howitzers and a squadron from the Halifax Catawba troops of North Carolina Cavalry, the whole force numbering possibly one hundred men. We left camp after dark, marched the entire night, and shortly before daybreak took position in a thick woods just opposite some abandoned houses on the other side of the main road leading to Newport News. The cavalry was on our right, while the Howitzer boys were on our left. The underbrush and woods concealed us completely, and we had high hopes that the enemy, unaware of our presence, would march into the trap set for them. The strictest discipline had been observed during the march, Colonel Dreux issuing the command that under no circumstances was any man to fire except by his orders. A detail, to act as videttes, was made and sent through the woods, with instructions that when the proper distance had been reached to cover the road upon which the Federals were expected to advance. Unfortunately this detachment in proceeding to their position, while passing through the woods, discovered and killed a rattlesnake. They must have temporarily lost sight of the duty intrusted to them, and it is presumed that the noise of their presence attracted the enemy, who in the meantime had come up. They fired upon our men, killing Steve Hackett, of the Shreveport Grays, and wounding one or two others.

Our main body was in single file, and I, being the last man

on the end of the line, with Colonel Dreux standing close by me, observed all that then occurred.

At the firing Colonel Dreux stepped from the woods on to the main road to discover the cause of the firing. He then took up his position, his drawn sword clasped in his hand. Within scarcely a minute two Federal soldiers ran up, and, halting at the point from which Colonel Dreux had disappeared in the woods, one of them peered in as if looking for him, and evidently he caught sight of Dreux and raised a short rifle and fired. I quickly returned his fire. The Federal soldier's comrade also discharged his weapon, the ball plowing up the ground between my brother and myself. Colonel Dreux had been struck; and as he fell, I dropped my gun and caught him and gently laid him upon the ground. The bullet had pierced the center of his body, breaking the crystal of his watch, and his death was instantaneous.

Just then Captain Fiske, second in command, ran down the line to where I was bending over the body of the Colonel. He promptly gave a command, which threw us out of the woods and on to the road, when the Federals fired a heavy volley at us; but we suffered the loss of only one man (Billy Beauford), who was slightly wounded in the head. Captain Fiske gallantly led us—my twin brother, Cicero M. Allen, carrying the colors—and we forced the enemy in hot haste back toward Newport News. During the fighting the horse attached to the howitzer, becoming frightened at the firing, dashed off, carrying the gun, and it was not discovered until the enemy had been driven some distance.

Among the members of the Howitzers' detail I can recall only the names of Buck White and Gordon McCabe.

The expedition failed from unforeseen circumstances that prevented the realization of Colonel Dreux's plans. The surprise intended for the enemy was frustrated by the snake-killing incident, as related. We recovered our dead and started sadly back to camp, Colonel Dreux's body being borne upon a horse, with Bailey P. Vinson sitting on the animal and holding Dreux in his arms, who had been placed in the saddle. My brother and myself, with Comrade McVicar, were a part of the escort. After proceeding about a mile, we secured a wagon, and, placing the body of our dead and wounded within, we reached camp at noon on July 5. The expedition, though a failure, was conducted on strict military lines.

Colonel Dreux was a strict disciplinarian, but when off duty was on intimate terms with many of the battalion, most of whom he had known in a social way in our good old city; and some evenings before I recall a jolly gathering of the boys of the different companies around our camp fire, of which Dreux was the central figure. We sang songs, and little thought that death hovered so near our gallant leader.

Colonel Dreux's body was brought to New Orleans under military escort, and was buried with distinguished honors.

CROSSES TO CONFEDERATES IN SEATTLE.—The birthday of Jefferson Davis was made the occasion for presenting crosses of honor to eight Confederates in Seattle, Wash. Miss Pearl Elizabeth Neagle, Custodian for the Crosses in the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., pinned them on the veterans. Judge John H. Allen, one of the recipients, explained to the public assembly the conditions whereby certain veterans of the Confederate army were entitled to them. D. C. McDowell followed Judge Allen on the same lines. Mrs. Arthur Jordan read a paper on the subject of the war and the part President Davis took in it. "Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground" was sung by the assembly.



*BILLY SINGLETON GOT THE FLAG.*

BY R. J. HANCOCK, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In my article on William Singleton in the *VETERAN* for November, 1906, I forgot to mention one of his most daring feats. After the battle of Chancellorsville (1863), General Lee sent General Ewell across the Blue Ridge Mountains to drive Milroy from Winchester, Va. General Ewell arrived at Winchester in due time, and I think he kept Gordon's Brigade in town while General Early with Hays's Louisianians went around to the west of the town. Meanwhile General Rodes was to the east of the town, and kept up an incessant firing. This kept Milroy looking out for Gordon and Rodes while General Early with the Louisianians reached their point of attack on some breastworks that overlooked Milroy's fort, which was immediately north and northwest of the town. Everything worked well. The Louisianians formed a line of battle and marched three-quarters of a mile through an open field and came within thirty yards of the enemy's breastworks before they discovered us, so intent was Milroy in watching Gordon and Rodes. Of course we drove them out of their trenches with a yell. General Early threw out a skirmish line, as it was getting near nightfall. I had command of the skirmishers, and Singleton, as usual, was on the skirmish line on our right, toward Winchester. No one thought that Milroy would give us his fort without a fight; he even left the large United States flag flying uninterrupted.

As I have before stated, Singleton was wide-awake and lucky. He was not more than two hundred yards from the fort. It was about daybreak when he looked toward Winchester, and he saw one of Gordon's men running at full tilt toward the fort. At first Singleton thought the man was deserting. It was singular that I was looking to the right of our line and saw a man start in full run to the fort, and naturally I thought one of our men was deserting. It happened to be Singleton, who outran the Georgian to the fort, hauled down this immense flag, and returned to the skirmish line all covered up with it. It was just at the time in the morning when we expected Milroy to turn loose his big guns on us from the fort, but he had slipped off without our knowing the order of his going. He took the horses from the wagons, and left a long wagon train to fall into our hands. General Rodes struck the rear of his army, and captured twenty-five hundred or three thousand prisoners near Stevenson's Depot, where Jackson the year before captured four thousand men from Banks.

*PERILOUS UNDERTAKING OF TWO BROTHERS.*

BY W. J. ERVIN, OF HAMILTON, MO.

As I stated in a former communication, because of the retiring delicacy of Jesse McNeill I would write of his early life, knowing his history so well. My father's children and he attended the same old school. In the early summer of 1861, among the many noble men who went from Daviess County, Mo., to battle for the right as they saw it was Capt. John H. McNeill, father of Jesse, and his son, George, who was killed in the battle of Lexington, Mo. The father was wounded and lay in a hospital for months. When able to travel, through the ingenuity of a lady friend he was quietly conveyed South. Soon after arriving in Virginia, at his former home, he organized an independent battalion, asking his son Jesse, then on his farm in Daviess County, Mo., a boy of eighteen or twenty years, to join him. Upon arrival Jesse was made first lieutenant, and upon the wounding and death

of his father he became captain. [The history of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly appeared in the *VETERAN* for September, 1906, pages 410-413.]

And now I will answer some inquiries that I have read during the last thirty years concerning two Confederate soldiers who on the 27th of June, 1864, crossed over the summit of Kennesaw Mountain, bringing into our lines a supply of ammunition. After all had been exhausted, when bayonets, stones, and bludgeons were alone left for the defense of our works, which were situated on the western slope of Kennesaw Mountain midway from base to summit—being played upon by fifty pieces of artillery in the valley below us—on the summit to our rear we had a battery of four to six guns, which were soon disabled and silenced by superior numbers and a concentrated fire. Our ammunition in the trenches was exhausted; a cry went up for a supply from all along the line. Col. James McCowan, then commanding the 3d and 5th Missouri Infantry consolidated (1st Missouri Brigade, Gen. F. M. Cockrell commanding), said: "Gentlemen, I will make no order for a detail to cross the summit of that [Kennesaw] mountain for ammunition, to go where I would not go, but will gladly accept volunteers." Our ordnance department was in a gorge on the eastern slope of the mountain near the base.

In looking over the situation with all of its perils and yet of our needs, I said to our captain: "I will volunteer for one, and if spared will return with some." Then, to my sorrow, my brother, John A. Ervin, said: "I will go." Side by side we climbed the rugged heights of Kennesaw Mountain under fire of small arms and of fifty pieces of artillery. We crossed over the summit and reached with safety the ordnance train, asking for three thousand rounds of Enfield ammunition. We found red tape there. The officer wanted a requisition. We had no time to comply. An old and loaded musket stood



W. J. ERVIN.



near by. I picked up the old and familiar gun, which was loaded and capped, and said: "Here is my requisition. Give us three thousand rounds now, and do it quickly." It was done. We took one box each on our shoulders and one between us. We climbed the rugged heights from the east and began the descent to the west. Two or three hundred feet from the summit a shell from some one of the fifty guns, coming from the front, burst between us (front or rear, I know not which) and scattered us thirty or forty feet apart, the box between causing a lively miniature battle. It all exploded as so many firecrackers in a barrel, but more terrific.

When the shock was over, I asked John if he were hurt, and he answered that he was not. In the midst of bursting shell we gathered each one thousand rounds; and if to-day, at the age of seventy-four, I could move with the celerity I then moved down the rugged and western slope of Kennesaw Mountain, I would feel that the days of Methuselah were promised me. Once in line, ammunition distributed, the orders in front were to fall back. Reinforcement was received. At the hour of eleven that night we brought within our lines a Major Mullin, commanding the 121st Ohio Regiment, if I remember correctly. He had more wounds than any man I ever saw. He died soon after, and was buried on the morning of June 28, 1864, with Masonic honors on the eastern slope of Kennesaw Mountain, where so many of our noble dead lie buried in unknown graves, awaiting the judgment day. Major Mullin will not arise from the tomb with a halter around his neck, because he never burned or desolated the homes of widows and children.

John A. Ervin went into the army early in 1861. He was in the battles of Carthage, Springfield, Lexington, and Pea Ridge with the rest of the troops from Missouri, Arkansas,

and Texas; a few days later for Shiloh; was at Iuka, Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Black River; through the siege of Vicksburg to Dalton, Ga.; through the campaign to Jonesboro and Lovejoy's Station; thence north to Allatoona, Franklin, and Nashville; from thence to Mobile or Spanish Fort, where the command surrendered.

After all was over, his life was spent in the West, where he died in Eureka, Nevada, January 6, 1903. He was a man of brilliant intellect, and under other conditions would have figured in the affairs of State and nation. He was a deep thinker, a brilliant writer, and an eloquent speaker. We messed together, fought together from the beginning to Allatoona, Ga. where I received my last and fifth wound, leaving a shriveled and decimated hand and arm. Through all the conflicts John A. Ervin received at Franklin one slight wound.

## JOHN B. McFERRIN, D.D.

BY REV. W. T. BOLLING, D.D., PADUCAH, KY.

Few men held a higher place in the estimation of the Church, and none in the estimation of the people generally, than that assigned to Rev. John B. McFerrin, D.D., the great commoner of the M. E. Church, South. But it is as we saw him during the stirring scenes of the last two years of the Civil War that I write.

I was a member of Company C, 2d (Bate's) Tennessee Infantry, and messed with his son, Jimmie, and his two nephews, Sumner and John P. McFerrin, and therefore saw much of him during all the scenes of war in camp and on the march from Richmond, Ky., to Franklin, Tenn., when he was often with us, taking humble fare with the boys. Dr. McFerrin had both a great brain and a great heart; and, while he was as fearless as *Cœur de Lion*, he was as tender and sympathetic as a woman, and on the field and at the hospital his presence was a blessing. No other chaplain was too sacred to the boys to be free from being joked; but woe be to the man who was foolish enough to "holler" at Dr. McFerrin!

We all knew Dr. D. C. Kelley as the fighting preacher under General Forrest; but all knew Dr. McFerrin rather as the friend of the boys in the ranks, all of whom loved him and would have done anything for him within their power. Many a time would he come to us when we were worn by the march under Gen. Pat Cleburne and preach an eloquent sermon to us through rations he had gathered up as he rode through the farms and talked with people, who knew and loved him.

It was under his direction that the great revival in the Army of Tennessee was carried on, and many of us were brought face to face with the truth who had no serious thoughts along religious lines previously.

At Chickamauga, when I was going back with a broken arm, I met Dr. McFerrin, who had heard that his son was wounded and was looking for him; and when he heard that Jimmie was only shocked by a piece of shell shattering his gunstock, he took me with him to the division hospital, and the last I knew in the delirium of pain until I woke up a week later at Marietta was his rough but kindly face as he bent over me. From that day on I loved him next to the Master, for he was truly the Master's agent in helping me to surgical aid before mashed muscle, broken bone, and bleeding veins would soon have caused me to fall and die.

John B. McFerrin! name worthy to be written in letters of gold upon the scroll of history. Not a soldier of the Army of Tennessee who knew him but loved him, and his grave should never be forgotten when the tender hands of womanhood and childhood decorate Confederate graves.



JOHN A. ERVIN.



## WONDERFUL CAREER OF THE MERRIMAC.

[Maj. H. Ashton Ramsay's response to the toast, "The Confederate States Navy," before the Maryland Line of the Army and Navy of the C. S. A., Baltimore, January 19, 1907.]

*Comrades:* I have been asked by our President to respond to the toast, "The Confederate States Navy," simply because I had the honor to serve under that grand Marylander, Admiral Franklin Buchanan, on board of his flagship (Merrimac), Virginia, during the memorable engagements in Hampton Roads, March 8 and 9, 1862, an event that startled and staggered the maritime nations of the world, relegating, as it did, all their ships to the dockyards as useless hulks.

Yes, comrades, I did have the privilege to walk the deck side by side with that grand old hero, and well do I remember that beautiful, bright March morning when he sent for me and in a few brief words communicated the line of action he had mapped out for the day, which was to proceed at once to Newport News and first attack the Cumberland, as she had rifled guns in her battery, whereas the Congress, although the larger frigate, had only smoothbore guns.

The Merrimac was lying at the Norfolk Navy Yard, an untried ship, never having moved a cable's length by her steam power since her transformation into an ironclad. The Admiral, calling attention this fact, asked if I thought it would be necessary to make a trial trip before going into action. My reply was: "As we have some distance to travel before passing into the Roads, this will be a sufficient trial trip." He replied that his object in mentioning his purpose of ramming the Cumberland was to instruct me to immediately reverse the engines in case of feeling the concussion without waiting for the signal, as he might be incapacitated or the wires become deranged.

Soon after my interview with Admiral Buchanan word was passed for the artificers, who still crowded the ship, and other noncombatants to go ashore. I will mention here that the ship was in an unfinished condition, many things having to be left undone, the most important of which was the port shutters which were left on the dock, as there was no time to adjust them to the gun ports. Our moorings were cast off, and we started slowly down the Elizabeth River.

Passing along the gun deck after the ship was cleared for action, I was particularly struck with the countenances of the guns' crews as they stood motionless at their posts with ramrods and sponges in hand. A ship cleared away for action was not new to me, as even in peace time on board of a man-of-war the crews are exercised at what is called "fighting quarters;" but at such times the sailors wore their usual careless expressions. But these men were pale and determined, standing straight and stiff, showing that their nerves were wrought to a high degree of tension.

Here we with an untried ship, single-handed, you may say, were about to attack a fleet of the very best material in the United States navy, composed of the frigates Congress, Minnesota, Roanoke, St. Lawrence (each with batteries of fifty guns), and the Cumberland, a razee frigate of twenty-two guns; besides, as we understood, several other war vessels below Old Point—ten guns against three hundred, three hundred men against three thousand. To fight these vessels under cover of the shore fortifications manned by four thousand troops and fifty field guns behind breastworks—this was our hazardous enterprise.

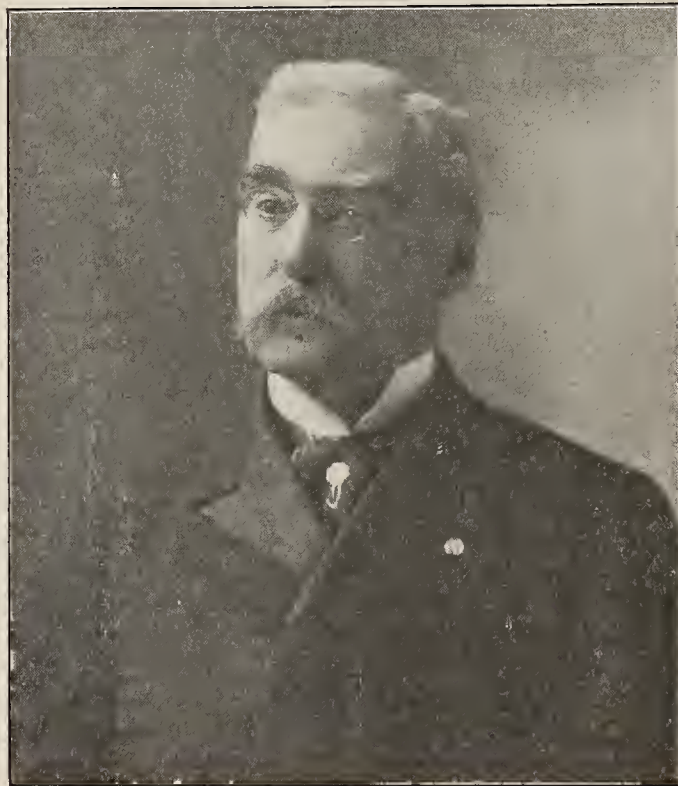
It was not generally known that we were to assume the offensive until we entered Hampton Roads, when Buchanan, summoning the men around him on the gun deck, addressed

the ship's company: "Sailors, in a few minutes you will have the long-looked-for opportunity to show your devotion to our cause. Remember, you are about to strike for your country and your homes. The Confederacy expects every man to do his duty. Beat to quarters!"

The day is clear and bright. The surrounding shores for miles and miles are lined with people, the inhabitants of Portsmouth and Norfolk nearly to a man, as we afterwards learned, having left their homes to witness the result of what so many thought an ill-starred enterprise. A more tranquil scene than that presented to the eye as the Virginia came in view of Hampton Roads could not well be imagined. All is still and quiet; but as we enter the Roads, huge volumes of smoke issue from the funnels of the fleet at Old Point. The sailing craft spread their sails and prepare to get out of the way, long lines of small craft and tugs are seen making down close to the far shore. Tugs run alongside the frigates, bright-colored signals are run up and down the masts on all the ships; gunboats run alongside the Congress; her topsails are shaken out; down come the clotheslines on the Cumberland with the sailors' clothes, which had been fluttering in the breeze, and boats are lowered and dropped astern.

The ship's prow is now pointed directly for the Cumberland. The two frigates are running their guns out and preparing to receive us, and the Minnesota, St. Lawrence, and Roanoke are following us. The Cumberland delivers a splendid broadside as we near her; but, relentless as fate, we rush down on her, crushing through her barricade of heavy spars (torpedo fenders), strike her below the starboard fore chains, and crash far into her. We back off with some difficulty. For an instant the weight of the Cumberland hangs on our bow, and water curls up into the bow port from the returning wave. Then we back off, and the Cumberland plunges down bow foremost, with her flag flying and guns firing.

In the brief period she did us more damage than the all-day fight with the Monitor the following day. We are now exposed to perhaps the heaviest fire ever concentrated on one



MAJ. H. A. RAMSAY.



ship and at the closest quarters; for, besides having to receive the broadsides of the Cumberland and Congress, the Newport News batteries, only a few cable lengths off, are pouring a deadly fire into us and the sharpshooters picking off every visible man. Our flag was shot down several times, and was finally secured to the rents in the smokestack by Lieutenant Eggleston, who gallantly climbed up and secured it amid a hail of shot.

Arrangements had been made to board the Cumberland in case the ram had been ineffectual, but this was unnecessary. As soon as the Virginia drew away from the sinking vessel, she started for the Congress. Owing to the shallowness of the water, she was obliged to make a detour, which movement the men aboard the Congress interpreted to mean that their adversary had been crippled in her attack on the Cumberland. Their minds were soon disabused of this thought by the Virginia turning and making straight for the Congress. Realizing that her fate would be that of the Cumberland, the Congress hauled down her colors and ran up a white flag. The Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence retreated, but the former vessel ran aground.

We lay to as near as we could to the Congress, she having drifted in shore, while the wounded were being removed. The gunboat Beaufort, in command of Capt. William H. Parker, was signaled to take the dead and wounded off the Congress and fire her; but she turned off from the frigate. Lieutenant Minor, Buchanan's flag lieutenant, was ordered to go in an open boat to the vessel, Buchanan not knowing that the Beaufort had been driven off by sharpshooters from the land batteries. When Minor had made half the distance, the sharpshooters turned their attention to him, and he was shot down with several of his men. Then the Minie balls came whistling around us, notwithstanding our flag of truce. Buchanan was severely wounded in the groin. As he was being taken below he gave orders to Capt. R. Jones, who was now in command, to fire hot shot into the Congress and not to leave her until she was afire. This was done, and soon black volumes of smoke were seen issuing from her. We then turned our attention to the Minnesota, firing several broadsides into her; but it was growing dark, and the pilots insisted on our drawing off into deep water. We anchored in the Roads near Sewell's Point for the night.

The fire from the Cumberland had killed two of our men and wounded seventeen and carried away the muzzles of two guns, which we, however, continued to fire. The ship was not damaged. We had tested our shield, and felt well satisfied with the result, all except the wounding of our intrepid leader, who had shown himself to be as gallant a commander as ever trod a ship's deck.

Admiral Buchanan, his wounded flag lieutenant, and several other wounded and dead men were taken ashore on the morning of March 9, the day of the fight with the Monitor.

This day's conflict, 9th of March, 1862, was one of the most remarkable in the world's history, as it was the first to take place between mailed ships, and settled forever the inferiority of wooden ships for naval warfare, compelling the change of the navies of every nation on the earth.

It was a glorious Sabbath day; no sound disturbed the serenity of the early morn, save the booming of the sunrise

gun at Fortress Monroe, the echoes of which, dying away, appeared to emphasize the extreme quiet. What momentous issues were held suspended on the results of this day's action! Our ship slipped her moorings, and proceeded in the direction of the Minnesota, which was still aground.

Our shot mostly fell short, and the limited size of the port-holes prevented the guns being elevated sufficiently to give them a greater range. While we were feeling our way on the edge of the channel, endeavoring to crawl nearer the Minnesota, a strange craft, which we soon satisfied ourselves was the much-talked-of Monitor, made her appearance. She gradually shortened the distance and drew our fire from the Minnesota.

Now commenced the so-called duel between the two types of iron-clads. The combat was kept up for four hours. Once during the fight the Merrimac was plumped ashore by our pilot. Observing this, the Monitor took position where we could not bring a single gun to bear on her. She gradually crawled upon us, testing the strength of our shield most severely. At this juncture we were naturally alarmed for the consequences, as it was a critical period of suspense. Finally we stopped the engines for an interval, lashed down the safety valve, and forced the fires to an unusual degree, and then started up again with a heavy pressure of steam, crawled off the ground, and made for the Monitor.

The captain of the Monitor, seeing by this movement that we were afloat between him and the Minnesota, so that we could fire one broadside at him and one at the Minnesota, quickly turned and almost ran over us in the effort to get between us and the Minnesota. He ran on shallow ground, where we could not follow, so we again turned our attention to the wooden vessel, which was pouring broadsides into us with little effect. A gunboat was alongside our wooden adversary taking off stores, and several cannon had been thrown overboard in order to lighten the ship and run her into shallow water. The order came to blow the gunboat up, and in a moment a shot went hurling into the small craft's boilers, which burst. This brought back the Monitor. She crawled cautiously toward us; but we soon sent her scurrying away, and again turned our attention to the Minnesota. The Monitor cut straight for Old Point Comfort, so we tried to get closer to the Minnesota. The captain, having noticed that many of our shot fell short, suggested to the pilot to place the ship nearer. The pilot said that we were dangerously near the shoal, that the tide was falling, and that we would have to draw farther away instead of going closer.

About this time Captain Jones called for me and said that he proposed hauling off under the guns of Sewell's Point, rest the men for a few hours (it was now 2:30 P.M.), and renew the attack on the Minnesota later in the afternoon on the rise of the tide, when he hoped to get close enough to force the Minnesota to haul down her colors; but after a consultation with some of his lieutenants, he was persuaded that it was best for him to go into dry dock at once, in order to iron the vessel below the knuckle and get on the port shutters. The Monitor had shown herself a formidable adversary, and now she was temporarily disabled (we supposed at the time that she was badly injured by reason of her running away). It was important to take advantage of the time she would require to make repairs to finish our shield. The Minnesota was hopelessly riddled and stranded; and as the Monitor and other vessels had passed out of the Roads, it would be a loss of valuable time to wait any longer. Captain Jones was a clear-headed, cool, and determined man, and his reasoning was



ADMIRAL BUCHANAN.



doubtless good; but with my youthful impetuosity I remember feeling as if a wet blanket had been thrown over me. After the success we had already achieved, I felt as if we could accomplish anything; and it seemed to me as if we were abandoning the fruits of our victory to leave the Roads without forcing the Minnesota to haul down her colors.

As the Merrimac passed up the Elizabeth River, trailing the large ensign of the Congress under the stars and bars, she received a great ovation—cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, people yelling themselves hoarse, and hundreds of small boats lining her course.

Going back to the engagement with the Monitor, I omitted to mention that when the Monitor came out the last time we rammed her; but not with much force, as she veered off, and we gave her only a glancing blow. But it was at this moment that Lieut. John Taylor Wood, with his stern gun, delivered a shot directed on the pilot house, which penetrated this structure, carried away the steering gear, and, blinding Captain Worden, incapacitated him for a long time afterwards; hence the withdrawal of the Monitor.

Capt. Van Wyck, of the Minnesota, in his official report, states that the Monitor suddenly withdrew, steering at first wildly and then straight toward Fort Monroe. The Merrimac followed the latter vessel, but afterwards turned and renewed her attack on his ship, which he thought was now indeed doomed; but, determining that she should not fall into the hands of the rebels, he made arrangements to set her afire, when, to his great satisfaction, the Merrimac drew off and proceeded toward Norfolk.

The Virginia, after the replacing of two of her guns, fitting additional strakes of iron below the knuckle, and having port shutters placed on her gun ports, was again ready for work, and a few weeks after her first engagement sallied out into Hampton Roads under command of Commodore Tatnall.

The United States fleet had been reinforced by two additional iron-clad vessels, the Galena and the Naugatuck, besides the Vanderbilt—which had been prepared as a ram purposely to run down the Merrimac—and many other vessels, steam frigates, and gunboats; and as the New York papers had boasted that we were to be blown out of the water if we ever made our appearance again in Hampton Roads, we naturally expected some warm work; but alas for all such expectations!

We proceeded down the Elizabeth River, entered the Roads, and crossed over toward Fort Monroe until we were in range of the guns of the fort; but the fleet was below the fort, and they absolutely refused to accept our challenge.

This was early in April. We then made fast to our moorings in the Roads off Sewell's Point, where we remained for over a month in full sight of our greatly superior foes. We had broken the blockade at Newport News, and took up this position to guard the approaches to Richmond by the way of the James River and to Norfolk by the Elizabeth River.

It was finally determined to evacuate Norfolk, and the Virginia proceeded to the navy yard to take aboard supplies, coal, ammunition, etc. While she was away the United States fleet sallied out into the Roads and commenced bombarding Sewell's Point; but on the reappearance of the Virginia the entire fleet turned about and proceeded down to and beyond Fort Monroe.

I will read you an account of this incident as given in an official report of a British officer, Commander W. N. W. Howlett, V. C. of H. B. M. S. Rinaldo, dated Fortress Monroe, May 10, 1862, forwarded by Vice Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B., on May 24, 1862: "On May 8, 1862, a Con-

federate tugboat arrived at Fortress Monroe from Norfolk, having deserted. She reported that the Confederates were preparing to evacuate Norfolk, etc., and that they had sunk the Virginia (Merrimac). On this intelligence becoming known at 12:30 P.M. of the same day, a Federal squadron, consisting of the Decatur and the Oneida (screw sloops, twenty-six guns each), the San Jacinto (screw, eleven guns), the Susquehanna (paddle sloop, fifteen guns), and the Monitor and the Naugatuck (iron-cased batteries), moved up the river toward Sewell's Point and commenced shelling the Confederate battery on that point at very long range. This was the prelude to their intended attack on Norfolk. The Confederates returned a slow fire. I suppose their guns are not of very long range. The Federal squadron continued firing to 2:30 P.M. without intermission. The Monitor at the time was about eighteen hundred yards from Sewell's Point. She was then observed to be coming back again toward the rest of the squadron, which were some four thousand yards from the Point, and in the direction of Newport News. The smoke of a steamer could be seen rising above the trees and moving toward Hampton Roads from the direction of Norfolk. At 3 P.M. the Confederate iron-cased battery Virginia rounded Sewell's Point (should be Lambert's Point), and the whole of the Federal squadron steamed down quickly under the guns of the fortress. As the Virginia alone came within range of their guns and those of Fort Wool or Rip Raps, the Federal frigate Minnesota, accompanied by four large steamers, which are intended to act as rams, proceeded up the bay abreast of Old Point and joined the rest of the squadron. With the exception of a few shots fired from the Rip Raps at the Virginia, the Federals made no attempt to molest her; but, on the contrary, as she approached them they steamed away from her. They left off firing at Sewell's Point immediately on sighting her coming from Norfolk. She would most likely have made her appearance before had the water been sufficiently high. The Virginia, having driven the Federal fleet away, returned and anchored under Sewell's Point, where she now remains."

On the 8th of May the enemy attacked Sewell's Point, the Virginia having gone to Norfolk for supplies. We proceeded down the river as soon as the tide permitted the ship to pass over the bar.

We found six of the enemy's vessels, including the iron-clad steamers Monitor and Naugatuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy for the purpose of engaging him, and we thought an action



THE MERRIMAC (VIRGINIA) IN ACTION.



certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fortress Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point, apparently with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before, however, we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and retired with all speed under the protection of the guns of the fortress, followed by the Virginia until the shells from the Rip Raps passed over her.

On the 10th of May Lieut. J. P. Jones was sent to Craney Island, and he there learned that a large force of the enemy had landed on the bay shore and was marching rapidly on Norfolk, that the Sewell's Point battery was abandoned and our troops were retreating. On reaching Norfolk he found that General Huger and all the other officers of the army had left, that the enemy were within half a mile of the city, and that the Mayor was treating for its surrender. On returning to the ship he reported that Craney Island and all other batteries on the river had been abandoned. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and this unexpected information rendered prompt measures necessary for the safety of the Virginia.

Previous to this it had been agreed that the Virginia should remain in the Roads and make no movement toward lightening the ship to ascend the James River until a signal had been given by General Huger forty-eight hours before the fortifications were to be abandoned; but the enemy, having been informed by a deserter that Norfolk was being evacuated, landed his troops on the bay side out of our sight and pressed Huger so hard that he overlooked the understanding he had concerning the signals.

Norfolk was successfully evacuated, and all the troops' valuable stores, ordnance, etc., and even the vessels in course of construction at the navy yard were saved under the protection of the Virginia, all but the Virginia herself, she having to be sacrificed; and this sacrifice might not have been necessary had it not been for the perfidy of one man. Byers by name, who had been instructed to tow up to Norfolk from Sewell's Point the largest gun in the Confederacy. This gun was an eleven-inch Columbiad. Instead of bringing the gun to Norfolk, he deliberately deserted to the enemy. Byers reached Old Point with the gun in tow on a barge before eight o'clock on the 8th inst., as the war records show, and the enemy, also noticing the absence of the Virginia, were emboldened to sally out into the Roads and attack Sewell's Point.

As soon as the darkness of the night permitted, on the 11th of May the crew of the Virginia commenced lightening the ship by throwing her six hundred tons of coal overboard and the kentledge off her submerged ends.

The pilots had previously stated that they could cross Harrison bar, in the James River, if the ship was lightened to a certain draught of water; but after the ship was lightened to this point they declined to take her up the river, declaring that, owing to the prevalence of the wind in a certain direction, "all the water had been driven off the bar."

In our now defenseless condition, not a day's coal in the bunkers and her wooden walls exposed, there was nothing left to do but to blow the ship up. The Virginia was now put under way and proceeded to the right of Craney Island, where she was set afire, her crew escaping to the shore and marching to Suffolk. Within sight of that magnificent fleet we hauled down her drooping colors, her laurels all fresh and green, and with mingled pride and grief we gave her to the flames. Now the lambent fires are roaring around the shotted guns, and

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery."

The slow match—the magazine—and that last deep, low, sullen, mournful boom has rolled to the very sympathizing stars and in muttered thunder told her fate, and it told our people not far away on the march that their gallant ship had passed away.

"So lived, so died she,"

and her renown shall live in song and story until time shall be no more; and as long as love of country, devotion to duty, wisdom in council, and heroism in battle are honored among men, so long shall the gentle fair with thrilling hearts listen to the brave and the true as they tell of the gallant spirits who fought the Confederate States' war ship to immortality, to a glorious, ever-brightening immortality.

## HONOR OF GREATER VALUE THAN RICHES.

DALLAS, TEX., June 17, 1907.

*My Old Comrades:* Being unable from ill health to attend the great Reunion at Richmond of the brave men who followed the flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and laid away, and knowing that I was growing old and feeble, and that I had been honored continuously as the Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department for seventeen years, I deemed it but right and proper that I should return the commission you gave me in 1890 in order that you might elect a younger and more vigorous man to command the Trans-Mississippi Department. But my comrades from all the great States and Territories of the South and West, the greatest country that the sun shines upon, by a unanimous vote have reelected me. No greater honor, my old comrades, could be conferred upon me. It fills me with love and affection for the old heroes who followed the honored flag of the Confederacy until it was furled and forever laid away. I thank you, my old comrades, from an honest heart for this great honor, of which I feel prouder than if I had been elected President of the United States. I promise you it shall be the effort of my life to keep the camp fires burning during my life, and that I shall continue to do all I can to perpetuate our noble association and to urge the gallant old heroes, "the unpaid soldiers of immortal principle," to keep in touch with each other the few short years left to us here.

Recollect, my old comrades, that the great column of gray, every member of which received his baptism of blood and fire over forty years ago, the echoes of whose guns were heard all over the civilized world, arousing the people to throw off the yoke of tyranny, and to contend for a republican form of government, is fast growing smaller, and that but a few years can intervene until taps will be sounded and all will have crossed over the river to the great beyond to hold our great reunion on that eternal shore. Let us then ask a kind Providence to spread his sheltering wings over us, so that we may meet in reunion these remaining years.

Thanking you again, my old comrades from every part of our great Southland for the great honor you have conferred upon me, I pray a kind and merciful God to continue his blessings upon our noble association and to bless you and all dear to you with good health and all the pleasures and comforts incident to a long and happy life. May God bless you all for many years to come! will be the daily prayer of your old Commander,

W. L. CABELL.



## REPORT OF U. C. V. HISTORY COMMITTEE.

BY JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, RICHMOND, VA.

Within the limits prescribed for this paper it is impossible to discuss with any degree of satisfaction the issues involved in the great conflict between the North and the South from 1861 to 1865. These have, however, been so fully discussed by other members of this committee on former occasions, that but little remains to add to those discussions.

In a recent work, with the somewhat arrogant title, "The True History of the Civil War," the writer begins by saying: "The seeds of dissolution between the North and the South were carried to Virginia in the ships commanded by Newport and to Massachusetts in the Mayflower. Each kind fell upon soil well adapted to nourish its characteristics. . . . There was in the beginning an almost imperceptible rift between the people of the North and those of the South. This gradually widened until, notwithstanding the necessity for union, a separation in sentiment, thought, and custom arose. This estrangement developed until it gave to the people of the North and the South the aspect of two races manifesting toward each other all the antipathy of rival and dissimilar nations and in their disagreements rendering impossible either sympathy with each other's standpoint or patient listening to each other's contention."

Without intimating any opinion as to how far all the other statements contained in this work warrant the author in giving it the title selected, a few glances at history will convince the most skeptical that the foregoing statement is well founded.

In 1775, when Washington's army was in front of Boston, that great patriot-soldier issued a stern order threatening severe punishment to any man found guilty of saying or doing anything to aggravate what he termed "the existing sectional feeling." And during the same year when Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, the first President of the Continental Congress, died, his brother-in-law, Benjamin Harrison, also from Virginia, was nominated for that position; but as John Hancock, of Massachusetts, was likewise nominated, it is said that Mr. Harrison, "to avoid any sectional jealousy or unkindness of feeling between the Northern and Southern delegates at so momentous a crisis," had his own name withdrawn and insisted on the election of Mr. Hancock. And so, too, in the Virginia Convention of 1788 Mr. Henry, in opposing the adoption of the Federal Constitution, after pointing out the provisions to which he objected, and in which his almost prophetic ken saw dangers lurking, which have since been realized, said after all that he did not so much object to the form of the instrument as he did to the character and dispositions of those with whom we were forming the compact. And another distinguished Virginian with fervid eloquence exclaimed that our oppressions under the compact would be "worse than British tyranny."

With these early and seemingly innate antipathies, stimulated and developed by growing and conflicting interests, arising out of tariffs, acquisitions of territory, and other causes, the "irrepressible conflict," as Seward termed it, would seem necessarily only a question of time.

As to the real cause or causes which precipitated that conflict, there have been, and still are, differences of opinion. In our view the settlement of this question is secondary, and the vital questions to be determined are:

(a) *Which side, if either, was responsible for the existence of the cause or causes? And if slavery was the cause, as*

*some allege, which side was guilty of wrong-doing in dealing with that cause?*

(b) *Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?*

(c) *Which side had the legal right to do what was done?*

(d) *Which side conducted itself the better, and according to the rules of civilized warfare, pending the conflict?*

It seems to us that an answer to these questions is pertinent at all times, and at this distance from the conflict they can be discussed dispassionately without engendering sectional bad feeling.

Our quondam enemies, knowing, as it seems to us they must know, that the evidence on every other point is overwhelmingly against them, and relying on the sentiment of the world now existing against slavery, are prone to charge that



MISS LUCY WHITE HAYES,

Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department, Richmond Reunion.

the South fought for the perpetuation and extension of that institution; or, to put it in the brief and common form, they charge (as some of our younger people in their ignorance seem to believe) that "slavery was the cause of the war."

It would seem to the unprejudiced mind, that the mere statement of the fact (which, we believe, was a fact) that more than eighty per cent of the Confederate soldiers held no slaves, that General Lee, our representative soldier, freed his slaves before the war, whilst General Grant, the representative soldier of the North, held on to his until they were



freed by the results of the war, and the further fact that General Lee said at the beginning of the war, that if he owned all the slaves in the South and could by freeing them save the Union he would do so with the stroke of his pen, ought to furnish a satisfactory refutation of this unjust charge.

But let us admit, for the sake of the argument only, that the charge is true. How, then, does the case stand as to us both on the law and the facts?

It will not be charged by the greatest enemy of the South that it was in any way responsible, either for the existence of slavery or for inaugurating that vilest of traffics—the African slave trade. On the contrary, history attests that slavery was forced upon this country by England against the earnest protests of the South as well as of the North when the States were Colonies under the control of that country; that “the first statute establishing slavery in America is to be found in the famous Code of Fundamentals or Body of the Liberties of the Massachusetts Colony of New England, adopted in December, 1641,” that the “Desire,” one of the very first vessels built in Massachusetts, was fitted out for carrying on the slave trade; “that the traffic became so popular that great attention was paid to it by the New England shipowners, and that they practically monopolized it for a number of years.” (“The True Civil War,” pp. 28, 29, 30.) And history further attests that Virginia was the first State, North or South, to prohibit the slave traffic from Africa, and that Georgia was the first to incorporate that prohibition in her Constitution.

We have no desire to say unkind things about the North. But it is easy to show, that as long as slavery existed there, as it did in all the Colonies when independence was declared, the treatment of slaves by the people of that section was as harsh as, if not more so than, was ever known in any part of the South. Not only is this true, but it is also easy to show that as long as the people of the North were the owners of slaves they regarded and treated and disposed of them as “property,” just as the people of England had done since 1713, when slaves were held to be “merchandise” by the twelve judges of that country, with the venerable Holt at their head. We could further show that slavery existed at the North just as long as it was profitable to have it there; that the moral and religious sense of that section was only heard to complain of that institution after it was found to be unprofitable and after the people of that section had for the most part sold their slaves to the people of the South; and that, after Whitney’s invention of the cotton gin, which wrought such a revolution in the production of cotton at the South as to cause slave labor greatly to increase in value, and which induced many Northern men to engage in that production, these men almost invariably purchased their slaves for that purpose, and many of these owned them when the war broke out.

The South was then in no sense responsible for the existence of slavery within its borders, but it was brought there against its will; it was clearly recognized and attempted to be controlled and protected by the Constitution—the supreme law of the land—and the people of the South, not believing that any other or better disposition could be made of the slaves than by holding them in bondage, only continued to do this.

In the meantime numerous efforts were made, both by Southern States and by individuals, to abolish the institution, and it is the almost universal belief now that these efforts would have been gradually successful, but for the harsh and

unjust criticisms of the Southern people by some of those at the North and the outrageous, illegal, and incendiary interferences by the abolitionists and their emissaries. As early as 1769 the House of Burgesses of Virginia tried to abolish slavery in Virginia, but was prohibited by the veto of George III., then King of England, “in the interests of English commerce.” And throughout the period from 1776 to 1832, when the work of the abolitionists first began to be felt, the question of how to accomplish emancipation engaged the thought of some of the most eminent men of Virginia and other Southern States.

Mr. George Lunt, a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, in his interesting work, entitled “Origin of the Late War,” in which he shows that the North was the aggressor and wrongdoer throughout, says: “Slavery, in the popular sense, was the cause of war, just as property is the cause of robbery.”

Whilst we do not indorse this statement, looking at the subject from the view-point of a Southerner, yet if it were true, surely there is nothing in it from which the people of the North can take any comfort or credit to themselves.

But so anxious are our former enemies to convince the world that the South did fight for the perpetuation of slavery that some of them have, either wittingly or unwittingly, resorted to misrepresentations or misinterpretations of some of the sayings of our representative men to try to establish this as a fact. A noted instance of this is found in the oft-repeated charge that the late Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, had said in his famous speech, delivered at Savannah in February, 1861, that “slavery was the corner stone of the Confederacy.”

We have heard this charge made by one of the most enlightened and liberal men of the North, and yet we have at hand utterances from this same Northerner tantamount to what Mr. Stephens said in that speech. Mr. Stephens was speaking of the Confederacy, just then organized, and contrasting some of the principles on which it was founded with some of those of the Republican party, then coming into power for the first time, and he said: “Our government is founded on exactly the opposite idea (that the two races, black and white, are equal); its foundations are laid; its corner stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his (the negro’s) natural and normal condition.”

Now it will be observed in the first place that Mr. Stephens said the “corner stone” of the Confederacy “rests upon the great truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man.” And isn’t this fact recognized as true to-day in every part of this land?

But hear now the utterances of this liberal and cultured Northerner on the same subject when he says as he does: “The Africans are distinctly an inferior order of being, not only in the South, or slave States, but throughout the North also, not entitled to unrestricted pursuit on equal terms of life, liberty, and happiness.”

Is there any difference in principle between these two utterances? If, as this distinguished Northerner asserts, and as every one knows to be true, the negroes are “distinctly an inferior order of being” and “not entitled to the unrestricted pursuit on equal terms [with the whites] of life, liberty, and happiness,” does not this make “subordination to the superior race his natural and normal condition,” as Mr. Stephens says?



But hear now what Mr. Lincoln, the great demigod of the North, had to say on this subject in a speech delivered at Charleston, Ill., in 1858, when he said: "I will say, then, that I am not now, nor never have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races. I am not now, nor never have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor of intermarriage with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. Inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be a position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white man."

Again we ask: Is there any difference in principle between what is here said by Mr. Lincoln and what was said by Mr. Stephens in his famous "corner stone" speech?

And, notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln issued his "Emancipation Proclamation" eighteen months later, he said in his first inaugural: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Could he have used stronger language to show that he believed not only in the legality of the position of the South on the subject of slavery, but that he believed in the propriety of that position as well?

Mr. Toombs said in a speech delivered in Boston in 1856: "The white is the superior and the black the inferior, and that subordination, with or without law, will be the status of the African in this mixed society. Therefore it is to the interest of both, and especially to the black race, that this status should be fixed, controlled, and protected by law." And this is just as true to-day as it was when this statement was made by this great statesman in 1856.

But there is this remarkable fact in connection with slavery and its relations to the war, which we have not seen elsewhere referred to, and which is to our mind a conclusive refutation of the charge that the continuation or the extinction of slavery had any influence whatever on the conduct of the Southern people, and especially that of the Confederate soldier in that war.

The writer belonged to one of the three companies in the army, the personnel of which is so vividly described by the author of "Four Years under Marse Robert," in which there were serving as privates many full graduates of the University of Virginia and other leading colleges both North and South. In these companies a variety of subjects pertaining to the war, religion, politics, philosophy, literature, and what not, were discussed with intelligence and often with animation and ability, and yet neither he nor any of his comrades can recall the fact that they ever heard the subject of slavery or the relations of the slaves to the war, referred to in any way during that period, except that when it was determined to put slaves in our army, a violent protest against doing so went up from the ranks, and the only thing which even partially reconciled our men to this proposed action was the knowledge of the fact that it had the sanction and approval of General Lee. We have inquired of comrades of various other commands about this, and with the like result. Do men fight for a thing or a cause they never speak of or discuss? It seems to us that to ask this question is to furnish the answer.

Not only is the foregoing statement true, but with the exception of the steps taken to send negroes to help erect fortifications, employing them as laborers, etc., but little consideration seems to have been given them or of their status to the war either in the Congress or the Cabinet of the Confederacy. The reasons for this are manifest to those of us who lived in those days, but a word of explanation may be necessary to those who have since come on the stage of life. In the first



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS,  
Grandson of Jefferson Davis, bearing his name.

place slavery, as it existed in the South, was patriarchal in its character; the slaves (servants, as we called them) were regarded and treated as members of the families to which they severally belonged; with rare exceptions, they were treated with kindness and consideration, and frequently the relations between the slave and his owner were those of real affection and confidence. As Mr. Lunt, the Boston writer, from whom we have already quoted, says: "The negroes were perfectly contented with their lot. In general they were not only happy in their condition, but proud of it."

Their owners trusted them with their families, their farms, and their affairs, and this confidence was rarely betrayed—scarcely ever, unless they were forced to violate their trusts by coming in contact with the Federal armies, or were beguiled and betrayed themselves by mean and designing white men. The truth is, both the white and the black people of the South regarded the Confederate cause alike as their cause, and looked to its success with almost, if not quite, equal anxiety



and delight. A most striking illustration of this and of the readiness of the slaves to fight even, if necessary, for the Confederate cause is furnished by the following incident: In February, 1865, when negro troops had been authorized to be enrolled in the Confederate army, there were employed at Jackson Hospital, near Richmond, seventy-two negro men. The surgeon in charge, the late Dr. F. W. Hancock, of Richmond, had these men formed in line; and after asking them "if they would be willing to take up arms to protect their masters' families, homes, and their own from an attacking foe, sixty out of seventy-two responded that they would volunteer to go to the trenches and fight the enemy to the bitter end." ("War Rebellion Records," Series IV., Volume II., p. 1193.)

At the date here referred to we know that the life of the Confederate soldier was one of the greatest hardship and peril, and the fact that five out of every six of these negroes were then ready to volunteer and go to the trenches showed conclusively how truly they regarded the Confederate cause as their cause as well as that of the white people of the South. Indeed, we doubt if a larger per cent of the whites in any part of the country would have volunteered to go to the front at that stage of the war. If, then, it were true, as alleged, that the white people of the South were fighting for slavery, does it not necessarily follow that the slaves themselves were ready and willing to fight for it too? One of these propositions is just as true as the other.

We think we have shown then that even if we admit that slavery was, as falsely charged, the "cause of the war" the South was in no way responsible for the existence of that cause; but it was a condition forced upon it, one recognized by the supreme law of the land, one which the South dealt with legally and justly as contemplated by that law, and history shows that in every respect, and in every instance, the aggressions and violations of the law were committed by the North. Mr. Lunt says: "Of four several compromises between the two sections of country since the Revolutionary War, each has been kept by the South and violated by the North." Indeed, we challenge the North to point out one single instance in which the South violated the Constitution or any of the laws made in pursuance thereof; whilst, on the contrary, fourteen of the Northern States passed acts nullifying the fugitive slave law, passed by Congress in obedience to the Constitution, denounced and defied the decisions of the Supreme Court, and Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, says of the abolitionists: "They applauded John Brown to the echo for a series of the basest murders on record. They did not conceal their hostility to the Federal and State governments nor deny their enmity to all laws which protected white men. The Constitution stood in their way, and they cursed it bitterly. The Bible was quoted against them, and they reviled God the Almighty himself."

(2) *Our next inquiry is: Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?*

Mr. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," states a universally recognized principle when he says: "The aggressor in war—that is, he who begins it—is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary."

We think we have already shown, by Northern authorities, that the North was the aggressor and violator of the Constitution and of the legal rights of the South in reference to what they allege to be the "cause of the war," and it is easy to show, by like authorities, that it was clearly the aggressor in bringing on the war.

On the 7th of April, 1861, President Davis said: "With

the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision and the fearful evils of the cruel war."

In his reply to Mr. Lincoln's call for Virginia's quota of seventy-five thousand troops to coerce the South, on April 15, 1861, Governor Letcher said: "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and you can get no troops from Virginia for any such purpose."

But we are not content to rest this question on the statements of these Southern authorities, as high as they are, but will let Northern writers say what they think about this important question.

Mr. Lunt says in reference to Mr. Lincoln sending the fleet to reënforce Sumter in April, 1861: "It was intended to draw the fire of the Confederates, and was a silent aggression with the object of producing an active aggression from the other side."

Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, another Massachusetts writer, says: "The South was invaded and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was begun by the Federal government against the seceding States in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

But let us hear what Mr. Lincoln himself has to say on this question, and with his testimony we shall regard the question as conclusively settled. In reply to a committee from Chicago sent to intercede with him to be relieved from sending more troops from that city to the Northern armies, Mr. Lincoln said in a tone of bitterness: "Gentlemen, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South, as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it; you called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." (See Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," Volume II., p. 149.)

(3) *Which side had the legal right to do what was done?*

On the column of the monument erected to our great civic leader are the words *pro aris et focis*, meaning that the real cause of the South was that we fought in defense of our altars and our firesides. And the man who would not

"Strike for his altars and his fires,  
God and his native land"

is a craven and a coward and unworthy even of the name of man. Our country was invaded by armed men intent on coercion and conquest. We met them on the threshold and beat them and drove them back as long as we had anything to eat or strength to fight with. We could do no more, we could do no less, and history, our children, and even many of our former enemies now applaud our conduct.

There were, however, two, and but two, questions really involved in the conflict. We can scarcely do more than state these and cite some of the many Northern authorities to sustain the position that the South was right on both of these. They were: (1) *The right of a State to secede*, and (2) *the right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding State*. As to the first of these questions, the late Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, said what is true: "Secession, like slavery, was first planted in New England. There it grew and flourished and spread its branches far over the land before it was ever dreamed of at the South." And he further says



that John Quincy Adams, in 1839, and Abraham Lincoln, in 1847, made elaborate arguments in favor of the legal right of a State to secede.

Mr. William Rawle, also late of Pennsylvania, in his work on the Constitution, the text-book used at West Point before the war, says: "It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union."

Timothy Pickering, Josiah Quincy, and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, all of Massachusetts, the late Horace Greeley, Goldwin Smith, General Don Piet, of the Federal army, and the Hartford Convention all asserted and affirmed the same doctrine. And we know that had not this right been understood to exist at the time of the adoption of the Constitution it would never have been adopted.

As to the second of these questions—*i. e.*, the right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding State—this question was discussed to some extent in the convention which framed the Constitution. Mr. Madison (called the "Father of the Constitution") said: "The more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, and the efficiency of it when applied to people collectively and not individually. A union of the States containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction."

And Mr. Hamilton said: "But how can this force be exercised on the States collectively? It is impossible. It amounts to war between the parties. Foreign powers also will not be idle spectators. They will interpose, and a dissolution of the Union will ensue." (5th Mad. Pap. 140 and 200.) And no such right or power can be found anywhere in the Constitution.

The late James C. Carter, of New York (a native of New England), one of the greatest lawyers this country has ever produced, said: "I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been raised; not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union, as formed by that instrument, could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative."

In November, 1860, the New York *Herald* said: "Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword, possessing the right to break the tie of confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. . . . Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question."

The question was maturely considered by Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet at the close of his administration, and it was unanimously determined that no such right existed.

One of the resolutions of the platform of the Chicago Convention, on which Mr. Lincoln was elected, and which he reaffirmed in his first inaugural, was the following:

*"Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, *no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.*"

To show that Mr. Lincoln was fully cognizant of the fact that he was committing this "gravest of crimes" when he caused his armies to invade the Southern States, we will give his own definition of the meaning of the terms "invasion"

and "coercion," as contained in his speech delivered at Indianapolis on his journey to Washington to be inaugurated in February, 1861. He asks: "What, then, is 'coercion?' What is 'invasion?' Would the marching of an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people and with hostile intent toward them be 'invasion?' I certainly think it would, and it would be 'coercion' also if South Carolinians were forced to submit."

Is not this exactly what he did to South Carolina and to all the other Southern States? And is it not true that this "gravest of crimes" having been committed by him without the authority of Congress, or any legal right, was the sole cause why the Southern people went to war? We know that such is the fact, and surely no further authorities can be necessary to show that the South was right on both of the only two questions involved in the war; and if it had not resisted and fought under the circumstances in which it was placed, it would have been eternally disgraced.

We can only state and without discussing at all our last inquiry, which is:

(4) *Which side conducted itself the better and according to the rules of civilized warfare pending the conflict?*

With the notoriously infamous records of the conduct of Sheridan, Hunter, and Milroy in the Valley (to say nothing of how far Grant participated in that conduct), of that of Pope and Steinwehr in Piedmont, Va., of that of Butler in Norfolk and New Orleans, and, worse than all, the confessed vandalism of Sherman on his "March to the Sea," together with the burning of Atlanta and Columbia, the last stimulated and encouraged by Halleck, the chief of staff of the armies of the Union, and contrast all this with the humane order of General Lee, on his campaign of invasion into Pennsylvania, and the conduct of his army in that campaign, and there can be but one answer to this inquiry. That answer is that the South did right and that the North did wrong.

"God holds the scales of justice;  
He will measure praise and blame;  
And the South will stand the verdict,  
And will stand it without shame."

#### CONFEDERATE FLAG IN UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

P. DeArlington, General Delivery, Dayton, Ohio, writes:

"Recently I purchased at an auction sale of unclaimed baggage an old valise, in which was found wrapped in the remnants of an old tattered flag a photograph of a group of C. S. A. officers. On the back was written, yet quite legible:

"Our Mess

Johnson's Island, Jan. 186—.

Capt. Jno. G. Kelly, 1st Mo. Cav.; Capt. Reuben Kay, A. A. G., of Gen. Thompson's staff; Lieut. Harrison M. McClure, 1st Mo. Cav.; Capt. Wm. B. Coy, 9th Mo. Infy.; Capt. Jno. C. Ward, 11th Va. Infy.; Capt. Jno. T. Yates, Q. M. McD's Mo. Cav.; Lieut. Jno. T. Mahan, 1st Mo. Cav.; Lieut. S. R. Price, 1st Mo. Cav.; Brig. Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, Mo.; Lieut. Wm. Etter, 1st Mo. Cav.; Lieut. Wm. A. Bart (or Bast), 3d Mo. Cav.

From a pencil drawing by Wm. B. Coy, Capt. C. S. A."

As this was evidently a highly prized picture, Mr. DeArlington is anxious to return it to its owner.

Rev. J. A. Burgess, of Saginaw, Oregon, inquired for J. H. Burgess, of the 22d Alabama, and hopes to hear from some comrade soon.



*A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT FOR ST. LOUIS.*

Mrs. William G. Moore (36 Vandeventer Place), President of the St. Louis Confederate Monument Association, makes an appeal in which she says: "The Southern women of St. Louis have undertaken the erection of a monument to the Confederate soldier. The world owes the duty to itself and to posterity to commemorate the deeds of its noble and brave. Our country gave the sublimest illustration of courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice when the manhood of the South marched at the call to arms, and counted even their lives of little worth by the side of the cause they loved. Most of them sleep to-day in unmarked and nameless graves throughout the Southland. They need no monuments to do them honor, for their valor and chivalry are the admiration of the world. But our common country owes to itself and to its children the duty of perpetuating, as far as granite and bronze and inscriptions can do it, the courage, valor, and patriotism of the American soldier, the noble qualities and high virtues that have made our country great and that alone will reproduce a race of noble men. There is no stronger inspiration that can be invoked, there is no enthusiasm that can be created or awakened that will lead men so quickly into the ranks around our common flag and hold them so steadily in the face of death as the example of the brave deeds, the patriotic spirit, and loyal devotion of the Confederate soldier. The Confederate soldiers are rapidly passing away, and now is the time to erect a monument in their honor."

*TO THE D. O. C., ST. LOUIS.*

BY JOHN N. EDWARDS.

In the splendorful, tenderful spirit  
Of a sorrowful grave-strewn past  
Comes the wonderful love of the women  
To cherish their dead to the last.

In the black of the night of surrender,  
Mid the crash of the cause tumbled down,  
Shone the miracle love of our women—  
A halo of grace for a crown.

And the beautiful light in the darkness.  
Lit the way from the Valley of Tears,  
Kindled hope in the breast of the soldiers,  
Undimmed by the rust of the years.

Let the heroic hearts of our women  
Lift the shafts to our dead to the sky!  
Let them grave on the marble the story  
Of valor that never can die!

*MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SHILOH.*

Rev. W. D. Dunn, of Shiloh Circuit, Mitchie, Tenn.:

"We are planning to build a 'Memorial Church' at Shiloh, Tenn., on Shiloh battle ground in honor of the Southern dead to cost \$8,000 to \$10,000, and in order to do so we are dependent largely on advertising through the various papers. So, we ask the VETERAN to give us help by this notice.

"The South has two monuments in the park now—General Bate's to the 2d Tennessee Infantry, and one erected by the Alabama Division, U. D. C. We want to build a beautiful church, one that will be more beautiful than any monument. Subscribe now. Will call for the money when needed.

"Committee: D. C. McCullers (Chairman), Dr. H. Abernathy (Secretary), Perry Cantrell, and G. W. Livingston, all of Mitchie, Tenn.; and Rev. G. H. Hurley, Treasurer. Pittsburg Landing, Tenn."

*MONUMENT FOR THE SOUTH AT SHILOH.*

BY CAPT. J. W. IRWIN, SAVANNAH, TENN.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are doing a noble work in every State by erecting monuments and memorials in honor of the Confederate soldier and in caring for those who are needy. The undertaking begun by the large-hearted, brave little Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, at Savannah, Tenn., to erect a monument on the battlefield of Shiloh in honor of all Confederate soldiers from every State who participated in that battle has been adopted by the General U. D. C. A considerable sum is already in hand at interest. The ladies have taken up the work with that enthusiasm which assures success at no distant day. As every State organization is now enlisted in this enterprise, and as the General U. D. C. has pledged five hundred dollars annually until the monument is completed, they can plan for a more elaborate memorial than could have been expected from a single or even any State organization. May we not now aspire to erect a memorial at Shiloh which shall not be surpassed by any of the one hundred and seven monuments (numbers of which are handsome) erected on this field by the Northern States in honor of their dead?

We hope that the Daughters will set their mark for a thirty-thousand-dollar equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston so designed and inscribed that it shall be a memorial in honor of all Confederate soldiers who participated in this battle. This was the idea and wish of Shiloh Chapter from the beginning.

*MEMORIAL TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.*

BY CORNELIUS H. FAUNTLEROY.

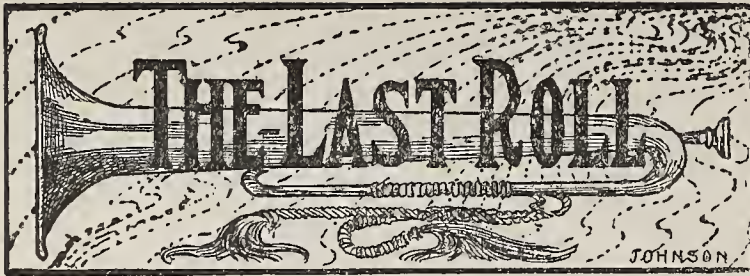
Undying in faith and love, last at the cross and first at the tomb, it has always been woman's glory to uphold man's faltering footsteps, bind up his wounds, and soothe his aching brow. At no time in her glorious history has this noble mission of woman been better exemplified than in the women of the South during and after the Civil War. In death and desolation and in mental and bodily anguish unspeakable the light of their faith in the Southern soldier and in the Southern cause never went out. The Southern soldier went unflinching to his certain death nerved and cheered by the support of the loved women at home.

When all was over, when the soil of the South had drunk in vain the lifeblood of her best and bravest, when darkness unspeakable brooded over the land, and the lamp of hope had gone out, Southern women again took up the crushing burden, soothed the starving, bleeding soldier, and whispered hope for the future into his agonized mind and heart.

The renaissance of the South after the greatest and most pitiless war of history is due to her women. And now, when the clouds have rolled away and the bright sun of peace and prosperity shines over our once-desolated land, it is again the tender, tireless hands of the loving women of the South that decorate each year the graves of our dead heroes, and their voices and pens that keep their memories green in the hearts and minds of the rising generations.

How can we Southern men honor our matchless women? Already we have reared in our hearts a spiritual monument to them even more exquisite than that described by the Rev. Dr. McKim as reared to the Southern soldier. But let us not stop at this. Let us erect at Richmond or some other Southern city a physical monument to the Southern women which shall express in form and feature, beautiful and tender and worthy of the genius of a Phidias or a Praxiteles, that undying love, honor, and reverence which we can never adequately express.





"He is not dead! Such souls can never die;  
He breathes already a diviner air,  
And those eternal visions, vast and fair,  
Already stretch before his wondering eye.

He is not gone! His presence still is nigh,  
And lives within our hearts with holiest prayer  
And sweetens all our lives like incense rare  
That floats like fragrance to the throne on high."

DR. P. W. HALBERT.

Dr. P. W. Halbert died at his home, in Lincoln County, Tenn., on April 4, in his sixty-fourth year. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Captain Ramsey's company of Fayetteville, Tenn., which was a part of Col. Peter Turney's regiment, the first regiment that left Tennessee for the seat of war in Virginia. He was in the battle of Bull Run, and was badly wounded in the lungs at Seven Pines. After recovering from that, he was attached to Company F, 12th Regiment of Cavalry, better known as Nixon's Regiment, Bell's Brigade, under General Forrest. He was wounded again in a skirmish at Campbellsville, Tenn., a Minie ball in his wrist disabling him for a short time, and he was with the army and saw the stars and bars go down at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865. After the war he studied medicine, and practiced his profession until his health failed. He made many friends as a physician and citizen, and always took an active interest in the welfare of his county and State.

SAMUEL HENDERSON BUSTER.

Samuel Henderson Buster was born in Greene County, Tenn., in 1832; and died near Franklin, Nebr., in October, 1906. The family moved to Missouri when he was a small boy, and he entered the Confederate army in December, 1861, as a member of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Elijah Gates, and was afterwards in Shelby's Brigade until the close of the war. After witnessing the dramatic burial of their flag in the Rio Grande, he turned his face homeward and rejoined his family. He went to Nebraska in 1872, and resided in Franklin County until his death, which is the first break in the family, his wife, two sons, and eight daughters surviving.

DR. HARVEY OLIVER MILTON.

After some years of feeble health, Dr. H. O. Milton died suddenly at the home of his son, in Knoxville, Tenn., in November last, having nearly reached his seventy-fourth birthday. He was born in South Carolina; but the family removed to Selma, Ala., and at that place Dr. Milton grew up. He received a good education, and finished in medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, in 1857. He practiced at Selma until the breaking out of war, in which he served as assistant surgeon of the 4th and 15th Alabama Regiments, taking part in the campaigns about Richmond, Second Manassas, and Chickamauga. Toward the close of the war he was promoted and stationed at Macon, Ga., where

he was married to Miss Sarah Fort in 1865. He removed to Chattanooga in 1877, and the following year rendered valuable service in that city during the yellow fever epidemic. He retired from active practice fifteen years ago, and in 1897 removed to Knoxville to make his home with his only son. For several years he had been Vice President of the Knoxville Sentinel Company. He made friends wherever he lived.

COL. ROBERT PATTON EBERHARDT.

The death of Col. R. P. Eberhardt in Atlanta, Ga., during January last closed a career that was remarkable in many respects. He was born in Madison County, Ga., in 1834, and received his education in that and Elbert County. He always had a great love of country and for true liberty; and, being fond of an active life, when but little more than twenty-one years of age he enlisted in the expedition under Gen. William Walker to Nicaragua. He faithfully endured the hardships of that service and received an honorable discharge. He returned to Elbert County, and with the opening of the Civil War his patriotic spirit was again aroused, and he enlisted with the "Goshen Blues," which he commanded and which company became a part of the legion organized at Camp Kirkpatrick, between Atlanta and Decatur, this legion being composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, to serve three years. The legion was sent to Savannah; and when leaving there for Virginia several changes were made, separating the infantry, which was afterwards known as the 38th Georgia Regiment and which was first in the brigade commanded by Gen. A. R. Lawton under Stonewall Jackson, and later in the famous Gordon Brigade, subsequently commanded by Gen. C. A. Evans.

In 1862 Captain Lawton was promoted to major of his regiment, afterwards to lieutenant colonel, and for a time was in command of his regiment. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, but rejoined his regiment as soon as able, and participated in the many battles engaged in by that famous regiment. The 38th Georgia, with the Evans Brigade, was in the last fight and the last charge of the army, on the morning of April 9, 1865.

He returned to Georgia after the war, and in 1875 located in Athens, where he became a prominent business man. He went to Atlanta in 1884; but retired from active business about fifteen years ago on account of ill health, and had since lived his good life in a quiet way. He was married in September, 1861, to Miss Emma Priscilla Hunt, of Elbert County, who survives him with seven children.

REV. SIMEON U. GRIMSLEY.

Harmanson-West Camp, of Hallwood, Va., mourns the passing of their beloved Chaplain, Simeon U. Grimsley, whom death released after many weary months of pain and suffering. His service was as a private in Company D, of the 15th Virginia Infantry, from May, 1861, to the end of the war. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1839, ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1879, and died in November, 1906. To his beloved ones he left the heritage of a good name.

FLYNT.—H. A. Flynt was born near Florence, Ala., in 1836, dying in October, 1906, at Mt. Vernon, Tex. He was taken from Alabama to Mississippi when but three years of age, and a few years later to Texas. He enlisted in the 17th Mississippi Regiment, of Barksdale's famous brigade, which fought so gallantly at Fredericksburg. He was badly wounded at Gettysburg.



MAJ. A. A. STEPHENS.

Maj. A. A. Stephens, of Wolfe City, Tex., died at the home of his son, Charles, at Celeste, March 30, 1907. The remains were taken to Wolfe City, escorted by the Masonic lodge of Celeste and many of his old comrades. Arriving at Wolfe City, the funeral party was met by the lodge of that city and a number of Veterans and friends. The services were conducted in the Baptist church by the Major's old-time friend, Rev. J. H. Boyet, who paid a fitting tribute to his noble character, giving him special praise for his unremitting kindness to his indigent comrades and all others in distress or need. The remains were conveyed to Mount Carmel Cemetery, followed by the largest concourse of people that ever attended a funeral at Wolfe City.

Major Stephens was born in Bibb County, Ala., March 24, 1843. At an early age his family moved to Mississippi, where he grew to manhood.

At the commencement of the Civil War he joined Company K, 1st Mississippi Infantry. He was in the siege of Port Hudson, La., where he was captured and paroled. He served on provost duty, guarding prisoners at Andersonville prison until July, 1863, when he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, under Joseph E. Johnston and J. B. Hood, participating in all the bloody battles of that army.

When the Confederate army was defeated at Nashville and every one was ordered to take care of himself, Private Stephens started out

loaded with camp equipage, being among the last leaving the intrenchments. When he found his captain dangerously wounded, he threw down his traps and took the captain on his back and carried him out at the risk of his own life.

He was always on time, if he had to go barefooted. His company was called into line one morning, and, not having time to put on his clothes, he "fell in," for which he received a severe reprimand. A junior lieutenant, Marion Shelton, took up for the boy, who shortly proved to be one of the bravest and most deliberate marksman in our army, always on time, and standing ground where the bullets flew thickest. He was never excited, but always at his post of duty.

In July, 1866, he married Miss Eliza Durrett at Fulton, Miss.; and in 1880 he moved to Hunt County, Tex., where he took a prominent part in everything pertaining to the Confederate Veterans. He was the efficient Adjutant of the Ben McCullough Camp, of Wolfe City, for several years.

In the organization of the First Regiment, Texas Division,



MAJOR STEPHENS.

U. C. V., he was a leader, and some five years ago was elected Major, and had been reelected annually.

There survive him his wife, two sons (Charles G. and N. Z., of Celeste), and one daughter (Mrs. J. W. Griffis, of Wolfe City), all of whom are well-to-do, highly respected citizens.

Resolutions were adopted by the First Regiment, Texas Division, on the death of Major Stephens, the first of which states: "In the death of Comrade Stephens we have lost one of our best and truest comrades, the State and county one of her best and most upright citizens, and the family a kind and indulgent husband and parent."

[This sketch was sent by P. G. Carter, Commanding First Regiment, Texas Division, U. C. V.]

CAPT. J. M. CRUMP AND MARSHALL J. MILLER.

The Confederate Historical Association of Memphis reports the death of two highly esteemed members who passed over in November, 1906:

Capt. James M. Crump was born in 1843 and reared to manhood at the Greenwood plantation home, Marshall County, Miss., completing his education at Oxford, Miss. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a member of Company B, 17th Mississippi Infantry, Capt. John McGuirk commanding his company. He served with the Virginia army, and was severely wounded at Gettysburg. He had risen to the rank of captain by the close of the war. After the war, he made his home at Holly Springs for many years, but had been a resident of Memphis some twenty years. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Marshall J. Miller had long been a resident of Memphis, and in the fullness of years has passed to his eternal reward. He was honored for his soldierly qualities during the war. For some time he was a pilot, and afterwards commanded the gunboat Grampus, which figured prominently in the waters of the Mississippi before the fall of Memphis, in 1862. He was with this boat at the battle of Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus, Ky., when the Confederates came so near to capturing General Grant. He was subsequently engaged in various capacities during the war, constantly along the line of duty, until the end, in May, 1865.

G. A. MCKEE.

Died at his home in Mt. Selman, Tex., G. A. McKee on March 25. He was born in Marshall County, Tenn., in 1842. The family removed to Texas in 1846 and settled near the village of Larissa. At the age of nineteen he left Larissa College to join Capt. Frank Taylor's company of cavalry, which was mustered into the Confederate service at Dallas as Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, in which command he served faithfully to the end of the war, cheerfully enduring its privations and bravely facing its dangers.

After the war he engaged in the nursery and fruit business near Mt. Selman, in which he was very successful. He was married in 1865, and leaves four sons, good and upright citizens of the community.

W. M. DUNWOODY.—W. M. Dunwoody was born in Greene County, Tenn., December 14, 1844; and at an early age entered the Confederate army and served four years. He was married in 1870, and the following twenty-seven years of his life were spent in Alabama, Western Texas, Indian Territory, and Oklahoma. He died at Shawnee, Okla., in April, 1907, after a year or more of suffering from a cancerous affection. His wife, two sons, and two daughters survive him.



## SIDNEY VIRGIL PATRICK.

Born May 13, 1842, at Cornersville, Tenn., S. V. Patrick, who was a faithful Confederate soldier; died at the home of his mother, in Galveston, Tex., April 23, 1907. He became ill early in December previous, but attended faithfully his duties until a few days previous to his death. He had been United States Inspector of Customs through appointment by President Cleveland during his first administration. The remains were taken by his son, his only surviving child, to Double Bayou, Chambers County, Tex., for interment by the side of his wife.

Comrade Patrick was a nephew of Gen. Preston Smith, who was killed at Chickamauga September 20, 1862. He and his brother (now dead) both served under General Smith. The mother, yet living, is a sister of General Smith, and she has living two daughters (Mrs. W. W. Gregory and Mrs. J. M. Foster) and a son (J. E. Patrick), all natives of Tennessee.

A correspondent of the Galveston News writes of him:

"Virge belonged to Company E, 5th Texas, organized by Col. John D. Rogers. He was one of the first volunteers, was faithful to the last, and laid down his gun only when Lee surrendered. He was one of the best and truest men and one of the most reliable soldiers I ever knew. He never shirked the slightest duty either in camp or on the field. During the four years I was with him in Virginia I don't remember to have ever seen him 'rattled' or excited. He took things as they came, and was apparently indifferent whether the thing was to build a camp fire or charge a battery.

"I give an incident that illustrates his coolness and courage. At Second Manassas, after we had driven all that were left of the New York Zouaves across Bull Run Creek, we were ordered to charge a battery stationed on the hill that was playing the mischief with us. Just about this time there was a bunch of zouaves ahead of us going as rapidly as they could. In crossing the creek their big zouave pants had got full of water, and their legs looked like balloons. We were shooting at them, and one little fellow seemed to receive more than his share of attention, for he got several shots through his pants. He was not crippled, however, for he went up the hill like a rabbit, and at every jump the water squirted like one of those garden fountain hoses. It was a funny sight, but most of us were too scared to see the fun of it just then. Not so with Virge. I looked at him, and he was laughing fit to kill himself. We charged so close to the guns that when they were discharged we could feel the heat from them in our faces.

"In the hottest part of the work I glanced at Virge again, and he was evidently thinking of that zouave and his water-works, for he was grinning and apparently enjoying the memory of it. After we had taken the battery and had halted for a breathing spell, the first words he said were: 'Say, did you see that Yankee?' He was as cool and free from excitement and enjoyed the funny side of the thing as much as he would have done had the scene taken place in a theater and he had been one of the spectators."

## DR. PAUL C. YATES.

Dr. P. C. Yates died at his home, in Neosho, Mo., February 18, 1907, after a lingering illness. The death of this devoted father and husband was a great shock to his family and a loss to his State of a good physician and noble, kindly Christian gentleman, who was ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasure for the good of others.

Dr. Yates was born in Randolph County, Mo., on March 1, 1836, the oldest son of Judge John M. Yates, a native of Vir-

ginia. Judge Yates belonged to a prominent family, with Revolutionary ancestors of note, and Chief Justice John Marshall was his great-uncle, for whom he was named. He married Miss Virginia Christian, and went to Missouri in 1822. Dr. Yates studied medicine, graduating at Pope's College, in St. Louis, in 1861, when the country was stirred by the menace of war. He joined one of the first companies going South under Gen. John B. Clark. From the first skirmishing at Boonville and Carthage to the last call to "stack arms" he was always a brave a soldier, a faithful comrade and friend. After the battle of Springfield, he was appointed surgeon, and remained with Price's army till the close of the war, serving with Colonel Shaver's Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers.

An incident of those times is strongly characteristic of his steadfast adherence to duty. After the battle of Elk Horn, Dr. Yates went with his wounded to Van Buren to insure



DR. PAUL YATES AND WIFE.

their safety, the battlefield being in possession of the Federals. Then he hastened to General Price and asked permission to return to his brother, Will, who was wounded too severely to be removed. General Price told him he could not give him a pass, as the Federals were sure to arrest him, and he would probably be shot for a spy. General Price said: "General Davidson's special orders were to bring no doctors, as they consider them spies. Besides, I promised your father to take care of his boys."

But the little man who stood before him was obdurate. "I must take my chances, General. He is only a boy; shot through the lungs, dying perhaps, and calling for me."

The pass was written, and Dr. Yates was stopped on the road by a Major Reynolds, who frowned at his replies to his short questions until he told his name.

"It is the name of my bosom friend, who is now Governor of Illinois," said the Federal.

"Yes, he is my cousin," Dr. Yates replied.

The Major with his carriage carried him into the camp.



"I started into this," Dr. Yates told the writer, "with my trust in Providence, and here my relationship to the genial Republican Governor of Illinois saved me in the very tightest of all tight places I ever found."

He found his brother, nursed him back to life, and Dr. William Yates is practicing medicine to-day at Calao, Mo. He was with the beloved brother during his last illness. A younger brother, Arthur, was killed at Kennesaw Mountain.

Dr. Yates was married to Miss Alice Levy in Camden, Ark., at the close of the war; but in 1880 returned for his health to South Missouri, where he practiced his profession till his health failed, last year. He leaves a wife and seven children: Mrs. Ruby Lacy, of Portland, Oregon; Misses Levy, Emma, and Mamie Lee, and Jack and Paul, of Portland; and Edward, of Globe, Ariz. In the army, in his lodge (he was a Mason in high standing), in his profession, and in his home he was the same, faithful to every trust and ever zealous in the cause of good.

Dr. Yates worked untiringly in aid of the monument in memory of the Confederate soldiers a few years ago, and it was completed in time for "The Gray Soldier" to stand guard over his resting place in beautiful Neosho.

## ROBERT EDWARD GARRETT.

When the first call for volunteers was sounded through our beloved Southland in the early part of April, 1861, a company was formed in Selma, Ala., known as the Magnolia Cadets Infantry, and among the first names enrolled was that of Robert E. Garrett.

Mr. Garrett was a Virginian by birth; but, residing in Alabama at the beginning of the war, he enlisted under her banner, and on April 23, 1861, his company was ordered from Selma, Ala., to Dalton, Ga., where it was assigned to the 4th Alabama Regiment as Company C, and from this point was ordered to Virginia. Just before leaving Selma Mrs.



ROBERT E. GARRETT.

Clemm White, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, presented to this company a handsome silk flag made of her wedding gown, and it was at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, when the color bearer, who stood at Mr. Garrett's right, was killed and the flagstaff shattered, that Mr. Garrett took from the hand of his dead comrade the much-prized banner and bore it aloft until he was himself wounded and disabled. In the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, he was again wounded, and a third time in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. Later he was promoted to be regimental ordnance sergeant, and in this capacity served until the close of the war.

He was a member of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, United Confederate Veterans, Baltimore.

From early manhood Mr. Garrett had been a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and was faithful in the discharge of every obligation in life.

Mr. Garrett died on July 17, 1906, at his residence, on McCulloh Street, Baltimore, Md.

## W. R. A. YARBROUGH.

The death of Mr. W. R. A. Yarbrough occurred near Nashville June 21, 1907. He had been in failing health for the past ten years, incident to infirmity of age and exposure during the war of 1861-65.

Mr. Yarbrough was born in Charlotte, N. C., October 24, 1828, and was seventy-eight years and eight months old. He located in Montgomery, Ala., when a young man. When the tocsin of war was sounded between the North and the Southern States, he enlisted in the Confederate service in Company K, 22d Alabama Infantry Regiment. He served in the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. A. S. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and General Joseph E. Johnston, until the close of the war. He was detailed by General Bragg for special secret service, and made several trips to Nashville and other places inside Federal lines and procured medicine and surgical instruments, etc., for the Southern army. He often related interviews he had with Federal officers and soldiers while on the hazardous duty. After peace was declared, Mr. Yarbrough entered business in Montgomery, and was a successful coal merchant for twenty years. His health failing, he sought a change of climate in Texas and later in Nashville.

He was a consistent Christian gentleman, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home for the past three years of his own choice. He is survived by his wife and devoted son, Walter S. Yarbrough, of this city. The body was taken to Montgomery, Ala., attended by the son and widow.

ARCH MCPHERSON.—Camp Lyon, at Murray, Ky., reports the loss of a valued member in February—Lieut. Arch McPherson, who enlisted in Company C, King's Battalion, in September, 1861, and was elected second lieutenant. Upon the consolidation of his company with the 1st Confederate Cavalry, in 1862, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He made a brave and gallant soldier. He was married in 1869 to Miss Augusta Erwin, who died some years ago.

## DEATHS IN HATTIESBURG, MISS.

The following members of the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., have recently passed from time to eternity: J. M. Benson, Co. F, 12th Miss. Cav.; J. B. Easterling, Co. B, 27th Miss. Inf.; W. L. Owen, Co. F, 43d Ala. Inf.; J. B. Beale, Co. E, 8th Ga. Cav.



## CAPT. I. M. AIKEN.

Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., has paid its last tribute to Capt. I. M. Aiken, of Pensacola, Fla. Comrade Aiken was seventy-six years of age, and had been in ill health for some time, yet his death was a sad shock to devoted relatives and friends. The deceased was born at Winnsboro, S. C., on October 16, 1830. When a young man, he moved to Georgia and engaged in sea island cotton planting near Darien. He was among the first to volunteer to Georgia's call for troops, and entered the 47th Volunteer Georgia Infantry, serving with distinction through the war as captain of Company H.

After the war Captain Aiken went on to Pensacola, and had been a resident of that city for many years, holding many positions of trust, one time being President of the Board of Pilot Commissioners. He built up a lucrative business there, and made many friends. He was a member of Camp Ward, No. 10, United Confederate Veterans, and always manifested much interest in its proceedings.

## JOHN MATHIS MCGINNIS.

John M. McGinnis was born near Newbern, Dyer County, Tenn., in November, 1838; and died on February 27, 1907, at his home, in Dyersburg, Tenn. He enlisted early in the war, serving in the command of General Strahl, and made a faithful soldier to the end. He took an active part in the removal of General Strahl's remains from Ashwood, near Columbia, to Dyersburg. (See VETERAN for April, 1901.) His life since had been marked by strict integrity and steadfast attention to duty, and he was held in high regard by the people of his community.

The death of his older brother, Jim W. McGinnis, at Columbia, La., is also reported as occurring on May 10. He was born in 1837, went through the war as a Confederate soldier, and afterwards made his home in Louisiana. They were at their last Reunion together in New Orleans.

## HON. FRANK TEMPLETON.

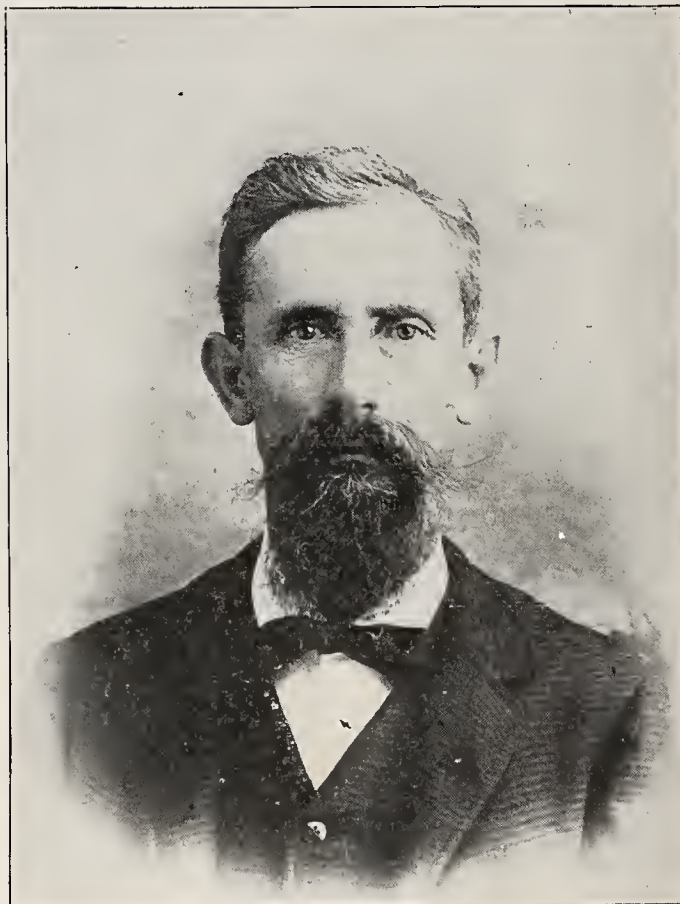
The death of Hon. Frank Templeton occurred at Houston, Tex., on April 24, 1907, just one day before completing his sixty-fourth year. He was born in Arkansas, and was taken by his parents to Texas when just three years old, and had since been a resident of the State. He had been a citizen of Houston for some twelve years, and was well known as an attorney of the city, and had served one term in the Legislature as a member from Hunt County. He was also a member of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, he and a brother (J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex.) having served the Confederacy gallantly.

Comrade Templeton had just published a historical novel, "Margaret Ballentine; or, The Fall of the Alamo," the purpose of the writing being to pay a deserved tribute to those who fell there and also to preserve the personality of such men as Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and Bonham. This book should be appreciated, especially by all who are interested in the early history of our country.

## FRANKLIN LAFAYETTE RILEY.

At his home, in New Hebron, Miss., occurred the death of Franklin L. Riley on February 19, 1907. He was born in Lawrence County, Miss., in February, 1835, and his entire life of usefulness and devotion to the uplifting of his fellow-man was spent within a small radius of where he first saw the light of day and in which his high character commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him. He was mustered into service on May 29, 1861, as a member of Com-

pany B, 16th Mississippi Regiment, where he served throughout the war with unswerving loyalty. His command was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and there did valiant service. Comrade Riley was wounded in the battle of Antietam, and as soon as able he returned home on furlough. In October, 1862, he was married to Miss Balsorah I. Weathersby. He rejoined his command in December, which was then stationed near Fredericksburg. Previous to being wounded he took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, and Maryland Heights; and afterwards in Chancellorsville, Second Fredericksburg, and the skirmishes at Falling Water, Md., Brandy Station, and Rappahannock. His command was present, but among the reserves, at Gettysburg and Bristow Station; but was engaged at the



FRANKLIN L. RILEY.

Wilderness and in the battles at Spottsylvania C. H., Petersburg, and Weldon Railroad. He was captured at Fort Gregg and sent to Point Lookout in April, 1865, and remained until June 30.

Shortly after the war he engaged in a mercantile business, in which he continued till a short while before his death. His energetic and industrious life was crowned with success. He is survived by his wife and eight children.

## COL. A. G. FLOYD.

The venerable A. G. Floyd, of Spartanburg, S. C., died from a second stroke of paralysis on June 10, 1907. He was born in Cook County on Christmas day, 1832, and served in Company G, 5th South Carolina Infantry. He was successful in business life and was esteemed by the general public. He is survived by his wife and six children (Mayor John F. Floyd, W. M., Andrew A., Brian, and Mrs. Frank Hodges, of Spartanburg, and Mrs. W. H. Darden, of Gainesville, Ga.).



## CAPT. D. T. MERRICK.

Capt. David T. Merrick, a distinguished son of Louisiana both in war and peace, and prominent in the public life of Point Coupee Parish, died at Merrick on March 14. He was a son of the late Chief Justice Merrick, of one of the noted families of the South; and whether in war or peace, he was always a leader. Born in Clinton, La., in 1841, he was sent to Centenary College at Jackson; and when the war broke out, though but nineteen years of age, he left school and entered the Confederate army. He raised a company of infantry, and commanded it under General Jackson, participating in more than a dozen hard-fought battles. At Gettysburg he had but one man of his company left. He afterwards commanded a company of sharpshooters, and was subsequently placed on the staff of Gen. Leroy Stafford as inspector general of the 2d Louisiana Brigade. He was badly wounded at Payne's Farm, in Virginia, a Minie ball passing through the side of his head over the cavity of the mouth and cutting off the lobe of his left ear. Recovery from such a wound was wonderful in the annals of surgery. Returning to his Point Coupee plantation after the war, he spent the remainder of his life in upbuilding the South for which he had fought. He was a Mason of high rank and prominent in Confederate circles for many years. His wife, a son, and a daughter are left to mourn their loss.

## SAMUEL E. ERWIN.

Comrade A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn., sends tribute to Samuel E. Erwin, who died in Hazen, Ark., on April 16, 1907, in his sixty-sixth year, "having suffered every hour of his life from the 10th of September, 1863, when at the battle of Chickamauga he received a Minie ball in the head which he carried there until February, 1904, by which time it had worked its way down to the roof of his mouth and was removed. The wound, however, failed to heal, and gave him much pain. Erysipelas developed, and death ensued. Comrade Erwin was a member of Company G, 51st Tennessee Infantry, and made a brave and gallant soldier. He was born and reared in Tipton County, Tenn., and removed to Arkansas shortly after the war. He was never married."

## DR. JAMES S. CORN.

James S. Corn was born in Winchester, Tenn., in 1849, and died at Nashville, Ark., in April, 1907. His father removed from Winchester to Arkansas in 1857. Young Corn enlisted in the Confederate army before he was fifteen years of age, joining Company A, 47th Arkansas Cavalry, commanded by Col. Lee Crandall, McCrory's Brigade, Fagan's Division, and he went through as hard service as any other soldier. He was in Price's memorable raid through Missouri, and on account of his daring and bravery part of the time was courier for General Price. After the war he studied medicine, graduating from Vanderbilt University, and in the practice of his profession he was the peer of any in Southwest Arkansas. He was married in 1878, and leaves two daughters and a son.

## JAMES H. JERNIGAN.

The Adjutant of Camp R. E. Lee, at Commerce, Tex., reports the death (which occurred last December) of James H. Jernigan, a good member, who was born in Polk County, Ark., in 1840, removing to Texas in 1856. He enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1862, in Company H, 5th Texas Cavalry, Gano's Brigade, serving in the Indian Territory and Arkansas up to 1864. He was then sent to Bonham, Tex., as scout

under General McCulloch, and subsequently assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under General Gano, and in all these campaigns performed his duty bravely and gallantly. Comrade Jernigan was made first sergeant at the organization of his company. He was afterwards elected third lieutenant. He surrendered at Greenville, Tex., June 15, 1865. After the war he was a successful merchant and stock dealer in Commerce, where he was known and respected for his sterling worth.

## THOMAS L. FEAMSTER.

Thomas L. Feamster, of Greenbrier, W. Va., passed into the great beyond with the passing of the year 1906. He was born in 1829, and had spent his entire life, save when in the army, in his native county. He was among the first to volunteer in defense of his State, joining Company A, afterwards of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, of which his brother-in-law, Moorman White, was captain, himself first lieutenant, and his brother, S. W. N. Feamster, second lieutenant. The 14th belonged to McCausland's Brigade, and was a part of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's famous cavalry. Lieutenant Feamster served through the four years, and made a record of which he was always justly proud. He was married shortly after the war to Miss Louise Cary, who survives him with four sons and three daughters. As a citizen, he took an active interest in public affairs, and was loved and respected in his community.

## JOHN LAUX.

On May 27, 1907, John Laux, an old and respected citizen of Boone County, Mo., fell asleep at his home, near Riggs, Mo. He was born in Germany August 2, 1837. At about the age of fourteen he came to America with his parents, landing at New York City. Deceased went from there to Wisconsin, where he lived for some time, coming from there to Boone County, Mo., and had been a resident of said county for fifty years.

At the beginning of the Civil War he linked his cause with the Southern Confederacy, enlisting as a soldier in Company I, of General Cockrell's Regiment, and remained with it until he was captured in the battle on Kennesaw Mountain. He was sent as a prisoner to Camp Douglas, Chicago. At the close of the war he returned to Boone County, Mo., and on November 3, 1870, was married to Esther Frances Melvin, who preceded him to the great beyond five years ago.

## CAPT. WILLIAM HUNTER.

The end of an eventful life came with the passing of Capt. William Hunter, on the 25th of March. He was a native of Texas, born in the old Hunter homestead, near the head waters of Oyster Creek, in July, 1830, and was therefore nearly seventy-seven years old. This old homestead stands to-day, and should be famous as the headquarters of Santa Anna just before the battle of San Jacinto, and from its bountiful storehouse he fed his pillaging host.

Captain Hunter was the son of Dr. Johnson Hunter, of Missouri, and the last survivor of the family. His elder brother was the first white child born in Texas or in the Austin colony. In 1852 William Hunter sought the gold fields of California, where he remained for some years. Returning to Texas, he was married in 1860 to Miss Mary Barrett Allen, of Kentucky, and to them were born two sons and three daughters.

Early in 1862 he enlisted in the 15th Texas Infantry, and served his country to the end. Upon returning from the war he again sought rural shades, in which his soul delighted.



In 1883 he moved to Houston, where he was married the second time to Miss Evelyn McGaw, who survives him with his five children. He had been a faithful, earnest member of Dick Dowling Camp, and from his deathbed sent his deathless love to comrades of the Camp. He had been flag bearer for the Camp for fifteen years, and was so attached to his old flag that it was buried with him.

Resolutions were passed by the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., in his honor as one who had never failed to respond to any call from the Chapter and who would be missed for his gracious, kindly coöperation in all good deeds.

#### CAPT. DANIEL COLEMAN.

Capt. Daniel Coleman, a prominent citizen, an accomplished scholar, a Christian gentleman, and a brave Confederate soldier, after brief, intense suffering, "Crossed the Bar" at his home, in Huntsville, Ala., June 29, 1906.

Captain Coleman was born September 7, 1838, and was reared in Athens, Ala. He was the son of Judge Daniel Coleman, of the State Supreme Court. He attended the male academy in Athens and the Hanover Academy, Virginia—a high school preparatory to the University of Virginia, conducted by his cousin, the lamented and distinguished Lieut. Col. Lewis Minor Coleman, of General Lee's artillery, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg. He attended the Wesleyan University, at Florence, Ala., where he graduated in 1857. He graduated in the Law Department of the University of Virginia. In addition to his practice of law, he and his brother, John Coleman, bought the Athens Herald, and edited that paper until the Confederate war began.

He advocated the election of Breckinridge and Lane. When Alabama seceded, he joined the Madison Rifles of Huntsville, and they proceeded to Pensacola, Fla. Soon after leaving home some of his Alabama friends who had supported Bell and Everett in the late presidential campaign made fun of and jeered at him. The stars and stripes were floating in the breeze from the tops of several business houses in Athens on that eventful day. In a few months, however, the very men who had ridiculed Daniel Coleman for "rushing off to go to war" had enlisted in the same great patriotic cause that had inspired him.

Captain Coleman lost his health at Pensacola, and through the influence of friends he was transferred to the "Limestone Troopers," organized by the lamented and talented Maj. Thomas Macklin Hobbs, who while gallantly leading his company fell mortally wounded in the battle of Seven Pines.

Captain Coleman sometime after the first battle of Manassas was transferred to the staff of Gen. Philips St. George Cocke, of Virginia. General Cocke died in January, 1862, and Captain Coleman was then transferred to the Army of Tennessee as inspector general on the staff of Gen. S. A. M. Wood, Cleburne's Division. In the battle of Shiloh, while carrying an order upon the field, his horse was killed under him.

In the battle of Murfreesboro his brother, Capt. John Heartwell Coleman, was mortally wounded while leading his company of sharpshooters in a terrific charge fifty yards in advance of the main line of the brigade. After taking the remains of his noble brother home for interment in the family graveyard, General Wood assigned him to the command of that same company of sharpshooters. He commanded that company in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, where his brother, Lieut. Richard Vassar Coleman, in his nineteenth year, was killed, pierced by a dozen balls, while leading his command in a desperate charge upon Thomas's breastworks.

He fell within thirty yards of the enemy. His company and his brother's company constituted a battalion of sharpshooters.

Captain Coleman, through the influence of his dear mother and without his knowledge, was transferred by General Bragg to General Roddy's Division of Cavalry, in the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama. In this command a month or two later a boy brother, Ruffin Coleman, enlisted in the escort company of General Roddy just after the Federals banished him, his sister Martha, and his little brother, Frank, not thirteen years old, from their mother's home, which they pillaged and confiscated.

Captain Coleman served with marked distinction and gallantry to the close of the war. In a dashing charge upon a Federal ambuscade he had the second horse killed under him. He was never wounded; but in one battle he had his canteen shot off him, and in another several holes were shot through his clothes. He was never a prisoner. In whatever command he served he was popular with the men. His superiors had implicit confidence in him. With General Roddy's command he was surrendered at Pond Spring (now Wheeler), Ala., in May, 1865.

After the war Captain Coleman immediately resumed the practice of his profession in Athens, Ala. In June, 1874, he married the accomplished Miss Claude LeVert, only daughter of Mr. Francis and Mrs. Eliza Withers LeVert. Mr. LeVert was a son of Dr. LeVert, who came as a surgeon on Lafayette's staff in the War of the American Revolution. Captain Coleman was himself of a very prominent family. The brilliant and beloved Mrs. Clay-Clopton said of him to one of his sons upon meeting for the first time, her hand resting graciously on his head: "Here is a son of the man who could have had anything within the gift of the people of Alabama, and he would not have it."

Captain Coleman left two children, a son and a daughter. The son, LeVert Coleman, graduated at West Point in 1899, seventh in a class of seventy-two. He is now a captain in the regular artillery, stationed at San Francisco. The daughter



CAPT. DANIEL COLEMAN.



ter, Verdot, highly educated, a brilliant musician, is very popular and lives now with her widowed mother at the old LeVert homestead, in Huntsville, Ala. Captain Coleman's love of home and his devotion to his family were beautiful. He was never happier than when he was in his old-fashioned ideal Southern home surrounded by his family. He and his son were more like brothers than father and son. They were "as chummy as two college boys."

Captain Coleman was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was for years the senior warden of the vestry of the Church of the Nativity at Huntsville. He was a bright Mason and a Knight Templar. He was an honor graduate of the Wesleyan University, and served in the State Senate. He held a consular appointment in France from President Cleveland. He was a devoted Confederate and had commanded the Egbert Jones Camp at Huntsville, and at the time of his death he was Judge-Advocate General upon the staff of Gen. George Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V. He and his brother Frank furnished a room in the Moore Cottage of the Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., as a memorial to their hero brothers, John and Richard.

"Go, soldier, to thy honored rest,  
Thy truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

As may be seen, four Coleman brothers at the trumpet call to duty went to the front in defense of the South; and when the war was over, only two of them returned, and now only one of the four who followed the flag of the Confederacy remains on this side of the "Bar."

HOPKINS.—John Houston Hopkins was born in Spencer County, Ky.; and died at Argenta, Ark., on April 2. He grew to manhood at Owensboro, Ky., and was among the first to espouse the Southern cause, joining a company under Capt. John P. Thompson. The company was sent first to Nashville, Tenn., and then to Harper's Ferry, Va., and was sworn into service as a part of the regiment under Col. Thomas F. Taylor and Lieut. Col. William Preston Johnston. At the expiration of their year of service the regiment was reduced to about two hundred men and they were disbanded and allowed to join any command they chose. Houston Hopkins, with about forty others, joined Morgan's command at Chattanooga, and remained with it to the end, being identified especially with Quirk's Scouts. Comrade Hopkins was a grand-nephew of Gen. Sam Houston.

JOHN J. RINE.—The sudden death of John J. Rine at his home, in Keyser, W. Va., May 19 removed a substantial and upright citizen of the community. He had just passed into his sixty-eighth year. He served the South as a member of Company F, 7th Virginia, and was one of the bravest of that famous regiment. He faithfully filled the duties of life, and by hard work and strict economy had accumulated a comfortable fortune, and in living a consistent Christian life also laid up treasures above. He is survived by four daughters.

WHITT.—John V. Whitt was born in May, 1837. He volunteered in Company D, Hampton's Legion, in 1861, and was continually with his command for duty until the surrender at Appomattox. He died on the night of December 24, death coming suddenly and quietly. His wife and three children survive him.

GRIGSBY.—After a good and useful life, Miles G. Grigsby died in Napa, Cal., at the age of sixty-two years. He was a native of Tennessee, and in 1861 enlisted for the Confederacy as a member of the 3d Tennessee, known as the "Brown Tigers," commanded by Harvey Walker, and served faithfully through the many trying experiences of a soldier's life. He was wounded at Chickamauga and again at Resaca, which ended his life as a soldier. He went to California some twenty years ago and settled at Redlands, and was visiting among friends and relatives at the time of his death. He was never married. He leaves four brothers and one sister.

ALLEN.—J. G. Allen died in Plain Dealing, La., in September, 1906, in his seventy-second year. He joined the Confederate army at Monroe, La., in April, 1861, as private in Company B, 1st Louisiana Squadron of Cavalry, went direct to Corinth, Miss., and was promoted to second sergeant just after a battle at Denmark, Tenn. He served in Forrest's Cavalry until the latter part of 1864, when he was transferred to west of the Mississippi River, was promoted to first lieutenant in Company D, of the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, and surrendered at Shreveport May 25, 1865. His life, both military and civil, was characterized by religious fidelity.

JOHN E. BOHON.—On April 19, 1907, John E. Bohon died at his home, in Covington, Ky., aged seventy years. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, in the 30th Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the shoulder; at Gettysburg, where he was wounded in the hip; also at Harper's Ferry, battle of Five Forks, Fairfax C. H. He was wounded in the head and sent to Richmond, rejoined his regiment, and was transferred to North Carolina, serving under Stonewall Jackson. He was paroled at Richmond in April, 1865.

METCALF.—George W. Metcalf died at his home, in Lexington, Ky., in February, 1907, aged sixty-eight years. In September of 1862 he enlisted in Company F, 5th Kentucky Infantry, with which he served till the close of the war, surrendering at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865. He was appointed corporal in May, 1863, and promoted to sergeant in 1864. He participated in all the battles of his regiment with the famous "Orphan Brigade," and was wounded at Chickamauga and Dallas, Ga. He was married in 1878 to Miss Mary Eastland, of Boyle County, who, with their five children, survives him.

MIDDLETON.—John W. Middleton died at Limestone, Tenn., in March, in his seventy-second year. He was born near Harrisonburg, Va., in 1835, and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 27th Virginia, Stonewall Brigade, serving under Jackson till his death. He was captured at Gettysburg and imprisoned near Baltimore. He returned to Lexington, Va., at his liberation from prison, married, and reared a family of eleven children. He removed with his family to Tennessee in 1897.

HENRY DENNIS.—Henry Dennis, born in Howard County, Mo., in 1836, died at Midway, Mo., in March, 1907. He was married to Miss Elizabeth McGhee in 1857, and a son and a daughter survive. Comrade Dennis enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1861, serving continuously until the battle of Franklin, where he was wounded and captured. He was in all the hard-fought battles from Lexington, Mo., to Franklin, and did his full duty as a soldier in every way.



## EIGHT VENERABLE VETERANS OF ANDERSON, S. C.

The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., at Anderson, S. C., reports the passing of eight veterans in that section as follows:

Col. B. F. Crayton, the oldest citizen of Anderson, died on the night of February 5. He was born in Greenville in July, 1820, in 1838 going to Anderson, where he had continuously lived with the exception of the war period. He closed out his business at the beginning of the war and joined Orr's Regiment of Rifles, of which he was appointed quartermaster; but had to resign later on account of his health. He was then placed by Mr. Davis in charge of the Confederate States depository at Anderson, and handled for the government large amounts of money and bonds. He was elected to the Legislature in 1862, reelected in 1864 and also reelected under



COL. B. F. CRAYTON.

the provisional government of South Carolina, when Orr was made Governor, serving two years. He was elected to the Senate in 1878, and served four years, representing that body at the Yorktown Centennial. Colonel Crayton's boyhood years were spent upon a farm where he imbibed a love for agriculture that continued through life, and he was a leading spirit in anything tending to the improvement of farming methods and stock. He leaves a son and daughter.

Joe B. McGee died on February 20, aged about seventy-five years. When the war began, he joined the Palmetto Riflemen, 4th Regiment; but was wounded and forced to return home, and, after a short while was elected sheriff of his county and served faithfully during the rest of the war; he also served one term after the war, and in later years became a merchant in Anderson. His wife and six children survive him.

H. W. Shaw died near Mosely, S. C., in January, aged seventy-three years. He served in Company E, 20th South Carolina Regiment, during the war faithfully to the end. He was twice married, and of the second union sixteen children were born, twelve of whom, with their mother, survive.

George W. Belcher died at his home, near Iva, S. C., January 15. He served through the war as a member of the 4th South Carolina Regiment. He was twice married, his second wife and a large family of sons and daughters surviving him.

R. H. Y. Lowry, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Seneca, S. C., died on March 6. He was orderly sergeant of Company C, Orr's Regiment, enlisting at Sandy Springs July 20, 1861, when the regiment was formed, and his record was of the best. He was a successful business man of Seneca. He leaves a wife, two sons, and two daughters.

James Robert Burns was born in 1843 in Oconee County, S. C.; and died at Anderson in November, 1906. In his nineteenth year he volunteered in Company F, Orr's Regiment of Rifles, and for his courage and high character was made a sharpshooter in McGowan's Brigade in the fall of 1864, under

Capt. W. S. Dunlap. He was captured in April, 1865, carried to New York and imprisoned on Hart's Island, and kept there until July, 1865. Comrade Burns was of Revolutionary ancestry, his great-grandfather, John Burns, of Laurens, being a noted soldier of the Revolutionary War.

Capt. Julius L. Franklin died at his home, near Richland, S. C., in December, having reached the ripe age of eighty years. His record as a Confederate soldier is fine; he was a senior captain, and at times acted as brigadier general. He was a graduate of the University of South Carolina and of Virginia, and had represented the counties of Anderson and Oconee in the Legislature in both Houses.

Wash W. Erskine, an aged veteran of the community, is another death reported. He enlisted in the Confederate service from Anderson County, and served through the war, making a record surpassed by none. After the war he settled in Oconee County, and made one of its best citizens. He was eighty-two years old.

## HON. J. W. MCGINNIS.

A faithful friend and zealous friend of the VETERAN was lost in the death of J. W. McGinnis, which occurred at his home, in Columbia, La., in May of heart failure. He was the honored Mayor of the town, and had filled the position for many years. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., about seventy years ago, and enlisted in the Confederate army in a company from that section of the State, serving throughout the war. Mayor McGinnis was a zealous Odd Fellow, also a member of the Knights of Pythias, and was buried by these two orders. (See page 324.)

## REV. HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND.

As soldier, minister, lawyer, and author, Rev. Henry Whitney Cleveland held a high place in the life of Kentucky, and especially in that of his home city, Louisville. Though born in the North, at Akron, Ohio, in 1836, most of his boyhood was spent in Georgia, and he was an ardent champion of Southern rights. At the outset he was a colonel on the staff of Gov. Joseph E. Brown. He assisted in the taking of Fort Pulaski, and was also instrumental in the capture of the Augusta arsenal, by which twenty-eight thousand arms and much ammunition were won for the Confederacy. Later in regular field service he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company G, 1st Georgia Regulars. He served as chaplain of his regiment. He was afterwards transferred, and held an administrative office directly under President Jefferson Davis. At different times during the war he was inspector of troops of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. He was in the secret service and in active command of the 54th Georgia Regiment. He was captured at Vicksburg, and for many months held as prisoner of war.

Comrade Cleveland was ordained a minister when very young, and when but twenty years of age was admitted to the Georgia bar. After the close of the war, his time was devoted to the ministry and writing. He was a close friend of Alexander H. Stephens, and assisted him in writing his "War between the States," and he is the author of a "Life of Alexander Hamilton Stephens." He was called to the Asbury Methodist Church, of Louisville, in 1884, and since then that city had been his home. Though connected with that Church but one year, his time was actively devoted to Church and educational work, and his contributions were published in leading papers and magazines of the country. He is survived by his wife and three children.



## STATE OFFICERS U. D. C.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss., writes on May 25 that she had been notified of the election of the following lists of officers in the Divisions named:

### MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

President, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, Brandon.  
Vice President, Mrs. Sarah E. Wilson, Sardis.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Blanch M. Fresenius, Gulfport.  
Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Jennie M. Berry, Port Gibson.  
Treasurer, Mrs. Olivia M. Champion, Edwards.  
Historian, Mrs. William Yerger, Greenville.  
Registrar, Miss Lizzie B. Craft, Holly Springs.  
Recorder of Cross of Honor, Miss Alice Lovell, Natchez.

### ALABAMA DIVISION.

President, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Birmingham.  
Vice Presidents, Mrs. B. Ross, Auburn, and Mrs. Louis Cobb, Montgomery.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. T. Pride, Tuscumbia.  
Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Eleanor J. Phillips, Birmingham.  
Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas W. Palmer, Tuscaloosa.  
Historian, Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Mobile.  
Registrar, Mrs. Frank Elmore, Montgomery.

### TENNESSEE DIVISION.

President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, Nashville.  
Vice Presidents, Mrs. W. B. Dobbins, Columbia, and Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, Cleveland.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. E. Adams, Lebanon.  
Treasurer, Mrs. G. W. Denny, Knoxville.  
Registrar, Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin.  
Historian, Mrs. D. B. Dozier, Franklin.  
Recorder, Mrs. W. W. Baird, Humboldt.  
Poetess, Miss Beatrice Stevens, Dyersburg.  
Custodian Flags, Mrs. Bealle J. Baker, McKenzie.

### LOUISIANA DIVISION.

President, Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Baton Rouge.  
Vice Presidents, Mrs. R. L. Randolph, Alexandria, Miss Belle Kahn, Plaquemine, Miss Mary Furman, Shreveport, and Mrs. Kate S. Holmes, Tallulah.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. K. Surghnor, Monroe.  
Cor. Secretary, Mrs. W. N. White, Lake Providence.  
Treasurer, Miss Julia Hines, Clinton.  
Financial Secretary, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, New Orleans.  
Historian, Mrs. D. A. Caruthers, Baton Rouge.  
Registrar, Mrs. D. A. Johnson, Alexandria.  
Custodian Soldiers' Home, Mrs. P. Israel, New Orleans.  
Recorder Cross of Honor, Mrs. A. J. Hardy, Shreveport.

## MRS. HENDERSON ENTERTAINED IN NEW YORK.

[Reported by Mrs. Cowles Myles Collier, Historian.]

On the afternoon of June 17 in the parlors of Hotel Astor the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met in honor of the President General, Mrs. Henderson, to welcome her in their midst. Our President, Mrs. James Henry Parker, prepared a most interesting programme in which musical talent and bright speakers gave zest to the occasion in fitting song and story.

Mrs. Henderson replied in a womanly address breathing of true patriotism and inspiring to higher ideals. These words were received in the spirit sent, and full appreciation was expressed in the applause which followed.

The invitation from the President to adjourn to the adjoining room and join her in a "cup of tea" before separating was in fact a sumptuous feast spread with brilliant table decorations embodying the Confederate colors and appropriate souvenirs for each guest. The hour soon passed in discussion of pleasant memories.

There were present as guests of honor to meet Mrs. Henderson: Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, President General Daughters of Revolution; Mrs. William Garry Slade, President General Daughters of 1812; Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel, Regent Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. William C. Story, Regent Manhattan Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. Katherine Eagan, of Florida, ex-Vice President D. A. R.; Mrs. J. Heron Crosman, New York Regent Pocahontas Memorial Association.

## DAUGHTERS' BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN.

With the determination never to lose an opportunity to do honor to the cause they represent, the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Virginia Division erected at the Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, a replica of Beauvoir, the Mississippi home of their beloved President, Jefferson Davis. This is the first time any Confederate organization has been represented at an exposition except by a few relics in some building or a day set aside by the exposition managers. It is a big undertaking for one Division, and they ask individual support from all interested in the work of their organization. The building was opened on April 26, but money had to be borrowed to make the last payment. The house is one of the most attractive on the grounds, with its wide porches and lovely view of the water, a hostess to welcome guests and bid them rest awhile, a place where members can check parcels free.

In connection with our building and in order to meet our running expenses is a dining room, where most attractive meals are served at as reasonable rate as possible and Southern dishes made a speciality.

Membership is asked of all individuals interested in our house. It is not necessary to belong to a Confederate organization. The Daughters of the Revolution wearing their badges are our invited guests. We have not State, county, or city to give us an appropriation. Send your contribution or write for membership card for fifty cents to Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va., or to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Ways and Means, Richmond, Va.

No worthier appeal was ever made in the VETERAN. Gallant Confederates, loyal Daughters, and friends of the South could do no better or more fitting service than to send for membership as indicated above. This regardless of going to the Exposition.

DALLAS CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL.—The John H. Reagan Camp of U. S. C. V. have taken out a charter to build a memorial hall in Dallas, Tex. It is "for the purpose of promoting and building a memorial hall, or monumental edifice, to perpetuate the memory of John H. Reagan and to solicit funds for that purpose; to perpetuate and to preserve the war records of those who bore arms in the cause of the Confederate States of America; to accept, collect, and preserve such public records, relics, and other property as may be committed to the keeping of the Camp by the United Confederate Veterans." The incorporators are W. Lindsay Bibb, Charles S. Swindells, Jennings M. Moore, O. D. Ford, and Jeff D. Reagan. This is a new Camp, with W. L. Bibb as Commander and Charles S. Swindells as Secretary.



## FINE LIKENESS OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

The large steel engraving published by the John A. Lowell Bank Note Company, of Boston, has been pronounced by the Lee family and others who were associated with and under him as the most perfectly satisfactory likeness of the great leader extant. There were three cabinet photographs made of the General at his home three days after the surrender. To make his design, Mr. Lowell decided to use the particular one of these believed to be the best and the one the family preferred, for which he searched through several of the Southern cities, locating it at last in the library of Dr. William Thompson, of Philadelphia, who loaned it to Mr. Lowell for that purpose. From this picture Mr. Lowell had an enlarged photograph made for dimensions only, and his artist then made his etching, keeping the likeness before him in the small photograph, thus preserving every feature. Much has appeared in the Southern press in praise of this great work of art.

The engraving is 16½x21¾ inches in size, and is made in four grades at the following prices:

Signed artist proofs on vellum, each.....	\$50 00
Signed artist proofs on India paper, each.....	25 00
India prints, each.....	10 00
Plain prints, each.....	5 00

## TESTIMONIALS FROM HIGH SOURCES.

Miss Mary Custis Lee is quoted as saying of the picture: "It is a beautiful piece of engraving and the most thoroughly satisfactory likeness of my father that I have ever seen."

In ordering a copy of the engraving, Andrew R. Blakely, of New Orleans, proprietor of St. Charles Hotel, wrote the firm: "I think your portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee a great work of art and the best likeness of its kind of the great leader I have ever seen."

Capt. G. W. Booth, of Baltimore, wrote of it: "By all true lovers of their country, men who are proud of one of the greatest of its sons, the possession of this likeness of Gen. R. E. Lee will be prized as a most valuable contribution to history; it will carry the old Confederate to the days when in rags he followed him in battle, through danger and privations, and when the last sad day came shed but a tear when their great captain said the word to cease the struggle, with the unshaken conviction that if 'Marse Robert' said so 'it is all right.'"

MODEL OF GREAT GUN AT JAMESTOWN.—In the exhibits by the United States government there is a model of the largest cannon ever made. Its length is forty-nine feet three inches, its weight two hundred and nine-one thousand pounds, and six hundred and forty pounds of smokeless powder is required for a discharge. The distance carried by the shot is twenty-one miles. Only four shots have been fired, and the cost of each was \$1,500.

MODEL OF A WEST POINT ACADEMY BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN.—One of the most pleasing exhibitions in the Jamestown Exposition is the model of entrance to one of the West Point buildings. This entrance comprises pictures of six ante-bellum graduates of the academy. They are Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, Federal; R. E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Albert Sidney Johnston, Confederate. So far the government has never been quite so liberal as in dividing equally the distinction of eminent West Point graduates.

## MAGNIFICENT CONFEDERATE WAR PAINTINGS.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST IMPORTANT ARTISTIC ATTEMPT IN THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH.

Wide interest has been created recently through announcements that a series of masterpieces of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, has been painted for the Southern Art Publishing Company. It was the purpose of this company to perpetuate in color the spirit and life of the great struggle between the States. The organizers of the company determined to strive to secure the finest art work possible in every phase of the enterprise, so they engaged the eminent painter, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, to do the work. The President of the National Academy of Design in New York describes Mr. Gaul as "the best-qualified man to do this work in America," and critics who have seen his canvases say that no finer productions dealing with American war subjects have been made.

Having the masterpieces, it was determined to have reproductions in the most exquisite fashion known to art. With this purpose the paintings are made by the finest color process, 21x26 inches, and they are now about ready for delivery. The company is delighted with the cordial reception given to their project. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN commends the movement, and old soldiers to whom the pictures especially appeal are securing sets, as are Camps, Chapters, and organizations interested in Confederate work.

The set of these reproductions comprises seven paintings. The first, "Leaving Home," shows the parting of the father with his son in the interior of a typical Southern home; the second, "Holding the Line at All Hazards," is as its name implies and the noble stand being made by the Confederate forces upon a battlefield; the third, "Waiting for Dawn," is a moonlight camping scene in the snow; the fourth is a "Picket" on duty in the forest; the fifth a "Forager" returning to camp; in the sixth the boys in blue and gray have forgotten hostilities and are playing seven-up for coffee and tobacco "Between the Lines;" in the seventh, "Tidings," a beautiful Southern girl is reading a letter from the front upon an old Southern veranda. The whole makes a very complete picture of the courage, devotion, daring, camp life, and home life of the Southern soldier during the war.

The paintings are very pleasing, and every Southern home that can afford them should be supplied. They are to be sold in portfolio form, bound in leather "Confederate Gray," and with every set there will be descriptive pages telling the story of each picture and exhibiting its motif. They are in turn to be illustrated by catchy pen sketches. Elsewhere in this VETERAN there is an advertisement of the work. Aside from the value of this series of pictures as accurate historic souvenirs, preserving the details and illustrating the spirit of the Confederate days, there is not among the series a single painting but would, from an art standpoint alone, grace the most elegant drawing-room or art gallery.

This Southern company deserves the hearty commendation of every one who loves the true value of the Old South, and the VETERAN does not hesitate to state that every home which secures a set of these pictures will be the happier for it.

The Daughters of Columbia, Tenn., on occasion of the State Convention U. D. C. did themselves great credit and have the gratitude of all the members for their hospitality. The luncheons were worthy State occasions, and will long be remembered. All the people of that fair city entered into the spirit of making the occasion one of highest credit to all concerned.



C. B. Patterson, of Henrietta, Tex., makes inquiry for two brothers, Newton W. and Charles E. Patterson, lost in the Confederate service, and asks that any comrades who remember them will write him. Comrade Patterson was himself a member of the 16th Missouri Regiment, while N. W. Patterson belonged to some Arkansas regiment, and thinks he was its adjutant. Charles was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy in 1861, went to Richmond, and was sent to Mississippi, and was killed or wounded in the battle of Shiloh, though no reliable information of either brother has ever been secured.

Houston Haynie, of Kemp, Tex., writes of an old comrade in that community who is needy and worthy, and he wishes to locate some of his comrades to testify as to his war record. This comrade is William Henry Thornberry, of Company I (Captain Crannel), 8th Louisiana Infantry, and he served in the Virginia Army. Those who remember him will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Haynie in his behalf.

Attention has been called to error in name of one of the brigadier generals whose names were published in the *Confederate Veteran* for May. The name of Philip S. Cooke, Powhatan County, Va., should have been Philip St. George Cocke, of Powhatan County, Va. This correction comes from Leander Walker, of Tulia, Tex., who writes that he was in General Cocke's brigade at the battle of Manassas, and sometime after that General Cocke went home sick and his death followed.

Miss Isabel Smith, who is in the library of the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., makes inquiry for three brothers of her father who were in Tennessee before the war—James Dryden Smith, David Smith, and Lafayette Smith. She also mentions that one of her uncles went to Mississippi, and was a law partner of Joe Davis, a brother of President Davis. She will be glad to hear from any one who remembers these relatives or anything in connection with the family.

V. C. Allen, of Dayton, Tenn., wants to know when and where the 3d Confederate Cavalry Regiment was organized and who commanded it.



# Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

With Introductory Sketches by

THORNWELL JACOBS.

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, \$16.50; payable \$1.50 monthly. Cash price \$15.00. Individual pictures \$3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

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An interesting visitor to the Reunion was Will Miller Sutton, who went from his home, in Arcadia, La., to attend the Reunion before he was three months old. He is a grandson of two veterans of the 12th Louisiana Infantry, Mr. George R. Sutton and Maj. Will Miller, who is now a member of the staff of General Prudhomme, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V. Will Miller Sutton is a remarkably bright little fellow for his age, and was the recipient of many attentions and compliments from the veterans and other visitors to the Reunion.

Capt. W. S. Ray, of DeQueen, Ark., asks that surviving comrades of R. W. Fisher, who served in Company G, 29th Texas Cavalry (Tom Littlejohn's company), organized in Paris, Tex., will kindly testify as to his service in order that he may procure a pension, of which he stands in sore need. Prompt responses to this notice will be appreciated. Address Captain Ray.

W. E. Clinkinbeard, 703 L Street, Sacramento, Cal., who was a member of Captain Langorne's Rebel Grays of Col. Sam Garland's 11th Virginia Regiment, and the last two years with John Morgan, writes that he would like to hear from any old friends or comrades. He is a Kentuckian, and was reared and lived most of his life in Covington.

J. W. Robinson, of Baird, Tex., who served in Company H, 52d North Carolina Regiment, says he would like to hear from any member of that company or regiment who was captured with him shortly before the surrender of Lee, five miles below Petersburg, Va., and sent to prison at Point Lookout, Md., for two months and seventeen days.

A. P. Sparkman, of Magnolia, Miss., wishes to locate a Dr. Harrell, who was in charge of a ward at Delevan Hospital, Charlottesville, Va., in June, 1862. He was a refugee from South Carolina, an Episcopal minister, and a prominent physician.

*For Sale.*—At bargain prices, a very fine library of rare out-of-print Confederate books, Confederate autographs, stamps, life-size bust crayons of Confederate generals, etc. A rare chance.

W. P. AGEE, Hope, Ark.



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WASHINGTON, D. C.



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(Mention this paper when writing.)



Charles Giles, formerly a member of "Sot" Perry's company (F) of "Doc" Perry's 2d Alabama Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, is now, and has been for some years, a paralytic, and is seeking to enter the Confederate Home at Austin. Any of his former comrades will confer a favor by communicating with P. S. Hagy, 377 North Street, Dallas, Tex. Comrade Giles, with others from Alabama, joined the command at Jackson, Miss., in 1862.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., asks that inquiry be made for any who remember Private Shadrack M. A. Smith, of Company D, 60th Alabama. He is a worthy veteran, now seventy-eight years old, not able to work much; and if he can prove his service, he can get in the Confederate Home in Texas. His captain's name was Lockhart. Anything done for him will be appreciated.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., writes of having secured some copies of the VETERAN for her file through notice in the VETERAN, but still needs copies of February, March, April, May, June, July, September, and October, 1893; October, 1894; and March, May, July, 1895. She wants copies in condition for binding. Write her at 1207 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans.

J. L. Dickson, of Sherman, Tex., makes inquiry for William Buckner, whose home, as he remembers, during the war was within thirty miles of Culpeper C. H., Va., and hopes to hear from him or any of his family; also wants to hear from John Cato, of Martinsburg, Va., with whom he was in the ordnance department under J. E. B. Stuart.

Miss Addie H. Lowe, 220 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to procure the war record of her uncle, Dr. James Lowe, who was surgeon in Maxey's Texas Regiment, and will appreciate any information on the subject.

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Mrs. A. B. Sparks, 412 May Avenue, Fort Smith, Ark., wishes to complete her collection of Confederate money, and will send some thousand-dollar bonds in exchange for one or more five-hundred-dollar bills and also the denomination of fifty dollars and twenty-five cents. Write her before sending.

Mrs. Ida M. Bennett, 115 State Street, Helena, Mont., wishes to hear from any one who served with her husband, John Y. Bennett, in the 21st Tennessee Regiment. She wishes to get proof of his service, as she is a widow with small children dependent upon her.

D. Eldredge, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.: "About the 5th of July, 1863, the press reported the capture of a party of women at or near Winchester, Va., and stated that they were taken to Richmond. Will some reader of the VETERAN tell who these women were, how captured, where imprisoned, and when and how released?"

The VETERAN office is in need of copies for January and November, 1902, and March, 1907, to fill out some incomplete volumes. Only copies suitable for binding are desired. Write us at the time of sending, so proper credit can be given on subscription.

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James A. Phillips, of Hughes Springs, Tex., is anxious to hear from any surviving comrades of the 1st South Carolina Artillery who were at Fort Sumter.

He served in Company F, King's Battery; is now old and poor, and needs assistance in proving his record, so as to secure a pension.

Thomas Gamble, Jr., editor of the Times-Recorder, Americus, Ga., is desirous of ascertaining what company John T. Kilpatrick was connected with during the war. He enlisted either at Macon, near which place he was born, or at Columbus, where he had relatives, in the cavalry, and served through the war as a cavalryman and scout. Some reader of the VETERAN may be able to give this information.

R. A. Miller, of West Point, Miss., who was lieutenant of Company B, 24th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, has a sword that he captured at the battle of Murfreesboro, December, 1862. On the scabbard is the name "I. Abernathy, Lt. 37th Reg. Ind. Vol." Comrade Miller was wounded shortly after making this capture, and goes on crutches still from that wound.

Mrs. Rachel B. Allen, of Kingsland, Ark., wishes to hear from any surviving members of Company D, 20th Tennessee Volunteers, to which command her husband belonged. He died some years ago, leaving a family of small children, and his wife will try to get a pension.



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Miss A. E. Caruthers, 701 Twigg Street, Tampa, Fla., "the daughter of a Confederate veteran," asks that any officer or member of the 7th Virginia Regiment Infantry belonging to A. P. Hill's Division will kindly communicate with her at once, for which she will be very grateful.

N. A. Hood, of Ashville, Ala., writes: "While I think that all the old Confederates should read the VETERAN, yet in my opinion the thing to do at this time is to induce the sons and daughters of the old soldiers to take and read it. We should be unwilling for our deeds to be

forgotten by our children. I was only seventeen years old when I enlisted, deprived of an education, was severely wounded, and returned home to see my father almost broken up, yet I am proud of the fact that I was a Confederate soldier."



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For Catalogue, Address J. D. BLANTON, President, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. F. O. Fuller, of Cold Springs, Tex., wishes to procure the war record of her uncle, David Bullock, and asks that any of his comrades will write her. He was born and reared in San Augustine or Sabine County, Tex., but she does not know what State he enlisted from. Some fifteen years since he was living at Logansport, La. He was in the battle of Mansfield, La., and she thinks he was wounded in that battle, as her recollection of him is of being crippled from a wound.

Mrs. M. A. Robertson, R. F. D. No. 5, Box 30, Fort Worth, Tex., is trying to secure a pension, and needs to hear from some comrade of her husband who can substantiate her claim. Her husband was Nat P. Robertson, and he enlisted from Marietta, Cobb County, Ga., in Phillips's Legion, 39th Georgia Regiment, company not known. She will appreciate hearing from any one who recalls this comrade.

The fifth annual Reunion of the S. W. Arkansas Confederate Veteran Association was held at its "camping ground," near McNeil, Ark., July 17-19. Dr. C. N. Norwood made the address of welcome, and other addresses were made during the Reunion by prominent veterans of that section. From two to five thousand people were in daily attendance, and as a whole the Reunion was considered the most successful ever held in Arkansas.

Mr. E. W. Winkler, State Librarian, Austin, Tex., is anxious to secure the following numbers of the VETERAN to fill out the file for the State Library. Any who can furnish these copies or a few of them will kindly write to him, stating price asked. Only copies in good order wanted: All numbers of Volume I. wanted; 1894, January, February, March, May; 1895, June; 1896, February.

W. H. Bachman, of Magnet, Ark., asks if Dr. Wall, who belonged to Harris's Mississippi Brigade and had charge of Ward 1 in Howard Grove Hospital, Richmond, Va., in August, 1864, is living; and if so, he would be pleased to hear from him. He thinks he lived in Wilkerson County, Miss.

Alexander Kennon, of Lakenon, Hill County, Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving member of Company H, Capt. John Peck, 3d Louisiana Cavalry.



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# Confederate Veteran.

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1907.

No. 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## REPORT OF ADJUTANT GENERAL MICKLE.

In his official report dated New Orleans, La., May 23, 1907, Gen. W. E. Mickle says to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans:

"General: In presenting my report for the year ending December 31, 1905, I expressed the pleasure I felt in chronicling the best state of affairs that had ever been noted in the history of our Federation. I felt convinced that no future showing would be so satisfactory, for the reason that the rapidly diminishing sources from which the revenue of the order is drawn must necessarily produce reduced income. I am able, however, to state that the present report, covering the year 1906, as far surpasses 1905 as that year had all others.

"I submitted to the Convention held in New Orleans last year a list of four hundred and twelve Camps which had contributed nothing toward the support of the order for many years, and I suggested that action be taken looking to the dropping of them from the roster. The Convention realized the injustice of carrying as a part of the order a lot of dead Camps, and passed a resolution directing the Adjutant General to drop all Camps in arrears for five years or more. I immediately addressed the Commanders or Adjutants of these derelict Camps, and urged that the debts be paid, saying among other things: 'I cannot think, my dear comrade, that you and your associates have failed to pay these dues from inability or lack of interest in our beloved cause, but solely from inattention; and I sincerely trust that this simple notice will serve to remind you of your failure, and that I may hear from you at once. I am ready to make an equitable compromise if the Camp cannot pay in full.' I am gratified to be able to state that twenty-two Camps made favorable response; but I was compelled most reluctantly to erase from the roster the names of the other three hundred and ninety.

"During the year which has passed since our last meeting there have been added to our 'social, literary, historical, and benevolent' organization forty-one new Camps.

"Camps on the present roster: Texas, 251; Georgia, 112; South Carolina, 97; Mississippi, 90; Alabama, 86; Arkansas, 78; Tennessee, 72; North Carolina, 69; Virginia, 68; Kentucky, 67; Louisiana, 61; Missouri, 48; Florida, 44; Indian Territory, 36; Oklahoma, 22; West Virginia, 19; Northwest, 15; Pacific, 14; Maryland, 8; District of Columbia, 2; Massachusetts, —; total number of Camps since organization, 1,649.

"The collections from the Camps, now greatly reduced in number, with membership depleted by death, are far in excess of any former year. This showing is as remarkable as it is gratifying. The officers too have displayed a keener interest in the association, not only in the matter of settling promptly and cheerfully their dues but in calling for commissions, more of these having been issued during the past twelve months than for a very long period. A fair idea of the financial condition of the order will be seen from the following summary of receipts and disbursements for the twelve months ending December 31, 1906: Receipts from officers, \$1,356.50; Camp dues, \$4,736.35; commissions, \$43; donations, \$322.85; total, \$6,458.70. Expenditures—Salaries (including amounts paid for extra help at and immediately preceding the Reunion), \$3,120; printing, \$1,418.50; postage, \$375.22; rent, \$660; miscellaneous, \$279.41; total, \$5,853.13."

With the foregoing comes a note from General Mickle in which he states: "I hand you herewith a copy of the report made by me to the Commanding General during the recent Reunion in the city of Richmond. It presents in condensed form a summary of matters connected with my office for the past year, and has an interest not for the Confederate Veterans alone, but for the public at large as well."

## A BRITISHER ABOUT THE SOUTH.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "whom nothing in English literature escapes," after reading Dr. Thomas Cary Johnston's two great books, the "Life and Letters of Dr. Robert L. Dabney" and the "Life and Letters of Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer," writes:

"I have read with intense interest the two large volumes; I doubt whether any one else in England has read them, but they are eminently worth reading. For years I have read with eagerness everything I could find about the American Civil War, but with especial eagerness the books that defended and illustrated the cause of the South.

"Nothing is more certain than that many of the Confederates were both Christians and wise, and that to the end considered they were right and saw nothing to regret, but something to be proud of, in their life-and-death struggle.

"Again, there is, to my mind, something peculiarly interesting in people who have gone through revolutions, who have been stripped of everything in ripe years and forced to begin the world again. Most people, if they live long enough, pass



through great changes—perhaps revolutionary changes—but these take place within the soul. There are but few who see the overturn of everything they believed in and the loss of everything they possessed. The more I read about the Confederates, the more I feel that there is hardly any parallel in history to the complete ruin which overtook them. They were Americans, however, and the recuperative power of Americans is marvelous. And still I doubt whether the losses were quite made good, whether the wounds of the soul ever quite ceased to bleed."

#### RECORDS OF CONFEDERATES IN WASHINGTON.

Veterans who wish to obtain their war records so as to secure pensions and admission to Confederate Homes should write to the Chief of Records and Pensions, War Department, Washington, D. C., giving the letter of company and number of regiment in which they served. Information will be given them immediately, as the records of all Confederate soldiers are in that department. This may be beneficial to some of the old veterans, and save them time and trouble in hunting up members of their commands.

The foregoing is from G. W. Turnell, who was first lieutenant of Company D, 5th Virginia Cavalry; but he is mistaken in stating that the complete records are there. Still, much assistance in proving claim might be secured in this way.

#### MARRIAGE OF MRS. KATIE CABELL CURRIE.

It is to be "Katie Cabell Currie" no more. The fascinating and beautiful daughter of Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, has become the wife of Judge J. C. Muse. While the United Daughters of the Confederacy preserve a history of their organization, and especially while the older members live, there will be a charming memory of Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, who served two terms as President, and whose administrations were a credit to the great cause this organization of Southern women was created to perpetuate.

Zealous for principles, Mrs. Currie was conspicuously impartial in her rulings; and when trouble brewed, she was so tactful as to bring smiles to delegations instead of frowns and angry words. Since her active official relations with the U. D. C., she has been diligent in looking after the comfort of her venerable father, and many a veteran will cherish the fond interest she has ever displayed in "Daddy" at Confederate Reunions.

A Dallas paper in giving account of the wedding, which took place at the residence of General Cabell, states: "Before the ceremony Mrs. Henry Hymes sang 'Call Me Thine Own,' and Mr. Farris played the wedding march. Gen. R. M. Gano, the venerable Chaplain of Camp Sterling Price, officiated, General Cabell giving the bride away." The house was radiantly embowered in flowers. The Confederate colors, white and red, predominated in the decorations, and formed an attractive floral background for a profusion of bride roses and white carnations. Four hundred names were inscribed in the 'guest book.' The Sons of Confederate Veterans, Camp W. L. Cabell (of which Judge Muse is a member), and Camp John H. Reagan were well represented, and with them came a bright bouquet of pretty girls. The universal esteem in which Judge Muse and his bride are held was eloquently attested by a glittering array of costly bridal presents. Mrs. Muse is a gracious, attractive woman, whose wit, poise, and intellectual charm bespeak the culture and refinement of Southern ancestry, education, and environment. Judge Muse is a courtly

and accomplished gentleman, a brilliant and successful lawyer. The Cabell home has long been the 'Liberty Hall' of the old Confederacy. Rarely does so close and admirable a tie bind father and daughter. Ever tenderly solicitous for his health and interest, proud of his record as a soldier and com-



MRS. KATIE CABELL MUSE.

mander as well as a civilian, Mrs. Muse has been an ideal example of filial devotion. He has enshrined her in his heart, and cherishes with pride all the noble work she has accomplished for the Confederate cause and the veterans."

#### ON THE MARCH—1861-65-1907.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, COMPANY B, 15TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

See that long line of soldiers in sober gray,  
Strolling along in their own lazy way,  
Hear the booming of guns and rattling shot?  
Forward men; close up there; trot, trot, trot  
In the heat of the day  
To the front of the fray,  
Where our comrades are holding a thin gray line,  
Feeling and hoping we will be there in time.  
In due time they come, that long line of gray,  
Right to the front, then the blue fades away.  
Our bugle sounds rest, sweet rest, for the gray—  
A long, long rest for the blue in that fray.

The years of the past are counting two-score;  
No longer in haste they rush to the fore,  
For that long gray line is done marching past;  
All, save the stragglers, are resting at last.

To-day the long gray line is thinner still;  
See it marching by with laggard gait?  
Our weakening ranks no more will fill  
The foe with fear; now we only wait  
A few brief years, and nature's laws  
Rounding our fame with world's applause.



*VIRGINIA GRAND CAMP TO MEET IN NORFOLK.*

The Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans will assemble in great number at Norfolk, October 16-18, on the occasion of their annual reunion. Col. William H. Stewart, Commander of the Grand Camp, has issued an order to the different Commanders in the Division, and he expects that this reunion will bring the largest attendance to the Jamestown Exposition that any single organization has yet done. He has appointed Mrs. Theodore F. Garnett, of Norfolk, sponsor and Miss Adelaide Louise Neimeyer, of Portsmouth, maid of honor for the State at large.

REUNION IN RETROSPECT.—In an article to the Charleston News and Courier concerning the Richmond Reunion James R. Randell states: "The daily papers of the North and the West devoted considerable space to the patriotic and praiseworthy proceedings; and when editorial mention was made of the tribute to Jefferson Davis in these influential and able journals, it was temperate in tone and free from partisan prejudice. The cheers of the veterans as they marched through the beautiful streets of Richmond echo in the ear, the warm clasp of the manly hand continues to send a thrill through the breast, and the faces and forms of comrades are mirrored in the mind."

*EDISON'S ADVICE ABOUT FOOD AND SLEEP.*

Since his "retirement" Thomas A. Edison has devoted a good deal of attention to the investigation of dietetic reform, and has arrived at the conclusion that we eat and sleep altogether too much. Quite recently he said:

"Let me impress one all-important thing upon your mind—that is, that you observe most rigidly the rule of hygiene regarding careful and moderate eating. Fully eighty per cent of the illness of mankind comes from eating improper food or too much food. I have always been a light eater, and I fully appreciate the fact that the sole purpose of food is to preserve the chemical energies and keep the human machine going.

"Where there is no drain on the system, the minimum amount of food will do. Even the Italian laborers are able to preserve their muscular tissue on a small amount of bread and cheese, and they certainly work hard. Then why is it necessary for the business man to eat great quantities of food when there is no drain on his system? Elaborate dinners are a curse. Many business men elog up their boilers by excessive eating, and will live to regret it.

"Another important rule to observe is to get out of bed as soon as you open your eyes in the morning. Don't lie in bed and wait to see if you cannot go to sleep again. That is a foolish thing to do. Jump out of bed and do something, anything. Be active and alert, get your blood in circulation, leap right into the activities of life the first thing, and you will soon see that your brain works better. . . . Sleep dulls the intellect. If people would not sleep so long, we would develop into a stronger and more intellectual race. It is well known that the ant, one of the most intelligent of insects, does not sleep.

"There is proof in what I say by the experience of my wife. She was in the habit of sleeping from eight to nine hours every day. I told her she could get along with five or six hours' sleep just as well and that she would benefit by the change. She protested that she could not do with less sleep, but consented to try my plan. She now sleeps only five and a half hours, is healthier, and her mind is more active.

"People say they need eight hours' sleep, but they don't. It is not the quantity of sleep you get that counts, but the quality. I go to sleep as soon as I get in bed, and I have never dreamed in my life. As soon as my eyes are open in the morning I spring out of bed and get dressed, for I know that I have had sufficient sleep."

Mr. C. Y. Loomis, who reported the above, adds:

"And he practices what he preaches. Every morning he rises at 5:30, reads until breakfast time, and is at work in his laboratory at 8. There he remains until 7 in the evening. After his dinner, he reads or studies until midnight. Like the late Russell Sage, he is not a believer in summer vacations; but he admits that he is a vietim, which is attested by the fact that he spends a few weeks in the early spring of each year in Florida. But it is really no vacation at all, for he works as hard as ever when he is there.

"Mr. Edison still adheres to his intention to remain aloof from commercialism and to devote his remaining years to discoveries that are for the world's benefit alone. This is the way he puts it: 'In my forty-five years' work as an inventor I have run across many queer things that seemed to lead off into undiscovered worlds of thought. Now I am going back to pick up the threads that I left on the way and see where they will take me. There is no end of possibilities for the man who starts out on this road and who is entirely indifferent to the monetary value of his work. I calculate that we know one-seventh-billionth of one per cent about anything, so I have given myself a good margin to work on. I am going to give nature a show; and if I don't strike something new, it won't be my fault. There is a great difference between discovery and invention. The latter is generally attained by a process of pure cold reasoning from ascertained laws of science. A discovery, on the other hand, is often the result of pure accident. . . . I have taken out, I suppose, about a thousand patents, representing various inventions, during my career as an inventor. I don't expect to take out another patent in this new field of discovery that I have chosen, but it may be that I will find things that will bring the necessity of patents to many an inventor who comes after me.'"

The VETERAN gladly gives place to the wisdom and grace manifested in the foregoing. The world has advanced more under the genius and diligence of Edison than any other man of any period. Since he is able to fear no wolf about his door, he has that feeling of fellowship for his brethren that beckons him on and on for the good of others. The philosophy of the physical man in the foregoing is commended ardently. Comrades of the great war may not as a body be greatly benefited by his counsel on eating and sleeping, as their days are far spent, yet it will do even the old good. Appeal, however, is made to the younger generation to ponder well what he says and to act upon it every day and every night. This editor once fancied that there might be exception to the rule of growing old and becoming infirm to an extraordinary degree in his own case, but the inexorable rule is becoming apparent; and as a last benediction to young men and young women, he would plead for diligence every day to follow such rules of living as will prolong life in its best conditions. Let the plea of parent, of friend, and of fellow-man be to the thoughtless, impressing them that "old age is honorable" indeed, and that the music and the sunshine of life sent forth by the individual is like the best bread cast upon the waters and that it will return a blessing to the soul and an honor to God, who enables us to bestow it.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The picture on the front page of this VETERAN is destined to become historic in representing a group of the only armed Confederates who ever marched the streets of Washington City. They went there from the Richmond Reunion. The picture represents members of Company B, of Nashville, Tenn., on the steps of the Army and Navy Building. It is known that these Confederates called upon President Roosevelt at the White House, and that he received them most cordially. They were commanded by Capt. P. M. Griffin, who served in the famous 10th Tennessee (Irish) Infantry. He stands on the steps above, nearest the cannon in the picture, and his three daughters are about on a line with him.

### MILITARY TITLES FOR WOMEN OBJECTIONABLE.

Action has been taken by many Camps U. C. V. and other Confederate bodies adverse to the appointment of women to staff positions with military rank. The Confederate choirs, an organization heartily commended, have adopted rules of naming young women as generals, colonels, etc. It is well to be conservative where there is diversity of opinion among good men and women patriots, and therefore but little has been published on the subject. The VETERAN has never had sympathy with any distinction given women in military rank. It rejoices in tributes to women in frills and laces, and the more queens the greater joy; but it ever has revolted in the masculinity of women. That they desire such notoriety is strange, and that Southern men inaugurate such methods is stranger still.

Marvelous things have been achieved by women as detectives and even spies. All honor to them in what they have achieved! But the Southern idea of chivalry does not comport with masculine rank and title to women. Consistent gallantry toward women is balked when they appear in regimentals and are called general, colonel, and on down to captain. A tired man feels clumsy in offering his seat in a public conveyance to a military officer whose sword dangles by *her* side.

Do let us maintain gallantry to women in dresses after the fashion of our mothers and old-time sweethearts.

It is bad enough to have women engage in the practice of law and other like professions; but in occupations purely of honor the more retiring and modest is woman, the more elevating in his own conscience does man become—the more gallant to women.

### CONFEDERATE SHAFT AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

Capt. John M. Hickey writes from Washington, D. C.: "Your friends in Washington, the old veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are so much interested in the erection of a grand monument in the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery that we want the entire country to know that Thomas F. Ryan has sent us a donation of ten thousand dollars for the monument, and we hope and feel that this is just the beginning of donations to our monument fund. The Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have all officially indorsed the plan of having

erected to the memory of the Confederate soldier in Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, a shaft that will tower high and stand out as a beacon light to the honor, credit, and valor of the Confederate soldier. We now have donated over \$15,000 for this patriotic undertaking, and it is the devout hope and desire that every Camp of Confederate Veterans, every Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in all the land will in the near future send in a contribution to our glorious work. Many patriotic citizens who were not in the war, both North and South, will contribute to this shaft that will represent the valor of the Confederate soldier. Our prospect for raising a large amount of money for this monument is very good."

The Washington Herald says in regard to it: "Subscriptions to the fund are coming in steadily from all parts of the country. The fund for this purpose had already exceeded \$5,000 when Thomas F. Ryan's contribution of \$10,000 was received. The entire sum to be raised is \$50,000, and at the rate that subscriptions are being received prospects are good for an early erection of the shaft. The work is being undertaken by the Southern Memorial Association. The subcommittee on finance, which has the raising of the fund in hand, consists of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy; Gen. Francis M. Cockrell, former United States Senator and member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Hon. Charles Faulkner, former United States Senator from West Virginia; Gen. Frank C. Armstrong; Capt. John M. Hickey; and Rev. Randolph H. McKim, Treasurer."

### CONCERNING CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

Dr. J. J. Scott, of Shreveport, La., Chairman of the Committee on Monuments and Graves, submitted his report to the Convention at Richmond; but being of much length, it was accepted on the verbal statement of the Doctor as to its salient features. In making his statement Dr. Scott commended and encouraged all the efforts to erect monuments to the soldiers of the South. He said in connection with it:

"Thus lofty and inspiring is the work of preserving from the fingers of decay the names of the immortal dead and rearing lofty monuments to their unparalleled deeds of bravery and heroism that they may never perish from the earth. This has been and is still a work of deep and enduring love, a soul offering to memory's most sacred treasures by sons, daughters, and grandchildren to be transmitted as a precious heirloom to their descendants down the unborn centuries; and these monuments shall stand the silent yet eloquent tribute of devotion of this Southland's most faithful, heroic, and enthusiastic women, a memorial signboard along the highway of time to the men in gray, to endure after the last survivor has answered the roll call and is tenting on the camp ground of the 'great beyond.'

"There is always a world of pathos in these gatherings of the American Titans of the nineteenth century. As time sets its seal on their constantly thinning ranks there is a closer entwining of their descendants around their aged forms. Song and story have immortalized them, impassioned oratory has crowned them with laurel wreaths of praise, beauty pays tribute to their daring and their valor with sweetest smile and the touch of her soft hands. The same self-conscious, self-radiant spirit that animated the veteran in the bivouac, on the march, amid the battle's storm, and amid the throes of death's carnage has remained with him amid the pursuits of peace."



## PHILANTHROPY OF W. W. CORCORAN.

BY KATE M. DABNEY, 148 A ST., N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.

To reach those who revere and wish to honor the memory of "the great in soul" who gave their services and lives for the principles of the Confederacy, I know no better way than through a letter in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Those who have visited the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., will no doubt recall the superb portraits of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson that hang on either side of the door facing the main entrance of the portrait section. These portraits are pronounced admirable likenesses, especially that of General Lee. The old veterans who knew him personally say it is the best in existence. They are the most conspicuous pictures in the room, and testify the admiration and sympathy of Mr. Corcoran, who had them painted by the noted artist, Elder, and placed in the gallery.

This great philanthropist, whose heart was with the South in its struggle and suffering should be remembered by the South with love and gratitude; for when the tenderly reared women of that prostrate and destitute people were suffering dire affliction in mind and body, Mr. Corcoran established for

him, and his delicate attentions will always be a source of sweet recollection to the recipients. His first call on New Year's day was devoted to them, and on their side they invited him to dine with them on his birthdays.

Many of those invited by him personally to make their home in this haven of rest have joined the great majority, but others have taken their places as honored guests of one of the noblest men of his generation. This Louise Home for Southern gentlewomen was founded in one of the most beautiful locations in Washington at a time when it required moral courage and greatness of soul to espouse the principles of those who had lost or even to show sympathy with its sufferers.

The institution which bears his name—the Corcoran Gallery of Art—he presented to the nation, and thus the refining and beneficent influence of this truly great man has been a blessing to the whole country. Here during the past spring was held the most notable exhibit of current American art ever seen in this country, the first attempt to establish an American salon similar to that of Paris, where the best work of American artists will be exhibited every two years. It was a marked success both in the quality of the paintings and in the interest manifested, the daily attendance being several thousand.

Mr. Corcoran also endowed a school of art which is conducted under the auspices of the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The average attendance is two hundred and fifty students, and under the instruction of five efficient teachers first-rate training is given free to all who desire it.

The writer began her art education here, and is now copying as a labor of love the two magnificent portraits of Lee and Jackson mentioned above. They would be most suitable and handsome for any Confederate Camps named for those gallant and incomparable leaders.

As the daughter of a soldier who fought in the ranks through the whole war, as a relation of those two brave men, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and Gen. Jubal A. Early, and of many who fell in the strife, my heart is in my work of portraying the immortal leaders whose names will go sounding down the ages as the exponents of all that is loved and honored by the true of heart and enlightened of mind through all ages.

The VETERAN never omits an opportunity to pay tribute to Mr. Corcoran. It would take pages to mention succinctly his acts of public benevolence. In this connection are recalled his long and expensive labors in having brought back to this country the body of John Howard Payne and the pathetic story of the remains lying in state in the City Hall, New York, with not a flower to decorate the casket, of its arrival in Washington, and the venerable man being the only guard of honor in its conveyance to the Georgetown (?) Cemetery, where he erected a monument.

Mr. Corcoran, with his great wealth, when he could have luxuriated in all lands under the sun, it is said spent every summer for fifty years at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

G. B. Seoggin, of Winfield, Tex., wants all the information possible concerning William H. Seoggin, who was lieutenant in Company E, 15th Alabama Regiment. He was put in charge of the sick squad after the evacuation of Maryland, was captured and taken to Point Lookout, and from there to Camp Chase. He was sick the last letter he wrote home, and information of his sickness and death is desired.



MISS ROSE BENNETT,

Sponsor for Arkansas Division, Richmond Reunion.

their benefit an elegant and comfortable home in Washington, "The Louise Home"—named in honor of his wife—and there over fifty Southern ladies "who were impoverished by the Civil War" are entertained in affluence. During his life no mark of respect or consideration for them was omitted by



*CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY.**ITS WORK FOR THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.*

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society was chartered in Richmond May 31, 1890; its preliminary work was begun by Hollywood Memorial Association in February, 1890. Mrs. Joseph Bryan, as President of that Association in February, 1890, headed the movement. The Confederate Museum, established in the "White House of the Confederacy" (which was the home of President Davis from 1861 to 1865), is under the management of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. It has restored the mansion to the appearance and condition in which President Davis left it, except that it is now fireproof and steam-heated.

The ordinance conveying the building to the society was passed January 5, 1891. On June 3, 1894, the building was formally turned over to the ladies by Col. John B. Cary, Chairman of the School Committee, and it was accepted by Mr. Joseph Bryan, of that board, on behalf of the society.

The rooms in the museum are apportioned to the different States, each bearing the name and coat-of-arms of the State to which it belongs. A regent, resident in each State, secures relics and funds to properly equip the room. A vice regent, residing in Richmond, has charge of its room and contents.

The officers of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society are: Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President; Mrs. Alfred Gray, Mrs. C. W. P. Brock, and Mrs. J. R. Werth, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. T. Ellyson, Treasurer.

*WORKS OF BISHOP QUINTARD FOLLOW HIM.*

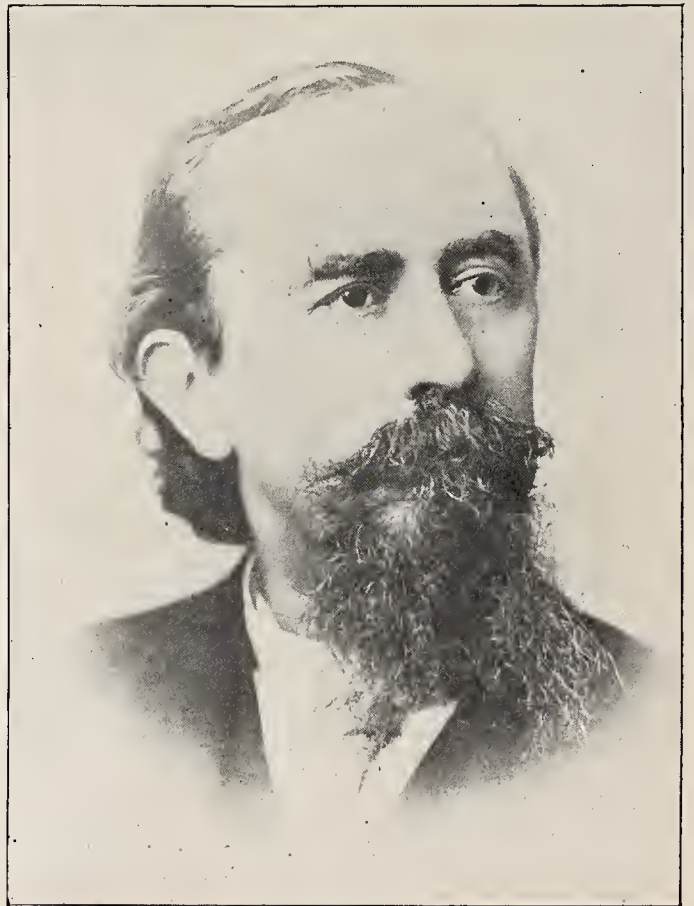
Dr. J. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, at the fiftieth anniversary of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., June 27, 1907, paid the following beautiful and worthy tribute to Confederate Chaplain-Bishop Quintard: "In the history of this institution there are two occasions that appeal to me strongly—two records that ought to be emphasized to-day. One is the record of endurance; the other, of achievement. One the story of life under pressure barely surviving; the other the story of life expanding, progressing swiftly and beautifully. The darkest period of Southern history was just after the close of the Civil War. All wealth had been swept away; desolation was on every side; death had left its shadow in every home. Property values were constantly decreasing; there was no outlook for the future. The Southern people had no song on their lips, no joy in their hearts. The plans of this institution were shattered. There was nothing left but its charter. Subscriptions made could not be collected. The lands acquired were about to be forfeited. Schools and colleges already in existence were closed or closing, and Sewanee seemed dead in the very hour of its birth. To my mind, Sewanee's problem in 1867 was more serious, more embarrassing than in 1857. If the first hour demanded the vision of the seer, the last hour demanded also the faith and consecration of the martyr. It was well that in that hour one was found whose spirit rose to meet the emergency, whose heart was sustained by an unfaltering trust, by a mighty faith. His work abides, crowned with glorious success. Whatever may be the services of other friends in other years, however great the merits of her own sons, her officers, or her benefactors, no one can ever occupy the same relation as he who in that darkest hour consecrated his life to her service. Sewanee will cherish many names and tell the story of repeated acts of self-sacrifice; but no record will be quite

so unique as the story of the saving of this institution through the heroic services of Bishop Charles Todd Quintard."

The other "record" to which Chancellor Kirkland referred is that of the son-in-law of Bishop Quintard: "Another period in your history stands out to me conspicuous and important. That is when the affairs of the institution were turned over to a practical layman—a man of splendid scholarship, yet a man of rare business ability, sympathizing with the history of the past, yet freed from the littleness of hampering traditions; broad in views, catholic in spirit, wise to seize all new currents of life and utilize all new forces of to-day. Under his guidance new friends have been formed, new buildings erected, new departments created, higher standards of work have been adopted, large increase in numbers brought about, and a wider outlook given to the whole institution. In a world too slow to recognize epoch-making service till the laborer has ceased and his service has ended, too scant in its praises till praises fall on ears unheeding, too sparing of sweet flowers till their fragrance is shed around an open grave, let me pay this tribute of respect and affection to one who has writ his name large in the history of Sewanee—to the playmate of my youth, the friend and collaborer of my manhood, the able and successful administrator, the much-loved Vice Chancellor of the University of the South—Benjamin Lawton Wiggins."

*GEN. LEVIN M. LEWIS.*

T. W. Cassell, of Independence, Mo., answering an inquiry for some information about Gen. Levin M. Lewis, states that he was a native of Maryland and moved to Clay County, Mo.,



GEN. L. M. LEWIS.

in the late fifties. He was elected colonel of the 3d Missouri Cavalry at the call of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson in April, 1861; and after finishing the term of enlistment (twelve



months), the regiment was mustered out of service. He then reenlisted for the war in Company A, 7th (afterwards 16th Missouri) Infantry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, at Maysville, Ark., in June, 1862, and was elected captain of the company. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 16th Regiment about December, 1862, at Camp Mazard, nine miles below Fort Smith, Ark., and was promoted in January to colonel of the same regiment.

Colonel Lewis was disabled by a piece of shell in the battle of Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863, after capturing the middle fort on graveyard hill, and, falling into the hands of the enemy, was taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner of war until released by special exchange. He returned to Richmond in September or October, 1864, rejoined his command at Camden, Ark., in November with a brigadier's commission from President Davis, and was assigned to the command of Parson's Brigade, Price's Division, which position he held until our surrender at Shreveport, May 23, 1865.

General Lewis died in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1887 while there temporarily for his health. His home was in Dallas, Tex., where he was pastor of the First Methodist Church. No more gallant officer ever led men to battle. I assisted him in preparing a history of the 16th Missouri Infantry.



MRS. THEODORE R. TROENDLE,  
Matron of Honor, Kentucky Division.

The VETERAN apologizes for the error in Mrs. Troendle's name in the July issue. Yet the error was from inferior manuscript rather than carelessness. Another error in the same issue was inexcusable, however. It is that of the younger grandson of Jefferson Davis. It is generally known that the elder, named for the Confederate President, was by law changed from Jefferson Davis Hayes to Jefferson Hayes Davis; but to change that of the other son was never thought of. (See error on page 302.)

## AN "OLD REB" AT RICHMOND.

BY CAPT. FRANK BATTLE, OF TENNESSEE.

Early in the spring of 1865 I passed through Richmond on exchange, having lain in a Northern prison for a year, where I was held as a hostage in irons for eight months. Imagine my delight in walking those streets a free man after this long confinement. I reported to the Secretary of War, Gen. John C. Breckenridge, who had been a lifelong friend of my father's and who had been importuned in my behalf by our Tennessee Congressmen, notably A. S. Colyar, Dr. Menees, J. D. C. Atkins, and John Maury. These good men saved my life. Capt. S. T. Harris, a Federal prisoner, had been tried as a spy and found guilty and the day set for his execution. Just at that time I was captured and immediately placed in irons, and was held as a hostage for Captain Harris. President Davis held out a long time, but finally yielded to the Secretary of War, and I was exchanged.

I will never forget the impression made upon me as I passed the lines of the two armies. I couldn't hold back the tears when I saw those "Rebs." I could have thrown my arms around them and hugged the last one of them. I got into Richmond about dark, and had quite a time getting a place to sleep, but finally got into good quarters. There seemed to be a gloom over the city, so many lives had been sacrificed, and almost every family had lost a member. In some all the males were gone.

I had an audience with Secretary Breckenridge, and he gave me a commission, transferring me from General Wheeler to General Forrest. I had been in service with General Forrest before, and was anxious to get back to him. I surrendered with him at Gainesville, Ala., and still have my parole of honor, which I prize very highly. I was allowed my horse and side arms, and took up my route home in company with Col. D. C. Kelley and D. C. Scales, of Nashville, Tenn. All were glad to see me when I got home. Even the negroes who had been raised up with me, who had hunted rabbits and fought yellow jackets with me in childhood days, seemed to be as glad over my return as my own dear family. God bless the old family negroes! I shall always love them.

Well, after forty-two years, I have been to Richmond again as one of the great throng attending the Confederate Reunion. How different the scenes which greeted my eyes from that former occasion! With bands playing "Dixie," ladies waving their handkerchiefs, men cheering and throwing up their hats—O it was a time long to be remembered!

Richmond saw that her guests were properly cared for; and when the long-continued rain made it unpleasant for the boys in tents, her citizens came out in wagons and moved them into their own homes. The parade was a success. Tennessee had more men in line than any other State except Virginia. This was one of the happiest events of my life.

## VETERAN FOUR SCORE AND FOUR.

A. M. Jones, of Trenton, Tenn., is doubtless the oldest soldier in Gibson County, if not in West Tennessee, having celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in December last. Though growing quite feeble, he is cheerful and full of song. He belonged to the 4th Brigade, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, under D. C. Kelley, Forrest, and Hood. Committing his wife and several small children to the care of his Heavenly Father, as well as to that of his earthly father, Rev. John W. Jones, he joined the Confederate army, and was ever a faithful soldier, whose veracity and efficiency were never questioned. The hardships he endured were borne patiently.



## UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT.

As I told you, I did not have the leisure to get my July article written. But I have so many things to tell you this time that I hope you will feel repaid, and so will readily excuse me, in your hearts.

## UNVEILING OF THE STUART MONUMENT.

Leaving home on May 28, I arrived in Richmond on the 30th, and was made aware of the great care Mr. Frye, his clerks, and every employee of the Jefferson have for the comfort and pleasure of their guests by being shown immediately to the beautiful room engaged several months before by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, whose guest I was. I have been in most of the best hotels in this country, and I have never met with such care for the comfort and pleasure of every guest as is exercised by every employee of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond. Its spacious lobby, halls, corridors, writing and dining rooms, parlors, drawing-rooms, and libraries will accommodate more people comfortably than any hotel I have ever seen. And the perfect cleanliness and the fresh air all through every place made it an ideal place for the immense crowd which was there for a week.

Having lost twelve hours on my way there, I did not witness the very impressive ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, which was on the morning of the 30th. I heard General Lee say that there were as many as two hundred and fifty thousand people out that day. The monument is a handsome equestrian statue of him as his old soldiers loved to see him—leading his soldiers into the thick of the fight. His wife and daughter were in Richmond all through the Reunion, thus adding to the pleasure of us all, for what Southern man and woman is there among us all who is not proud of the record of "Jeb" Stuart? The weather was beautiful, and everything passed off as his cavalry corps must have wished.

I feel sure that those who have been in the habit of attending the Reunions will agree that the Richmond Reunion of 1907 was the grandest ever held. I suppose there never was one at which there were present so many of the families of the great Confederate leaders. First, there were Mr. and Mrs. J. Addison Hayes. Mrs. Hayes is the only surviving child of President Davis. Mr. Hayes is himself a Confederate veteran. For a few months ago Mrs. Davis wrote to me that Mr. Hayes ran away and joined the Confederate army when he was so little that he could not carry a musket, so they allowed him to carry water to the other soldiers.

Their oldest son, Jefferson Hayes Davis, on whom we Mississippians were very glad to bestow his grandfather's name by an act of our Legislature, and who gives promise now of making us still gladder that we did it, was there. I believe he knows what it means to bear the name of Jefferson Davis. He is yet young—twenty-two, I think—but I thought I saw in his general bearing that he realized that the man who bore the name of Jefferson Davis must be upright, honorable, true, and generous; must think of his country and the preservation of her rights before he does of any good which might come to himself; that he must be great in power and success, must be unselfish in his country's service, and must be greater still should misfortune and maligning attend his latter days. And, being all this, he may, as his illustrious grandfather did, rest in his old age in the love and confidence of the people, who cherish the memory of his grandfather.

The young daughter, Lucy White Hayes, though brought up

in the Far West, is just as sweet and just as modest and just as altogether attractive as any Southern girl you ever saw. The youngest son, William Howell Davis Hayes, is an upright, frank-mannered boy of seventeen, and bids fair to make us all glad of the Davis in his name. Mr. Hayes is a gentleman of the old school in his beautiful demeanor toward all with whom he comes in contact. And, to my mind, and as far as I could hear, it seemed to be the opinion of all who met her that Mrs. Hayes is just the dignified, courteous, and altogether attractive Southern gentlewoman we would all wish for her to be.

Miss Mary Lee, the daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, was there, and I was introduced to her too, but did not have an opportunity of seeing or talking to her afterwards, the veterans surrounded her so.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her granddaughter, Julia Jackson Christian, were there. I had the good fortune to be seated next to Mrs. Jackson one day at dinner, and Miss Christian was just opposite me. You know we U. D. C.'s feel that Mrs. Jackson belongs to us, as she is the President of one of our Chapters and is one of the Honorary Presidents of the U. D. C. She is as lovely and sweet and gentle and womanly as you rarely in life find a woman. Her granddaughter is what you would expect her to be with such a grandmother.

Mrs. A. P. Hill and her daughter, Mrs. Magill, were there. Mrs. Hill, one can see on a very short acquaintance, is a big-hearted, whole-souled, hospitable Southern lady, and is Confederate to the least part of her. And her daughter is a handsome woman of about my own age (the only safe thing to do when you speak of a woman's age is to liken it to your own) who knows how to make those who are not Virginians feel at home in Virginia.

Miss Hampton, the daughter of General Hampton, was there, and just as handsome and attractive as she was when I knew her when we were both young ladies in Washington.

Mrs. Mahone, a dear, sweet, motherly little woman who wins your heart as soon as you meet her, was there.

I only met Mrs. Stuart and her daughter, but one could see at a glance that they were typical Southern ladies.

And now I come to one whom I fell in love with, and I do believe it was natural, so I am claiming her as a friend always hereafter—Mrs. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee. Virginians love to call her Mrs. "Rooney" Lee. I knew her slightly when I was a girl in Washington. She was regal-looking then; but her face is more lovely now, softened by her sorrow and advancing years. Such a pure, beautiful soul looks at you through her eyes, that you feel the better for knowing her. You know the world must be better to hold such as she is; so true and so illustrative of the real meaning of *noblesse oblige* that you like to be near her, and always leave her with an inspiration to make the world better because of your life. And you are not surprised that her son, with such a mother and his inheritance on his father's side, is fast becoming the most popular man in Virginia, and that he has such sentiments and expresses them so beautifully that he made the "Rebel Yell" almost take the roof off the building when he spoke to the Confederates in Convention assembled. We Daughters who met him and who heard of the record he is making are expecting one day to see Robert E. Lee, Jr., the President of these United States.

Every man and woman in Richmond strove to make the Reunion one which could not be forgotten, and all who were there know that they succeeded. The Governor of Virginia and his charming wife gave each and every one of us just the



welcome you would expect from a Governor of Virginia, the mother of States. In fact, they were so kind and so cordial that if the Virginians see them as we saw them there will be no rotation in office when it comes to the Governor in that State.

The Confederates were entertained in tents near the Soldiers' Home, and their meals were cooked and served right on the tenting grounds; and although it rained most of the time, they were so comfortable that when one of the pastors, whose church was near the tents, had the fire built in the church and sent carriages to bring those there who wanted to leave the tents, they would not go, saying they were comfortable enough. It is very queer, but I was wishing for that very thing for them in discussing the Reunion with my husband last fall. Nothing can be so comfortable or so nice for them as tents, and I hope Birmingham will "follow suit" next year. It seems that there were no accidents and very little sickness among the veterans.

The horse show building, where the great ball was, was finely arranged for it, and the girls in their pretty dresses and the men in their uniforms were a very pretty sight. The reception given at the Museum to Richmond's guests, the Confederate veterans, was crowded, despite the fact that a steady downpour continued throughout the whole afternoon. The citizens of Richmond gave so many entertainments that it was impossible for one to be present at all, with only twenty hours in each day to do it in, for none of us thought of giving more than four hours out of each twenty-four to sleep. The memorial services were very inspiring, conducted jointly by the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A. It made us glad to be there; for, although the men whom the orators spoke of and the times which they led us to contemplate in retrospect are with us no more, we lifted our heads higher and our hearts beat quicker when we heard of the great leaders and the great deeds of the men from whom we are proud to have sprung!

## THE UNVEILING OF THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

There came at last the long-looked-for day, June 3, when we were to see the unveiling of the monument to President Jefferson Davis! It was as beautiful a day as could have been wished for. A perfect temperature and enough sunshine to make us glad we were living, and yet not enough to make us fear for our veterans as they marched with a glad, quick step that long distance from the Jefferson to the monument. We passed through so many people on each side of the street that, remembering that I was to try to tell my Daughters all about it, I asked General Evans, who rode in the carriage with Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Behan, and myself, to tell me how many there were (you know military men are accustomed to estimating crowds at sight), and he said 75,000, and General Lee said there were 125,000 at the monument. I thought there were at the monument "Morna million," as the little boys say, for as far as I could see in every direction as I stood on the platform there were heads and heads and heads, and so on *ad infinitum*. I never saw but one other such crowd, and that was when Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated President.

The speeches were all so fine that I shall speak only of the one which I, as your representative, should have made; but, feeling that a great speech should be made for the U. D. C. on this our great occasion, I asked Mr. Carmack to speak in my place. And so well did he fill our wishes and expectations that those who had thought I was wrong came to me afterwards and thanked me for asking him to do it. I would not take the unveiling of the Davis monument out of my life for

anything! It was the most inspiring thing I ever saw, and I never expect to see anything like it again. The wind came to us right over the monument as we stood facing it; and as the veil dropped, it caught the folds of the two Confederate battle flags on each side of President Davis's statue, and kept them flying almost straight out all through the ceremonies. Just as the veil dropped, the first of the twenty-one guns of the President's salute was fired, sending into the air above and just back of the monument a bomb which exploded, and out of it came a white balloon to which was attached a Confederate battle flag which floated gracefully over the monument and finally settled somewhere in the immense crowd which stood between the speakers' platform and the monument. If wishes had had any power, that flag would have settled right in the lap of the President General, so that she might have taken it to Norfolk and presented it to her dear Daughters. As each of the guns of the President's salute was fired it sent a bomb over the audience; and when it exploded, out came a battle flag to settle near some one whom it would make happy.

The monument itself is very satisfactory. The more you see it, the better you like it. The floral offerings from all parts of the country were the most magnificent I ever saw, that from his own State, Mississippi, being the coat of arms of the State made of immortelles and with immense American beauty roses standing just over it. The one sent by your President in your name was a perfect representation of our badge in flowers and with American beauty roses standing over it. These two were, as they should have been, the handsomest ones there.

As I sat there in the midst of this great occasion there came before my mind's eye a picture of the birth, amidst the clanging of bells and hurrahs from the throats of patriots, of a great nation. Anglo-Saxons, with their inherent belief in their right to self-government, representing their sovereign States, come together and bind themselves into a Confederacy to protect that God-given right. And so there was born into the nations of the world the Southern Confederacy. For more than two years this nation marched to victory after victory won by its army and navy, fought with ever-diminishing ranks against a foe whose recruiting stations drew from the world with that magic charm, gold; while the Confederacy drew only from its own people, their only reward a hoped-for independence and the knowledge of having served with one mind and heart the States they loved. In that great crisis fathers cheerfully shouldered their muskets and bade their fifteen- and sixteen-year old sons shoulder theirs and go with them to their State's defense of her rights. Mothers, smilingly, bravely, packed those boys' grips and said: "Go, my son; your State needs you, and no ancestor of yours ever failed his country." Confident in the justice of their cause, there was no thought of anything but victory at last, even though it be at the cost of many lives.

Then Vicksburg and Gettysburg came, and the star of the Southern Confederacy began to fade. Gaunt poverty stalked abroad in the land, sickening the heart of the soldier as he thought of the wife and little ones at home deprived of everything but the bare necessities of life, the mother at home sending all possible to spare from the little ones to keep her country's soldiers and sailors from starving and freezing. Great men and great women! Can we ever do enough to show our gratitude to them for leaving to us, their children, such a heritage?

Then there came before me a second picture: This nation, born amidst such enthusiasm and joy, done to its death; its



soldiers and sailors and statesmen returning home to fields—that backbone of the industry of their country—devastated; bare chimneys, where had once been comfortable homes; the whole face of the country they loved so well one vast picture of desolation and ruin, the only star of hope being the brave hearts of “the girls they left behind them;” fields laid waste and laborers demoralized by their newly gotten freedom. What but the consciousness of a brave fight bravely made could have given them the courage to meet and overcome by infinite patience and care that yet more horrible condition than any they had ever dreamed of—the reconstruction period of the South? With that dreadful specter downed at last, the rebuilding of the South began. And when comfort once more began to take a daily seat in the homes of the South, the eyes of her patriot heroes began to turn with tear-dimmed vision to that one lone figure who stood as the target for all “the slings and arrows” which hate hurled at the South; and as he stood, brave and unmoved, amidst them all, his old followers resolved that the South for whom he had done so much should erect a monument to show to their descendants and to the world what this great man had done for his country. And so the work was started. But because there could be no monument to the President of the Confederacy which was not also a monument to the army and navy of the Confederacy, their modesty tied their tongues and their hands, and they paused in this beautiful work. And the United Confederate Veterans, I hope, know that it will always be a great source of pride to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that then they turned to us and said: “Finish this work for us.”

And from all this past of high hopes and brave endeavor there came that great day when those veterans who were left saw the finishing of the work which they gave us to do. We all looked with pride on that great monument, and our hopes mounted high again as, “after the sighing and the weeping, after the sowing and the reaping,” we looked at Mrs. Holmes and her coworkers on the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, those of our ranks who have labored so faithfully and so beautifully for these nearly eight years for that fruition of our hopes, and I thought: “Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York, and all the clouds that lowered upon our house in the deep bosom of the ocean lie buried. Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, our bruised arms hung up for monuments, our stern alarums changed to merry meetings, our dreadful marches to delightful measures.”

The great Davis monument is finished, and we must turn our attention to yet others.

#### VISIT TO WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK.

I went from Richmond to Washington, and found there among all Confederates and all Confederate sympathizers the great desire to be that we have a monument of which we and those who come after us may be proud in the center of Confederate Section in Arlington. That you sympathize with this desire you showed very conclusively last fall, and I hope we will all work for it year in and year out until we see it unveiled.

It is a very nice thing to have Daughters all over the United States, as your President found when she met those in Washington and New York. And because it was done for your President and not for any individual, I am going to tell you about it at the risk of seeming egotistical.

I was never a belle before, and I found it very delightful.

and so it was the nicest trip I ever had. I had not been in Washington more than three hours before flowers began to come to me from some of my Daughters, and everything had been planned for my pleasure. I was a guest in the beautiful and delightful home of one of my Daughters who belongs to a Mississippi Chapter—Mrs. Fannie J. Ricks, formerly of Yazoo City, Miss. She has not forgotten her old-time Mississippi Delta hospitality which greets you with a face beaming with welcome and never tires of doing things for your pleasure. The Division had made arrangements for Mrs. Walsh, its President, and Mrs. Ricks to take me to call on the President the next day. Well, we went, and were received with all the cordiality which the President inherits from his Georgia mother and with the respect with which his Confederate uncles have inspired him for all things Confederate. Then on Friday evening the Division gave in my honor a most beautiful and delightful—because entirely without ceremony—reception in the beautiful ballrooms of the Arlington. We ended the evening with the Virginia reel, and your President danced for the first time in nearly twenty years. She danced with the most charming Confederate veteran too, and felt honored that another veteran wanted to dance with her.

On Saturday the Children's Auxiliary gave me a charming luncheon, at which I made them a talk on the inheritance which they possess in being descendants of Confederates. They were charming hosts, and one of the boys in a most graceful little speech presented to me from his comrades a magnificent bouquet of pink carnations. That afternoon Mrs. Ricks threw open her beautiful apartments for the U. D. C. of the District to call on me. I will always remember it as an occasion when I met many charming members of the U. D. C.

On Monday the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, in Alexandria, Va., which is only about seven or eight miles from Washington, sent over the private car of the President of the Washington and Alexandria Street Railroad and carried several of us over to their beautiful Chapter house for a most delightful evening. All the Confederates of Alexandria, including the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, whose President presented me with a beautiful bouquet of red and white roses, were there. And the Camp of Veterans, whose headquarters is in the Chapter house, got out Gen. R. E. Lee's camp chair for me to sit in. But your President, feeling herself or anybody else she knew unworthy to sit in the chair, did not sit in it. I don't believe the Veterans will ever know how much I appreciated their getting it out and asking me to occupy it, for I was too full to say how I felt. But I did and do appreciate it very much. The next day I went to New York, and first made a visit to our friend, Mrs. Livingston R. Schuyler, in her delightful suburban home at Scarsdale. She gave me a tea, and I met many fine people of the North as well as some of my Daughters whom I had not met before.

On Monday afternoon the New York Chapter met in special meeting, and I was asked to make them a talk, which I did with fear and trembling. A most entertaining programme was added to this, and we had a delightful reception afterwards at which I met some of my Daughters from almost every State in the Confederacy. With such a Chapter and such a President as it has we need never be surprised at the splendid reports it sends every year to our conventions.

I came home with my head in the air, and told my husband that if he did not rejoice with me over such Daughters I would be like the old negro he is fond of telling about, who,



when his wife refused to rejoice at his prayer in meeting, said: "And dat ar Lissa didn't no mo' 'joice dan nothin'. An' you know a woman oughter 'joice at her own husband's prar. An' I say: 'Lissa, whyn't you 'joice at my prar, nigger?' An' she 'spon': 'Go way fum here, Sam, who gwine 'joice at your prar? You drunk.' An' wid dat I riz, an' I riz wid one ob dem binch laigs in meh han'; an', Gord bless your soul! I made 'er 'joice." So I said I would have to get me a "binch laig" and make him "'joice" if he could not "'joice" at such Daughters as I found everywhere I went.

### THE SOUTHERN MOTHERS' SCHOLARSHIP.

BY SADA FOUTE RICHMOND, 1102 ELMWOOD AVENUE, MEMPHIS.

When Jacob slept upon his pillow of stones in 1750 B.C. and saw the ladder reaching up to heaven, indicative of how man might raise his character, though based upon earth, until its height should be lost in the mists of heaven, he was prompted to erect a monument of stone to mark the spot. Again when he was parting from Laban, whom he thoroughly distrusted, and feeling that he had reached the limit of his own ability to protect himself, he erected another heap or monument of stones to be a Mizpah, or watch tower, between himself and his dreaded father-in-law.

As time passed on we find the primitive nations erecting these monuments to mark any important epoch in their history; and as civilization advanced, instead of the rough natural stones, they began to hew and carve the beautiful granite columns and to engrave inscriptions upon them. Thus was displayed the effort of primitive and aboriginal minds to commemorate and make lasting the history of their nations and times.

But now, nineteen hundred years after Christ, are we to stand still in the steps of ancient Jacob? Have we no higher idea of commemorating great deeds or noble people than to continue building monuments of stone which, however artistic and costly we may make them, are still only cold, insensate marble, telling but a meager tale to future generations? I claim it is evidence of stagnation. We are not progressing if in this twentieth century we still hold to the old ideas of three thousand years ago.

Look around us to-day and see who are they that are building the most lasting monuments! Where is there a marble shaft that will in any degree compare with the Carnegie libraries that now dot the country over and are a blessing to so many people and a household word in every city? Who has ever erected a monument equal in widespread blessing to that of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship? The world at large knew nothing of Cecil Rhodes while he lived, but now his memory is fragrant with blessing and his name upon every tongue. A new incentive is before the American boy. He can now not only aspire to be President, but he can work for a Cecil Rhodes scholarship also.

And now I come to the point of my argument: If we build a monument to our Southern mothers—those women who endured the sorrows and sacrifices of the days of 1861-65—let it not be a "heap of stones," in repetition of aboriginal ideas, but an endowed scholarship in each Southern State to be called "The Southern Mothers' Scholarship." Let the conditions be such that only Southern girls of true Southern parentage and ancestry could win them and the mental requirements not so rigid as to exclude any ambitious girl from trying for them.

Only a short time before their deaths I talked upon this subject to two noble old Southern mothers, and they both said:

"Don't build any monuments, but endow scholarships in our name that will bless the living while they commemorate the dead." I long to see the time when this shall be accomplished! The Southern mother well deserves a monument to her memory. 'Tis true, of course, that Southern women were not the first women called upon to endure the anguish of civil war; but if Southern posterity is the first to realize this fact and to offer honor to its heroic women, that will only prove that Southern chivalry has still the lead in civilization. The gratitude of posterity, the appreciation of history, is surely but a meager return to those who took food from their own mouths and clothing from their own households that the soldiers might be sustained in their fearful struggle. The Southern soldier has made a record never before read into history, and the reason of it is that he had such women to encourage him!

That a monument should be built to the mothers and grandmothers of the Confederacy is unquestioned, and this is the generation to do it. For as little children we stood at their knees and saw their faces blanch as the roar of cannon reverberated over the distant hills of Chickamauga or heard the smothered cry of agony as the letter was read, telling of a loved one slain at Chancellorsville or the Wilderness, and saw the tears fall day by day over the fate of a son or brother wounded and languishing in some improvised hospital without comforts or nursing. And then the long weeks of suspense when no news came at all until the heart was sick with fear and the brain crazed with anguish. Ycs, we who remember these things, whose earliest recollections were the heroic fortitude and suppressed anxiety of our Southern mothers, must see to it that they are not forgotten. But let it not be a monument of insensate stone or pulseless clay, but one that will be a continual blessing to all Southern womanhood and that will place an incentive in the way of higher education before the Southern girls of the future.

Will not our leaders among the Confederate Veterans appoint a committee to make plans to this end at once? It seems to me that a small sum from every true-hearted Southerner would soon swell the fund to the desired amount.

With all a Southern woman's devotion, with all a teacher's zeal, with all a philanthropist's desire to benefit his fellow-men, and, above all, with a keen remembrance of how the Southern girl's chances for education were curtailed and handicapped by the sad results of the Civil War, I urge this step upon our Veterans, our Memorial Associations, and our Daughters of the Confederacy!

### OUR SOUTHERN WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Hon. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., took for his theme in an address at his home on the last Confederate Memorial Day the work of our women during and since the war. In his address Captain Ellis said in substance:

"I declare to you that future generations ought not to forget to honor the women of the South. During the four years in which the South struggled to establish its independence the women by their virtue, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and loyalty to the cause of the Southern Confederacy did more to make that cause a success than all the armies, glorious as they were, which the South ever set on fields of battle.

"There was no situation too distressing, no condition too adverse, no disaster too severe for those loyal women of the South. By their unabated fidelity to a cause which all the world now concedes was right they succeeded in inspiring the armies of the Confederacy with a patience, a loyalty, fidelity, and bravery for the cause they defended to the extent that



they made it possible for the Confederacy as an organized government to struggle for four continuous years in an unequal contest to establish its independence. But for these women of the South the Confederacy could not have survived for a single year. Inspired by their example, their constancy, self-sacrifice, and patriotism, the South was able to maintain its organized armies in the field for four of the bloodiest years that mark the highway of ancient or modern history. If Confederate soldiers won renown on fields of battle, which they did, and if they shook a continent by their heroic endeavors and filled the whole world with the glory of their achievements, the credit for their performance is primarily due to the women of the South. No man could wear a Confederate uniform and not be a good soldier under the influences which the women of the South brought directly to bear upon him. Therefore whatever glory clusters about the performances of the men who made up the Confederate army should be set down in the first instance to the credit of Southern women.

"At the breaking out of the war the women of the South were the most highly cultivated, the most accomplished, the most patriotic, and the most beautiful women in the world. They devoutly believed in the justice of the Southern cause, and with their accomplishments, their patriotism, their loyalty, their virtue, and their beauty they made the armies of the South the most formidable array of warriors that ever marched under martial banners in all the tide of time.

"The shattered ranks of Confederate veterans ought to gather about them to-day their children and their grandchildren, and inspire them with the example of these glorious women of the Old South. It only remains for Confederate soldiers to do a few more important things. They ought to see to it that their descendants erect monuments to the memory of the women of the South, so that future generations can never forget their glorious example. From the fall of Fort Sumter to that memorable day when General Lee had his last conference with General Grant at Appomattox the women of the South never abated their devotion, their ardor, and their loyalty to the homes which the armies of the South were marshaled to defend. The very ceremonies we are here observing to-day had their conception and origin in the loyal hearts of accomplished and devout Southern women.

"When the South quit its struggles in those dreary days of April, 1865, there was not a ray of sunshine in any home in the old Confederacy. Red-handed war had made a veritable waste of every State embraced within its boundaries. Homes had been destroyed, fortunes had been wrecked, and millions of property had been destroyed by the invaders of the South. Every condition bore the cruel marks of adverse fortune. In this disastrous situation, when the last hope of the Old South had perished, its women, true to their convictions, their purpose, and their devotion to their homes, went afield, with no blare of trumpets, with no sound of victorious bands to cheer them on, and gathered a few wild flowers that survived the wreck of war, and with tender hands and affectionate hearts and tears placed them upon the graves in which their dead hopes and dead heroes were buried. That performance challenged the admiration of every other civilized land, and to-day the custom of annually decorating soldiers' graves, without regard to the armies in which they served or the flag under which they fought, is due alone to the women of the South. From this simple ceremony, originally performed by our Southern women when no sunshine was over their devoted heads and no star of hope dawned

upon them, has grown up a custom which is to-day annually observed by more than eighty millions of people in these re-united States. All this honor is due to the women of the South. Let us teach their descendants that their fathers and grandfathers were not traitors, but that they died in defense of a constitutional principle which was recognized by our ancestors when they wrote the Declaration of Independence, a principle which was formally established in our national law when our forefathers achieved our independence at Yorktown.

"While I yield to no one in my admiration of and loyalty to Confederate soldiers, no matter from what State they come, I cannot omit to mention to you that the Kentuckian who served in the Confederate army occupied a most unique position. His State had not withdrawn from the Union, and when he entered the Confederate army he was an exile. His home, his kindred, and the companions of his youth were behind him, and a wall of fire raged between him and all that he loved and honored in his boyhood; but, believing that the cause of the South was just, he did not hesitate to align himself with his brethren of the South in the defense of a just cause and struggled to the last to vindicate the altar which the South had dedicated to liberty. Through four years of war every possible means of communication between him and his native home was barred to him, but this did not abate his ardor for the cause of the South. It is of record that the very best soldiers in the Confederate army came from the State of Kentucky.

"Without hope of reward except a consciousness of duty well done, Kentuckians adhered to the principles for which the South contended until the last star of its hope went down to rise no more forever. Kentuckians were the escort of President Davis when the Confederate capital had been surrendered; they were the pallbearers at the burial of the Confederacy's last hope. The conduct of these young men who served in the Confederate army will continue to form a chapter in the history of this glorious commonwealth which will be honorable to them and creditable to their native State as long as 'Old Kentucky' retains its place in this republic of American States."

#### THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

BY AMY PEARL COZBY.

There's a story my father has oftentimes told  
Of a brave little nation that rose,  
Baptized with the blood of her patriots bold,  
To stand for an hour 'midst her foes.  
He tells how she struggled for liberty's light,  
Then sank into eternal night.

There's a flag—I have seen it—worn, tattered by shells,  
And stained with the blood of the brave;  
It speaks ever sadly of silent farewells,  
Of hopes that were hushed in the grave.  
I know how it rose in its glory and pride,  
Then drooped o'er the nation that died.

O, sad is the story my father has told  
Of death and disaster and gloom;  
Yet marked with such courage, such deeds daring, bold,  
As I kneel at the young nation's tomb,  
I am glad that from out her storm cradle she rose  
To stand for an hour 'midst her foes.



## HISTORY OF THE PRINCE WILLIAM CAVALRY.

BY MRS. M. R. BARLOW, MANASSAS, VA.

Who that is now falling into the sere and yellow leaf of even middle life does not distinctly remember the spring of 1861? Not for the beauty of the season, though that was as lovely as smiling skies, balmy winds, and odorous flower cups could make it, but for the cloud at first that seemed scarcely larger than a man's hand which began to loom up in the political horizon and the distant mutterings of the storm so soon to burst upon our land.

Disunion, heedless of future evils, walked abroad, a new scheme of government was proposed, a new Confederacy arose, and seemingly a new member was added to the list of nations. Then came the call for troops, and soon the earth resounded with the tramp of armed men. Who was sane enough in those days of excessive excitements to think of the "battle, murder, and sudden death," the trio of evils from which we had been taught to pray to be delivered, that might lurk behind all this? There was glory and enthusiasm about the new order of things in the waving banners, the glittering uniforms, and nodding plumes that led captive the imagination and silenced reason. In every town where troops were quartered the young ladies were affected with "button upon the brain," and seemed to think that life was made only to be spent walking, riding, and flirting with the soldiers. Youth and gayety were everywhere uppermost, unappalled by the spectacle of national distraction, and even the soberest looked upon the most astounding events with an equanimity bordering upon apathy.

Of the many companies then mustered into service, few entered with brighter prospects than the Prince William Cavalry, the company whose history I have been requested to write. It had been organized in the winter of 1858 and 1859, during the John Brown excitement. It had seen no active service then, but had continued under the militia law to drill once a month at the county seat, Brentville. In the summer of 1859 at a picnic in Hart's woods, near Bristoe, they were presented by the ladies of the county with a beautiful silk flag. This flag was gotten up by two ladies of the county, Misses Emma and Somer Williams, cousins, the white portions of the flag being made from an evening dress of the latter, who is still living as Mrs. Lion, of Manassas, Va. The other lady, afterwards Mrs. Captain Davis, suffered the indignity of being the only lady of her county arrested by the Federal forces. She was carried to Alexandria, where, in spite of the very serious illness produced by such unusual exposure and fatigue in being taken from one provost office to another, she was detained for several weeks, though she was never charged with anything more serious than holding communication with the enemy, the said enemy being her own husband, who from a hiding place had been compelled to witness the arrest of his wife, knowing himself helpless to assist her. She was at length released from captivity by the kind offices of Mrs. Holland, who, having British protection, was allowed to trade through the lines, and succeeded in getting her sick friend out and to Prince William, where she was met by her brother, J. Taylor Williams, and carried to a place of safety within the Southern lines. This flag has survived not only the war but nearly every one who was connected with its presentation, and is now in possession of B. D. Merchant, of Manassas.

In 1860, during the presidential campaign, the company undertook their first active operations. During that summer John Underwood, with a following of about twenty Republicans, had raised a handsome pole and flag in the interest of

their candidate, Abraham Lincoln, in Occoquan, Va., and the company had threatened to cut it down. Underwood had sent word to Governor Letcher that Prince William Cavalry was coming to Occoquan to destroy private property, and the Governor had ordered General Hunton, who then commanded the militia of the county, to send the Prince William Cavalry on a certain day to Occoquan to protect private property. Thus you will perceive the position of the cavalry to have been rather peculiar. They accepted, however, and marched down, accompanied by a good many citizens from different parts of the county. At John Payne's store, one mile from Occoquan, the citizens and a few of the company in citizens' clothes—among them Vivian Towels, the son of an Episcopal minister of the county—formed themselves into a citizens' meeting and elected Milton Fitzhugh as captain and Mr. Jackson, of Ellsworth notoriety, then of Fairfax C. H., as axman. The pole was cut down by this committee, cut into convenient lengths to be carried back to Payne's store, and there divided. Most of it was made into walking sticks.

The cavalry was ordered into service on April 17, 1861, and was a fine and soldierly-looking lot of men, numbering some sixty to seventy members. It was uniformed with gray cloth made at Kelly's Mills, in Culpeper County. The uniform consisted of a frock coat with one row of buttons up the front and one on each side, connecting at the top with a gold lace V. Pants with yellow stripes, black hats with black plumes on the left side held up with crossed sabers, and a shield with the letters "P. W. C." in front—a plain but neat uniform in which the most insignificant must look his best; and as they trotted off by fours with the fine-looking, genial captain and his kinsmen at their head, there were none but admiring eyes and but few dry ones in the old town which had known and loved most of them from childhood to manhood.

The company was officered in starting out as follows: Captain, W. W. Thornton; Lieutenants, P. D. Williams, J. M. Barbee, and Demetious Rowe; Orderly Sergeant, Thomas Thornton; Corporals, Robert Towles and J. Taylor Williams.

The first camp of the cavalry after it was ordered out was on a farm called Saffolds, near Occoquan. From thence it was sent to the northern neck of Virginia for several weeks, executing orders under General Ruggles, who complimented the company highly for promptitude and efficiency while under his command in transferring it to Major Terry.

May 15 found the cavalry back at Brentsville with orders to march to Occoquan. May 20, still at Occoquan watching landings on the Potomac and guarding roads in constant expectation of an attack from the Federal forces which had landed in Alexandria. On May 24 the cavalry was ordered to burn the bridge over the Occoquan and report at Manassas, arriving there on Saturday, and ordered back on same day to Bacon Race Church. On Monday it was ordered again to Manassas at full speed, and, arriving there, found General Bonham and staff already mounted, and were detailed to act as escort to Centerville, where a fight was expected; but it was a false alarm. Late in the evening the cavalry was ordered to Fairfax C. H.

The following is an account written on the 29th of May of the state of affairs at Fairfax County and on the 5th of June of the fight at Fairfax C. H. by one of the lieutenants; and as the writer does not shirk his own share in the letter, it may be regarded as strictly authentic:

"This county is in a perfect fever of excitement, and consequently filled with absurd rumors. Almost every night we are snatched from our blankets and thrown into our saddles



by false alarms. We are here almost in the enemy's country and are keeping a sharp lookout for them, and don't intend to be trapped if such a thing can possibly be avoided.

"On the morning of the 1st inst. at 2:30 o'clock the two advanced guards on the 'Little Falls Church' road came in at full speed and reported that they had been fired upon by the enemy, who were rapidly advancing upon this place. Our company was immediately called out, and with great alacrity were preparing to meet them; but in less than five minutes after the first alarm was given and the company about half ready, not more than half of the men being mounted, it was borne down upon by from eighty to one hundred well-armed and well-mounted Federal dragoons. Our company, being cut off from their officers (neither the captain nor I being with them), could in their confused state do nothing but retreat, and that they did with the greatest possible speed. When the alarm was given, I got up, went to the stable, got my horse, and returned to the barracks for the purpose of arousing several members who were dilatory about getting out. I tied my horse in front of the barracks about twenty steps from the door and went into the building to bring out the men, not dreaming that the enemy was so near at hand. Upon my giving the two men notice, they immediately got up, and we were about midway the building on our way to the door when the enemy opened heavy fire upon our troop. When we got to the door, our troop was passing under full retreat and the enemy firing at every jump. I rushed out to get my horse, but found that the enemy was within fifty feet of him, and that if I attempted to mount I would certainly be taken as well as my horse; so I halted about halfway between the door and the horse, hesitating what was best to be done. In this position I was immediately discovered by them and fired upon about six times. At this juncture, cut off from the company and directly under the eye of the enemy, you know I very readily decided to make my escape on foot, which I did with the least possible delay, leaving my horse to be taken by the rogues—an opportunity they did not lose, for I was hardly out of sight of the house before some twelve of them dismounted, entered the house, captured Henry Lynn, who was too slow about getting out, and took him and my horse off with them.

"The enemy pursued our company about three-quarters of a mile, firing at every step. They then halted and returned to the town, to be received by about forty-five of the Warrenton Riflemen, who had been aroused by the firing upon our men. When they were within sixty yards of the Warrenton Rifles, a brisk fire was opened on them, which was promptly returned. In the first round the Warrenton Rifles lost their captain, John Q. Marr. The enemy retreated, rallied, and charged twice more upon the Warrenton Rifles, in which they suffered serious injury. Our loss was one killed (Captain Marr) and four taken prisoners (W. T. Washington, Henry Lynn, Thomas Marders, and Charles Dunnington). The enemy's loss was three taken prisoners and twenty-four killed and disabled."

After this incident the cavalry were camped at various places in the vicinity of Fairfax C. H. On July 9, 1861, it was at Camp Scott, near the Occoquan, associated with the Albe-marle Troop, under the command of Capt. John Scott, formerly of the Black Horse, and their duty was to guard the Potomac between Occoquan and Dumfries, which was then considered such an important point that they were supported by a regiment of infantry, and in all numbered some one thousand men, all eager to have a brush with the enemy and wipe

out the remembrance of the surprise at Fairfax C. H. The Yankees, however, seemed to have been satisfied with their reception at that place, and remained on their side of the river until ready for their advance for the first battle of Manassas. During that battle the cavalry were left on the extreme right of our army, with the commands of Colonels Early and Hill, whose forces by some strange mistake in the transmission of orders were left inactive throughout the day, and the cavalry were held in reserve until the enemy began to give way, when they joined in the short pursuit of the fleeing foe, which did not extend farther than Centerville, though we know now that it might have been kept up to Washington City itself without damage to our forces.

The remainder of the year of 1861 was spent by the cavalry at various places in Fairfax and lower Prince William. It wintered at a place called Round Top, in the latter county, and the following is a description of their life there written by one who was afterwards a member of the company and who paid them a visit before joining: "The merry fellows that I found in camp at Round Top are merry fellows indeed. They have not yet felt the pinch of hunger, and but few of the other ills consequent upon the life of the soldier. Within an easy distance of their own homes, with plentiful rations for man and beast, they spend their days in hard riding and scouting, their nights in games and revelry, and doubtless think it is a fine thing. But they will waken ere long to its stern realities, I very much fear."

That the stern reality came only too soon we may judge from another extract dated only two years later, which reads as follows: "It was broad daylight when we reached the edge of the woods and paused to take a view of what was beyond. There was an open space, the enemy's line stretching along the opposite wood; while an occasional picket ensconced behind a log pen and protected by an India rubber cloth converted into a temporary tent were evidently taking matters as easily and comfortably as if we had been a hundred miles away. Still farther to the rear we would catch occasional glimpses of bodies of cavalry and infantry posted along the rising ground; the former with their sleek, well-fed horses picketed to tree or fence, pawing the ground in their impatience, while their riders reclined upon warm blankets and India rubber tents, sleeping away the dreary hours or perchance watching the cooks as they moved about the fires in their waterproof overcoats, evidently preparing for their comrades a warm breakfast from the well-filled stores of the Yankee commissariat. I could not but contrast their position with that of our own brave men, many of whom had been reared in luxury, while few among them had ever known a real want, now without blankets, without overcoats, many barefooted and half-naked, cowering down behind trees or stumps for shelter against chilling storms, and only too happy if they chanced to possess a slice of bacon or beef, a single hard cracker, a handful of hay or corn to assuage the hunger of themselves or their half-starved horses."

In September, 1861, while the cavalry were camped at Sangster's Crossroads, in Fairfax County, it was chosen by Col. Beverly H. Robertson to constitute a portion of his regiment of cavalry just organizing and became a portion of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, ranking as Company A, and with the Governor's Guards formed a squadron. It continued to act with this company until after the seven days' fight around Richmond, when it was put with the Hanover Troop, Captain Newton commanding, thus forming the second squadron, and so acted the remainder of the war.



After the army fell back from Manassas, in 1862, the Prince William Cavalry were camped for a short time at Stafford C. H., and it was there that a reorganization of the company took place under an act of the Virginia Legislature, allowing all volunteer companies the privilege of electing their own officers. An election took place, resulting as follows: Captain, P. D. Williams; Lieutenants, L. A. Davis, B. D. Merchant, and George Colvin; Orderly Sergeant, P. T. Weedon; other Sergeants, J. Taylor Williams and Robert Towles.

Soon after this George Colvin died, and each one of the officers under him was advanced a step and some others elected, among them Absalom Lynn and Vivian Towles, as noncommissioned officers. The next year J. Taylor Williams was made sergeant major of the regiment by Colonel Wickham, and served in that capacity through the Gettysburg campaign and until the old sergeant major, who had been captured at Stevensburg June 9, 1863, was released from prison. Captain Thornton was made major in the commissary department of Ewell's forces, and acted in that capacity until the close of the war.

The cavalry went from Stafford C. H. to the peninsula. It took part in the battle of Williamsburg, where Colonel Wickham and the major of their regiment, W. H. Payne, were badly wounded. From that time to the close of the fighting around Richmond it formed a part of Stuart's Cavalry force in the immediate front of the enemy. An extract from a letter says: "My company did nobly all through the fights. It captured one day one hundred and ten prisoners. One man, W. Scott George, captured eighteen or twenty of them by himself. I was slightly wounded on the left hand and arm the second day of the fight by pieces of shell which have deprived me of the use of them ever since; but now I am rapidly recovering, and will soon be fit for duty again."

The wounds mentioned were received in the battle of Cold Harbor on June 27, 1862, while the company was supporting Capt. John Pelham's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, and the same shell had just killed Corporal Warwick, of the Governor's Guard, of the same squadron, by striking his saber and cutting him in two, one of the fragments striking Capt. P. D. Williams on the hand, inflicting a painful but not serious wound. He was the only man in the company injured. Four months later he was killed in the Mine Run campaign.

The following is the account written by his brother, J. Taylor Williams, a few days later: "Our brigade of cavalry commenced the advance by way of Raccoon Ford, Culpeper County, on Sunday morning, the 11th of October. We found the enemy there in strong force, and soon after crossing the river we were attacked by a large body of cavalry. We fought them some time, when our regiment (the 4th) was ordered to charge a body of sharpshooters. The regiment was commanded by Captain Newton, of the Hanover Troop, and our squadron by my brother, P. D. Williams, and his squadron being in front, of course had to bear the brunt of the fight. Captain Newton was killed instantly, and my brother fell mortally wounded. He received a ball in his left arm just below the shoulder which shattered the bone and entered the breast. His horse was killed and fell upon him; but it had been removed by the enemy before his friends reached him, as another charge had to be made before the Yankees were put to flight. He was taken to Mr. Stringfellow's, in the neighborhood, and died a short time afterwards in my arms while I was in the act of giving him some brandy which had been sent in by the chief surgeon."

Thus passed away in the prime of life (he had barely reached his twenty-fifth birthday) one who in the words of a fellow-soldier "was as brave a soldier as ever drew a saber or fired a gun." With all due kindly deference to the soldiers of to-day, we don't think they rank with Capt. P. D. Williams and Newton.

The 4th Regiment of Cavalry was in most of the battles and raids which made Stuart's Cavalry so famous during the war, and the Prince William Cavalry fully sustained the reputation which had made it Company A of the regiment. Its hardest campaign was that with Stuart at Gettysburg, when it was for fifteen days between Meade's army and Washington, traveling day and night and scarcely taking time to eat their meals, and toward the close the men were so worn out by the loss of sleep and rest that they would frequently go to sleep while riding and fall off their horses. During the retreat from Petersburg it protected the rear of the army, and had to fight day and night for a week. "On the morning of the 9th of April," says a correspondent, "our brigade was ordered to report to General Lee at the front, and by him ordered to go around Sheridan's command and get possession of the Lynchburg road. Our squadron (the 2d) dismounted and was fighting on foot when the flag of truce came through the lines at 9:30 o'clock with the news of the surrender. General Munford, who was in command, sent word back to know upon what terms the cavalry were to surrender; and after waiting some time and no answer coming, he took the brigade, except our squadron, which was still on the firing line, back to Lynchburg. Our squadron remained until night, and then joined the regiment at Lynchburg. The next morning, April 10, the whole command was disbanded."

Reference to the list of the dead given with this will show that the cavalry did not escape losses either in battle or by disease. Thirty names are recorded there, a large proportion to the number enlisted, which never exceeded one hundred, and several of these served only one year. Of the number now living, but one man bears the visible sight of that mighty struggle—in the crutch instead of the saber. Private John W. Fewell, now of Meridian, Miss., lost a leg in the battle of Five Forks the day before Richmond fell, and we think was the only one of the company maimed. He spent several months in a Federal hospital in Petersburg, where he was most kindly treated. B. D. Merchant and several others had long experience in Federal prisons, where they did not fare so well. Thomas S. Shirley, William Stone, and J. P. Monroe died there, the latter quite early in the war at Mount Lookout. Sam Davis and John Arundel were murdered in Dumfries by two negroes they had captured near Alexandria and were taking back to Richmond. They were sleeping in an old house, and the supposition is that whoever was on guard went to sleep, and the negroes knocked them in the head with an ax they had to cut wood for a fire. The negroes took their arms and made their escape to Washington, where they were made heroes of; and it was reported that Congress voted them a medal for the deed.

In giving the place and date of deaths of Confederate brigadier generals in the VETERAN for May, it was stated that Gen. Lloyd Tilgman was killed at Battle Creek, Mo., and it should have been Baker's Creek, Miss.

In his "Perils of Escape from Prison," Col. H. G. Damon states that Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher, the prisoners' friend, was a sister of Mrs. Charles Buford; but they were only friends, Mrs. Mosher states, and not related at all.



## IN THE GLOAMING.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Out of the years that long ago vanished  
 Back from a youth that has flitted doth come,  
 Mingled with laughter and burdened with sorrow,  
 The stirring tattoo of an old army drum;  
 And dimly I see where a river is flowing  
 The glimmer of lights, forming long, ghastly lines,  
 And an army in gray amid silence is marching  
 Under the crests of the far-away pines.

Hark! 'twas a bugle; I certainly heard it,  
 'Twas a call for a charge through the copse on the foe,  
 And yonder a flag in the starlight is waving  
 The blessed old bars of the long, long ago;  
 The legions of gray in the valley are forming,  
 The guns are at work on the crest of the hill,  
 A comrade goes down with a prayer for his mother;  
 The roar of the fight not a moment is still.

Nay, 'tis but a dream of the days that are over;  
 The crutch at my side is a token, I say,  
 Of a youth that was splendid, a boyhood enhalloved,  
 When proudly I sported a jacket of gray,  
 When shoulder to shoulder we marched on to glory  
 And charged in our youth to the cannon's red mouth,  
 When victory perched on our beautiful banner  
 And Fame wove a wreath for the chivalrous South.

There's gray in my hair as I sit in the gloaming;  
 'Twas gold when we stood on the battle lines,  
 And I think of the lock that I sent to a sweetheart  
 Who waited for me in the shade of the pines.  
 And so by the brink of the mystical river  
 That wanders away to the uttermost sea  
 I dream of my comrades of march and of battle,  
 I dream of the beautiful banner of Lee.

We furled it, the ages will crown it with glory;  
 We lost, but the halo of fame is our own—  
 No stain on the swords that we drew for the Southland,  
 And not a regret where our bayonets shone.  
 I hear a sweet voice that is constantly calling  
 With love in its tones from a land far away,  
 And I yearn as I sit in the mystical shadows  
 For the heavenly camp of the comrades in gray.

## GENERAL KIRBY-SMITH'S NAME IS HONORED.

[The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee, Tenn.]

On May 7, 1907, a bill was introduced by Senator Beard, and subsequently passed, in the Florida Legislature directing that a statue of Gen. Edmund Kirby-Smith be placed in the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. Under the provisions of the Act of Congress, July 2, 1864, Florida was entitled to furnish two statues for this hall, which the State has never done; and as General Kirby-Smith was the most famous Floridian in military life, it is fitting that his memory be so commemorated.

General Kirby-Smith was born in St. Augustine, Fla., in the year 1824. After the Civil War, he was for many years professor of mathematics at the University of the South. He was a strength and support to the university in those early days of her existence, and was closely associated with every phase of Sewanee life. He was loved and respected by all, and ever since then his name has been linked with Sewanee's.

He died just after the opening of the Lent term, 1893, at his home here in Sewanee. Bishop Gailor, who was then Vice Chancellor, in his report to the Board of Trustees in the same year, pays this fine tribute to his character: "No name in the records of the internal administration of the university shall shine with a purer luster than his. He had the love and respect of every student and professor. He was ever the loyal, unselfish friend of Sewanee, an efficient officer, a devoted Churchman, a noble, high-minded Christian gentleman."

General Kirby-Smith's life is worthy of emulation. A true, brave son of the South—a patriot and a gentleman—he deserves to live always in the hearts of his countrymen. A memorial volume of the life and letters of General Kirby-Smith is in course of publication at the University Press, Sewanee, Tenn.

WHY SO MANY BRIGADIERS AND COLONELS?—Gen. H. W. Wood, G. A. R., Madison, Wis., writes: "When we read a story of the South in which there is a soldier or a dozen of them, the page is set full of capital 'G's' and 'C's' and 'M's,' meaning 'Generals,' 'Colonels,' or 'Majors.'" And then he wonders just why that is so! Dr. D. H. Grant, son of a Confederate, at Palestine, Tex., replies: "All the home Southern people have such love and respect and veneration for their old heroes, and they feel now that so few of them are left to tell the true story, that they by virtue of their valor and true heroism ought to be generals, colonels, and majors. If not for that reason, we all think that they are now entitled to promotion by reason of succession to the titles."

ABOUT THAT STAR FROM GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON'S COAT.—The VETERAN for May contained an article clipped from a Mississippi paper, giving a letter from H. A. Langworthy, of Traverse City, Mich., to R. W. Durfy, of Vicksburg, written last September, in which he made the statement that he had cut a star from the coat of Gen. J. E. Johnston. This statement is ridiculed by W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., who was of Company F, Wood's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Comrade Brown says it "will do very well as a work of fiction," etc., and he makes a good point in referring to "Lieutenant General" Johnston and "General" Pemberton commanding Confederate States forces at Vicksburg. Joseph E. Johnston never was a lieutenant general, nor was Pemberton ever a full general. The VETERAN should have detected these inconsistencies.

The St. Louis Confederate Monument Association issued an address on May 29, 1907, in which it states that within the last twenty years the Southern societies of St. Louis have donated in actual money more than fifty thousand dollars to monuments and benevolent purposes in Missouri and other States. The proposed St. Louis monument is designed to represent the whole State, and it is to be erected to commemorate the valor of every soldier and sailor of the Confederacy, however great or humble the service he rendered. It is proposed to raise about thirty-five thousand dollars for this monument. A prominent place in Forest Park will be accorded it, and the ladies who have the matter in hand have every confidence that Missouri, the fifth State in the Union, "will come to the front" and erect a monument that will be a credit to the State, an ornament to St. Louis, and a fitting memorial to those who gave their lives to duty.

Any who feel inclined to contribute to this cause, however small the amount, will please forward it to the Treasurer, Mrs. Philomen Chew, 4033 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.



## FIGHT AT BEVERLY, W. VA.

BY THOMAS H. NEILSON (CO. D, 62D VA. REGT., C. S. ARMY),  
302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

The writer, a Virginian, a youth of nineteen, had already seen three and a half years of active service in the Confederate army when, early in November, 1864, he joined a foolhardy expedition of three hundred and eighty men to capture the town of Beverly, in Randolph County, W. Va., held by an Ohio cavalry regiment (the 8th, I understood), eight hundred strong. Our battalion (composed of men from different companies and regiments of Gen. John D. Imboden's Brigade, recently ordered to Highland County to recruit our horses, broken down in Early's raid on Washington City and the active campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, lately ended) was led by Capt. Hannibal Hill, of the 62d Virginia, a young West Virginia mountaineer of reckless daring.

Owing to disparity in numbers, our only hope of success lay in a "surprise;" and as a large portion of the denizens of West Virginia were stanch Unionists, we were forced to abandon the public roads and make the journey through the mountains. The afternoon of November 8 found us some six miles from our destination. We had supper and rested till dark, when, with injunctions of strict silence, we resumed our march, flanked the enemy's pickets, and took a position on the river bank less than a mile distant from the town, where we lay on our arms, intending to attack at dawn while the enemy slept. Despite our precautions, the enemy, apprised of our approach, had posted a chain guard over a half mile from their camp, and nearly an hour before dawn their bugle sounded "veillee."

We sprang to our feet at the sound and formed in line. Undaunted at the miscarriage of his plans, and though outnumbered nearly three to one (having lost a hundred men by straggling the previous night), our intrepid leader determined on an instant attack, and passed the order down the line, "Forward."

We had advanced but a few hundred yards when "Who comes there?" "Halt!" bang! bang! greeted us.

"Charge, boys!" shouted Hill, and the Rebel yell awoke the echoes of the mountains as we dashed up the river bank and swept at double-quick on their line, they firing at us by our "yell" and we on them by the flash of their carbines. As we neared their line they broke and retreated toward their quarters, one-story log huts built on a hollow square. We cut off and captured several hundred prisoners, who subsequently escaped, as we could spare few men to guard them.

We thought "the red field won" and pressed on to their quarters, yelling "Surrender, surrender!" Many of our men fell at the doors of the various cabins, shot dead by the inmates, who could distinguish their forms in the dim light, while within all was dark. After discharging our muskets at close range, we clubbed them and battled hand to hand. Captain Hill, Lieutenant Gamble, and every officer in command went down in the "shock of battle;" and dawn revealing the paucity of our numbers, the enemy rallied and attacked us with renewed fury. Without leaders and scattered in this pellmell fight in the dark, our men were driven back and began to retreat in all directions.

Had I realized that we were whipped, I could have mounted eight or ten men, as the enemy's horses stood in the stables fully equipped, captured their picket, and escaped. But I attempted in vain to rally our men until I found myself nearly alone, when I retreated, waded the river (holding my gun and cartridge box above my head, as the water came up to my

neck), and succeeded in reaching a wooded swamp near by with five of my comrades, where we were soon surrounded and forced to surrender to a scouting party sent out to cut off our retreat to the mountains.

Ninety of us were captured in small squads and huddled together in what had once been an old frame church, now utilized as a guardhouse. The stone foundations, four feet high, with the upright beams supporting the roof, still stood; but the sides, flooring, and other woodwork had been ripped off and devoted to camp fire duty. With its floor of earth and open sides it afforded little protection from the wintry blasts that swept from the surrounding mountains.

My loved mother had sent me, disguised as a skirt and worn by a Virginia relative through the lines, some gray cloth from Philadelphia, Pa., which I had had made into a uniform resembling, as I subsequently learned, those worn by "Jesse Scouts," Federal soldiers. When I was brought into camp, one of the Yanks remarked: "Johnny, you look very much like a fellow that used to scout for General Averill." Deeming it only a casual remark, I replied simply, "Do I?" and gave no further heed to his remark. About three o'clock that afternoon I was summoned and escorted by two guards before a drumhead court-martial (composed of five regimental officers), held in a large room on the first floor of a dwelling used as army headquarters, and charged with desertion and joining the enemy, conviction of which meant death.

I had braved the "grim monster" on many fields; but now at the thought of being led out and "shot down like a dog" on a false accusation death inspired disgust rather than terror. Friendless and exhausted by the long tramp through the mountains, the charge and fight of the early morn, I sank into a chair and gazed at the stern faces about me; no pity shone in their eyes, not even in those of a young lieutenant whom I had captured that morning and to whom I had given a blanket, remarking that it would be very cold going back through the mountains and that he would need it.

When this officer came into the room, I said pleasantly: "Lieutenant, they have me up on very serious charges." He replied coldly: "Well, I guess they are true." I said no more. The court was called to order, silence reigned, and the judge advocate proceeded to read "the charges," which alleged that a few months prior I had been attached to General Averill's command as a scout; had deserted, joined the enemy, and had that day been captured with arms in my hands. I was ordered to plead. I entered an emphatic and indignant "not guilty." I was first questioned on my personal history and told the court briefly that I was a native of Richmond, Va.; that I had left college at the outbreak of the war and enlisted as a private in Company A, 52d Virginia, under Capt. James H. Skinner and Col. John B. Baldwin; that at the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 I had joined Company D, of the 62d Virginia, and that I was color bearer of my regiment.

The court then asked our intentions by the raid. I replied that when the Valley campaign closed some six hundred of us with broken-down horses had been sent to Highland County to recruit them; that a gentleman who had come through the lines had reported that there was a Federal cavalry regiment at Beverly, handsomely mounted; and that, being in need of horses, some three hundred and eighty of us had volunteered to come over and "give them a brush," hoping to surprise, capture, and parole the garrison and go back mounted, but that they had "turned the tables on us."

Lieut. Robert Gamble, acting adjutant, had been killed in



the fight with the muster roll of our little command on his person. I was questioned fifteen or twenty minutes on this roll, and, having answered all questions put to me, said to the court: "Gentlemen, had I been a deserter from your army for the past two or three months, as the man for whom I am taken is reported to be, it would be impossible for me to place to their companies and regiments men from twenty-six or twenty-eight different companies from three or four different regiments." The court gave no consideration to this remark. I told them that the ninety prisoners in the guardhouse would testify that I had never served a day in the Federal army, and requested that they be called as witnesses in my behalf; but that was refused. I then told them that I could prove my innocence by an uncle, a rabid Unionist, in the North, a resident of Philadelphia, Pa., who would like to see the Southern army exterminated; but they would listen to nothing that I would advance nor accede to any of my requests.

Two men were now called by the judge advocate and asked if I was the man who had scouted for General Averill in the Valley last summer. They scrutinized me closely and replied: "Yes." "Are you certain of it?" asked the court. They again eyed me closely and answered: "Yes." The judge advocate then reached for a Bible to swear them. Unable longer to restrain myself, I sprang to my feet and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, it is in your power to swear away my life; but, remember, in so doing you murder an innocent man." Then, turning to the court, I said: "And, gentlemen, I wish you to understand that shooting down prisoners is 'a game that two can play at,' and this farce of a trial will not avail you. You will also have to murder the ninety men in the guardhouse, or they will carry to General Imboden my request to hang ten Yankees for me. This is all I have to say."

That was a phase of the case they had not considered, and my remarks perhaps recalled the hanging of six of their men by Colonel Mosby the previous summer in retaliation for the murder of six of his at Front Royal. The proceedings were instantly checked. The members of the court arose and went to the farther end of the room, when, after a whispered consultation, they returned and resumed their seats, and the president announced that the court had decided to send me for trial to General Averill. "Thank you, gentlemen," I said; "that is all I ask. If General Averill will say that I ever scouted an hour for him (I fought him repeatedly in the Valley last summer), he is at liberty to shoot, hang, or quarter me." I was then sent back to the guardhouse and rejoined my comrades. The two witnesses against me then seemed to take a fancy to me, gave me a blanket and something to eat, and vied with each other in kindly attention.

I had no faith in the court or its announced intention. They had refused my request of the morning to allow me to go out under guard to view our killed and wounded, so we could report their fate. I would have attempted to escape had I had the free use of my legs, although there would not have been one chance in a hundred of success, as I had sprained my left ankle badly in the charge of the early morn by stepping on a rolling stone. I wrote a farewell letter to my now sainted mother and one to my commanding general, reciting briefly the facts and requesting retaliation. These I gave to one of my comrades for delivery; and, being utterly exhausted by fatigue and the excitement of the day, I rolled myself in my blanket and slept soundly all night. The next morning we arose early, as we were to be sent to the rear. Shortly before the line formed the two witnesses called on me and said: "Johnny, let us look at your teeth." On my complying with

their request, they exclaimed: "We know now that we were mistaken and that you are not the man we took you for, as that fellow had lost his front teeth." I replied: "You came near making that discovery after I was underground."

Upon reporting their error to their colonel, I was sent off with my comrades. We were marched some six miles over the mountains without a halt, our guard being mounted. By this time my ankle had become so painful and swollen that my boot had to be cut from my foot, and I was unable to walk farther and indignantly refused to do so, telling the guard that they could shoot me, but that I could not and would not walk another step. They then put me in a wagon, and I rode until we went into camp at sundown.

The next day we were turned over to the 5th Virginia Federal Cavalry, grim old veterans, with hearts like women, who treated us royally. I rode one of their horses, and we chatted pleasantly over army experiences and sampled together some army "poteen" with which they seemed to be liberally supplied. We struck the railroad at Parkersburg, went from there to Wheeling, and thence to our destination at Camp Chase, from which I was liberated a month later on parole by the martyr President, the gentle, kindly Lincoln, and rejoined my mother and sisters, whom I had not seen for four years, in Philadelphia, Pa.

There was no exchange of prisoners after December, 1864; and when our flag was furled at Appomattox, I took the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Over forty-two years have since passed, but the memory of that drum-head court-martial will be to my dying day a vivid and frightful memory. I have never since met any of the actors in that drama. Should this meet their eyes, they will doubtless recall the November day in 1864 when they came so near convicting and shooting an innocent prisoner as a deserter from their army. I will be glad to hear from any of the old boys on either side.

. . . . .

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the VETERAN to learn how I got my parole, as paroles were rarely granted. My mother, through the kindly offices of Gen. Frank Blair, secured an interview with Mr. Lincoln and pleaded for the release of her only son. Mr. Lincoln promised to give the matter consideration; and when she called the next day, he informed her that he had ordered my discharge upon taking the oath of allegiance. My mother told him that she knew I would not take the oath, so that his kind order was valueless, and she again requested my release on parole. The President said that gave a new phase to the matter. She replied that she knew it did, but that she would answer with her life for my keeping honorably any promise I might make; and so the parole was granted. She had sent me a new suit, some toilet articles, a box of cigars, etc., but had never hinted in her letters that she was making an effort for my release.

Imagine my surprise when, one morning early in December, a Yankee sergeant came into our barracks and called loudly my name, company, and regiment. I came forward and announced myself as the soldier wanted, whereupon Mr. Yank asked: "Johnny, what would you give to get out of here?" "What do you mean," said I, "foot loose and in Dixie? I would give a good deal for that." Yank replied: "No, by taking the oath." I said: "Nary oath." After some discussion I told him that I did not understand the matter, as it was news to me; that I had made no application for the oath, and could not take it; but that I would go with him to see the commandant and try to solve the mystery. He took



me to the commanding officer, who informed me that he had an order from the War Department to release me upon taking the oath. I answered that I had followed and carried the Southern cross through too many hard-fought battles to desert it, and that I could not conscientiously take the oath. So I was returned to prison.

A half hour later the same sergeant called and asked how I would like to get out on parole. I pondered, being wholly ignorant of what it meant. I wondered if I was to be again court-martialed or transferred to some other prison. I knew that I could hardly get into a worse one, for we were in "hard lines" at Camp Chase on quarter rations, and rats were luxuries, commanding fifty cents apiece. The prospect of a few days of freedom with plenty to eat was so alluring that I announced that I would accept a parole. I tidied up, put on my new suit, giving my old one to one of my comrades, and went with the sergeant. At headquarters I was shown two orders from the War Department, and saw at a glance that the dates had been changed, the parole being made the earlier and the oath the later order; so after failure to get me to take the oath they had to release me on parole.

After treating the Yanks to cigars and thanking them, I took the coach to Columbus, four miles distant, where I got the first "square meal" I had eaten in months at the old Eagle Hotel. I paid fifty cents for my dinner beforehand. Had I settled later, I think the proprietor would have charged me five dollars, as, being half starved, I ate ten men's share, and in consequence nearly died with colic that night. This was my first experience of Northern freedom and customs. The head waiter was a "big buck negro" as black as coal, the waiter girls being white. He stood at one end of the dining room yelling "Mary," "Sal," "Fanny" to the white girls and pointing to the various guests needing attention. It was difficult for me to maintain silence and refrain from violence; but, deeming this only one phase of Northern civilization, I thought it best under present circumstances not to attempt its reformation.

After dinner I took the first train from Columbus to Pittsburgh, thence to Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., where, by the terms of my parole, I reported to Gen. Samuel M. Bowman, commanding that department, who ordered me to rejoin my family in Philadelphia, to pay no visits, to receive no callers, to go to no places of public amusement, and to report to him daily by letter. A month later he ordered me to report weekly. This continued up to the time of Lee's surrender, when I took the oath, thereby becoming a full-fledged American citizen and ending my career as a Johnny Reb.

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AN ATTORNEY OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.—A Montclair (N. J.) special to the New York Times on June 16 states: "Col. Charles Edward Hooker, of the Confederate army and until recently a member of Congress from Mississippi, is visiting Col. and Mrs. Selden Allen Day, U. S. A., in Montclair. The men met during the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis. One was an officer in the Confederate and the other in the Union army. Colonel Hooker was the lawyer who defended Mr. Davis after the war against the charge of treason, and Colonel Day was a lieutenant assigned to guard the captive while he was in prison at Fort Monroe. Colonel Hooker often chatted freely with Lieutenant Day, even giving him advice and friendly counsel. Mrs. Day is a Virginian, and is known to the public as an author, writing over the signature of Helen H. Gardener."

## CAREER OF MAJ. JAMES A. RHEA.

James A. Rhea, first lieutenant of Company G, 19th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862, while commanding his company. He was brought on a cot from the battlefield to his home, at Blountville, Tenn., about the 1st of May. He was taken off the train at Zollicoffer, now Bluff City, the nearest point to his home on the railroad, at which place was camped a company of Confederates. As soon as it was known among these soldiers that Lieutenant Rhea wished to be conveyed to his home, forthwith the entire company volunteered to carry him. Twelve stalwart men were selected for this, and he was gently borne on their shoulders a distance of six and a half miles over rough hills and valleys to his home and friends.

After his recovery he was no longer able for infantry service, and in September, 1862, after having raised another company in his native county of Sullivan, he was mustered into the 60th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, Gen. John C. Vaughan's brigade, and he was made major of the regiment. Vaughan's Brigade was in the siege of Vicksburg, Miss.; and after the surrender, Major Rhea reassembled for duty the remnant of Vaughan's Brigade who had escaped the surrender—he having been at home on account of the death of his father at the time—and formed a small battalion, which was under Gen. William E. Jones, who commanded the forces in Upper Tennessee and Southwest Virginia in the summer of 1864.

On June 5, 1864, Major Rhea led his band of brave men into the battle of Piedmont, Va., and in this battle General Jones was killed. Major Rhea was left on the field numbered among the dead, but later news came to his mourning family that he was wounded and in the hands of the enemy. He was taken to the hospital; and after his wound had been dressed, he went among the Federal wounded and helped to dress their wounds, and treated them as if they were his comrades and friends, for which he received their grateful thanks and praise, and one of them presented him a rubber poncho as a token of gratitude for his kind treatment. In this battle Major Rhea lost his sword.

After the war Major Rhea read law under Ex-Governor Watts, of Alabama, having located at Montgomery in the fall of 1865. He practiced law until his death, which occurred December 31, 1871, and he sleeps in the cemetery at Montgomery. His brother, Robert M. Rhea, belonged to the 63d Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He died at Knoxville, Tenn., August 13, 1903. Another brother, Joseph Brainerd Rhea, was a member of Major Rhea's regiment; died at Marion, Va., July 5, 1902.

A surviving brother, William L. Rhea, 622 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn., makes inquiry as to what company was camped at Zollicoffer at the time mentioned and who remembers how Major Rhea was carried to his home. He would also like to hear from any comrades who were with him when wounded and a prisoner and who can explain why Major Rhea was able to return home without parole. He also makes inquiry for the Federal who gave him the rubber poncho. He will appreciate hearing from any one who can give him information.

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Southern people who visit the Jamestown Exposition should not fail to call at Beauvoir, the U. D. C. building erected by the Virginia women. Mrs. Eustace Williams, of Kentucky, an officer of the U. D. C., is in charge, and at very reasonable prices luncheons are served on the order of old-time Southern cooking. This is not a "paid notice," but complimentary.



*STRANGE AND FATAL FREAK OF LIGHTNING.*

BY E. H. ROBINSON, DELTA, FLA.

In the *VETERAN* for June Comrade J. C. Bell, of Mississippi, notes a tragedy of the war occurring near Okolona, Miss. I, having been in the midst of it, make some corrections of his statement and give the facts as they occurred.

A detachment of some one hundred and fifty of the 2d Alabama Cavalry had been on an extended scout within the enemy's lines, then about Corinth. We were returning to Camp at Okolona when overtaken by a severe thunderstorm. A party of us took refuge in an oak grove under a heavy-topped black-jack. In this group were Capt. Bill Allen, Captain (or Major) Carpenter, Captain McCreary, Captain Peguese, and First Lieutenant Lovell. Lieutenant Lovell had just pulled down a limb of heavy foliage to screen his face from the rain when the crash came. Lightning struck the tree, the current supposedly following this limb. Lieutenant Lovell, a gallant young officer, was killed instantly, and the others were all severely shocked, Captains Allen and Peguese remaining unconscious for some time. All recovered without permanent injury except Captain Peguese, who lost entirely the sight of one eye, and was off duty for some time.

Six of the seven horses in this squad were killed instantly except that of Captain McCreary, who had just reined his horse back a few paces in the nick of time. All were fine horses, that of Captain Peguese being a beautiful and splendid charger, a present to him from the ladies of Tuscaloosa, Ala. Only a few yards distant sat in line, close order with knees touching, three men—J. J. Hodges, now of Lott City, Tex., on the right, old man Harp in the center, and I to the left. The bolt struck Mr. Harp's mount, a fine black mare. Hodges's horse sprang away to the right, running crazily for some distance. Both horse and rider were severely shocked. My horse fell also, but recovered at once uninjured, and faced the music as though he expected a charge. I think the surgeon present was Dr. Hill, of the regiment.

A recent law enacted in Florida gives all Confederates of sixty years a pension of one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I am just within the age limit, am sixty-one; but have never yet asked for relief, though I stopped two blue whistlers and left a leg in Georgia, and am so presumptuous as to deem myself worthy of a share of this benefaction, and expect to make application.

*ABOUT ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.*

BY A. H. PLECKER, LYNCHBURG, VA.

I notice in the *VETERAN* for May, page 211, P. E. Hockersmith's paper concerning the first reenlistment at Dalton for the war and to the effect that Douglas's Texas Battery was the first to lead off. This was on January 18, 1864. He closes his communication with an "authentic history, which settles forever the question as to which Confederate command first reenlisted for the entire period of the war!"

My! My! This is news to me, as I thought that every command that was fighting under the stars and bars at that late date was in for the war. Company H, of the 28th Virginia Regiment, of which the writer was a member, reenlisted for the war in November, 1861, while out on advanced picket line, and was given a battery of six guns which was known as Anderson's Virginia Battery and later on Botetourt Artillery. It was attached to General Stevenson's Division in the spring of 1862 in Tennessee, and followed him through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mississippi, and fought at Port

Gibson, Baker's Creek, and during the forty-seven days' siege at Vicksburg, after which it was transferred back to the Army of Northern Virginia; and three days after General Lee's surrender on top of the Alleghany Mountains in Southwest Virginia spiked their guns and destroyed the battery, as we had every reason to believe the war for which we had reenlisted nearly three and a half years before had closed.

*FIRST RE-ENLISTMENTS FOR THE WAR.*

Col. W. L. DeRosset, who commanded the 3d North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A., writes reply to P. E. Hockersmith: "On page 211 of your May number a correspondent relates certain data, calling it 'authentic history,' with reference to the reenlistment of Douglas's Texas Battery in January, 1864, at Dalton, Ga. Permit me to state that North Carolinians are jealous of their rights when such matters are stated as 'authentic history.' The first ten regiments raised by law in North Carolina were designated as State troops, every man of which was enlisted for the war—this in 1861. Calls were then made for volunteers, and regiment after regiment enlisted for twelve months, at the expiration of which enlistment they were called upon to reenlist with certain privileges. In May, 1862, many, if not most, of these regiments began to reenlist; this continued, and other regiments were organized. The reenlistment was for the war. This claim is authentic, it being found amongst the records of the State."

*FIRST DECORATION OF GRAVES.*

BY MRS. J. E. HOPKINS, NEW MARKET, VA.

In looking over some back numbers of the *VETERAN*, I notice the question asked, "In what year did you first decorate graves?" My answer is, May 15, 1866, being the anniversary of the battle of Newmarket, which took place in 1864. This battle is distinguished from all others as being the one in which the Virginia Military Institute cadets rendered such marked service. New Market is in the valley of the Shenandoah, the section that the Federal General Hunter devastated with his torch and tried to make a barren waste according to Grant's order, so that "a crow flying over that country will be compelled to carry his rations with him."

A brief history may interest your readers. During the war we had an "Aid Society" for the benefit of the soldiers that might be in need of such things as we could supply. That formed the nucleus of our present society, known as the "Woman's Memorial Society." We are still doing effective work. Only a few are living who belonged to the original organization; but they left it to us as a loving heritage, and we received it as a benediction and are faithful. Thus up to the present time we have kept the altar fires burning; and should you see us on Memorial Day, you would be moved to say we were worthy sons and daughters of noble sires.

Ours is an unchartered organization. To tell what we have done may seem insignificant to some. It has been our work to erect a handsome granite shaft with the names of all who fell in this battle and died from wounds received in it, and in addition each grave has a modest stone with name, company, regiment, and where from. This we have done in the fullness of our hearts.

We claim to be the oldest society in the South. If there is an older, please let us hear from it. We have also a fine Camp and an organization of Sons of Veterans. Our neighboring town has an interesting Chapter of U. D. C., to which many of us belong; but the great day of the year is our veterans' picnic, when we all keep open house and hearts and



baskets; and if you want to see what old Virginia hospitality is, come and see.

As a little girl, interested in anything curious, I went with some ladies in the year 1862 to carry wearing apparel to a battalion of Maryland soldiers. These ladies were the President and Vice President of the above-mentioned Aid Society. Now I am a veteran's wife and daughter and mother of daughters.

#### *DAYS AND NIGHTS CUT OFF IN SWAMPS.*

BY W. H. OGILVIE, ALLISONA, TENN.

[The experiences of about eighty men of Brown's Brigade, commanded by Gen. J. C. Palmer, in the battle at Bentonville, N. C., has been reported through the *VETERAN* at different times, but this is a more extensive account. The story recalls the successful experience of the late Col. John H. Anderson, who so far advanced in a charge during the battle of Murfreesboro as to pass beyond the enemy's line, and yet with these eighty men made his way around to the Confederate army.]

In the Bentonville battle General Palmer's command consisted of the 3d, 18th, 26th, 32d, and 45th Tennessee, the 58th and 60th North Carolina, and 54th Virginia Regiments. They were near the center of the Confederate forces. There was some hard fighting, in which the brigade drove the enemy from his works and advanced a half mile or more. The enemy disappearing in front, it wheeled to the left and attacked the right of the enemy in the rear, the color bearer of the 26th Tennessee with his flag being conspicuously in the lead. Who can tell his name? After fighting about an hour from the enemy's third or rear line of works, a force of the enemy came up in its rear, putting the command in great peril. General Palmer and the greater part of his men made their escape. His horse was shot and, he supposed, killed; but, to his surprise, the animal was soon on its feet and followed him.

The eighty of us who were the last to leave the works were cut off from the only avenue of escape. Finding the enemy all about us in the bushes, we kept dodging them, picking up prisoners three or four at a time until we had twelve to take care of. We marched out to the east with our prisoners, literally surrounded by the enemy and not even hoping to escape. We moved to the right end of their works, and continued in that direction through the swamps nearly knee-deep, passing near their ordnance trains. During the night a lieutenant of the 3d Tennessee, who was wounded severely, walked between two of his comrades until coming to a dry place where some bark had been stripped from the tree, when the gallant fellow asked his supporters to leave him, feeling that he was a burden and that we could not escape with him. Seeing a light in the distance, his comrades carried him to it and left him. When they returned, we pursued the march till midnight, not knowing where we were going. Although the enemy's fires were still in front of us, we passed the remainder of the night and the next day on a dry place in the swamp. We could hear the Federals riding about us and talking during the day.

A map of the country taken from the enemy was perused closely, and a plan of action adopted by our officers, Col. Anderson Searcy and Lieut. Col. Alexander Hall, of the 45th Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel Gurley, of an Alabama Regiment, and Maj. W. H. Joiner, of the 18th Tennessee, besides several company officers. Lieutenant McFadden, of the 45th, and Captain Rhea, of the 3d, with others, took charge of the prisoners. We continued east until we got beyond the enemy,

thence south two or three nights' march, thence west, crossing the Alamanche River, and thence north to Raleigh.

About nine o'clock one night a scout reported that we could pass through the enemy's line of fires at a certain point; but when we reached it, we found it impracticable. With bated breath we lay down until another point of escape was reported, which we found not much better, so again we lay down and waited. Our next move was to double-quick down a road between the enemy's fires. On one side we could have greeted them, but didn't regard it an opportune time for exchange of courtesies. On the other side the pine woods were on fire. Our prisoners could have had us captured, but we assured them that the two governments had recently agreed upon an exchange of prisoners and that they would be immediately exchanged; besides, we had also intimated that it would not be safe for them to make known our presence. About midnight, while in a large open field, with a swollen creek in front of us and the enemy's fires beyond, our strategic colonel, Searcy, nearly despaired of escape. However, we succeeded in crossing the creek and again crossing the road single file in double-quick between camp fires of the enemy. We stopped in a dry, secluded place about daybreak. During the day the enemy drove cattle within one hundred and fifty yards of us. We did not molest them, being content to conceal ourselves and our prisoners behind logs while they passed. Being in need of food, Captain Rhea volunteered to scout for some supplies, and returned with a red "razor-back" North Carolina hog, which he and a comrade had hemmed in a fence corner and cut its throat, being afraid to shoot it. The hog was skinned, divided into ninety-two equal parts, the skin likewise divided, and we devoured all greedily after singeing the hair from the skin.

The next night we moved again in single file, one man behind each prisoner, through swamps more than half of the time and bushes so thick that we would frequently get hung up, occasionally crossing a road. A number of the boys parted with the soles of their shoes. While crossing swollen streams on logs and otherwise some of us occasionally fell in chin-deep.

About the third or fourth morning near daybreak we found a buggy full of meat in the pine woods, which we took charge of and carried to the edge of the swamp, where we put up for the day. Our noble-hearted colonel requested us to take only a pound to the man, saying some good Rebel had hidden it from the Yanks. In returning the meat we found its owner out looking for it, and took him in charge. He claimed to be the best Union man in the country, saying he had hidden out twelve months from the Rebels. He changed front after ascertaining who we were, and informed us that we were on the bank of the Alamanche River right at a crossing place, there being no other nearer than seven miles. It seemed that Providence had guided us. Our captive, though anxious to tell his family good-by, was retained as guide. We passed over the river before sunset on a log way. Beyond the river we observed wagons passing along the road rapidly, which we supposed to be Yankee wagons, but we did not molest them. Our captive was released after guiding us a night and day, gladly returning to his home.

About the fifth or sixth day out we found a barrel of peas in an old schoolhouse, which we appropriated. Borrowing kettles (about the only thing the community had left, it being along the line of Sherman's march to the sea), we cooked the peas, seasoned with an old goat that was given us, and had a delightful repast. About the 25th or 26th we were delighted



by finding an old mill, which we put into use, and, repairing to a beautiful clear spring near the house, cooked and had a greater feast than kings ever enjoyed. The miller was at church, but heard of the depredation and considered forming a posse of fellow-Churchmen and firing upon us; but after investigating the case, he approved our conduct and quieted the "old woman," from whom we had received a severe tongue-lashing. After ascertaining that Lieutenant Colonel Gurley, of Alabama, was a relative, she devoted herself to cooking good things for us. But that dinner—that corn bread dinner! Were I a poet, I would sing its praises. It was a never-to-be-forgotten dinner.

A day or so afterwards we arrived in the vicinity of Raleigh, drew rations, and awaited transportation to our command at Smithfield. At Raleigh we turned over our prisoners, who were loath to leave us. We gave them letters to send to our wives and sweethearts when they should be exchanged, and took the cars, arriving at Smithfield about sundown. The brigade turned out to greet us. General Palmer made a speech in which he declared it to be the greatest feat of the war. Gen. John C. Brown, our former brigade commander, at the time commanding a division, hearing of our safe return, came over to see us and made a speech, in which he compared our actions to Napoleon crossing the Alps and other historical campaigns. Our generals were glad to see us, and under the enthusiasm of the moment spoke too highly of the remarkable expedition. All honor is due to our beloved Colonel Searcy, of the 45th Tennessee, and his counselors, who planned and executed the escape. The private soldiers were intelligent, prudent, and obedient. The prisoners deported themselves well. The North Carolina troops did not go over the enemy's works, though a lieutenant in the 60th North Carolina wrote up the affair in a Raleigh paper, giving too much credit to North Carolina troops. There were only two Alabamians, Lieutenant Colonel Gurley and a private. I have tried in vain to learn the whereabouts of the former. The latter had an article published in the *VETERAN* a few years ago claiming that the company was composed of Alabamians except a few Tennessee officers. He was in New Mexico.

#### THE DEATH OF STUART.

Veterans who followed the gallant "Jeb" Stuart will read with interest the following account of his death written in 1882 by the wife of Gen. L. L. Lomax for the *Philadelphia Times*:

"It has been said that Lee was the brain of the Confederate army, Jackson was its arm, but Stuart was its soul. The great cavalry leader was part of the history of an age that dazzled the world for a space, going out in darkness. The carriage of a noble person, the manners of a kind heart awakened interest, enthusiasm, wherever he was seen. His deeds, his exploits illuminated the gloomy scenes of war—all that was chivalric gleamed as light about the name of J. E. B. Stuart. In the saddle he was the picture of the warrior; out of the saddle the man in him was devout at times, full of prayer; at other times gay with laughter, light of heart, full of song, full of music, which was a passion with him.

"Stuart fell in a skirmish near Yellow Tavern in 1864. . . . At Ashland they were led to believe that Sheridan was moving on Richmond. General Stuart divided and placed his cavalry on three roads leading to Richmond, with directions to watch the movements of the enemy and engage him at all hazards, in order to prevent his entrance into the city, and with the understanding that the Confederate cavalry should

reunite at Yellow Tavern. Stuart accompanied the march of the brigade. Upon reaching the vicinity of Yellow Tavern he found a strong picket of the enemy in front, which he succeeded in driving before him. He shortly encountered two brigades of Federal cavalry drawn up in line to support the picket. This was morning, and the fighting continued incessantly with varied success until high noon. It could be seen by the Confederates that the enemy had been reënforced. From high noon till three o'clock the fighting, which had been severe, seemed to stop by common consent. Field hospitals were established and the men rested. At three o'clock it was announced that the enemy was advancing in stronger numbers, a larger force than had hitherto been seen. The artillery was immediately placed upon an eminence by General Stuart's order for the purpose of commanding the approach of the Federals. The cavalry was hurriedly mounted and moved to the support of the artillery.

"Upon that eminence many brave men were lost, and the star of a great and glorious leader went down. As soon as the artillery opened fire the enemy could be distinguished by the naked eye preparing to charge in full force. Every effort was made by the little brigade to meet this charge gallantly, but it was thrown back again and again by overwhelming numbers.

"Stuart held his position by the artillery, never leaving his post except to rally the men or lead them back to the charge with flaming sword. Nothing could have surpassed the supreme courage displayed by him. He was cool and clear as his command went forth clear and determined. Stuart fought without respect to numbers until a shot cut him down where he stood battling for the guns. Crash on crash pealed forth. One malignant shell touched the 'bravest and the tenderest.' The first intimation the men received of the truth was to see him dismount from his iron-gray horse, hold it by the reins, his black plume tilting to one side as he staggered and fell down among the ranks of the enemy. The enemy seemed unconscious of the presence of the cavalry hero, who had been a target for their bullets and who had met them with such daring on so many contested fields.

"In the meantime another brigade of the division moved to the support of the little brigade, when it was made known for the first time along the line that General Stuart had been shot and was perhaps dead in the hands of the enemy. The effect of these tidings upon a body of men already overpowered by continuous hard fighting can hardly be imagined. Deep grief, despair was pictured upon the face of every living man. The command was rallied and formed to make a final charge for the recovery of General Stuart's body, alive or dead. Captain Dorsey, commanding a company of Maryland cavalry, requested that he might have the honor of leading the charge. This was granted. The charge was made amidst a fierce storm of bullets.

"General Stuart was found lying by the side of the iron-gray prostrate, rational, but completely disabled by a gunshot wound through the center of his body. Every eye moistened as it fell upon the graceful form outstretched, the golden hair blood-stained, the long plume, which had never been lowered by danger or despair, trailing beside him. All entreaties to induce him to leave the field were useless. He begged to be allowed to die where he had fallen within hearing of the guns. He was first in the hearts of his followers. They would not leave him. His men lifted him gently, laid him across the saddle, and bore him sorrowfully away from the scene of terrible conflict."



## EXECUTION OF TWO CONFEDERATES.

BY J. L. KIRBY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The sad fate of Col. Lawrence Williams (alias Colonel Orton) and Lieut. W. G. Peter (alias Major Dunlap), who were hanged as spies by the Federals at Franklin, Tenn., in June, 1863, aroused deep sympathy throughout the South. In the Confederate homes and army of our own State, however, this tragic event—the first of its kind, I believe, to occur in Tennessee—came with especially crushing force. There was something in the detection and swift doom of these brave men even more awesome than the tidings of slaughter in battle. The depressing influence alike upon friend and humane foe was second only to that produced five months later by the lamented but superbly heroic death of the young Tennessean, Sam Davis, within the same enemy's lines.

The Federal account of this grievous episode, written at the time from the headquarters of the post in Franklin, is evidently correct in every detail, and the story is told "more in sorrow than in anger." From this report—the only one extant, so far as I know—I take the facts here given. A restatement of them, after the lapse of so many eventful years, will doubtless be of mournful interest to those who at the time were cognizant of the tragedy, and will prove hardly less interesting to all who love and honor true sons of valor.

About sundown of June 9, 1863, two strangers rode into camp at Franklin and called at the headquarters of Colonel Baird, commander of the post. The men presented unusual appearances. They had on citizens' overcoats, Federal regulation trousers and caps, the caps covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side arms and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States army and called himself Colonel Austin; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both represented themselves as inspectors general of the United States army. They stated that they were now out on an expedition in this department inspecting the outposts and defenses, and that the day before they had been overhauled by the enemy and lost their coats and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosecrans and also from the War Department at Washington confirming their rank and business. These seemed all right to Colonel Baird, and at first satisfied him of the honesty of the men. They asked the Colonel to lend them fifty dollars, as they had no coats and no money with which to buy them. Colonel Baird lent them the money, and took Colonel Austin's note for it.

Just at dark the two officers took their departure, saying they were going to Nashville, and rode that way. So soon as their horses' heads were turned the thought of their being spies struck Colonel Baird, he said, like a thunderbolt; and he ordered Colonel Watkins, of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, who was standing by, to arrest them immediately. But they were going at lightning speed. Colonel Watkins had no time to call a guard, and only with his orderly he set out on the chase. He told the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when the men were halted, they showed any suspicious motions to fire on them without waiting for an order.

They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from Franklin. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after some remonstrance on account of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel; and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to pass the guard at the door that they even suspected they were prisoners.

Colonel Watkins promptly took them to Colonel Baird, and they feigned great indignation at being thus treated. The Colonel frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character and that they should, if loyal, object to no necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Colonel Baird told them they were under arrest, and he should hold them prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they claimed to be. He telegraphed to General Rosecrans, and received the answer that he knew nothing of such men; that there were no such men in his service or had his pass.

After this dispatch came to hand, which it did about twelve o'clock (midnight), a search of the prisoners' persons was ordered. To this the Major consented without opposition, but the Colonel protested against it, and even put his hand threateningly to his sword. But resistance was useless and both submitted. When the Major's sword was drawn from the scabbard, there were found etched upon it these words: "Lt. W. G. Peter, C. S. A." At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked: "Gentlemen, you have played this very well." "Yes," said Lieutenant Peter, "and it came near being a perfect success." They then confessed the whole matter, and upon further search various papers showing them to be spies were found upon their persons. Lieutenant Peter had on a Confederate cap, secreted by the white flannel havelock.

Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecrans, and asked what he should do, and in a short time received an order "to try them by drumhead court-martial, and, if found guilty, hang them immediately." The court was convened, and before daylight the case was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging. They did not want their punishment delayed; but, well knowing the consequences of their acts, even before their trial, asked to have the sentence, be it hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting. This request could not be granted.

At daylight men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the chaplain of the 78th Illinois Regiment, and upon their request he administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote some letters to their friends and deposited their jewelry, silver cups, and other valuables for transmission to their homes.

The gallows was constructed near a wild cherry tree not far from the railroad depot, and in a very public place. Two ropes hung dangling from the beam within eight feet of the ground. A little after 9 A.M. the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution in solemn sadness. Two poplar coffins were lying a few feet away. At twenty minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold. They walked firmly and steadily, as if unmindful of the doom that awaited them. The guards did them the honor to march with arms reversed.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once."

Arrived at the place of execution, the condemned officers stepped upon the platform of the cart and took their respective places. The provost marshal, Captain Alexander, then tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each, and adjusted the ropes. They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell; and permission being given, they tenderly embraced each other. This over, the cart moved from under them, and they hung in the air. In twenty minutes all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down in thirty minutes and encoffined in



full dress. Colonel Orton was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The locket contained the portrait and a braid of hair of his intended wife; her portrait was also in his vest pocket. These were buried with him, at his request. Both men were interred in the same grave.

The elder and leader of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams, of Georgetown, D. C. He was a fine-looking man, about six feet high, and perhaps thirty years old. He was a son of Captain Williams, who was killed at the battle of Monterey, and a first cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of captain of cavalry, when the Civil War broke out, and at the time was aid-de-camp and private secretary to Gen. Winfield Scott. Soon after the war began he informed General Scott that all his sympathies were with the South, as his friends and interests were there, and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all of General Scott's plans for the campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose; hence he was sent to Governor's Island, where he remained three months. After the first Bull Run battle he was allowed to go South, where he joined the Confederate army. He was for a while on General Bragg's staff as Chief of Artillery, but at the time of his death was inspector general. When he joined the Confederate army, he altered his name, and signed it thus: "Lawrence W. Orton, Col. Cav., P. A., C. S. A." (Provisional Army, Confederate States of America). Sometimes he wrote his name "Orton," and sometimes "Austin," according to the object he had in view. This was learned from the papers found on him. These facts in relation to the personal history of Colonel Orton were gathered from the Colonel himself and from Colonel Watkins, who knew him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the regular army, the 2d United States Cavalry. However, Colonel Watkins did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known, and sincerely mourned his tragic fate. Colonel Orton, who recognized Colonel Watkins as soon as he saw him, told him that he barely saved his life when the arrest was made; that he had his hand on his pistol to kill him and escape; and that had it been any one else there he would have done so. He delivered his sword and pistols to Colonel Watkins, and told him to keep and wear them. He also presented him his horse, valued at five thousand dollars, and asked him to treat it kindly for his sake.

The other victim of this daring exploit was Walter G. Peter, a lieutenant in the Confederate army and Colonel Orton's adjutant. He was a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-five years, who gave many signs of education and refinement. He played but a secondary part. Colonel Orton was the leader, and did all the talking and managing.

There is hardly a parallel to this side drama of the great war in the character and standing of the actors, the boldness of their enterprise, and the swiftness of their detection and punishment. They went all through the Federal camp, and minutely inspected its position, works, and forces with a portion of their Confederate insignia upon them, and the boldness of their conduct made their hazardous mission almost successful.

The Federal writer, whose facts I have used, in closing his narrative, said: "We are all sad over this event. There is gloom upon every face. Although we are satisfied that the mission of these men was to plan our destruction, and that even they recognized their punishment as just, according to the accepted rules of war among all nations, still to see them suffer such a penalty has filled our garrison with sadness."

#### LOUDON PARK CEMETERY.

The officers of the Maryland Line Confederate soldiers have published a list of the dead Confederates in that cemetery, Baltimore. It is here abbreviated, the name, letter of company, figure of regiment, and date of burial only being used:

*Virginia.*—Geo. H. Givens, —, 25th, buried May 18, 62. Thos. Brinston, —, 16th, Sept. —, 62. Geo. W. Light, H, 14th, July 10, 63. D. W. Bauler, G, 34th, July 20, 63. W. T. Lancaster, F, 3d, Aug. 11, 63; age, 30 years. H. L. Raber, A, 8th, Aug. 14, 63. Willis M. Vesh, C, 57th, Aug. 19, 63; age, 21 years. H. T. Gibson, H, 56th, Aug. 20, 63; age, 27 years. Thos. Church, C, 30th, Oct. 29, 63. M. G. Austin, B, 21st, Dec. 3, 63; age, 24 years. J. R. Rice, H, 38th, Jan. 14, 64; age, 39 years. Hugh Price, —, May 11, 64. Archibald Edward, E, 21st, Aug. 1, 64; age, 14 years. Thos. Cox, A, 21st, Aug. 15, 64; age, 33 years. R. P. Shinning, B, 14th, Oct. 14, 64. John Gilpin, F, 22d, Oct. 15, 64. W. T. Bellington, I, 42d, Oct. 16, 64. G. A. Allen, G, 22d, Oct. 18, 64. G. S. Lewis, H, 4th, Oct. 18, 64. C. M. Lawson, K, 50th, Oct. 19, 64. James A. Lively, H, 26th, Oct. 21, 64. Richard Beasley, K, 15th, Oct. 21, 64. Robert A. Huckleby, I, 53d, Oct. 27, 64. Franklin Oliver, C, 26th, Oct. 27, 64. John Hasley, C, 21st, Oct. 28, 64. J. M. Johnston, K, 44th, Nov. 1, 64. T. C. Rice, C, 58th, Nov. 3, 64. George N. Matherly, F, 42d, Nov. 6, 64. T. R. Nelson, K, 50th, Nov. 10, 64. H. G. Kelly, K, 49th, Nov. —, 64. John Brackley, E, 5th, Dec. 18, 64. T. J. Scott, B, 54th, Dec. —, 64. B. F. Walker, B, 59th, Feb. 4, 65. Eugene Kennedy, E, 13th, Feb. 18, 65. J. G. Wood, K, 42d, March 2, 65.

*North Carolina.*—Tobias M. Manning, —, 5th, May 17, 62. John Hubbard, I, 5th, May 13, 62. Jas. Tomlinson, —, 5th, May 17, 62. Blake B. Adams, —, 5th, May 20, 62. Thos. J. Jones, H, 5th, May 22, 62. Aaron Moore, A, 5th, May 24, 62. Patrick Haggerty, E, 5th, May 23, 62. Jonathan J. Lestre, —, 5th, —. Elijah Atkinson, C, 5th, May 28, 62. Whitmill Clark, —, 5th, June 11, 62. B. Warner, H, 15th, Sept. —, 62; age, 35 years. Stephen Bevan, —, 15th, —. F. S. Bevans, —, 4th, April —, 63. Hews T. Rowe, K, 5th, July 10, 63. J. W. White, F, 11th, July 10, 63. David Ingalls, D, 13th, July 20, 63. David J. Smith, I, 11th, July 20, 63. J. W. Daniel, H, 3d, July 23, 63; age, 22 years. J. E. Morbray, G, 52d, July 27, 63. H. Carpenter, I, 11th, July 31, 63; age, 40 years. A. R. Edwards, R, 26th, Aug. 3, 63; age, 23 years. John Williams, —, 47th, Aug. 7, 63. Daniel McCaskill, H, 26th, Nov. 20, 63; age, 24 years. M. Skipper, D, 46th, Oct. 13, 64. C. R. Heffner, F, 38th, Oct. 14, 64. Benjamin Caunet, K, 8th, Oct. 14, 64. John A. Shaw, D, 51st, Oct. 14, 64. B. Howard, H, 52d, Oct. 15, 64. Chas. Taylor, F, 66th, Oct. 21, 64. W. W. Caldwell, C, 37th, Oct. 22, 64. M. H. Holmes, C, 1st, Oct. 22, 64. Lorenzo Colly, G, 25th, Oct. 25, 64. D. J. Bradshaw, B, 51st, Oct. 27, 64. R. P. Weathers, E, 12th, Oct. 27, 64. Caleb M. Fronton, B, 5th, Oct. 28, 64. S. J. Woolen, E, 45th, Nov. 1, 64. Wm. W. Holland, I, 26th, Nov. 9, 64. Jas. M. Pritchard, K, 6th, Nov. 11, 64. Zelos H. Hames, H, 6th, Nov. 12, 64. F. H. Matthews, I, 12th, Nov. 15, 64. Doggett Newton, B, 12th, Nov. 19, 64. Noah Camp, G, 5th, Nov. 20, 64. John Frazer, K, 6th, Dec. 7, 64. Z. R. Robinson, G, 30th, Dec. 16, 64. W. H. Lothrop, E, 28th, Dec. 20, 64. N. Camp, C, 5th, Dec. —, 64. W. W. Copes, —, —, Dec. —, 64. G. T. Boyett, B, 2d, Jan. 2, 65. Jas. S. Low, G, 24th, Feb. 24, 65.

*Alabama.*—Dualey Dean, H, 1st, June 7, 63. John H. Craig, —, 5th, July 29, 63; age, 26 years. T. W. Shaw, H, 11th, March 3, 64; age, 25 years. H. D. Hancock, G, 12th, Oct. 16, 64. J. M. Tyes, G, 1st, Oct. 26, 64. Henry H. Smith, F, 61st, Nov. 2, 64. W. A. Tanier, D, 5th, Nov. 18, 64. E. B. Garden,



J, 47th, Dec. —, 64. J. W. Carlisle, E, 5th, Jan. 8, 65. John Pully, E, 1st, Feb. 28, 65.

*South Carolina.*—John A. Boyd, D, 13th, July 20, 63. M. B. Russell, F, 12th, July 31, 63; age, 25 years. J. D. Frick, C, 1st, Sept. 1, 63; age, 19 years. D. E. Pope, I (Holcombe), Oct. 14, 64. Daniel Dandy, C (Holcombe), Oct. 14, 64. W. B. Garrett, D, 18th, Oct. 15, 64. R. W. Gibson, I, 21st, Oct. 17, 64. E. M. Mungo, H, 1st, Oct. 23, 64. N. N. Ranch, C, 20th, Nov. 6, 64. W. B. Smith, M, 8th, Nov. 6, 64. C. Hudgens, C, 3d, Nov. 9, 64. John N. Rowland, I, 1st, Nov. 10, 64. H. Z. Chapman, F, 20th, Nov. 10, 64. Wm. E. Wilson, C, 22d, Nov. 12, 64. M. R. Sullivan, D, 4th, Nov. 20, 64. H. W. Gardner, C, 1st, Nov. —, 64. T. S. Warren, I, 11th, Dec. 11, 64. W. N. Scurgs, K (Watkins), March 2, 65.

*Florida.*—Jas. A. Ross, A, 8th, July 18, 63. J. S. Cochran, D, 5th, Nov. 29, 63; age, 26 years. Benj. Phillips, E, 5th, Oct. 14, 64. J. P. Ray, E, 8th, Oct. 15, 64.

*Louisiana.*—J. W. Osbourne, A, 14th, July 25, 63. E. J. Thompson, G, 8th, Aug. 29, 64; age, 32 years. W. A. Burnam, G, 8th, Nov. 15, 64.

*Georgia.*—Wm. Frederick, —, 3d, Dec. 23, 62. A. J. Cochran, E, 41st, Dec. —, 62. Frank Goodwin, —, 8th, July 21, 63; age, 19 years. S. Lawson, E, 22d, Sept. 6, 63; age, 41 years. B. F. Ogletree, I, 13th, Aug. 15, 64; age, 37 years. Thos. E. Hodges, B, 7th, Oct. 15, 64. H. P. Taylor, E, 7th, Oct. 15, 64. W. B. Smith, A, 7th, Oct. 16, 64. H. J. Orliff, D, 11th, Oct. 15, 64. Chas. Walker, K, 49th, Oct. 17, 64. A. B. Foster, K, 54th, Oct. 19, 64. W. H. Wingett, G, 7th, Oct. 23, 64. L. D. Pierson, F, 28th, Oct. 21, 64. Daniel Teems, G, 38th, Oct. 30, 64. E. Carpenter, B, 64th, Nov. 1, 64. L. D. Watts, C, 21st, Nov. 3, 64. John Clemens, G, 24th, Nov. 5, 64. G. R. Elliott, D, 53d, Nov. 5, 64. F. H. Jarroll, I, 13th, Nov. 7, 64. J. N. Reeves, G, 31st, Nov. 27, 64. C. J. Walton, —, —, Nov. —, 64. J. C. Gotter, C, 92d, Nov. —, 64. J. C. Bryant, B, 18th, Nov. —, 64. W. Fredericks, —, 3d, Nov. —, 64. J. B. Weller, —, —, Feb. —, 65. N. Waites, A, 38th, March 12, 65.

*Mississippi.*—Wm. J. Clark, —, Dec. —, 62. David Ashbur, H, 24th, April 24, 63. Jas. E. Jones, C, 8th, April 27, 63. W. O. Clark, —, March —, 63. R. W. Goodwin, A, 11th, Dec. 30, 63. John K. Mins, E, 11th, March 13, 64; age, 24 years. J. P. Owen, —, April 21, 64. T. E. Steiger, —, April 21, 64. M. M. Jones, E, 13th, Oct. 29, 64. B. J. Downs, D, 17th, Nov. 2, 64. T. J. Ashburn, —, 30th, Nov. —, 64.

*Texas.*—J. M. Lee, —, Feb. —, 63. S. N. Stevenson, H, 5th, Aug. 7, 63. J. E. Love, A, 5th, Aug. 23, 63; age, 31 years.

*Tennessee.*—T. J. Hubbard, B, 7th, Aug. 3, 63. J. B. Crabtree, D, 44th, Oct. 23, 64. B. H. Hardway, A, 1st, Nov. —, 64. A. Stark (drummer), —, 4th, Dec. —, 64. H. H. Wiseman, B, 1st, Feb. 17, 65. Lewis Horton, K (Hawkins), March 3, 65.

*Unknown.*—John Scott, May 11, 62. — Graham, May 11, 62. John Nomey, May 14, 62. Theodore Spier, May 15, 62. Dennis L. Godwin, May 15, 62. James C. Weller, May 15, 62. J. R. Crawford, Dec. —, 62. P. Wanzer, Jan. —, 63. Hyatt Hank, April 10, 63. John B. Tilly, June 20, 63. Unknown, received from Martinsburg, Oct. —, 64. W. J. Simons, Oct. 31, 64. H. H. Patten, Jeff. Davis's Art., Nov. —, 64. R. F. Mackintoff, D (Thos. Legion), Nov. —, 64. Michall, Nov. —, 64. E. B. Gentree, Dec. —, 64. C. Irons, Dec. —, 64. G. P. Blunt, K, Dec. —, 64. J. B. Bass, Philips's Legion, Jan. 15, 65. Three unknown, Feb. 4, 65. Five unknown, Feb. 23, 65. Jas. O. Morgan, Feb. 24, 65. Jas. W. Brown, K (Col. Kitchen), Feb. 25, 65. J. M. Nolan, Jeff. Davis's Art., Feb. 21, 65. J. A. Hagen, Feb. —, 65. Five unknown, March 4,

65. C. B. Ruckman, July 7, 65. — Gibbins, Dec. 30, 63. Robt. H. Perkinson, B (Hood's Battalion), Oct. 14, 64. R. M. Daniels, Archer's Battery, Dec. 23, 64.

*Arkansas.*—Wm. Appling, —, 19th, April 10, 63.

It will be seen that not a man from Maryland is in the list.

The State of Maryland has erected a handsome monument (a white marble shaft) at Point Lookout in honor of three thousand and four Confederate prisoners who died there from March 1, 1864, to June 30, 1865. They were from States as follows: Virginia, 640; North Carolina, 962; South Carolina, 248; Georgia, 249; Alabama, 75; Tennessee, 63; Louisiana, 38; Mississippi, 42; Florida, 31; Kentucky, 18; Texas, 6; Maryland, 6; Arkansas and Missouri, 4 each. Then there were six hundred and eighteen whose States are not designated. The above list represents those who died after March 1, while many had died there previously.

### HEROISM OF WALTHALL'S MISSISSIPPIANS.

BY J. E. REYNOLDS, 30TH MISS. REGT., CAMERON, IND. T.

I feel it due to those whose acts of devotion and daring gallantry should live forever that I send to you for publication an account of a stand taken by a little band of men belonging to Walthall's Mississippi Brigade on the occasion of the surrender of the brigade on November 24, 1863, while on picket by the railway under the heights of Lookout Mountain.

We had hardly gotten located on duty, if my memory serves me right, before we saw the Federal army maneuvering in and around Chattanooga, evidently preparing to attack and dislodge us. But a short time elapsed until their command crossed the creek and bore down on us in such numbers that it was folly to resist, so the brigade was compelled to capitulate. None but those who chose death to capture dared to take life in hand and run the gantlet in attempting to escape. We were under Lookout Heights, and to avoid surrendering were compelled to go back over our own abattis work under heavy cannonading, which was playing on the mountain side to cut off our retreat. Four of my comrades—Henry C. Latham, Buck Humphries, Steve and Jo Hughes—and I unhesitatingly chose the latter alternative; and we made the break for liberty, the rest surrendering—at least, we saw no others escaping. My four comrades knew of a crevice in the mountain, which they made for, and were soon safe from the rattle of musketry and exploding of shells like hail about us.

Bearing as much as possible toward the top of the hill and next to the mountain, I took up my line of retreat. While falling back toward the point of Lookout, and after being disabled from a wound in my breast, my attention was called to frequent confusion in the enemy's ranks, the colors in their advance line frequently falling back on their massed columns as they pushed forward. I was facing the enemy in my retreat, and turned around to my right to see what caused the commotion and disorder, when, to my astonishment, I beheld one hundred and forty-eight of our men, who had been on picket duty the previous night, returning to their command. On discovering the situation they had formed in line of battle, and were contesting every inch of ground that the enemy, numbering twenty-five to one, were taking. I forgot all about the rattle of bullets and cannon balls plowing the ground under me, and my eyes filled with tears when I saw them mashed to the ground. I saw them plainly using the butts of their guns and bayonets as they were being crushed underfoot, and not a Confederate's back did I see turned to the enemy. I would enjoy very much hearing from any participant.



*WHEN MR. DAVIS HEARD OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.*

A most interesting article from Norfolk by Joseph G. Fiveash is given in the Richmond Times-Dispatch concerning the circumstances attending President Davis in his movements from Richmond when the news of President Lincoln's death was received. This comrade reports his first visit to Charlotte, N. C., since the war period:

"The desire to revisit the old spot where Mr. Davis delivered his last speech was the chief cause of the visit; and when the Bates house was sought, from the front door of which Mr. Davis addressed the citizens, refugees, and soldiers who had assembled late that April afternoon to hear him, it was found to have been replaced by an imposing building, the lower floor being occupied by the Southern Express Company. A few feet in front of it, fastened in the sidewalk, was a brass tablet containing an inscription to this effect: 'On this spot Jefferson Davis heard of Lincoln's death, April 15, 1865.'

"Had the date April 18 been substituted for the 15th, it would have been entirely accurate. The news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was communicated to Mr. Davis just as the latter was about to commence his speech. On Tuesday, April 18, however, word was passed from one to another of the citizens that Jefferson Davis would arrive in the town during the day. Late that afternoon Mr. Davis reached Charlotte with several members of his Cabinet and others. Escorted by a detachment of Vaughan's Cavalry command, he proceeded to the residence of Lewis F. Bates, on Tryon Street, where a crowd composed of citizens, refugees, and soldiers (mostly cavalrymen) had assembled to greet him. Mr. Bates was the Superintendent of the Southern Express Company, and resided but a short distance from his office. There was a lane or alley, now known as Fourth Street, between his premises and the residence of Col. William Johnston. The lot on the corner of the lane was inclosed by a high fence, and the Bates residence immediately adjoined it. Bates was a Northern man who had located in Charlotte a few years before the war by reason of his connection with the Express Company. When Mr. Davis and party arrived at the Bates house, there was a delay of some kind, the impatient crowd waiting several minutes before the front door was opened. Mr. Davis stood immediately in the doorway, not more than three feet from the sidewalk. On his left stood Col. William Johnston, President of the South Carolina Railroad. Immediately in front, on the sidewalk, were citizens and refugees, and in the street, beyond the sidewalk, were a number of cavalrymen sitting on their horses. They were members of the commands of Generals Vaughan and Duke, and possibly some from Ferguson's command. The time was late in the afternoon; darkness was coming when the crowd dispersed.

"Mr. Davis, upon taking his position in the door, was just about to commence to speak when he was interrupted by Mr. J. C. Courtney, manager of the telegraph office, who handed him a telegram, which he opened and read and handed to Col. William Johnston, who was standing by his side. There were cries from the crowd, 'Read!' 'Read!' whereupon Colonel Johnston read the telegram, which was from Secretary of War John C. Breckinridge, announcing that he had learned through Sherman's headquarters that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated on the night of Good Friday, the 14th, and that Secretary Seward had been wounded.

"Mr. Davis then, without making any mention of the dispatch that had just been read, proceeded to address the assemblage and outlined his views as to the policy to be pursued. He stated that there were armies still in existence

(Johnston had not then surrendered), and that the conflict could be continued beyond the Mississippi River until such time as satisfactory terms of peace could be secured. The entire burden of his speech was that the war was not necessarily ended; that much could be accomplished by armies still in the field.

"After the end had come, Bates, who entertained Mr. Davis, was summoned before a committee at Washington that was endeavoring to connect the Confederate President with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and testified that Mr. Davis, when he received the news, made a quotation from 'Macbeth,' showing his sympathy with the deed. The publication of this testimony caused intense indignation in Charlotte, where its falsity was well known, and the writer is of the impression that Bates did not return to the town. A few years ago a press dispatch from Boston announced the death in some town in Massachusetts in extreme poverty of Lewis F. Bates, the man who had entertained Jefferson Davis in Charlotte when the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was received by Mr. Davis.

"The writer of this received a letter from Colonel Johnston, dated Charlotte, December 18, 1889, in which that gentleman said: 'Would be pleased to have your recollections of what occurred. Charlotte was then crowded with refugees from Wilmington, Charleston, Columbia, and other places. Bates asked of Major Echols the privilege to entertain Mr. Davis, and it was regarded as fortunate, as Bates had greater facilities to entertain than any other citizen.'

"Mr. Davis remained in Charlotte several days, when he started South, and was captured in Georgia."

The foregoing is given with the greater interest, as it so well illustrates that great man in emergencies. He could not have acted, it seems, with finer discretion.



NEWPORT NEWS RESIDENCE AT REUNION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION.



## THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH.

## REVIEW OF RACE RELATIONSHIP AND CONDITIONS.

BY E. H. HINTON, ATLANTA, GA.

(Letter held over from the *Indianapolis News*.)

In one of your recent issues, commenting on the Atlanta riot of September 22—an unfortunate incident which no good Southerner defends—you used this language: “How does it happen that the blacks who took care of the helpless women and children during the war cannot now be trusted to live in the same town?”

I have not seen this question answered directly by any Southern journal. And yet it goes to the very foundation of all our race troubles. It might be answered briefly by the statement that the negro has changed since 1865, and that in many important particulars he has changed decidedly for the worse. This fact is perfectly patent to intelligent observers in this territory, but it is due you that I particularize.

In order that you may understand that I am fitted by personal experience and observation to write on this subject, at least from our view point, it is proper for me to tell you that I am the son of a former large slaveholder of Mississippi who had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred slaves. Though a small boy when the war began, I was thoroughly familiar with plantation life. I lived on the plantation during the war and during the dark days of reconstruction. Prior to and during the war and after it I was thrown in daily contact with the negroes on our own plantation and others.

I cheerfully admit that during the war there was scarcely a plantation in the South where the mistress and her children were not left alone at the mercy of the slaves a great part of the time, and that the record shows unswerving loyalty on their part. This happy condition was the result of years of training until it had become an inherited tendency. No thought of social equality, and the vile thought inevitably incident thereto, ever entered the heads of the negroes. The discipline of the plantation was firm but kind, and the relation between the owner and owned took on a paternalistic character, the owner feeling as he might toward a lot of children and the slaves looking up to him as a superior whom they held in highest respect. There naturally grew up an affection, a bond of sympathy, and a mutual feeling of interest that was as beautiful as a poem, whatever may be said about the institution of slavery as a whole. (And I wish to say just here that none of the old slaveholders nor any of their descendants would restore the institution if they could.)

The end of the war came in the spring of 1865. Immediately a lot of adventurers, most of them unscrupulous, came into the South from the North, not for legitimate enterprises nor honest investments, but for plunder. They immediately began by precept and example to instill into the minds of the negroes the doctrine that they were in every way the equals of the whites, that they were entitled to every privilege, social or otherwise, which their former masters had enjoyed, and that the United States government had spent millions to guarantee this to them.

From the very first of this infamous propaganda there was created between the two races a strong propulsive force to drive them apart, placing on the defensive the white, with all his pride of race and every instinct of self-preservation, and on the part of the inferior black arousing an envy and hatred inevitably born of a feeling that in being debarred from social equality by the native whites he was being deprived of something to which he was entitled by right.

As strongly supporting the attitude of the “carpetbaggers,”

the people of the North recognized the negro as an equal by admitting him into all public places, such as theaters, Pullman cars, and hotels; and these facts, coupled with the intemperate utterances of the Republican politicians of the period in Congress and out of it, made it appear to the negro that the proud aloofness of the white people of the South was the stubborn unreasonableness of race prejudice, and therefore unjust to him; and all our race troubles date from the baleful dissemination of this idea.

It is but a step from the nursing of a supposed wrong to thoughts of righting it, and there gradually grew into the negro's mind a suggestion, if not a well-defined determination, to take by force this coveted privilege. I say gradually, for with the older negroes the instinct of deference and respect for the white race was too firmly planted by the growth of years to be easily supplanted by a contrary teaching; but in the young men and with the youth as they grew to manhood their new-found counselors from the North had receptive listeners until in the early seventies the question of social equality was frequently adverted to in public speeches by the negro politicians and preachers and by the white scoundrels and adventurers associated with them.

At that time the negroes were more than the political equal of the whites. Backed by Federal bayonets, they had voted themselves into practically every office in the State, and had elected as Governor an adventurer from Massachusetts, a miscreant whose offensive misrule is a malodorous memory in the State to this day. The Legislature was known as the “Black and Tan” Legislature on account of the great number of negroes and mulattoes that constituted it. It is safe to say that there was scarcely a self-respecting white man in the State holding office.

I reluctantly revive these unhappy recollections of experiences that linger in my memory as a hideous nightmare, but it is necessary to do so in order to emphasize a pivotal point in this discussion—to wit: That as far as political equality went, the negroes certainly ought to have been more than satisfied at that time. But they were not. There was a constantly growing unrest and turbulence among them, and why? Simply because the Southern whites sternly and proudly refused to recognize them as in any way their social equals.

In 1875 this turbulence culminated in a number of riots in different parts of the State. These riots all occurred about the same time, suggesting the possibility of some concert of action, and all were traceable to the same causes. It is unnecessary to give any detailed account of these various demonstrations to show their inspiration. I will mention only one as being typical of the others. In Warren and an adjoining county there operated a negro politician named Davenport, with a heart blacker than his ebony skin, although no worse than other politicians and preachers of his race in other parts of the State. He openly preached the doctrine of social equality, and in 1875 he began to gather the negroes together for a concerted move on Vicksburg for the purpose of enforcing their one absorbing desire. He started with about three hundred, the raid gathering strength as it proceeded. From time to time he would regale his followers with most inflammatory speeches. In these harangues he did not complain that his hearers were deprived of any of their political privileges. He did not allege that their civil rights were abridged in any particular; but still he had a grievance against the Southern whites, and it was that they remained obdurate in the matter of social equality. “They refuse to recognize us as their equals,” said he; “but we will show them that we



have the power to force them. We will go to Vicksburg and take the white women for our wives and concubines and make slaves of the white men. We are being deprived of our rights, and we are going to have them if we have to wade up to our bridle bits in blood."

A spectacular Governor of Colorado subsequently made this expression famous or infamous, according to the point of view. It only shows how oppressed and depressed the Southern people were that the author of these utterances was not instantly dealt with in summary fashion. He continued his march toward Vicksburg; but was finally met by a body of whites, led by some of Vicksburg's most prominent citizens, with the usual and inevitable result. How many negroes were killed in that riot will probably never be known, but it was sufficient. All the other riots of that year had a similar result. It was the beginning of the end of Republican misrule in the State.

That fall the white men organized and took over the government of the State. Nearly all the harpies from the North fled between two suns; and after ten years of rank misrule, a saturnalia of official crime, of public plunder, and of spoliation of a proud but defeated people that dispassionate history will some day record as a foul blot on the escutcheon of the Republican party, the Anglo-Saxon of the South came into his own again. By the shotgun policy? Yes. I am in no sense a disciple of Machiavelli, and I am persuaded that my code of ethics is on as high a plane as that of any other Anglo-Saxon, regardless of latitude or of environment; but I shall always believe that in wresting their State from the thieves and plunderers who were desecrating its temples the end to be attained fully justified the means adopted by Mississippi's whites.

The history of Mississippi during the reconstruction period was a fair sample of the conditions in the other Southern States. Some of them escaped from the incubus sooner than others; but all of them suffered the same ills that afflicted Mississippi, and in all the misguided, if not malevolent, teachings of the Republican leaders of the time left their poisonous leaven in the heart of the negro.

Of course no further organized or open demonstrations looking to social equality were made by the negroes, but the venomous germ was none the less active that its operations were secret. It was kept alive, too, by the "bloody shirt" speeches of Republican politicians of the North, who made the political atmosphere lurid for so many years succeeding 1875, as well as by the actions, writings, speeches, and other public utterances of possibly sincere, but we think misguided, preachers, teachers, publicists, and would-be philanthropists of the North, who, according to Charles Francis Adams (see *Century Magazine* for May, 1906, page 109), have been talking and writing a lot of "rot" on this subject for the last forty years. Considering the gravity of the results to the Southern people, it is very mild, not to say flippant, criticism to call it "rot." We are reaping to-day the bitter fruit sown in this "rot" by our brothers of the North.

The negroes have all deep down in their hearts the false and dangerous notions gathered during reconstruction days, and every perpetration by them of the one most heinous and revolting of crimes may be traced to the dominant thought that they are only taking by force what is theirs by right, but which is denied them by what they have been taught to regard as the unreasonable prejudice of the Southern whites.

As a race the negroes do not regard this monstrous offense as a serious crime, for they not only do not coöperate with the

officers of the law in apprehending this class of criminals, but they actually protect and harbor them and aid their escape. It is inconceivable that any people would habitually shield criminals of whose crimes they sincerely disapproved, and next to the crime itself this phase of the race problem is one of the most conspicuous features of the diseased condition of the mind of the negroes from the industrious dissemination by your people of the kind of "rot" which Charles Francis Adams now denounces.

Forty years of freedom and this "rot" have transformed the negro from a docile, kindly, confiding, good-natured, dependent servant into a jealous, envious, distrustful, resentful, and independent citizen. The difference between a faithful dog and an undisciplined wild animal is not materially greater than the measure of this contrast. If you can appreciate the full significance of this transformation, you should be able to understand "why the blacks who took care of helpless women and children of the South during the war cannot now be trusted to live in the same town."

What remedy do I propose? It is this: Let your people undo the wrong they have done. Let them recognize the fact that in clothing overnight with full-fledged citizenship, including the dignity of suffrage, millions of barbarous or at least semibarbarous blacks only a few years removed from the utter savagery of African jungles they committed a crime against the Anglo-Saxon that is without a parallel in the history of that proud race. Let them in a measure make reparation for this crime by wiping out the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Then, instead of spending millions to send missionaries to the Orient in an effort to supplant the teachings and philosophy of Buddha, of Confucius, and of Mohammed with the gospel of Christ, let your people divert these honest, God-fearing religious enthusiasts to the blacks of the South, to spread among them the plain gospel of honesty and of decent living, and to serve as an antidote for poison left by the horde of unsavory characters whom you sent down to us immediately after the war. Let them teach the negro the honor and dignity of labor and to be ashamed of his present idleness and shiftlessness. Let them teach him that to work three days out of the workday week and to loaf the other three, as at present, is a crime, and that if he would practice ordinary providence, thrift, and industry with the opportunities he has in the South he would soon be the richest laborer in the world.

If he could be kept busy, it would be a material help in curbing his criminal tendency. Above all, let them teach the negro that social equality is impossible, and that it will ever remain so, and that even political equality is an "iridescent dream" to be realized only by his faithfulness in good works. Let them make it clear to the negro that the Anglo-Saxon, unlike the Latin races, in a thousand years of achievement has always held himself proudly aloof from any amalgamation with an inferior race—an important factor in his progress; that as long as he has in him one spark of pride of race, one impulse of worthy ambition, or one trace of lofty purpose or high ideal this will be his attitude; and that if the negro would escape ultimate annihilation he must recognize and scrupulously respect this unwritten but inexorable law of the Southern whites.

Your people could further help the situation by trying to look at this question sometimes from the standpoint of the Southern white man and by refraining from any public deliverances on this subject until they have carefully studied both sides of it. . . .



Our brothers north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers can be of material help in solving this problem if they would; but not until the scales have fallen from their eyes, as they have from the eyes of the distinguished New Englander just quoted, and not until they escape from the "bog of self-sufficient ignorance" in which they are now enveloped in connection with this topic—until then (and we devoutly pray that that time is not far distant) your people do harm by interfering; until then urge them to be neutral, and let us "tread our wine press alone."

## *"RACIAL INTEGRITY OF THE NEGRO."*

It frequently occurs that some young man has put years of work upon an intricate subject without the public having any knowledge until a surprise is given through the result. Such a condition is illustrated in a new book with the above caption, "Racial Integrity of the Negro." The VETERAN could not do better than to make extracts from an editorial in the Methodist Quarterly Review. Rev. Dr. Gross Alexander, its able editor, writes of the subject, wherein he states:

"Professor Shannon, the author, is a Southern man, educated at Millsaps College and at Vanderbilt University, where I had the privilege of being one of his teachers. He has devoted much time and thought to the preparation of this volume. It does not deal with any sectional aspect or conception of the great problem, but with that problem in its totality.

"The volume consists of an Introduction and four chapters. The main contention of the author is found in the first chapter, while the problems discussed in the succeeding chapters are treated in the light of the principles involved in the first.

"Professor Shannon's treatment of the negro problem differs from that of others in important respects. The mixing of the races is treated ably and thoroughly from the scientific standpoint, as well as from that of the interests of the white race. The present study seeks primarily to call attention to the wrongs done the negro by those who, in their dealings with him, suspend those moral and ethical principles which, among other races, are both recognized and enforced by sound public sentiment and by the sanctions of religion. The volume is, therefore, a plea for the highest and best interests of both races, but in a special sense it is a plea for the negro race.

"Chapter I. contains a detailed account of the methods pursued by the author in securing an estimate of the extent to which the mixing of the races has been carried. His conclusions are based upon the United States Census Reports, personal observation, and investigation. The Census of 1850 was the first to take account of the mulatto as a distinct element of population, and that of 1890 is, unfortunately, the latest affording information upon this subject. The enumeration of 1870 showed 584,049 mulattoes; that of 1890, 1,132,060, a numerical increase of almost 100 per cent in twenty years. The ratio of mulatto to total negro population has, according to the census reports, risen from 12 per cent in 1870 to 15.2 per cent in 1890.

"The personal investigations conducted by the author are calculated to bring the situation more vividly before the reader than any array of dead figures can do. His methods are, therefore, given with considerable detail. The results obtained are in excess of the figures of the Census Bureau, and he estimates the number of mulattoes at the present time as 'nearly or quite 2,000,000.'

"Perhaps the most suggestive part of this study is that in which the causes and influences tending to increase the mixture of the races are discussed.

"It is shown that twenty years of freedom—1870 to 1890—has produced a numerical result equal to that of the whole period of the two hundred and forty years of slavery, from 1620 to 1860. The evils of slavery are frankly admitted, but do not explain all the sins of freedom.

"The manner of emancipation involves the loss of much which the race had gained in industrial training and in ethical culture under slavery.

"The intervention of the North in religious and educational matters, together with conditions prevailing at the close of the Civil War, produced an alienation between the negro and the Southern people which has proved very unfortunate for both races. At the beginning of his career of freedom the negro needed sympathetic guidance at the hands of those best acquainted with him. Instead, he became 'a bone of contention' between the two sections embittered by the civil war.

"The chapter dealing with 'Slavery,' one of the ablest in the book, sets forth the attitude of the civilized world toward the institution at the time it was fastened upon America. The attitude of Christianity toward the institution is discussed, as are also the reasons for the disappearance of slavery from Western Europe in the twelfth century. Christian slavery in North Africa—lasting until 1816—is treated at some length. An effort is also made to picture conditions in Africa at the beginning of the slave trade—and since—in order that the condition of the negroes remaining in Africa may be contrasted with that of the slaves in America. The purpose of this chapter is to state clearly the conditions from which slavery rescued the negro and to point out what his period of enslavement accomplished for him. He is incalculably the better off for the results of his enslavement. In an important sense 'the South of 1860 was the victim rather than the master of her slave population.'

"The chapter dealing with the 'Educational Problem' gives a fairly complete statement of the physical basis of the intellectual capacities and development of the negro, as compared with other races. This indicates clearly the limitations of the race as a whole, and determines the order of instruction which will produce the best results. The public schools, and especially those institutions which are free to select their students, are criticised for their failure to stand for the racial integrity of the negro. Perhaps the most practical part of this chapter is that in which the author insists upon such elementary instruction and manual and industrial training as shall bring to the race a measure of economic independence."

## *"MEMORIES OF VIRGINIA."*

"Memories of Virginia—A Souvenir of the Pioneer Days of Jamestown," by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, is dedicated to the New York State Chapter of the Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, "the society that stands sponsor for the Bruton Church Pew, to the memory of Governor Matthews and the Wardens of Jamestown British Church, 1637."

This society is to visit the Exposition on October 12. The "Memories of Virginia" will be sold as a souvenir of Jamestown, the proceeds from its sale to found a Matthews medal to be given to the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, Va., the first incorporated town of our country, for the best essay upon the royal government. An annual prize will be given to encourage research of the days of the Royal Council from 1623-60, when Captain General Matthews, of Denbigh Plantation, stood the guardian of Virginia.

White and red are used as the colonial colors. Address Byron S. Adams, Publisher, Washington, D. C. Price, \$1.





"It matters not where their bodies lie,  
By bloody hillside, plain, or river;  
Their names are writ on fame's fair sky,  
Their deeds of valor live forever."

DR. FRANK L. JAMES.

A St. Louis reporter writes in the Chicago Record-Herald: "Dr. Frank L. James, a noted scientist, once sentenced to be hanged, died at his home, in Chicago, on May 19. Once an enemy of the Federal government, he was afterwards its chief expert in the investigation of the 'embalmed beef' scandal during the Spanish-American War. For his services at an inquiry in Chicago he received fifty dollars a day from the same power which once tried to hang him. As scientific editor of the National Druggist and associate editor of the Medical Brief, a St. Louis publication, Dr. James made his name known to physicians and chemists all over the world. When the Civil War began, he was a young student of chemistry in Mobile, Ala. He invented submarine mines which were planted in Mobile Bay to blow up Federal gunboats. They were so effective that a price was set upon James's head. He was captured and taken to New Orleans, where Gen. B. F. Butler condemned him to death. By the aid of friends he escaped from the New Orleans jail a week before the date set for his hanging, and went to Japan."

MAJ. HENRY MILTON LANE.

"Maj. Henry M. Lane was a Confederate soldier of as high and heroic record as any of either army who ever lived in Louisville." This is the comment of a local paper of that city, and his death has removed from its activity a useful and prominent citizen. He was a son of Dr. Lane, and was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1839. He was related closely to Gen. H. S. Lane, a distinguished soldier and public man of that State, at one time United States Senator. The family removed to Texas at an early date, and Henry Lane was educated at the Bastrop Military Academy.

In 1858 or 1859 he was appointed by Gen. Sam Houston as lieutenant of a company in one of the regiments of Texas Rangers, organized to protect the Texas frontier on the Rio Grande. At the beginning of the Civil War he volunteered in a regiment of cavalry which was afterwards in Ector's Brigade. The brigade was taken to Mississippi by Gen. Van Dorn in 1862 just before the battle of Shiloh, in which it participated, and afterwards Major Lane's command went to Kentucky under Col. T. H. McCray (31st Arkansas Infantry), to whose staff Major Lane was attached. He participated in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee. A noted historical fact is that Ector's Brigade when ordered to charge a battery invariably captured it and brought the guns within the Confederate lines.

Major Lane was a man of intellect and scholarly attainments, and as a lawyer stood in the front rank of practice in his State, and was an untiring worker, which doubtless hastened his death.

DR. LYMAN B. WHARTON.

Dr. Lyman Brown Wharton, former professor of Latin in the College of William and Mary, fell dead in the station at Williamsburg, Va., as he was in the act of buying a ticket to Richmond to attend the Confederate Reunion. He was greatly beloved by the student body.

Though old and enfeebled by the long years of strenuous labor through which he had passed, Dr. Wharton's end was tragic. Early on that morning as he was preparing to leave he was told to be careful of himself and not to march in the parade with his brother veterans. But the old gentleman drew himself up proudly, and with the instinct and spirit of a hero said that he still felt young and that he could stand it with the best of them. He had looked forward to the Reunion, probably his last, and he wanted once more to be with his wartime comrades and recount with them the incidents of the long, eventful struggle. But the walk to the station and the excitement incident thereto were too much for him.

Dr. Wharton was esteemed by all who knew him. To the students who sat at his feet he was more than teacher—a friend, counselor, and a source of inspiration. No man ever had a higher sense of honor than he, and none was ever more of an exemplar of those virtues which make a good man.

F. BAKER BLANTON AND JOHN C. MILLER.

Within a brief time Mr. J. D. Blanton and wife, of Nashville, Tenn., lost their fathers. Mr. Blanton is the efficient President of Ward Seminary. They, with Miss Anna Blanton, their only surviving child, are traveling abroad during part of their vacation.

Mr. F. B. Blanton died in December, 1906, in the Memorial Hospital, Richmond, Va. He was taken back to his native county, Cumberland, "and was buried at old Brown's Church, where he had spent the days of his boyhood and early manhood."

A long-time friend writes: "The county of Cumberland never gave birth to a nobler son; truly another one of the old landmarks of what was once known as an old Virginia gentleman has passed away. He seemed to try to live to help others. He was never known to speak a harmful word of any one, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to any good cause and to those whom he thought needed help. If Baker Blanton had a fault (and I knew him well), it was the fault of generosity, the fault of liberality, the fault of unbounded hospitality and kindness of heart. In 1861, when the war clouds began to gather, he was among the first to rally to the call, and discharged his duty faithfully as a soldier until he was honorably discharged from further duty on account of his age, and his surviving comrades can only say: 'Soldier, rest, thy warfare is over; sleep thy last sleep, from whence no sound of that bugle note once so familiar to thy ear can wake thee to glory again.' Only twelve of the company composing the Cumberland Troop of eighty-four men, rank and file, remain that left the county with him in May, 1861."

John Caskie Miller, the father of Mrs. J. D. Blanton, of Ward Seminary, passed away in February, 1907. For several years he spent part of the winter with his daughter. He was born in Stewarton, Scotland, in 1836. Having completed his education in his native land, he came to this country at about eighteen years of age and settled first at Richmond, Va. Prior to and during the war he was in business in that city. During his residence there he married Miss Almeria Hawes, a native of Richmond, to which marriage were born six children, two



daughters and four sons. He had served as an elder in the Presbyterian Church for some forty years, and was active in the councils of the Church. While not in this country long enough to espouse the Confederate cause, he was loyal to his adopted section and ardently so to the end.

## MRS. PHIL POINTER LIPPMAN.

A sad death occurred in Salt Lake City January 12, 1907, in the death of the beautiful and beloved Phil Pointer, who had become the wife of Mr. Joseph Lippman. She will be recalled as one of the most attractive sponsors that Kentucky ever sent to a Confederate Reunion. Fatherless from her childhood, her father, the gallant Capt. Phil Pointer, having died, leaving his beloved wife, Sallie, and three young daughters, she was reared mainly at Owensboro, Ky. For some time previous to her marriage she lived in New York City. Because of ill health her mother moved to the Far West three years ago. Despite the threat that she could not live long, she and Mr. Joseph Lippman, formerly a United States district attorney, were married last June. In the fall she and her mother went to Southern California; but the hoped-for improvement never came, and they returned to Salt Lake a week or so before the end, which came, with its anguish to survivors, in the home of her sister, Mrs. Clint B. Leigh, a week later.



MRS. PHIL POINTER LIPPMAN.

Soon after the death of this lovely woman a son-in-law of Mrs. S. R. Pointer, her mother, was killed in a railroad wreck.

MARTIN.—Notice has been overlooked of the death of Dr. Solomon C. Martin in March, 1906, at St. Louis, which occurred suddenly from heart failure. He was actively engaged in his practice to the time of his death, and had held for fifteen years the position of Professor of Dermatology in Barnes University, St. Louis. He served as a surgeon in the Confederate army, ranking major on the staff of Gen. Wirt Adams in the independent cavalry corps of A. S. Johnston. He was married to Miss Anna A. Calhoun in 1870 at his former home, in Claiborne County, Miss. She survives him, with their two sons and three daughters.

A. S. QUARTERMAN.—Died at Brunswick, Ga., in March Alexander S. Quarterman in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Liberty County, and formerly lived at Walthourville, and was the last surviving charter member of the Walthourville Presbyterian Church, organized in 1855. He served during the war as a member of B Troop, Young's Brigade, Hampton's Division of Cavalry, of the Army of Western Virginia, participating in the battles of Hawes Shop, Trevillian Station, Reames Station, and the siege of Petersburg in 1864. He also served from 1861 to 1863 on the coast of Georgia, Virginia, and James Island, S. C.

SHIELDS.—David F. Shields, an honored veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, died at Petersburg, Va., in September, 1906, having lived out nearly eighty years. He was one of the four surviving veterans of Col. Fletcher H. Archer's company of eighty-six Petersburg volunteers who served in the war with Mexico. Comrade Shields was born in New Kent County, Va., but had lived in Petersburg since early youth, where he had established a high reputation for honor and integrity. He was a member of Appomattox Lodge I. O. O. F. as well as A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V. A daughter and son survive of his family.

P. R. SMITH.—The death of Peyton R. Smith is reported from Llano, Tex. He was born in Tennessee seventy-five years ago, and moved to Texas in 1846. He was with the Texas Rangers in service under Capt. "Big Foot" Wallace. As a Confederate soldier he served through the war under Capt. Seth Mabry in the 17th Texas Infantry. He was married in 1854 to Miss Martha Williams, who died in 1901. Of their six children, three sons survive, all of Llano County.

BROWN.—In August, 1906, Capt. William F. Brown died suddenly at Meridian, Miss., at the ripe age of seventy-seven years. He was one of the pioneer citizens of that city, and had been prominently identified with its growth and development since its village days. He commanded a company in the Confederate army, serving valiantly throughout the war. His wife, three sons, and three daughters are survivors.

DEEN.—Thomas J. Deen was born in Clark County, Miss., in January, 1840; and died near Buffalo, Tex., in March, 1907, aged sixty-seven years. He went to Texas in 1869. He gave four years' service to the Confederacy as a member of the 37th Mississippi. He had been a Mason for more than forty years. His wife and six children mourn his death with many friends.

T. B. McNEELY.—Camp No. 1249, of Mayfield, Ky., reports the death of a valued member, T. B. McNeely, who was born in Hickman County, Tenn., and died May 22. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and as quietly and bravely had lived his life in years of peace.



DR. JOHN GRAMMER BRODNAX.

On the 9th of May, while the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Guilford Chapter, Greensboro, N. C., were searching far and wide for all flowers available for Memorial Day, one of the purest, strongest, most useful lives that ever adorned the list of the Confederate Veterans passed on to mingle with the loftier harmonies of the heavenly life.

Dr. John Grammer Brodnax, a beloved physician of Greensboro, awoke on the 9th of May in his usual good health. After making his round of professional calls, scattering sunshine by his cheerful greetings, he drove up to the St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, of which he was the Senior Warden, and enjoyed the sweet service commemorating Ascension Day. One cannot but wonder as he partook of the sacred Lord's Supper if he heard the "still, small voice" whisper: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Returning home, he complained of pain: but in the afternoon felt relieved, and remarked that he would "now go to sleep." He gently closed his eyes, and without a sigh passed from earth to his heavenly home. He is sadly missed by his large circle of patients, friends, and admirers, yet none of them could wish for him or for themselves a more beautiful passage into the great beyond. He was the most cultured man that it has ever been the fortune of the writer to meet, one of the most heartily religious and courageous gentlemen and the most skilled physician. His life gives one a better idea of the Fatherhood of God through his fatherly charity than anything that has ever been penned.

Dr. John Grammer Brodnax was born in Dinwiddie County, Va., April 14, 1829. His earliest known ancestor in this country was William Brodnax, who married Mrs. Travis in the settlement of Jamestown, Va. The father of Dr. Brodnax was Gen. William Henry Brodnax, one of the most distinguished men of Virginia, and his mother was Miss Ann Elizabeth Withers, noted for her talents, Christian character, and beauty. Dr. Brodnax first graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, then graduated in medicine at the University of Virginia and the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, and later took a three years' course in special lines in Europe under the most famous teachers in Paris. In November, 1853, he commenced the active practice of his profession in Petersburg, Va.

When the war came on, he offered his services to the Confederacy, and in 1861 he was placed in charge of some of the hospitals in the city of Petersburg. There his fine abilities were so well exercised that he was given the direction of five general hospitals in that city. In 1863 he was transferred to the North Carolina Hospital, and his work was most favorably commented on. In 1864 he was detailed by the government to supervise the exchange of prisoners, the task requiring rare qualities of mind and heart, especially since the Federal government had inaugurated a policy to discontinue the exchange of prisoners of war on the ground that the imprisoned Confederates, as General Grant said, "were only as dead men" when confined in Northern prisons, while the continuance of the Federal soldiers in Southern prisons was aiding the Northern cause immensely by consuming the supplies of the Confederacy. Later Dr. Brodnax was assigned to duty in charge of General Hospital No. 14, established at Wake Forest, N. C., and later he was transferred to Greensboro, where at the time of General Johnston's surrender he was in charge of two hospitals.

After the war Dr. Brodnax located in Rockingham County, where his practice became the most extensive of any phy-

sician in that county. In 1887 he located in Greensboro, N. C., and continued there in active practice up to the day of his death, having been surgeon for the Southern Railroad for fifteen years.

Dr. Brodnax was twice married. His last wife, Ella Preston Burch, who survives him, devotes much of her time in loving thought for the veterans of the Confederacy.

Gen. Cullum Battle, in his sketch of Dr. Brodnax in the "North Carolina Biographical History," says: "Gentle in spirit, Dr. Brodnax was ever a defender of the oppressed and a champion of the right. He could easily have shone in the world's galaxy of illustrious men; but duty was the star that led him on, and all the allurements of ambition compared to it were as glowworms to the meridian sun. As a priest, he stood at the altar of science while the incense of grateful hearts filled all the temple of life."

An officer of Johnston's army said at the surrender that General Lee and Dr. Brodnax were the only two officers of the Confederate army who went through the war without losing their politeness.

We go down upon our knees and thank God for the life of this good man.

M. C. BLOCKER.

A Florida newspaper tells the pathetic story of Comrade M. C. Blocker, who, together with a lad named Chauncey Moody, was drowned May 25, 1907. The body of the senior



M. C. BLOCKER.

was rescued in about fifteen minutes and that of the boy a half hour later. Vain efforts were made to resuscitate each.

"There is a Reaper, whose name is death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath  
And the flowers that grow between."



Two witnesses at a distance reported that Mr. Blocker was preparing "to take a pleasure party down the bay." Mr. Blocker used an oar to push off from a near-by barge, and as the launch moved he and little Chauncey fell overboard. Mr. Blocker came up once with the child on his shoulder, but went under again before reaching the launch. Mr. Blocker was seen no more; but little Chauncey rose twice again, striving manfully to reach the launch, but before any one could reach them the little one went under the third time.

Mr. R. C. Blocker was born at Tallahassee November 29, 1847. His father, Capt. Halcy Blocker, and brother enlisted in the Civil War, and, losing his mother at the age of fifteen, he followed his father and brother to the battlefield. He was sent back home on account of his tender age; but, nothing daunted, the next year he enlisted with Dunham's artillery, of which he was the last survivor. He moved to Apalachicola about eighteen years ago.

Mr. Blocker served under the stars and stripes during the Spanish-American War, remaining in Cuba for three months. A favor shown him was never forgotten. He is survived by a devoted wife and two sons (Mr. C. L. Blocker, who is an electrician in New York City, and D. W. Blocker, of Florida) and a half brother (Dr. Blocker, of Pensacola) and a brother (Mr. J. R. Blocker, of Carabelle). The Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy escorted the remains to the Methodist church. The services were conducted by Rev. M. H. Norton. The hymns were beautiful, and Mr. Henderson sang with much expression "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." The members of the U. D. C. took charge of the flowers and carried them in carriages to Magnolia Cemetery, where Mr. Norton concluded the services.

As the last rays of the setting sun faded from the earth the choir sang "Home and Eternity" to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" while the Daughters of the Confederacy lovingly placed the many beautiful floral offerings on his last resting place.

## CAPT. W. D. BETHELL.

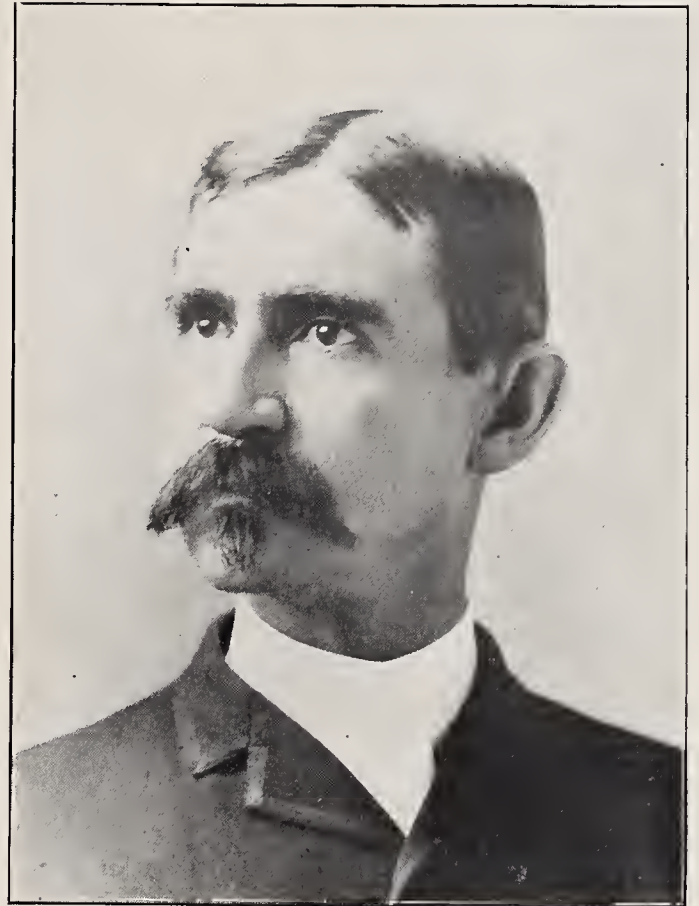
Capt. William Decatur Bethell was born on February 2, 1840, at Saint Mary's Parish, La., being the son of an extensive sugar planter, who was subsequently engaged in business in Memphis, Tenn.

In 1860 Captain Bethell married the third daughter of Jerome B. Pillow, Cynthia Saunders Pillow, of Maury County, Tenn. At the breaking out of the war, in the spring of 1861, he went to Louisiana and raised a company which his father equipped and which became a part of the 22d Tennessee Regiment, Captain Bethell being made drillmaster of the regiment. He was in the battles of Belmont and Shiloh, and also Murfreesboro. He was wounded at Shiloh. He afterwards served under General Forrest, and subsequently was appointed and served as a member of General Pillow's staff until the end of the war.

The writer of this sketch knew him for many years most intimately, and gladly attests his many noble attributes of heart. He was a man of the people, and never turned his back on friend or foe. Some of his most intimate associates were among the poor men of Memphis. He loved the South, and was true to the instincts of his birth, faithful to the teachings of his father, and constant in his love for the State.

Captain Bethell was a man of fine business capacity. Shortly after the war he engaged in sugar-planting in his native State, thence moved to Maury County, Tenn., where he remained until the death of his father. Then his business in-

terests called him to Memphis, where he became connected with the State National Bank as President, proving himself a man of exceptional capacity, energy, and enterprise. He took a prominent part in many departments of business, banking, insurance, manufacturing, railroads, real estate, etc. He was successful in whatever he undertook, his last public service being in the interest of the "Taxing District," of which he was elected president in 1890. Later, resigning on account of ill health, he moved to Denver, Colo., where he lived until his



CAPT. W. D. BETHELL.

death, in August, 1906. Three children survive him. His eldest daughter is Mrs. John M. Foster, of Denver, Colo.; his other daughter is Mrs. John P. Edrington, of Memphis, Tenn.; and his son, W. D. Bethell, resides at Redlands, Cal.

[The foregoing is from Mr. R. H. Vance, of Memphis.]

WILLIS.—Capt. Henry Willis, who commanded Company B, 9th Missouri Regiment, died at Trinidad, Colo., on the 18th of January. He was formerly well known in Howard County, Mo., the family residing at Fayette; but he left there soon after the war, went to Texas, and later to Colorado. He had one brother and several sisters. A relative at Fayette, Mo., O. G. Willis, writes that any information of Captain Willis or his family will be appreciated.

## DR. I. S. WHITE.

Dr. Isaiah Henry White, long a prominent physician and citizen of Richmond, died there July 15 after an illness of more than a year. He was born at Onancock, Accomac County, Va., on July 24, 1838. His father was Samuel C. White, a farmer of Accomac, and his mother, Mary E. Chandler, of the same county.

After a rudimentary course at his home, Dr. White was a



student at William and Mary College from 1855 to 1858, and was graduated from that institution in the latter year. In 1859 he entered the Medical College of Virginia, and was graduated with high honors as a doctor of medicine in 1861. In April, 1871, Dr. White married Mrs. Caroline W. Brooks, and she died about one year ago.

Dr. White saw service in the Confederate army, of which he was ever proud. In April, 1862, he was made assistant surgeon of the Confederate States army, and was stationed at Chimborazo Hospital. He was promoted in July, 1862, to surgeon of the 14th Louisiana Infantry, and in February, 1864, was assigned as surgeon in charge of the military prison at Andersonville, Ga.

In the summer of 1864 a still greater responsibility came to Dr. White. He was promoted to the position of chief surgeon of all military prisons east of the Mississippi River, and served in this capacity until the close of the war. Dr. White was an ex-member of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association and of the Richmond Academy of Medicine. He had also been president of the latter body, and took a deep interest in its work. In politics Dr. White was a Democrat; he was fond of outdoor sports, and especially of horseback-riding.

#### CAPT. JOHN GOODE FINLEY.

To have been a brave and good Confederate soldier is enough to write a man worthy of fame wherever patriotism is honored and valor remembered of men. As such, Capt. John G. Finley deserves a chaplet among his comrades.

John Goode Finley was born in Montgomery, Ala., August 12, 1842. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1861, and enlisted in the Confederate service in Maj. H. C. Semple's battery, in which he served as sergeant until after the battle of Murfreesboro, when he was elected lieutenant of Company A, 22d Alabama Infantry. A year later he became acting captain of the company, and so served till the close of the war. He was in many of the greatest battles of the war—Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, and in the entire campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. He was wounded twice, once so seriously that he was forced to give up his command. Returning as soon as possible, he was in Atlanta when that city was captured.

Returning to Montgomery after the war, Captain Finley studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was an able lawyer, and was honored by the city in two terms as a city alderman and by his county as attorney for eighteen years. He was married in 1872 to Miss Sue Pierce, who survives. Death came to him while surrounded by friends and loved ones. Comrades of Camp Lomax rendered their last services at the grave.

#### COMRADES AT MARIANNA, FLA.

Camp Milton, of Marianna, Fla., has lost five members within the past two years, three of whom have died within six months from last October:

J. W. Rawls died on October 3, an honored citizen of his community. He had served his State and country faithfully as a soldier in the 1st Florida Cavalry, dismounted. This regiment was a part of Finley's Brigade, in the Western Army.

J. N. Richardson died on the 25th of October. He enlisted when just grown in Company D, 6th Florida Regiment, serving faithfully till the close of the war. "Jim Rich," as he was familiarly called, belonged to the real boys of the army, those

who were always called upon when there was a hasty march to be made on the picket line, and one who served with him says he was always ready for any emergency.

B. F. Edwards answered the last roll on March 2, 1907. He was a member of the 19th Louisiana Regiment, in the Western Army, and surviving comrades testify to his faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. No less faithful was he afterwards to his family, his Church, and his country.

HAYS.—John W. Hays was born in 1848 at Sardis, Miss., gave seventeen months' service to the Confederacy as a member of Company K, 18th Cavalry Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 13, 1865. He was twice married, and left a wife and four children. He died in January, 1907, having gone to Las Vegas, N. Mex., for his health, and was buried in the Rocky Arroya Cemetery.

#### WILLIS J. SALMONS.

W. J. Salmons was born in Cherokee County, Ala., January 5, 1837; and died at his home, near Jonesboro, Ark., March 5, 1907. He went to Craighead County, Ark., in the spring of 1861, and in July of the same year he returned to his old home and enlisted as a volunteer in Company H, 19th Alabama Volunteers. He remained in the service until May, 1865. He took part in the battles of Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, and Murfreesboro.

In December, 1865, he, with his wife, a brother, and two sisters, returned to Craighead County, and resided there until his death. He left a widow, three sons, and one daughter, besides a host of friends to mourn their loss. Uncle Willis, as he was best known, was a good soldier in war and a good citizen in peace. He was always glad to attend the Reunions. He accumulated a nice estate valued at forty to forty-five thousand dollars. As a soldier, citizen, neighbor, and friend, Uncle Willis did his duty as he saw it, and the record he leaves behind him shows that he did not live in vain.

#### JOHN H. WARREN.

In 1862 John H. Warren, a dark-complexioned, black-haired young man, whose eyes sparkled with patriotic devotion, enlisted in the 32d Mississippi Regiment, Company D. This regiment was in the famous brigade and division commanded, respectively, by Mark P. Lowrey and Pat Cleburne. He was a gallant soldier, and helped to crown his command with the laurels they so richly deserved.

When the war ended, he was a prisoner at Camp Chase, and he returned home with his oath of discharge, taken May 15, 1865, which he kept until his death. He met and married Miss Lizzie Hall, and was a devoted, loving husband, a good citizen, and a faithful, loyal member of the U. C. V. Camp until he was transferred to the great camp beyond the river, where he will meet his old commanders and comrades who had preceded him. John H. Warren will be missed by his dear wife and friends, and his comrades will miss his warm handclasp at their annual Reunions.

[The foregoing is by G. W. B. in a Corinth (Miss.) paper.]

MASON.—One of Capt. Frank Gurley's company, 4th Alabama Cavalry, has lately crossed the bar. At a reunion in Captain Gurley's home, Gurley, Ala., July 10, 1907, G. B. Hill offered a resolution, which was adopted, expressing "great personal grief and sorrow" in the death of William H. Mason. His courage as a soldier and life as a citizen were commended.



MR. FREDERICK J. DIEM.

GRATEFUL TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

The death of Mr. Frederick J. Diem, of Cincinnati, is noted with sincere sorrow by the writer. In the years of anguish caused by the unhappy suit for libel, when there was no silver lining to the clouds of worry and expense which seemed to envelop the business of the VETERAN, a statement was made to Mr. Diem of the situation and the gloomy outlook. He was not a native of this country, and knew but little of the Confederate element; but without other consideration than faith in good intentions he replied: "We will send



MR. F. J. DIEM.

you all the paper you want." And he continued to do it. The circumstances can be appreciated only by those who have been tried as by fire. Of course a grateful friendship would have continued had there been no other consideration for gratitude, but his great heart became warmer and warmer to the end.

Mr. Diem had served his adopted country as Swiss Consul. He was of the eminently successful men of Cincinnati. Born on the last day of 1845 in Switzerland, he was brought by his parents to this country when he was four years of age. His first business was as clerk in a grocery store, then a proprietor in such business. After about twenty years he engaged in the paper trade, and built up one of the largest concerns in the country. The Diem and Wing Paper Company occupied his time chiefly, though he had bank investments that added largely to his wealth. From the retirement of Mr. Wing Mr. Diem was practically the sole owner of the business. He was noted as an extraordinary business man.

In his generosity to the management of the VETERAN during the period mentioned Mr. Diem merits the lasting gratitude of every Southerner who is interested in what it has achieved.

Mrs. Diem died some two years ago. There are now left of the family a son, Mr. Albert Diem, who succeeds to the management of the large business, and a daughter, Mrs. Fred Mulhauser, of Cincinnati.

Time will not dim the grateful memory of the founder of the VETERAN to Mr. Frederick J. Diem.

TEXANS WANT A CONFEDERATE REGIMENT.—Capt. A. F. Wood suggested through Neblett a bill for the Texas Legis-

lature as follows: "That the Governor of the State of Texas be authorized to raise a regiment of ten companies of fifty men each of able-bodied ex-Confederate soldiers as a State and national guard of honor, and to do such military services as the good judgment of the Governor may require and such service as may be required of the State reserve guards, to be supported and maintained as other State troops except that the uniforms of this regiment must be Confederate gray and the insignia of office must be the same worn by Confederate officers and the tactics used the same as that used by Confederate soldiers—Hardee's."

REMNAINT OF IMMORTAL 600 AT RICHMOND.

The society of the "Immortal 600" met in annual session at Richmond, Va., May 31, 1907. The meeting was called to order by President Hempstead. Secretary Murray called the roll, and nineteen members answered to their names. Others in the city were prevented by other duties from attending the meeting. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary and approved. Capt. Junius L. Hempstead was re-elected President and J. Ogden Murray Secretary. On motion of Comrade Lamar Fontaine, Comrades J. W. Matthews and J. C. Chanler were elected Vice Presidents and W. W. George Color Bearer. The Secretary read the roll of members of the society who had died since the last meeting. A committee to draft the constitution and by-laws to govern the society of the Immortal 600 was appointed, to report at the next meeting, Birmingham, Ala.

Addresses were made by Maj. D. McD. Carrington, George K. Cracraft, Capt. Thomas Pinckney, Lamar Fontaine, Jackson Kirkman, and T. C. Chanler. President Hempstead read the annual poem dedicated to the Immortal 600, living and dead.

Thanks of the society were voted the retiring President, J. L. Hempstead, and Secretary J. Ogden Murray for their work for the good of the society. The membership dues were fixed at one dollar per annum. The official badge of the Immortal 600 was fixed at cost price (60 cents) to each member. Badges were distributed by the Secretary.

Comrade Thomas Pinckney invited the members of the society to a reception at Brook Hill, which invitation was accepted, and he furnished carriages for the members.

On Monday, June 3, the society met at headquarters, formed, and marched to their position in the line of parade, Capt. J. L. Hempstead in command. Mrs. J. W. Matthews, Matron, and Mrs. E. Lee Bell, Sponsor for the Immortal 600, marched in line with the society.

Secretary Murray desires the address of all the true men of the 600 now living—men who stood the ordeal on Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, and Hilton Head. His address is Charlestown, W. Va.

TEXAS REUNION TO BE AT BOWIE.

The sixteenth annual Reunion of the Texas Division, U. C. V., will be held at Bowie, Tex., August 21-24, 1907. The Reunion Committee announces that camp tents, cots, and other conveniences will be provided. A barbecue, with other eatables, will be spread three times each day for visiting comrades. Addresses will be made by United States Senator Bailey, Governor Campbell, Hon. J. H. Stephens, and others. First-class free entertainments in the pavilion each evening. Everybody in and out of Texas invited to be present. Reduced rates on all the railroads.



## PAGEANTRY AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

BY GEORGE F. VIETT, NORFOLK, VA.

Soldiers and sailors, the ships and the sea, martial music and the roar of battle ships' broadsides, palaces of peace filled with things of pure delight, sylvan solitudes and merry mazes of festivity, shore line, azure dome of a Virginia sky above all—that is the picture of the Jamestown Exposition.

To offer one of the most unique military spectacles and one of the greatest naval spectacles of all time is the distinctive and splendid privilege of the Jamestown Exposition, the latter made manifest in the immense gathering of the formidable war ships of all nations that are dropping their anchors before the sea gates of this transcendent celebration. Judging from the immense interest displayed in the imitation battle ship at the Chicago World's Fair, this vast assemblage of the fleets of the nations will be the crowning attraction for the millions of visitors, especially those from the interior. The great fleet is now assembling, and the magnificent array of American battle ships now lined on Hampton Roads is by far the greatest yet gathered beneath the American flag.

Of the foreign fleets, that of Great Britain is the most imposing; and when the great ship Dreadnaught arrives, this the world's greatest fighting craft will make an exposition by itself.

No other American harbor, and very few in the world, could afford anchorage to the stupendous aggregation that is now in Hampton Roads, and that will shortly be augmented.

Unequaled in the history of American naval displays, it will yield precedence only to the great gathering of British and foreign war ships assembled off the Isle of Wight at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. No other Exposition in all history ever had such an asset.

## PROCEEDINGS MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

AN ELABORATE BOOK BY ADJUTANT GENERAL ALLEN.

It is a full report of the proceedings, including all the speeches made in the Convention of the Confederate Reunion held at Joplin, Mo., September 26 and 27, 1906. It contains the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans and its kindred organizations, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, together with a complete list of Camps and Chapters of same in Missouri and their present officers. One-half of the book contains much reliable, interesting, and valuable historical matter relating to the Civil War. It contains a list of generals of the Confederate States army, number of troops furnished by different States to the Federal army, strength of the Confederate army, relative strength of the armies in seven engagements, list of engagements between the Confederate and Federal forces in Missouri, losses in thirteen battles, Confederate prisoners surrendered and paroled at the close of the war, mortality in military prisons, Missouri organizations in the Confederate service, Confederate Reunions, Southern cross of honor, Confederate memorial work, Confederate monuments in Missouri, dates of secession of the Southern

States, political relations between the State of Missouri and the Confederate States, first and last Confederate guns fired, last battle of the war, General Lee's farewell address to his army, President and Cabinet of the Confederate States, Confederate Senators and Congressmen from Missouri, a sketch of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri at Higgins-



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, INCLUDING THE GREAT GOVERNMENT PIER.

ville, Confederate cemetery at Springfield, General Price's official report of the battle of Springfield, etc.

The book is interspersed with forty fine half-tone portraits and illustrations. Among them are the pictures of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, the ranking surviving general of the Confederate army, who was the guest of honor at the Reunion, Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke, and Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson.

A multitude of Confederate veterans should procure and preserve this record. It will be supplied for \$1 by James W. Allen, Adjutant General, Missouri Trust Building, St. Louis.

**HOME-COMING WEEK FOR TENNESSEANS.**—The dates for Nashville have been fixed—September 23-28, 1907. E. S. Shannon, Secretary, Nashville, writes: "We want to invite every Tennessean living out of the State to come back to the old home." Attention is called to this "Home-Coming" in the hope that veterans and members of their families may take advantage of the low railroad rates and visit Tennessee at a time when the general public will be prepared to make the visit very pleasant. For particulars write to Mr. Shannon.

Walter Preston Branch enlisted in the first cavalry company that was organized in Richmond, Va. After the war he came to Kentucky, where he died near Guthrie in 1878. Information for his daughter is desired as to his service in the war. Kindly address Mrs. Alice C. Branch, Station A, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Alice Craig, of Piedmont, Ala., makes inquiry for Maj. A. Leyden, commander of the 9th Georgia Battalion Artillery.



## U. D. C. DAY AT MONTEAGLE.

BY MRS. M. B. PILCHER, PRESIDENT TENN. DIVISION, U. D. C.

The U. D. C. Congress at Monteagle for 1907 was a notable event, the largest attendance of any of the days of Woman's Week, and with a most enjoyable programme. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General of the U. D. C., presided over the meeting, and considered the affairs of the day with the forceful tact and wisdom of a general. Mrs. A. B. White, who for the past two years has been Tennessee's chief executive, was with us, and made a strong plea for the Shiloh monument. Mrs. White is deservedly popular, and is considered one of the ablest of the U. D. C. officers. Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie read a beautiful paper on the future of the Confederate soldier. A "Plantation Sketch," with musical interludes, by Mrs. Sidney Andrews, was much enjoyed. Miss Ford's "Sonnet," written for the occasion, elicited much praise, and Mrs. William Russell's "Before and During the War" was one of the best things of a long programme. There were musical numbers and a varied programme. The afternoon hour was filled with the symposium or "experience meeting," with three minutes' talks from the floor. This meeting was open to all, and both Veterans and Daughters spoke of a fateful day long gone—talks reminiscent and tender and some of them humorous to a degree. There was no more successful feature than this "love feast."

The evening was brilliant with Mrs. Pickett's stirring and dramatic address on "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg." This, with orchestral music and some important resolutions offered by Mrs. White and a beautiful short address by Mrs. Josephine Pearson, concluded the programme for U. D. C. Day at Monteagle, 1907.

There was universal regret that Mrs. M. C. Goodlett could not be with us. She is always our "guest of honor" on U. D. C. Day, and we feel that the day is incomplete without her. Elizabeth Lumpkin Glenn was another whose absence left a vacuum that no one else could fill. Her eloquence, her superb oratory, exquisite personality make her an enviable place in the U. D. C. ranks.

The social features of the week were in charge of Miss Josephine Pearson, permanent chairman of reception for the Ladies' Association. When Miss Pearson is here, we always feel sure that every social occasion will be successful and enjoyable. Miss Blanche Carlotta Hindman, daughter of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and President of the John W. Thomas Chapter at Monteagle, which is the hostess Chapter, supervised the decorations, which were elaborate and artistic. She also dispensed the hospitality of the occasion, extending a cordial greeting and welcome from the platform.

I must add a line to my hurried notes to say a word regarding another matter. It is of great regret that by inadvertence the name of Mrs. W. W. Baird, the State Recorder U. D. C., was left off of the list of State officers in the minutes of the Columbia Convention. No lady among us is more capable of filling a State office or more highly regarded than Mrs. Baird.

ALABAMA HONORS PRESIDENT DAVIS AND SENATOR MORGAN.  
—The Alabama State Senate has passed bills in honor of Jefferson Davis and John T. Morgan. It has also indorsed a bill for monuments for the State at the national parks, providing for the expenditure of \$25,000 a year to this cause. The Morgan monument is to take the only remaining place of the State in Statuary Hall, Washington, and will cost \$15,000. The Davis monument is to have place on the Capitol grounds, Montgomery, and will cost a like amount.

## THE UNIFORM OF GRAY.

BY JACKSON HARVELLE RANDOLPH RAY.

The golden sun has sunken far into the purpled west,  
And many are the veterans weary who have laid them down to rest,

Conscious of their parts well rendered and of pure, unsullied name,

Sleeping sweetly, all secure, 'neath the sacred sod of fame  
In the land where blossoms blithely the fragrant jessamine,  
Where the ivy and the woodbine the lowly tombs entwine,  
Waiting for the glorious dawning of the resurrection day,  
When rewarded they shall be for the wearing of the gray.

Sons of those who wore the gray now are coming to the fore,  
Standing side by side with the ancient foes of yore,  
All in peace and harmony, many times ten thousands strong,  
Soldiers striving for the right against the hordes of wrong  
'Neath the fluttering of old glory's glittering silver stars,  
But ne'er forgetting that their fathers fought beneath "the bars,"

Dying bravely—yea, most gladly—in the thickest of the fray,  
Proudly dressed in torn and tattered uniform of gray.

Time has healed the bitter wounds of a valorous defeat,  
And now closely reunited in loyalty we meet  
In North, in South, in West, and East to steer the ship of State,

All in love of fellow-man. Long dead is wild, warring hate;  
And in its place the beauteous bird of peace has come again,  
Bringing the budding olive branch to soothe the piercing pain.  
And those who wore the blue rise up amidst the rest to say,  
"All laud and honor, love and praise for those who wore the gray!"

## THE VETERANS.

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS.

(A Memorial Day Ode, suggested by seeing the old soldiers of the Confederacy file into the cemetery on Memorial Day.)

I see them slowly marching year by year  
A lessening band to that lone camping ground  
Where their companions in the days that tried  
Men's souls have grounded arms forever.  
Ease has seldom been their portion; bronzed by sun  
And bit by winter's cold, they bear the scars  
And blows of envious time as valiantly  
As once they bore the buffetings of war.  
For them a nation's coffers have not bled  
To salve their wounds with gold; but when, worn out  
With bootless victories, they left the field  
Where valor long had strove in vain with might,  
Like him of olden time whose conquering arm  
Did not disdain to guide the plow, they sheathed  
Their swords, and, asking aid of none but God,  
By honest toil redeemed and glorified  
The land their fruitless valor could not save.  
See where they come an ever-lessening band!  
Torn by life's storms and chilled by numbing frosts  
Of thankless years, they falter not nor fail  
In the great strife with human wrong and woe  
Till one by one the great commander, Death,  
Gives word to break their ranks and join the vast  
Encampment 'neath the white and serried stones  
Where Fame shall write their lasting epitaph:  
"Not conquered, but worn out with conquering."



*SENATOR BOWEN'S DEATH RECALLS WAR TIMES.*

BY J. M. SCOTT, MULBERRY, ARK.

The death of ex-United States Senator Thomas M. Bowen, which occurred in Pueblo, Colo., December 29, 1906, followed one month later by the death of his wife, recalls a desperate venture by twelve Confederate soldiers.

Colonel Bowen was in command of the Federal forces at Van Buren, Ark., in 1864, and was the idol of his men. He was very handsome, and considered a gallant fellow. It was while at Van Buren that he sought the hand of Miss Maggie Thruston, the daughter of Dr. Richard Thruston, one of the pioneers of Western Arkansas, and one whose views were truly Southern. Dr. Thruston refused consent to his daughter's becoming the wife of a "Kansas Jayhawker." Colonel Bowen made daily visits to the Thruston home, which was in the suburbs of the little city on the north bank of the Arkansas River, three miles from the Indian Territory.

While the Colonel was paying court to this accomplished Southern girl two Confederates, John Norwood and ——— Cary, were surrounded by a company of Federals, to whom, after resisting their assaults several hours, they surrendered with the understanding that they were to be treated as prisoners of war. They were taken to Fayetteville and placed in irons, and later taken to Fort Smith and tried by a drum-head court-martial and sentenced to be shot. Capt. J. C. Wright, of Chester, and Capt. T. W. Marlara, of Mulberry, believing they could rescue Norwood and Cary, selected their crowd and wound their way through the mountains to the north of Van Buren, arriving about four o'clock in the morning. They secreted themselves in a thicket some five hundred yards from the city, where they could overlook the Thruston home and the little city of Van Buren. About nine o'clock Colonel Bowen, with an escort, was seen riding up to the house of his intended bride. Captain Wright sent Sol Wagner, Bill Black, Coon Covington, and Nelse Singler to the Thruston home, he taking the other boys and passing between the Thruston home and the Federal camp. When Wright and his party reached the Thruston home, Black and his party had held up the escorts and were bringing Colonel Bowen out of the house, with Miss Maggie holding to him and begging piteously that Bowen be not taken away. The order was given to double-quick, and they took the commander of the Federal army at Van Buren right out of his quarters in sight of his brigade of four regiments July 22, 1864, and took him fifteen miles to the north.

The special object of this venture was to save the lives of Norwood and Cary, who were under death sentence at Fort Smith, as stated. After a counsel was held, it was agreed to parole the Colonel with the understanding that he would be less barbarous to the helpless women and children and that he would endeavor to secure the release of Norwood and Cary. Colonel Bowen agreed also to send Captain Wright \$300 in Uncle Sam's money. He sent \$100 in greenbacks and \$100 in Missouri State warrants. Colonel Bowen did make the lives of our women and children less miserable; but, sad to say, Norwood and Cary were executed.

Miss Thruston was a leader in society and highly accomplished. Dr. Thruston had been forced to leave and go South, and the Colonel and his intended bride eloped, going to Fort Gibson, Ind. T., on horseback, a distance of fifty miles to the northwest, where they were married.

Captains Wright and Marlara are still living, and are well known as high-toned Christian gentlemen. I was in Norwood's home a month after his execution, and was shown the

picture of him and Cary handcuffed and shackled. The brave boys were executed after the promise of treatment as prisoners of war. I met Captains Wright and Marlara the day after this occurred, and know this account to be true.

*EXPERIENCES IN ESCAPING PRISON LIFE.*

W. M. Buster, now of Elmwood, Cass County, Nebr., makes inquiry for associates in an effort to escape prison by jumping from a boat, and in doing so he gives some interesting reminiscences: "After serving a term in prison, I was exchanged, and got back to my command the last of March, 1865. The command was at Blakely, Mobile, Ala. On April 1 we had a 'scrap' with General Steele's command, and kept up the skirmishing until the 9th, when Steele charged and captured us all, so I was a prisoner again. I resolved to get away, and, putting my wits to work, I walked through the guard line, but was detected and taken back. The next day they took us to Ship Island, and kept us there about two weeks. We were guarded by negroes, who shot several of our boys for nothing. Next we were put on a boat and sent to New Orleans. We lay out in the channel till evening, then started up the river. Several of my company planned to jump off and swim ashore, so about eleven o'clock we jumped into the river just behind the wheel. It was a side-wheeler. Some may think that wasn't hard to do. The boat was loaded down with prisoners, and it looked more like jumping into the grave than anything I had ever done; but we got out all right, and then put in nearly all night trying to wade across the bayou, but had to give it up, and lay down to rest. We heard some talking, and learned that it was more of the boys. We made another attempt to wade the bayou, but failed; so two of us went to a farmhouse to get the man to pilot us across, but he told us we couldn't cross it. He was a friend all right, but said that every place that could be crossed was guarded by Union soldiers. He advised that we give ourselves up, but we wouldn't do that. So we started back, and some negroes saw us and reported to the provost marshal and he got after us, so we had to go right up the river. They chased us about six miles before they caught us."

At South McAlester, Ind. T., there will be a Confederate gathering of Veterans and Sons and Daughters of Veterans in joint reunion on August 20-22. These bodies are united in their purpose to build a Confederate Soldiers' Home.

*STORY OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.*

A member of the old "Bull Pen," Mr. J. W. Minnich, now of Grand Isle, La., and who was a Confederate prisoner at Rock Island, Ill. (Barrack 47), for sixteen months in 1864-65, has written a true, vivid, and impartial history of a prisoner's life at that place free from malice or prejudice, confining his paper strictly to actual incidents, good or bad, just as they happened and to conditions as they existed at that time. This booklet would be a valuable contribution for the future historian, as no complete account has ever been written of this prison from a Confederate standpoint. The account will be published in pamphlet form, and is to be paid for by voluntary contribution. The cost of publication will be only seventy-five dollars, and as soon as this amount is sent in the pamphlet will be published and a number of copies sent to each contributor to this fund. If sufficient contributions are not made to defray the expense of publishing, the money will be returned to those who subscribed.

All remittances should be sent to J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, La., or to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.



BRIG. GEN. JOSEPH L. HOGG.

BY P. A. BLAKEY, MOUNT VERNON, TEX.

[On pages 396 and 494 of the *VETERAN* for 1906 are articles concerning Brig. Gen. J. L. Hogg. The first was from the *Youth's Companion* and replied to by P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.]

Gen. Joseph L. Hogg was a son of Thomas Hogg, a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and a grandson of John Hogg, an Irish gentleman who emigrated to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. From Virginia the family moved to South Carolina. After the close of the Revolutionary War, Thomas Hogg settled in Georgia, where Gen. J. L. Hogg was



GEN. J. L. HOGG.

born. His youthful days were spent in Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he was married, in 1833, to Miss Lucanda McMath, and moved to Texas in 1840. In 1843 we find him serving as a member of Congress of the republic. He took the stump in favor of annexation, was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, and was then sent to the State Senate, in which he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War he joined the army, and during the war was conspicuous for his gallantry and high soldierly qualities. After its close he settled in Rusk, Cherokee County, where he practiced law successfully until the beginning of the Civil War. He had served as colonel of State troops in Alabama and as major general of State troops in Texas. He was commissioned brigadier general by the Confederate War Department in January or February, 1862, placed in command of a brigade of Texas troops, and ordered to Corinth, Miss., arriving there just after General Beauregard fell back from Shiloh. He commanded his brigade until he was stricken down with disease. He was taken to a private house four miles west of Corinth, where he died in May, 1862, where he was buried, and where his remains rest until this day.

He left surviving his five children, two daughters and three sons, among the latter James Stephen, who was the first native Governor of Texas, in which capacity he served

his State four years with marked ability, having proved himself to be one of the greatest statesmen known to Texas history.

DEAR OLD GEORGIA.

BY C. A. FONERDEN.

There is in this fair land of ours  
No place where grow such fragrant flowers  
As bloom in dear old Georgia;  
Of truest blue, the purest lies  
In Georgia maidens' sweet blue eyes,  
While o'er no land bend bluer skies  
Than those that bless old Georgia.

No fruits and melons are so fine  
As grow on fragrant tree and vine  
Down there in good old Georgia;  
Her sun-kissed hills and fertile plains  
Are blest with heaven's benignant rains,  
And wild flowers fleck the paths and lanes,  
Sweet-scented in old Georgia.

Her balmy breezes waft good health,  
Her teeming fields yield bounteous wealth,  
And joy abides in Georgia;  
The song bird's voice makes every dell  
Vocal with its entrancing spell,  
And souls of men reposeful dwell  
In that sweet land of Georgia.

Could you but see that Eden land  
Of valleys green and mountains grand  
And crystal streams of Georgia,  
You would behold with wondering eyes  
And heart aflame with glad surprise  
A veritable paradise  
In that fair land of Georgia!

Let me be buried in the earth  
Of that good land that gave me birth,  
That dear, sweet land of Georgia;  
There in that land of bliss is given  
Life's unction true—that blessed haven  
That lifts one's soul to that high heaven  
Whose gateway is old Georgia.

At an "experience meeting" in Georgia headquarters Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick, presided. The *VETERAN* was indorsed and the poem was commended to its pages by Colonel Waddell.

The attention of enterprising Daughters of the Confederacy is called to a prize offer on page 202 of the *VETERAN* for May. There are not enough competitors yet to earn the prizes. If the *VETERAN* is at fault in this matter, explanation would be appreciated. There never was proposed a worthier scheme to help Chapters and extend an influence for the glory of those in whose honor the U. D. C. was organized. Consider this and be ready to take up the battle as soon as the summer heat is over.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE BANNERS.—All who are interested in and revere the memory of Confederate flags are to be congratulated upon a booklet of twenty pages by Miss Mary L. Conrad, 178 South Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. This is a well-printed pamphlet on the subject, which is highly commended. It is for sale with liberal commission to agents. For particulars write Miss Conrad.



## INCIDENTS OF SHARPSBURG.

BY C. A. RICHARDSON, COMPANY B, 15TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

The writer inclines to the opinion that any recital of truthful personal observation and experience gathered on the memorable field of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, will prove of interest to comrades and survivors of that hard-fought field, perhaps the gamest of game fights in the Confederate war of 1861-65. Such incidents help to show the undercurrent or individual spirit of the men—the rank and file—who thus contribute to history in performing their allotted parts in the grand drama being enacted about them.

We herewith submit some incidents occurring in the order the writer now recalls them.

In a headlong charge, all going at a double-quick and yelling like wild Comanches, a hardy, muscular, fearless "Tar Heel," who had joined us in a determined rush on the Federal line, received a Minie ball in his open mouth. He did not seem to immediately lose his speech, for he blurted out: "Boys, I'll have to leave you. Going to the rear to look for that d— ball. Give 'em h— and my compliments." The brave fellow subsequently rejoined his own famous fighting regiment (30th North Carolina), still a good and staying fighter, but minus the full notes of that lusty yell at Sharpsburg. Of course running up dead against the bullets of the enemy when they were firing into us not only by regiments but also by brigades was about the only earthly thing calculated to stop the "Rebel yell," either individually or collectively. It did the first quite often; but the latter when in full swing, with that terrific, terror-striking whoop generally swept onward until the front was cleared and the work well done. The "Rebel yell" had its terrors, fierce and demoralizing, to the enemy; it was heartfelt and inspiring to the men in gray as they rushed in to the support of a "thin gray line" or to break a solid line of blue. It generally happened that the "blue line" was broken and scattered, and the "Rebel yell" was duly renewed and prolonged until the victors were about exhausted.

About 6 P.M., when the heat and turmoil of battle had subsided, I was reminded that I had not eaten anything since early morning, and then only two hard-tacks. Three of us soon filled our haversacks with fine apples from a near-by orchard, then kindled a fire and got out frying pan and a chunk of very fat mess pork. Two of our party were slicing the apples, B— serving as cook. The first pan of apples was being turned into a tin plate, when bang! bang! bang! in quick succession exploded three shells most uncomfortably near, tendering us the untimely and cruel compliments of a Federal battery which had spied us and made a target of our little tea party. The Federal gunners soon had our range and dropped a dozen or more shells about us in a few minutes, doing no serious damage but causing us to postpone the meal on fried apples in the mode a la Sharpsburg.

General McClellan, being first on the field at Sharpsburg, easily had a decided advantage with his artillery in the early part of the fierce fight; but very few of his batteries held to their first positions as the battle progressed, for the Confederates fought their artillery along with their infantry, all advancing together and fighting along the same alignment. This style was new and novel to the Federals, also proving to them most disastrous and fatal. The battery that acted so spitefully about delaying our supper was doubtless one that had escaped very severe punishment, perhaps not sharing in the red heat of the fray.

In the afternoon a "hot mix up" occurred. When we were getting our "second wind" for another onset or attack, either

offensive or defensive, a brave and hungry Georgian, who was "taking chances" with us, proceeded to unroll his blanket that had a considerable bulge in it, which disappeared when relieved of a half-gallon crock of apple butter. In a twinkling the cloth covering of the crock was removed, and the ravenously hungry son from Georgia began to rapidly fill an aching void. Soon came the ringing, stirring command, "Forward, men; double-quick," when lo! the crock was empty, most of the contents in the Georgian's stomach, and no small portion smeared over an unwashed face already begrimed with smoke and dust of battle. \* \* \*

The Georgians were hard but also gay and festive fighters. Survivors of the "Old Fifteenth, Virginia" will kindly recall Major General MacLaw's "fighting division" as one of the best of General Longstreet's Corps that so gallantly withstood the fierce assaults of General Burnside on the sanguinary field of Sharpsburg.

## FEDERAL TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES.

BY C. D. EVANS, DARLINGTON, S. C.

The incident which I relate happened in middle South Carolina during the early eighties. A former captain in the Confederate army asked his son, also a Confederate, a sergeant in the company of his father, to go to mill. The mill was on the stream on which the first cotton factory built south of Mason and Dixon's line was established and which was done during the war of 1812; the machinery for which had been hauled from Philadelphia in wagons in order to avoid the danger of capture from British vessels.

The miller was a native of England. He had served in the English army in the Crimea in 1857. His regiment was afterwards sent to Canada, and he drifted from there into the United States and enlisted in the Federal army during the War between the States.

Soon after arrival at the mill, while the miller was busy, the Confederate was standing in the door, when a negro gave a yell in the creek swamp near by. Instantly the miller hurried to the door, saying: "Did you hear that?" The reply was affirmative. "That was the Rebel yell," continued the miller, "and I don't like to hear it even now. You know I was in the Federal army; and no matter how many men we had nor how securely we were intrenched, when we heard that 'Rebel yell' we were whipped before you got to us because we knew that you were going to do whatever you undertook."

Inclined to draw the man out on the subject of the war, I said: "Suppose that during the siege of Petersburg and Richmond General Grant and General Lee could have exchanged numbers and resources—I mean suppose General Lee could have had one hundred thousand well-fed and clothed Confederate soldiers and General Grant had had only about thirty thousand starving Federals with no shoes and little clothing—how long do you suppose it would have taken General Lee to go to Washington?"

In an excited way the Federal replied: "Good God, man, all he would have had to do would be to get over the works and go there." "Well, then," I replied, "why did not General Grant go to Richmond?" "Because he could not do it," replied the Federal. "He tried hard enough. There never were and there never will be such soldiers as were those of the Confederate army."

This incident is, in the opinion of the writer, one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to the valor and long-suffering of an army which wrote a nation's history with their bayonets.





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Lieut. Hannibal A. Johnson, of Worcester, Mass., who served with the 3d Maine Infantry in the War between the States, has published a book recounting his experiences as a soldier, and also describes a visit made in recent years to the scenes of his army career, in which he was the guest of Confederate soldiers at Richmond, Columbia, and Anderson, and also in the family of his captor at the battle of the Wilderness, who returned to him the sword taken on that occasion. The spirit of the narrative is eminently fraternal, and the aim of the author seems to be to cement a stronger friendship between the sections, a union of the blue and the gray that will know but one country and one flag.

Mr. T. Wilson Selden, of Norfolk, Va. (515 Freemason Street), writes of having in his possession a cane which was presented to him by a Mr. Leslie, of Philadelphia, who was a courier for Gen. W. S. Hancock, and which stick he said had belonged to Gen. Carter Stephenson, a Confederate veteran, who died in Philadelphia some years ago. Mr. Selden thinks the family of General Stephenson would prize this as a relic, and he will be glad to communicate with any of them in regard to it.

Mr. John Nicklin, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has a Colt's revolver (an old pattern) on which is the inscription: "H. A. L., Co. A, 6th Regt. W. V. Present from H. H. L." This pistol was picked up on the field of Gettysburg during the battle. If the owner can be located, Mr. Nicklin will be glad to return it to him.



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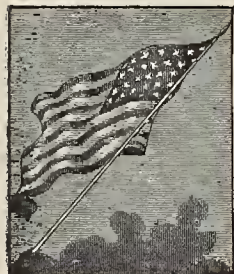
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## UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE.

The August number marks the third issue of Uncle Remus's Magazine, recently established at Atlanta, Ga., and shows continued improvement in its mechanical make-up as well as contents. Its editor needs no introduction to the people of the South, or of the country, who have lived their childhood over again through his stories in the quaint dialect of "Uncle Remus," and his contributions to the magazine will include many other experiences of foxy old "Brer Rabbit." Then, too, his editorials charm in their philosophy of life, and the views and opinions of "Mr. Billy Sanders," of Shady "Dale," point a moral in the existing conditions of our country. Altogether, the readers of this magazine will have an opportunity to know and enjoy our own Joel Chandler Harris as may be presented in no other way.

Other contributors to "Uncle Remus" are among our best writers, and the contents of each number will be made up of serial, short stories, essays, poetry, and the departments. Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, so long known and loved through the "Sunny South," has "The Open House" department; Frank L. Stanton contributes of his "Billville Philosophy" and of those poetic gems which have made him such a warm place in Southern hearts; Mrs. Lundy H. Harris, of Tennessee, gives original thought in her essays, and especially good ideas in her book reviews. Other regular contributors are Don Marquis, who touches lightly on men and affairs of the day; Paul Tietjens, with his notes on the stage and stage folks; while Harold Bolce views the world's progress from the point of New York. That each number will have added interest is the intention of its publishers, if diligence and ability are to be considered.

The best wishes of the VETERAN are with Uncle Remus's Magazine. Success and a long life!

C. H. Cleveland, of Ball's Company, the Fairfax Cavalry, Jones's Brigade, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., would be pleased to have the address of any surviving member of that company (I).

J. W. R. Jones, of Gilmer, Tex., who was a member of Captain Cameron's Company, 4th Louisiana Battery, wishes to locate any members of his company. He will appreciate hearing from them.

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Mrs. M. A. Milner, of Hatton, Ark., the widow of Dr. John Caloway Milner, asks assistance in proving her husband's war record, as she is sadly in need of a pension. He was born in Georgia, she says, but thinks he was living at Lake Charles, La., about the outbreak of the war, and he was physician and surgeon in Albert Sidney Johnston's army, and that is about all she knows of his service. They were married in 1892, and she remembers that many old comrades called on him during the Reunion at New Orleans in that year.

Mrs. Charles Moore, of Union City, Tenn., wishes to hear from any surviving members of the Marion Artillery, of South Carolina, which her husband, J. S. C. Moore, joined in 1863; he was from North Carolina. Mrs. Moore is now seventy-eight years old, and wishes to apply for a pension.

Miss Blanche Hill, of Searcy, Ark., daughter of James Berry Hill (who, as well as she remembers, enlisted in 1861 at Clayton, Ala., or near there), would like to hear from some comrade of her father's who can give the company and regiment in which he served.

Mrs. J. L. Brownlee, of Albany, Ga., has recently had published a song commemorating the passing of our Confederate veterans under the title of "The Boys in Gray Are Growing Old." Single copies, 35 cents; in orders of ten or more, 25 cents each.

Copies of Col. William Preston Johnston's "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston" are wanted, and those having copies in good condition which they would dispose of will confer a favor by writing the VETERAN office, stating condition and price asked.

Ambrose Lee, of Williamsbridge, New York City, wishes to secure the numbers of VETERAN from January to May, 1893, and June, 1894, to complete his set. Write him as to which of these you can furnish.



¶The above cut is that of the great painting of "Lee and His Generals," by George B. Matthews, of Virginia, which was on exhibition in the Lee Building on the Warpath, Jamestown Exposition. ¶Agents wanted in every Southern city to sell a beautiful lithographic copy in color of this painting. Write for terms to National Printing and Exhibit Co., Office 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. Sent by Mail on Receipt of 55c. Every Southern Home Should Have One.

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E. F. Wilson, of Socrum, Fla., requests that any surviving members of Company I, 63d Georgia Regiment, will communicate with him.

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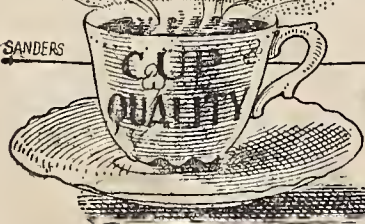
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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1907.

NO. 10.



SCENE AT FAIRVIEW (KY.) BAPTIST CHURCH, BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.  
At Entertainment of the "Jefferson Davis Home Association," October 5, 1907.

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# Confederate Veteran.



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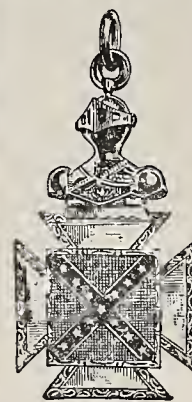
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I was much interested in this valuable Flag book, particularly the part containing a history of the flags of our Southland.—M. A. Jackson, Widow of Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.

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Rev. M. E. Hanks, of Moreland, Ark., who was chaplain of the 32d Mississippi Regiment, makes inquiry for any comrades of George Williams, who served in the 16th Alabama Regiment Infantry, Lowry's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His widow is in need of assistance, and can secure a pension only by proving his record; and, not knowing in which company he served, asks that any surviving comrades who remember him will write to her.

Letters addressed to Kate M. Dabney, 148 A Street N. E., Washington, D. C., in regard to a publication in the August issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, were by mistake returned to the writers instead of being forwarded to her at Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, where her art work called her for the summer. The writers are cordially invited to "try again," when they will receive immediate attention.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Edward Rose & Company, Wholesale Tailors of Chicago. This firm is one of the leaders in that line and well-known through the Southern States, wherein they count their patrons by the thousands. Mr. Edward Rose himself, being a Confederate veteran, takes particular pains to serve his old friends and comrades.

Mrs. E. C. Stalter, 116 West 5th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, wishes to secure any information of John F. Sackman, who served in the army of South Carolina; but she does not know in which company and regiment. He was her uncle, and the family never heard of him after his enlistment in the Southern army.

Lein Smith, of Rockdale, Tex., would like to hear from any members of Company K, 25th Texas Cavalry (from Walker County), Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. The captain of the company was Singletary, but it was commanded most of the time by Lieutenant Bell.

J. H. Cunningham, San Jose, Mason County, Ill., wishes to locate some of the men who escaped from Camp Chase Prison with him on the night of September 19, 1863. There were about nineteen in the party.



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# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

A movement has been inaugurated upon the suggestion of Dr. C. C. Brown, of Smith's Grove, Ky., to purchase such parts of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis as may be deemed best upon which to establish a park and erect a memorial in honor of the South's leader in the great war between the sections during 1861-65. Dr. Brown conferred with Gen. S. B. Buckner, who at once favored the project. He conferred with several friends, and the subject was made public at a reunion of the Orphan Brigade in Glasgow, Ky., in September. The paper submitted to that assembly was as follows:

"At a meeting of the Orphan Brigade, an organization of Confederate veterans, held at Glasgow, Ky., September 12, 1907, it was resolved to take action in behalf of the preservation of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, which is now of Todd County and in the town of Fairview.

"As the centennial anniversary of Jefferson Davis will have occurred in less than a year (June 8, 1908), and as another eminent Kentuckian, Abraham Lincoln, is being honored by elaborate arrangements to perpetuate the place of his birth (a movement that is cordially commended), the Orphan Brigade and other Confederates in this meeting take the initiative in a movement which, it is believed, will interest all of the Southern people and a large element of broad-minded patriots in the North.

"It is therefore resolved that a committee of five be appointed, which may be enlarged as its chairman and two other of its members may deem proper. This committee is authorized to visit Fairview, investigate the lands owned by the father of Jefferson Davis, and secure options upon such lands, or parts of them, with a view to their purchase for the purpose indicated. Said committee is authorized to have legally recorded articles of incorporation under the name 'Jefferson Davis Home Association' and conforming to the laws of the State of Kentucky. The inauguration of this movement by the Orphan Brigade and other Confederates present is with the solemn sense of merit and of our sacred duty to perpetuate the life and character of a man who, considered from his birth to his death, deserves to be known and remembered as one of the great men of earth, a man whose student life at the Transylvania University at Lexington and West Point Military Academy, and whose services to the United States government in the Mexican War, as Secretary of War in Washington, and later as a Senator of the United

States Congress, then later as *President of the Confederate States of America* and as a resident (not as a citizen) of Mississippi and the South subsequent to the great war, was such as to commend him to the patriotic and Christian world.

"Jefferson Davis's long life of great usefulness is without reproach, and we commend it unreservedly to the present and to all coming generations. Kentucky takes no greater pride in the life of any of her sons, and now in the evening of our lives we deliberately take this action, expecting the commendation of approved consciences."

The committee, composed of Gen. S. B. Buckner, Capt. George C. Norton, J. T. Gaines, Thomas D. Osborne, and S. A. Cunningham, was appointed by the Commander of the Orphan Brigade. General Buckner was made Chairman and Thomas D. Osborne Secretary. This committee convened in Louisville September 23, at which time it was enlarged by the appointment of Dr. C. C. Brown (Smith's Grove), W. B. Brewer (Fairview), Col. Bennett H. Young, Capt. John H. Weller, and Gen. Basil W. Duke (all of Louisville); and the committee so enlarged became charter members.

The following articles of incorporation were adopted:

Article 1. The name of the incorporation shall be the "Jefferson Davis Home Association."

Art. 2. The object of the association shall be to acquire and improve in such manner as may be hereafter determined such portion of the native place of Jefferson Davis, situated in the counties of Christian and Todd, in the State of Kentucky, as may be necessary to carry out the purposes expressed in the resolutions above cited.

Art. 3. The government of the association shall be a body of twenty-five directors who shall choose from their number a president, a vice president, and a secretary.

Art. 4. The directors of this association shall be chosen under the authority of the organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans;" but until they act in the premises the persons named in this act of incorporation and such other persons as they may name, not exceeding twenty-five members altogether, shall constitute the provisional governing body, who, until their successors shall be chosen, shall exercise all the powers necessary to carry into effect the purposes of this organization.

Art. 5. The directors shall have authority to collect the necessary funds for acquiring and improving the premises; to provide a safe depository for the funds of the association; to



disburse the fund for the purposes named in these articles of incorporation; to frame by-laws necessary to carry out the purposes of this association and not inconsistent with established law; to fill all vacancies which exist or may occur in their number; to appoint in such manner as they may prescribe a treasurer, a custodian of the property, and such other agents as they may deem necessary to carry out the purposes of this act; to fix the mode and terms on which persons may become members of this association; to appoint from their number an executive committee of three members to discharge such duties as may be devolved upon them by the Board of Directors.

Art. 6. Private property of incorporators and members shall be exempt from association debts.

Art. 7. The place of business of this association shall be Louisville, Ky., but the Board of Directors may authorize to fix it at the Jefferson Davis Home or at such other place as they may designate.

Following the adoption of the articles of incorporation, the following officers were elected: President, Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner; Secretary, Thomas D. Osborne; Treasurer, Capt. John H. Leathers.

The articles of incorporation provide that the association shall be governed by a board of twenty-five directors.

On October 5 General Buckner, Capt. J. T. Gaines, and Dr. Brown visited Fairview with S. A. Cunningham, Chairman of the Committee on Grounds. These gentlemen were met at Hopkinsville by veterans and citizens and entertained at their homes, and a good delegation accompanied them to Fairview. Hopkinsville Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy manifested much interest; but that inspiration did not prepare the party for the surprise on reaching Fairview, where about a hundred people, ladies predominating, had assembled by the beautiful church and on the matted blue grass arranged tables with spotless linen and stacks of luncheon that would have been adequate for three times the number.

Some of the officers of the Church (located on the birth site) were present, and assured the committee that the heartiest coöperation would be given the movement, and that any part of the desirable nine acres deeded by Mr. Davis to the Church would be surrendered to the Association. Owners of the land seemed to be most liberally inclined to part with such as is necessary for purposes of the Association.

The Chairman of the Committee on Grounds, with the approval of the General Committee, appointed the following gentlemen of Fairview and that section of country to take special interest in the premises: W. B. Brewer and W. D. Eddins, of Fairview; Hunter Wood, John B. Trice, W. H. Jesup, and W. P. Winfrec, of Hopkinsville; and Capt. M. H. Clark, of

Clarksville, Tenn. Mr. Brewer will reply to correspondence from Fairview.

While the committee has not issued an appeal for subscriptions, the VETERAN will assume to suggest to those who "like to be first" that they may address remittances to Capt. John H. Leathers, Banker, Louisville, Ky.

#### THE SPOT WHERE MR. DAVIS WAS CAPTURED.

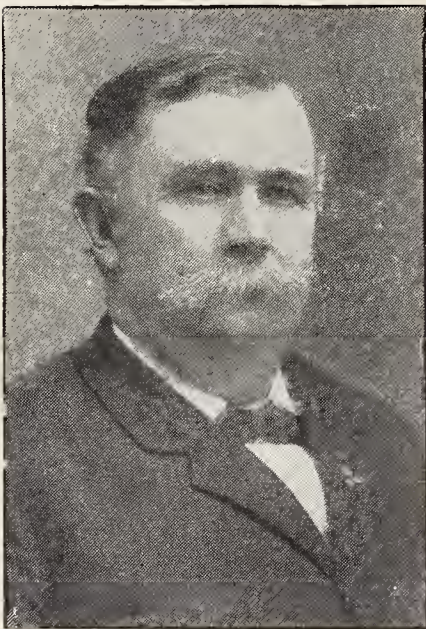
BY JUDGE JOHN H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Sometime ago I saw a statement in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN made by a Federal soldier that the capture of President Davis was made about thirty miles from Augusta, Ga. It was about one hundred and seventy-five miles from Augusta.

President Davis was captured on the west side of the road leading from Abbeville, the county seat of Wilcox County, to Irwinville, about one and a half miles from and a little to the west of north from Irwinville, the county seat of Irwin County, Ga., on lot of land Number 51 in the third land district of Irwin County, and about one hundred yards from the east line of said lot and about halfway between the north and south lines of said lot of land. This is a correct and accurate description of the place where he was captured. The Hon. R. W. Clements, deceased, late of Irwin County, who owned the land and was living in Irwinville at the time of the capture and knew of his own personal knowledge where it occurred, pointed out to me the identical spot where President Davis's tent was pitched in an open place in the pine woods just a few steps south of a branch running through the lot of land. It was on the hill just north of the branch that firing took place between the Federal cavalry that was going the road north and another detachment of Federal cavalry that was traveling the road south, both troops being in pursuit of President Davis, and each mistook the other for Confederates, as it was just about daylight.

At the place where President Davis was camped the road for several years has been discontinued, having been moved a little farther east, so as to be on a land line. The signs of bullets were on the trees when I first saw the place. I have passed the place at least four times a year going to Irwin court for more than twenty-five years. I cut a walking cane from the branch where he was captured and sent it to President Davis, and received from him a letter dated January 9, 1887, which I have had nicely mounted and framed and which is now in my parlor as a highly prized memento. In this letter he says: "The cane you sent to me is doubly valuable by its associations and the care you took to select it. Though connected with a sad misadventure which has been the theme of many scandalous falsehoods, I cannot remember as other than a crowning misfortune without shame."

After the death of Hon. R. W. Clements, by direction of Mrs. Una Clements, his widow, and Judge J. B. Clements, his son, on November 29, 1898, I wrote to Gov. Allen D. Candler tendering, as a donation to the State of Georgia, two acres of land covering the spot where President Davis and his escort were camped at the time of his capture, with no conditions attached to the gift except that the land should forever be held and owned by the State of Georgia and not be permitted to pass into the hands of private parties and that appropriate legislation should be enacted to protect it.



W. B. BREWER.

INEXCUSABLE PARTISAN ESTIMATES.—William A. Glasson writes in the Review of Reviews of the Confederates, and gives much dignity to their numbers in the army. He



states: "According to the best available figures, the number of separate enlistments in the Confederate army was from 1,239,000 to 1,400,000. But many of these were reënlistments, and the terms of service were varied. Reduced to enlistments for a three years' term of service, the estimated number is 1,082,119."

It seems unfortunate indeed that a periodical which contains so much reliable data should print so misleading a statement as to historic facts. The author should have shown some regard for the testimony of records and the statements of many Southern authors, who put the number at but little over 600,000 Confederate soldiers in the aggregate.

## CONFEDERATE DAY AT DALLAS FAIR.

Gen. W. L. Cabell extends a cordial invitation to his comrades to attend the Dallas Fair on "Confederate Day," which has been fixed for October 22, 1907, in which he makes special appeal to the Sons of Veterans, saying: "Come, noble sons of these brave veterans, bring your good mothers, your wives, sisters, and your beautiful daughters to enjoy this great love feast. Noble sons of those old heroes, you are expected to take their places when your fathers have crossed the river to the great beyond. You are expected to keep the records of the service and brave deeds of your fathers, so that a true and impartial history may be written of the Confederate side."

He quotes Section 1, Article XII. of the Constitution of the Confederate Veterans, which declares that any data or property the Federation may possess shall be left to our successors, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and adds: "Then, noble sons of those brave men, get ready to take our places. I appeal to you by the brave deeds of your fathers, I appeal to you by the memory of our noble dead to enroll; I appeal to you by our proud history to organize and be ready to show that you are proud of your fathers, whose fame shall live as long as the South admires true courage and true patriotism. Come on October 22 and help us make the day one of the grandest in the history of the Dallas Fair."

To the Daughters of the Confederacy he extends a cordial invitation, for "no gathering is complete without these noble women of the South, who in our dark days were our strength and comfort, and to-day are the angels of mercy, bringing help to the needy and charity to the old and feeble. So come and grace Confederate Day with your gracious presence."

## ABOUT FOOD AND SLEEP.

BY J. KELLOGG, COMMANDER 1ST ARK. BRIG., U. C. V., LITTLE ROCK.

I have carefully read Edison's "Advice about Food and Sleep" in the VETERAN, and take pleasure in indorsing what he says on this subject. I was born September 9, 1840, and will consequently be sixty-seven years young in a few days. About seventeen years ago I quit the use of flesh food, and about seven years ago I discontinued the habit of eating breakfast, eating only a light lunch of milk and bread about noon or a little later. In the evening about seven or eight o'clock I take a light meal of bread and milk, and occasionally a dish of some cold vegetable. I arise about five o'clock of mornings, and usually engage actively in doing chores about home or working in my garden. I then go to my office, and am at my desk the greater part of the day, from eight or nine o'clock until six or seven in the evening. I am never sick, not even having headaches or other aches and pains that so many complain of. I am strong and active, and feel as young and vigorous as I did thirty years ago. I climb a tree or on top of a

house as well as I did when a boy. My faculties are all as acute as ever, and I have no conception of old age except for the gray hairs, which are quite in evidence. I am confident from what I have experienced, have seen, and read on this line that any one and all of those who will practice this mode of living, coupled with right thinking, may renew their bodies and minds and live long, happy, and useful lives free from all physical ailments.

I notice what you say regarding your former fancies along this line. Had you conformed to the régime suggested, you would now be confirmed in these ideas.

E. James writes from Ashland, Ill.: "I am waiting patiently for the September VETERAN. I feel at a loss without it. I have other reading matter, but none takes the place of the VETERAN. I anticipate visiting the South the coming fall or winter. If so, I intend stopping awhile in Nashville, Tenn. I am still hale and hearty—was eighty-six years old February 23—and attribute my good health to my temperate mode of living. I never used tobacco or strong drink of any kind, and have passed most of my time in honest toil. I was always fond of music, and can play the clarinet. I read without glasses."

OFFICERS ARKANSAS DIVISION.—The Arkansas Division, U. C. V., held its annual convention at Hot Springs October 4. James H. Berry was reëlected by acclamation to command the Division for the ensuing year, and the Brigade Commanders are as follows: Jonathan Kellogg, First Brigade, Little Rock, John R. Thornton, Second Brigade, Camden; R. R. Poe, Third Brigade, Clinton; John J. McKean, Fourth Brigade, Lockesburg. W. M. Watkins continues as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to General Berry. His address is Little Rock.

John Shanley, 1002 Maple Street, Des Moines, Iowa, desires a copy of the original roster of the "Louisiana Tigers."



MISS L. BYRD MOCK, SPONSOR ARKANSAS DIVISION.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### BLUE AND GRAY TO MEET AT VICKSBURG.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee and other Union and Confederate Veterans are to meet in convention in Vicksburg, Miss., November 7, 1907. It is officially the thirty-seventh annual reunion of the organization named above. This meeting will be held upon the invitation of the people of Vicksburg, represented by the city authorities, the commercial organizations, and the survivors of the Confederate and Federal armies resident in Vicksburg, and guests "will be entertained with cordial, true Southern hospitality."

On the morning of November 7 the members will be taken for a long drive over the old battlefields around the city and through the great National Military Park, which is one of the most beautiful parks in the United States. On that evening (November 7) the society will be welcomed to the State of Mississippi by Gov. J. K. Vardaman and to the city by Maj. B. W. Griffith, after which Maj. Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., and Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander of the U. C. V., will make addresses.

On the evening of the 8th a banquet will be given, at which addresses will be made by Gen. Horace Porter, Archbishop Ireland, Gen. O. O. Howard, P. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Logan, Maj. S. H. M. Byers, Gen. T. C. Catchings, Gov. Robert Lowry, and other distinguished persons.

### UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON.

This being the last number before the convention at Norfolk, I have waited as long as I can to write, hoping that I might be able to tell you everything you need to know before that time. I am going, first of all, to give you some of the details of the arrangements for our comfort and convenience while we are in Norfolk; for the mails sometimes miscarry, and this will give you one more chance to get such facts. Mrs. James Y. Leigh, 80 York Street, Norfolk, Va., is the one you are to write to with regard to the room or rooms you want engaged for you and those going with you. They have made arrangements at two hotels—one inside the Exposition grounds and one out. The Inside Inn is \$1.50 per day (for lodging only) for each person and with two or more in a room. This hotel has no way of heating the rooms, but has the advantage of being under the same roof with the hall in which all the meetings except the opening meeting will be held. Then the Pelham Place Hotel is on a car line which takes you to the Exposition grounds. This hotel is steam-heated, and charges \$1 per day for two or more in a room. The Exposition rates on the railroads will prevail for the convention, as the Exposition will still be open. I hope the Chapters will remember this year that there is a by-law which prevents the committee from considering any credentials not received by it "before 12 M. the night before the convention or by the Secretary General, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., ten days before the convention," and that another by-law says all Chapters that do not pay their *per capita* ten days before the convention are not entitled to representation. I

call your attention to this especially, as each year there are those who come bringing their credentials in their trunks, and trunks are often delayed until it is too late for the credentials to be considered. The committee has no discretion in the matter. The by-laws bind them. If you will send both the credential blanks filled out properly, one to the Recording Secretary General and the other to the chairman of the committee—then if one miscarries, the other is quite apt to reach its destination—there need not be any trouble. Don't put it off until the latest mail, for there might be delay. Give them plenty of time and send both, so that one will be sure to get in all right.

The Pickett Buchanan Chapter has made arrangements for an unusually attractive convention, and I hope the attendance will be large. Go several days before and stay several days after to see the Exposition, and the days of the convention devote to that and nothing else. Remember that eyes from all over the world will be there to see how Southern women conduct their conventions. Let us keep this ever before us, that we will be watched with hypercritical eyes, and so conduct our meetings that no one need feel that we might have done better. I hope that each delegate who goes will remember that she has the reputation of the Southern women as high-toned, courteous, gentle-mannered ladies in her keeping.

You will probably remember that the first Confederate soldier killed in action was Private Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina. One of North Carolina Division's Chapters is named for this brave boy (for such he was in years), and they have recently started the movement to erect a monument to his memory in the Capitol Square in Raleigh. It is a great movement, and I am putting it here that if any Chapter wishes to help to erect this monument it may send the contribution to Mrs. N. E. Edgerton, Salem, N. C. I hope every one of you will be sure to read the article which took the U. D. C. prize at Columbia University. It is to appear in this issue, and you will be proud of our order for bringing before the public all this information by offering the prize.

### MRS. HENDERSON COMMENDS "GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND."

This summer I read a most delightful book dealing with what the Southern women did for the Confederacy. Its title is "Gleanings from Southland." It is an account of the personal experience of a Southern girl, Miss Kate Cumming, who spent the entire four years nursing the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. There is no fiction about it, only the daily experience of this patriotic woman, much of it quotations from the diary which she kept during all that time. It is delightfully written, and you never get tired of reading, because you realize that it is true and that it tells you what thousands of Southern women—your own mother among them—did to relieve the suffering of our soldiers. The Veterans and Sons would find the reading of that book a great spur to their determination to have monuments to Confederate women erected in every Southern State. Get it and read it to your children. It will have the effect on them that it did on a lady in New Jersey, who said: "Until I read the book, I had no idea of the sufferings and self-denials of the South. They could not possibly have been endured with such undaunted courage had the Southern people not believed their cause a just one." I don't know of anything which will make them so stanch to our Confederates and their memory as this book will. I shall pretty soon read it to my Friday Afternoon Club of girls between twelve and sixteen.



*U. D. C. PRIZE PAPER—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.*

Prof. Herbert T. Coleman secured the \$100 prize for the following paper. He is a Canadian, was a student at Columbia University, and is now Professor of Education in the University of Colorado. Although quite lengthy, those who peruse the paper carefully will be gratified with the exhaustive record. The committee making the award is composed of Dr. Alderson, President of the University of Virginia (Chairman); Dr. Smith, President of the University of North Carolina; and Dr. J. H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, after much persistent zeal, secured for the United Daughters of the Confederacy a scholarship in Columbia College for the study of correct history from the South's view-point. The trustees of that college accepted the trust as they had done for the Colonial Dames.

THE STATUS OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH PRIOR TO THE  
WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

During the period prior to the Revolutionary War the agencies and methods of formal education in the different American colonies were practically the same. The work of instructing children and youth was almost wholly in private hands, while the studies pursued and the methods employed were the traditional ones of the mother country. It is true that in Massachusetts and Connecticut provision had early been made for public school systems; but through the unwillingness of local communities to tax themselves and through the lack of sufficient State support the public schools, which in the latter part of the seventeenth century seemed so full of promise, were in the century following allowed to lapse into inefficiency.

It was during the period between the war of the Revolution and the War between the States that the educational practices of the North and those of the South came to be noticeably differentiated; hence it is with educational conditions in the South during this period that this paper will mainly deal. These differences had to do not so much with the subject-matter of instruction, since the curricula in schools of the same class were practically the same in all parts of the country; neither did they arise wholly from differences in educational ideals, since the political and the philanthropic as well as the religious incentive were present in the Southern as well as in the New England and Middle States. Such differences as existed were largely a matter of emphasis, the South paying relatively more attention to higher instruction and overlooking for a longer period than did many of the Northern States the important educational work which the individual commonwealth might legitimately and advantageously undertake. This latter fact had its origin in certain political and social theories. These theories, more often explicit in legislative action than formally expressed in words, will be referred to more than once in the following discussion of certain features which the writer, after a somewhat extended survey of the field, has come to regard as characteristic of the South during the eighty years immediately prior to the War between the States. Stated without any specific reference to their degree of importance or their order in time, these features are as follows:

1. The rise of the State universities paralleled and in some cases anticipated by the rise of denominational colleges.
2. The growth of the academies.

3. The development of an interest in the education of girls leading to the founding of many ladies' seminaries.

4. The establishment of "free schools" and the existence of antagonisms which prevented their achieving that degree of efficiency and of public support which characterized the public school system of many of the Northern States.

5. The beginnings of modern city school systems and of the campaign of free public schools patronized by all classes in the community.

The South was clearly the pioneer in the matter of establishing State universities and in providing for their support from the public domain. Of the six institutions of this class founded before 1830, the South furnished five—viz.: the University of Georgia, established in 1785; the University of North Carolina, established in 1789; the University of Tennessee, established in 1794; the University of South Carolina, established in 1801; and the University of Virginia, established in 1819.

The State Constitution of North Carolina, founded in 1776, contained the clause, "All useful learning shall be encouraged in one or more universities;" while the act of the Legislature of Georgia setting apart 40,000 acres of wild lands for the endowment of a "college or seminary of learning" contained in its preamble the following significant statement: "A free government can be happy only where the public principles and opinions are properly directed and their manners regulated. This is an influence beyond the reach of laws and punishments, and can be claimed only by religion and education. It should, therefore, be among the first objects of those who wish well to the national prosperity to encourage and support the principles of religion and morality and early to place the youth under the forming hand of society, that by instruction they may be molded to the love of virtue and good order. Sending them abroad to other countries for their education will not answer these purposes; it is too humiliating an acknowledgment of the ignorance and inferiority of our own, and will always be the cause of so great foreign attachments that on principles of policy it is inadmissible."

In the act itself the trustees of the university were forbidden to "exclude any person of any religious denomination whatsoever from full and equal liberty and advantages of education or from any of the liberties, privileges, and immunities of the university on account of his or her speculative sentiments in religion or being of a different religious profession."

To Thomas Jefferson more than to any other one person is due the prevalence in the South of the idea of an institution of higher instruction maintained by the State and free to all young men within its borders who are intellectually qualified for admission. His name is most closely connected with the university of his own State, and yet his views as contained in various published letters exerted an influence national in extent. For nearly fifty years he worked for the establishment in the State of Virginia of a system of education the crowning piece of which was to be a university—State as regards its government and support, but national and even cosmopolitan as regards the scope of its interests. Even while occupying the presidential chair and engaged in most serious matters of national policy his thoughts, as is shown by his correspondence with Cabell and others, continually reverted to his educational schemes. During the leisure period of his last years so absorbed did he become with his cherished project that he even laid out the grounds for the new uni-



versity, drew the plans for the various buildings, and supervised the details of their construction. Not only in regard to external arrangements but also in regard to the curriculum and ideals of the institution was Jefferson's influence strongly felt. In the language of an alumnus of the university, "the combination of the monastic with the democratic spirit, the high standard and broad scope of study which he advised, the honor system of discipline and the merging of party and sect into literary and scientific fellowship—all survive in the university and bear testimony to the wisdom of the mind which first combined them."

The growth of the State universities during the early part of their history was slow. Much of the land with which they were endowed produced at the outset little or no revenue. The work of university instruction was undertaken in many cases without adequate financial support. One cannot but admire the courage which inspired the early professors and students, a courage which found a notable instance in President Meigs, of the University of Georgia, who at one time, for want of a suitable lecture room, held his classes under a large oak tree, and who carried on the work of the university during ten years with but one assistant.

The South was, however, on the whole far from niggardly in the support of her State institutions. From 1801 to 1863 South Carolina College received from the State Legislature yearly grants exceeding in total amount \$1,200,000, while the legislative gifts to the University of Virginia in the course of the forty-two years—1818-60—amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million. The University of Tennessee was established with funds obtained from the sale of government lands. The University of North Carolina received some \$200,000 from escheats of land and land warrants in addition to special grants for building purposes and revenue from lotteries. Transylvania University, which for many years was practically the State University of Kentucky, derived considerable income from such sources as the revenue from State banks, court fines, land grants, and special grants of money. In addition to the foregoing, grants aggregating a large sum of money (the exact amount of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate) were given to various private colleges which the States felt had claims upon their bounty.

The State universities differed from the colonial colleges in several important particulars. One manifest point of difference was in their closer relation to the government of the State. Being creatures of State legislation, they embodied to a marked degree the ambitions and ideals of the people of the State as reflected in the deliberations and legislative actions of their representatives. A second element of difference was in the unsectarian character of the instruction given. Though unsectarian, they were, however, far from being anti-religious or even irreligious. This fact is illustrated by the storm of opposition which arose against the so-called materialistic teaching of Thomas Cooper, President of the University of South Carolina from 1831 to 1834. This antagonism, which was accentuated by President Cooper's attacks on the historical and scientific validity of the Pentateuch, eventually led to his resignation. A third distinguishing characteristic was the liberal character of the course of study in the State institutions. Of this the University of North Carolina will furnish an illustration. The trustees provided at a meeting in November, 1792, that on the opening of the university the attention of the students should be confined to the following subjects: "The study of languages, especially the

English; the acquirement of historical knowledge, ancient and modern; the study of belles-letters, mathematics, and natural philosophy; the improvement of the intellectual powers, including a rational system of logic and moral philosophy; information in botany, to which should be added a complete knowledge in the theory and practice of agriculture best suited to the climate and soils of the State; the principles of architecture." The tendency shown by the incorporation of agriculture and architecture in the curriculum is further illustrated in the establishment by the State in 1854 of a school for the application of science to the arts, its object being "to prepare young men for professional life as engineers, artisans, farmers, miners, and physicians."

As to the more pervasive and intangible results of these institutions as a class, it is not unfair to quote the statement of Prof. W. J. Rivers, of South Carolina College, who stated shortly before the War between the States that the institution with which he was connected had been chiefly useful "in raising the standard of the academies, in developing a high sense of honor among the students, and inspiring an appreciation of literary and scientific attainments among a people largely agricultural."

As is well known, the denominational college was first in the field in the South as elsewhere in colonial America. The College of William and Mary, founded in 1691, is second among American colleges in point of age; and though finally supplanted in the affections of the State and of the South generally by the University of Virginia, it achieved undying fame by the number of patriots and statesmen it furnished during the Revolutionary period. Situated at Williamsburg, for many years the capital of the State, it exerted a potent influence on the political and social life of the South during the eighteenth century. It failed, however, in accommodating itself to the altered conditions and the wider intellectual interests which accompanied the advent of the nineteenth century. It was a realization of this fact which led Jefferson to write to his friend Cabell as follows: "Instead of wasting your time in attempting to patch up a decaying institution [meaning William and Mary College], direct your efforts to a higher and more valuable object. Found a new one which shall be worthy of the first State in the Union."

The various religious denominations in the South were far from inactive in the field of higher education during the first half of the nineteenth century. Their activity was due partly to a fear that the founding of State universities would lead to the rearing of an irreligious generation, partly to an inability to conceive of religious apart from denominational instruction, partly to a desire to provide an educated ministry, and partly, perhaps mainly, to a feeling strongly prevalent in the South that the work of education, aside perhaps from its purely elementary phase, belonged to religious and philanthropic enterprise rather than to the State. Hence we find that William and Mary and Washington College (a Presbyterian institution at Lexington, Va.) were strong opponents of Jefferson's scheme for a State university for Virginia; that to the teachings of Thomas Cooper and the fears to which they gave rise "may be directly traced the foundation of one or two sectarian schools in South Carolina, and that Transylvania University, after the withdrawal of State patronage and finding itself unable to cope with several rising denominational schools, passed successively into the hands of the Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists."

It was, however, in connection with academies and ladies' seminaries that denominational activity was especially mani-



fest; so further treatment of denominational education in the South may be deferred until those topics are reached.

Before leaving this general division of the subject, however, a brief mention should be made of the strong tendency among the wealthy families of the South to send their sons abroad for their college education. Hugh S. Legaré, in his "Essay on Classical Learning," says: "Before and just after the Revolution many (perhaps it would be more accurate to say most) of our youth of opulent families were educated at English schools and universities. As an illustration of the strength of this tendency in the Southern as compared with the other States of the Union, it may be cited that of the one hundred and fourteen Americans admitted to the London bar in the eighteenth century forty-four came from South Carolina alone, Virginia standing next with fourteen."

During the nineteenth century young men were sent from the South in increasing numbers to Northern colleges, so that a writer in DeBow's Review estimates that during the fifties fully one-fifteenth of the students in attendance at the Massachusetts colleges and at Princeton were from the Southern States. This fact furnished a ground for serious protests when the North and the South came to divide on the slavery question. A reaction set in in favor of home institutions to such an extent that a competent authority ascribes the establishment of the University of Mississippi mainly to the opposition to abolition sentiment.

So strongly was university education rooted in Southern sentiment and practice that we find the Southern system of education mentioned and defended by Southern writers as the university system as distinguished from the public school system which prevailed in the North. Some interesting statistics are given in DeBow's Review in an article on "College Education North and South;" while during the fifties Maine could boast of one college student in 2,083 of population; New Hampshire, one in 1,162; Massachusetts, one in 944; Rhode Island, one in 955; Connecticut, one in 441; Vermont, one in 684; or an average for the New England States of one in 916. Virginia possessed one college student for every 666 of population; North Carolina, one for every 1,078; South Carolina, one for every 381; and Georgia, one for every 389; or a total average for the four oldest Southern States of one in every 545 of population. While these figures were used as weapons in a bitter controversy which has now happily given way before a feeling of mutual respect and an attitude of mutual helpfulness, they forcibly illustrate the position which the South has always maintained in reference to university education.

The term "academy" was applied in the South to a great variety of schools, some of a purely elementary sort and some approaching the college of the day in the nature and extent of their curriculum. Some of these institutions were purely private; others were State-aided; many were under denominational control. With all these various differences, however, as a class they possessed the following distinguishing characteristics: They were chiefly for the sons of the well-to-do, and to attend them was a badge of respectability. They aimed to prepare students for admission to college, and hence the classical languages occupied an important place in their curriculum. They were in many cases boarding schools receiving students from neighboring counties, and in some instances from neighboring States as well.

So important a place did the academy occupy in the South that, according to the census of 1850, there were in the twelve States, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky,

Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, 2,305 academies with 3,948 teachers, 83,449 pupils, and an estimated annual income of \$2,233,-269.

A further analysis of the census returns mentioned shows the proportion of academy students to the population in the twelve following Southern States to be as follows: Virginia, one in 98; North Carolina, one in 60; South Carolina, one in 36; Georgia, one in 57; Florida, one in 37; Alabama, one in 51; Louisiana, one in 47; Texas, one in 45; Mississippi, one in 44; Tennessee, one in 76; Kentucky, one in 59; Arkansas, one in 67. The total average for these States is one in 61, while the average for the six New England States is one in 65, and that for the remaining States of the Union (including New England) is one in 70. These statistics tend to reinforce statements already made and show that in the first half of the nineteenth century education, apart from the purely elementary phase of it, was fully as highly regulated in the Southern States as in the sister States to the North.

At the close of the Revolution there were in South Carolina eleven public grammar schools or academies as contrasted with three charitable and eight private schools of the same character. In North Carolina by 1826 one hundred and eighty-six academies had been chartered by the State Legislature. During the closing years of the eighteenth century more than thirty academies were established in various parts of Kentucky. Each of these received from the Legislature six thousand acres of land and permission to raise one thousand dollars by lottery. By 1820 forty-seven of the counties of Kentucky had academies in operation. In 1821 the Louisiana Legislature appropriated eight hundred dollars for every academy in the State with the understanding that in each eight pupils were to be instructed free of charge. In Georgia there were sixty-four academies in active operation by 1829, and in 1840 there were one hundred and seventy-six, with an aggregate attendance of eight thousand pupils.

In spite of legislative liberality, however, most of the academies were spasmodic in their activity, and reached only a small portion of their proper constituency. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was difficult to realize any settled income from land endowment; there was too much free land awaiting occupation. Moreover, legislative enactment looking toward a State system of secondary education was, so far as the evidence is at hand, permissive in character, and local communities were, as a rule, unwilling to tax themselves for what many regarded as a luxury and many others as a responsibility of the individual parents concerned.

It would seem that in the field of secondary education the place of honor belonged to the private academies. Many of these were in the hands of men of high scholarship devoted to their work and possessing singular gifts in inspiring the youth with high intellectual and moral ideals. Reference to one or two of these men may not be amiss here.

Of Dr. David Coldwell, who conducted a school in Guilford County, N. C., in the years immediately prior to the War between the States, it has been said: "For many years his log cabin served the State as a college, an academy, and a theological school. To have passed through the course of study here was a sufficient recommendation for scholarship in any part of the South."

One of the most famous academies in the South in the early part of the nineteenth century was that at Wellington, in Abbeville County, S. C., and its most famous teacher, Moses Waddell. The school building was of logs and situated



in a grove of chinquapin, oak, and beech. The students, most of whom came from a distance, lived in log houses near the school. The government was mainly in the hands of monitors chosen from among the older boys. In the curriculum great emphasis was placed upon the study of the classics. There were no fixed classes, promotion being made at such times as the advancement of the individual student warranted it. One of the students, George Carey, in order to secure a coveted promotion, prepared a thousand lines of Virgil for a single recitation. Later this feat was outdone by George McDuffie, destined to be one of the most famous orators of his day, who came to class on a certain occasion prepared to translate one thousand two hundred and twelve lines of Horace. Work of such advanced character was done in this school that it was not unusual for its students on their leaving to be admitted to the second and even the third year of college.

Another famous head master, Robert L. Armstrong by name, of a more Spartan type than Moses Waddell, is thus described by a former pupil: "He was remarkable for his industry and strict discipline. I have seen him ruin many a heavy pair of winter pantaloons at a single whipping."

There seems to have been during the second quarter of the nineteenth century a strong tendency in the South toward the founding of ladies' schools. One of the journals of the period, speaking of the States in the Southern Mississippi Valley, says: "This valley twelve years ago did not contain, so we are informed, any female seminary deserving the name, nor is it known that any one now in operation has been in existence more than nine years, and yet in the year 1836 sixteen seminaries were in successful operation in the whole valley and preparations were making for the establishment of eight more." Of Kentucky, it has been said: "Many female colleges were founded in rapid succession from 1850 onward, and soon became so numerous that almost every prominent denomination had two or more representative institutions." Similar agencies, it would seem, were responsible for the establishment of many institutions of like character in South Carolina and other States of the South.

In regard to the character of these schools, one writer has remarked: "The public sentiment did not favor schools of advanced grade for women. Reared in luxury and among a chivalric people, women received the most unbounded honor and even adulation. The bearing of men toward them was almost as extravagant as in mediæval days. Their education was confined to the acquirement of certain accomplishments, such as music, painting, wax-working, and fancy needle-work."

An exception to the foregoing—one of many, doubtless—was founded by the Elizabeth Female Academy, situated at Washington, Adams County, Miss. In her yearly report for 1829, the governess, Mrs. C. M. Thayer, expresses herself as follows: "Happy for the present age, and happy too for posterity, the public sentiment has undergone an important change in favor of female cultivation. Without undervaluing personal accomplishments or disregarding domestic duties, we are permitted to aspire to the dignity of intellectual beings, and, as was beautifully expressed by a gentleman who addressed us at the close of our examinations, 'the whole map of knowledge is spread before the female scholar, and no grade of the ancients is set up as the limit of discovery.'"

The course of study followed in this school is thus described by a local newspaper: "In 1825 the course of education embraced the English, French, and Latin languages taught

according to the principles then most approved, with scrupulous attention to punctuation; also history, composition, the elements of chemistry, geography, and astronomy (with use of globes), and arithmetic. The improved method of instruction recommended by Edgeworth, Pestalozzi, and Condillac of addressing the understanding without oppressing the memory was adopted."

The motives which led to the establishment of elementary schools in the South were various. Philanthropy, religion, desire of private gain—all had their part in the work. Finally, however, the different States came to feel a responsibility in the matter and to make provision, more or less adequate, for the education of the children within their borders.

As early as the seventeenth century we find the philanthropic motive active in Virginia. In 1636 a school was opened in Elizabeth County as the result of a bequest from Benjamin Symms of two hundred acres of land and eight cows. Some forty years later (1675) a school was founded in Newport County by Henry Peasley, "who endowed it with six hundred acres, ten cows, and a breeding mare." Later donors added to the endowment several slaves. In 1722 Richard Beresford left £6,500 to the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, near Charleston, S. C., "for the advancement of liberal learning." At the time of the Revolutionary War there were thirty scholars in the school founded under the bequest, and the endowment amounted to £10,000. At the time of the War between the States the endowment had reached \$70,000. Dexter, in his "History of Education in the United States," speaks of this school as having been "one of the prominent schools of the State down to the war."

The most interesting of all the charitable establishments in the South during the eighteenth century was the Orphan House, founded at Bethesda, near Savannah, Ga., by the Rev. George Whitefield and for many years maintained through the labors of this famous preacher and missionary. During the period from 1740, the date of its opening, till 1808, when the Orphan House estate was sold by order of the Legislature, many hundreds of orphans were there given the religious, intellectual, and industrial preparation for useful lives.

Following in the footsteps of Whitefield, Alexander Downer, a wealthy Englishman, left in 1818 a large portion of his wealth to be devoted to the education of orphans under fourteen years of age, one-quarter to be taken from Richmond County, Ga., and the remainder to be taken from the Edgefield District, in South Carolina.

In other instances schools were founded by philanthropic societies of various sorts. Examples of such organizations are the South Carolina Society, founded in 1737, and the Winyaw Indigo Society, founded at Georgetown, S. C., in 1756. The members of this latter organization were wealthy indigo planters, who voted a certain amount of the contributions levied at a yearly convivial gathering to educational purposes. Of the school thus founded, a local historian says: "This school for more than one hundred years was the chief school for the eastern part of the country between Charleston and the North Carolina line, and was resorted to by all classes."

A more ambitious organization was the Florida Education Society, organized at Tallahassee in 1831. Its object was "to collect and diffuse information on the subject of education and endeavor to procure the establishment of such a general system of instruction as would be suited to the wants and conditions of the territory." Through the efforts of this society considerable interest was aroused in education, and a



manual labor school of the Fellenberg type was projected. Eventually, however, the interest waned, and the society within five years became extinct.

The enthusiasm for manual labor institutions, to which reference has just been made, was quite prevalent in the South and, in fact, throughout the United States in the period between 1830 and 1840. These institutions were patterned after the famous school of M. Fellenberg at Hofwyl, Switzerland, in which the students varied their studies with employment on the farm and at the workbench. The Southern manual labor schools—and, in fact, M. Fellenberg's institution itself—had been anticipated in a school built in Abbeville County, S. C., with funds bequeathed by John De La How, who in 1796 left the bulk of his estate for the establishment of an agricultural school.

As a direct result of the Fellenberg movement, we find various religious denominations seeking to model the schools under their care along the new lines. Such schools were generally, however, of the college or academy rather than of the elementary type. In every case the manual labor idea failed to take root. "Students who had been brought up on the farm thought it a waste of time to cut wood and hold the plow while at college" is the explanation given by one writer.

As has been indicated already, the religious impulse was present in the elementary as well as in the higher fields of education. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts established a school at Charleston as early as 1711. Its missionaries were enjoined not only to preach but to encourage the setting up of schools for the teaching of children, while schoolmasters were admonished to pay especial attention to the moral and religious welfare of their young charges.

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who emigrated to North Carolina during the years 1736-76 brought with them a lively interest in general education, so that "with every church there was planted also a classical school."

Of the schoolmaster adventurers, we find here and there some interesting information. Most of this class, however, belong to the "free school" period, when the grants from the State gave at least something in the way of a fixed income. Of the "redemptioners" sent to Virginia and Maryland in early colonial times, some we know were schoolmasters; but their choice of the calling was doubtless not wholly voluntary, and their constituencies were usually restricted to single households, with other households occasionally added for the sake of economy or convenience. In fact, the private tutor has always been an important educational factor in the South, the isolation of many families and the general unwillingness to patronize the free schools, on account of the feeling that they were charity institutions, leading to this.

The limitations of this paper forbid that any attempt be made to trace in detail the growth of the idea of public provision for elementary education in the various Southern States. The public school systems of the South as they exist at the present time have grown up since the War between the States. There have, however, been in the South almost from the earliest times far-sighted statesmen who have held firmly to the belief that the duty of the State in this regard was a large and imperative one. Among these, the first in importance, if not in time, was Thomas Jefferson. As early as 1779 he introduced into the Virginia Assembly a bill providing for the foundation of common schools for all free children, both male and female. This effort in behalf of female instruction anticipated by ten years the action of the city of Boston in

admitting girls to her public schools. Realizing the unwieldy nature of the Southern country, Jefferson advocated the establishment for school purposes of hundreds of wards or townships based on the militia districts. Another respect in which he showed singular foresight was in calling attention to the need of developing local initiative by requiring the State grant for education to be supplemented in every case by local taxation.

When we turn to a consideration of the financial provision for the support of public elementary education in the various States of the South, we find on the whole a commendable liberality. Instances which are fairly typical of the attitude of the South generally may be chosen from the history of the four older States—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The newer States were, of course, seriously hampered in the matter of public education by the exigencies of frontier life, the scattering of the settlers over wide areas of virgin territory, and the unproductivity for many years of legislative land grants for school purposes. Nevertheless, they followed at no great distance the example of their older sisters.

In 1818 Virginia appropriated \$45,000 from the Literary Fund as a yearly grant to public education. By 1855 the fund in question had grown to over \$2,000,000, \$80,000 of the income of which was available for public school purposes.

In 1825 the General Assembly of North Carolina established a common school fund to be recruited from bank stock, liquor licenses, fees for entry on government land, etc. In 1837 the Literary Fund of the State amounted to some \$2,000,000, with an annual income of \$100,000. In 1855 the yearly revenue accruing to the schools of the State was about \$253,000, while the school fund was estimated to exceed that of several of the wealthier Northern States, being greater than that of Massachusetts, for example, by \$500,000.

In South Carolina as early as 1701 it was provided by legislative enactment that each parish might receive £10 from the public treasury to assist in the building of a schoolhouse. The first free school was established in 1710, but little was done in the way of creating a State school system till the passing of the Free School Act of 1811. Up to 1821 \$302,490 had been expended by the State on popular education, \$100,000 of which, however, owing to careless handling, had not been accounted for. The expenditure of the State on free schools for the year 1847 was \$33,527, while in 1855 the expenditure on common schools was one-eighth of the total income of the State; and including the grants to colleges and military schools, one-fourth.

The fifty-fourth section of the Georgia Constitution of 1777 provided that schools should be erected in every county and supported at the expense of the State. An act of the State Legislature in 1783 provided that the Governor might grant one thousand acres of land for a free school in every county. From this act the so-called "poor school" system of Georgia took its rise.

By an act of December 18, 1817, the Legislature proceeded to create and establish a fund for the support of "free schools" throughout the State, and made a grant of \$250,000 for that purpose. In 1821 the Legislature provided for the division of \$500,000 equally between the academies and free schools. An act of December 23, 1836, set apart one-third of the surplus revenue (amounting to \$350,000) as a permanent "free school and education fund." In 1837, after an exhaustive report by a legislative committee appointed to investigate and report on a system of common schools, there was inaugurated



"a general system of education by common schools" to take effect in 1839, the academy and free school funds were consolidated, and, together with the interest on one-third part of the surplus revenue, were constituted "A General Fund for Common Schools."

All these grants of State money—large, considering the time and considering also the total wealth of the commonwealths by which they were made—brought, however, inadequate and unsatisfactory results. Southern thinkers and writers were among the first to realize this fact and to seek to determine its cause. Governor McDowell, of Virginia, asserted in 1843 that at that time provision had been made in his State to give only sixty days' schooling annually to but half of the indigent children of the State. He spoke of the school law of 1818 (then in force) as "little more than a costly and delusive nullity." Gov. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, in a message to the State Legislature in 1835, said: "In no country is the necessity of popular instruction so often proclaimed, and in none are the schools of elementary instruction so deplorably neglected. They are entirely without organization, superintendence, or inspection of any kind, general or local, public or private."

A writer in the *Southern Quarterly Review* in 1844 gives the following "Reasons Why the Free School System in the South Has Failed:"

1. The extensive patronage furnished private schools and academies. "The State Systems of Education"—in their early stages very imperfect—have always accordingly had to contend with respectable private institutions already firmly established and supported and encouraged by our most influential citizens.

2. "Free schools have been unpopular with the higher classes of society simply for the reason that they are free—simply because they are regarded in the light of charitable establishments intended for the poor only." The poor, on their part, hesitate to attach to themselves and their offspring the stigma of poverty.

3. The organization has been faulty, the methods of teaching used have been imperfect and injudicious. The teachers have not been properly qualified; they have been characterized by inferior talents, positive ignorance, and total want of experience. The subject of proper school manuals has been overlooked.

4. The schoolhouses have been clumsy structures. "Often mere log cabins, buildings erected without the slightest regard to architectural beauty and with almost as little regard to the comfort of their inmates, poorly ventilated in summer, badly warmed in winter, indifferently lighted always, without furniture, without apparatus—such are the temples of science at the South of common school grade."

5. There has been a lack of suitable supervision, while the reports to the State Legislature have been incomplete and inaccurate.

6. There have been no district libraries to supplement the work of the schools.

7. There has been a lack of uniformity within the individual States.

All this is a very severe indictment against the public school systems of the South, and yet the reader must remember that it can be paralleled in nearly all its important particulars from the attacks by Horace Mann and others on the New England district school of the same period.

There were, however, certain extenuating facts which the article just cited did not mention. One of these was the fact

that population in most of the Southern States was widely scattered. A writer in *DeBow's Review* institutes a comparison between Virginia and Massachusetts in this regard. "The territorial area of Virginia is probably nine times that of Massachusetts. If, therefore, Virginia were disposed to adopt the common school system (as found in the Northern States), it would require nine times the schoolhouses and teachers to afford the same convenience for attending school that exists in Massachusetts. Virginia is a thinly settled agricultural State; in many places there could not be found ten scholars in ten miles square. In such places a population might be able to live comfortably, but not to establish schools or send their children abroad to boarding schools. In commercial and manufacturing States or those of small farms and dense agricultural population this evil is not so much felt."

A further fact which should not be overlooked is that in the life of the farm and the frontier the mastery of the rudiments of book learning was not held in as high esteem as the ability to handle the ax and plow. Such a life might lead to a high percentage of illiteracy in the State, but it certainly would not prevent the development of a high degree of intelligence. The writer just quoted goes on to state: "But Virginia has a system of oral instruction which compensates for the want of schools, and that is her social intercourse. It is true that persons are not taught at such places to read and write, but they are taught to think and converse."

In this connection the historian Ramsey, speaking of the settlers in the newer States of the South, says: "The frontier mind had its culture, though the sources of it and its channels were not the same as in the older communities. . . . A frontier people, though generally illiterate, is usually remarkable for good sense and general intelligence." Again, in speaking of a very successful administrator in the early history of Tennessee, he remarks: "Governor Blount felt no unwillingness to consult the least learned of the Territorial Assembly as to the character of the administration. 'That old man,' said he, 'is strong-minded, wise, and well informed if he cannot read.'"

There were not wanting, however, signs of an awakening to the needs of the situation. From 1850 onward serious efforts were made to remove the opprobrium which attached to the public school as an institution; and had it not been for the War between the States, which directed State and individual energies into other channels, the movement would doubtless in another decade have transformed the nature of popular education in the South. The most hopeful signs of the awakening were shown in the establishment of efficient school systems in such cities as Louisville, Nashville, New Orleans, and Charleston. There is room here for but a brief reference to two of these—the first and the last mentioned.

In 1829 a free school on the Lancasterian plan was established in Louisville. The city gave \$2,050 for its support for a year, but later withdrew the grant and established tuition fees. In 1840 tuition fees were abolished and the city schools made entirely free. Night schools, especially for apprentices, were established in 1834. In the same year a school agent was appointed, a part of whose work was to visit every school at least once a quarter. In 1838 this official was assigned additional duties comparable to those of the modern city superintendent.

According to a writer in *Barnard's American Journal of Education*, the system of schools in Charleston "revolutionized public sentiment in the city, and was fast doing so in the State when the War between the States broke out." The



expressed aim of the school commissioners of that city was "to provide schools for all, and not for pauper pupils only." In 1855 a schoolhouse was built on St. Philips Street at a cost of \$25,000 to accommodate eight hundred pupils. Three years later another school was built on Friend Street at a cost of \$30,000. There was also erected a high school for girls at a cost of \$25,000, of which amount the State paid \$10,000 and the city the rest. The expenses of maintaining this school were \$10,000 annually, of which the State paid one-half on condition of being allowed to send ninety pupils. In 1860 the attendance at these schools was four thousand.

Commenting in 1855 on the efficiency of the Charleston schools, a writer in DeBow's Review says: "The schools in Charleston will bear a comparison with those in any portion of the United States." Barnard's Journal, in commenting on the transformation in progress, says: "It is the same change which is now going on in the public schools of Norfolk, Savannah, and Mobile, and which has already taken place in the schools of New Orleans, Memphis, and Nashville—a change by which the public schools in all the large cities of the United States, in the North and the South, in the East and the West, are beginning to assume the same general features and exhibit the same gratifying results—schools in which the children of the rich and the poor are enjoying the common advantages of the highest intellectual training. These schools are not perfect even in cities where the system has been in operation for the longest period and under the wisest administration and the most liberal appropriations, but they constitute the most satisfactory portion of our American system of popular education."

In the same connection there appear extracts from a speech of Col. C. G. Memminger, the leader of the public school movement in Charleston. His statement of the grounds on which he based his appeal for general support of the movement is worthy of quotation, not only as representing the spirit which actuated himself and his fellow-workers throughout the South, but as furnishing an excellent presentation of claims which the cause of popular education may always make in a democratic society. Referring to one of the newly erected buildings, he says: "Into this school the board propose to invite our fellow-citizens to send their children in common without distinction of class, that there shall be no discrimination between rich and poor, and that the same thorough education shall be given to all children so long as they remain in school."

After showing that the expense of this common school, over the amount received from the State appropriation and realized from the tax authorized by law, will not be great, the speaker proceeds to set forth the advantages of the new arrangement:

1. "The coming of the middle and better classes of society into the schools will elevate their tone and, by affording a higher grade of attainment, stimulate both pupils and teachers."

2. The private schools will be stimulated by a wholesome rivalry.

3. "Such an association between rich and poor tends to produce a better feeling in the community, and is more in conformity with our republican institutions. The children of the rich are rescued from that self-will and arrogance which dependence upon servants produces, and acquire at an early age that respect for the opinions and feelings of others which is commendable in any character. On the other hand, the poor are cured of that spirit of envy and jealousy which is

apt to be engendered by the perception of benefits enjoyed by others which are denied to us, more especially when these others repel and forbid our approach."

4. Many are excluded from the benefits of the present free school system. This may not be a hardship to the rich, but it is to those of moderate means.

5. The common school system brings to its administration the whole strength of the community. When the children of every parent are brought into a common school, it becomes the interest and duty of the parents to see to its management.

6. The public school, because of the large numbers attending, allows opportunity for superior classification. Moreover, it is free from the trammels of the Latin and Greek tradition of the private schools.

7. The employment of a large number of young ladies in the public schools has, of necessity, a refining influence upon the pupils who come in contact with them.

In conclusion, and to review in a somewhat new form the main purposes of this paper, it may be stated that it seeks to trace in as adequate a way as circumstances will permit the development in the Southern States of the three most conspicuous phases of education, the higher, the secondary, and the elementary, as illustrated respectively in the college and university, the academy and the "free school." It emphasizes the relatively great importance attached in the South to private as contrasted with State support of education, a condition which had its origin in the manner of life and in the political and social creeds of a large majority of Southern people. It attempts to describe briefly the beginnings of a widespread movement—checked in its advance by the outbreak of the War between the States—to place the public school in the position of honor which properly belongs to it. Furthermore, in the preparation of the paper there has been constantly in the mind of the writer the thought that the status of education in a nation or a community is not to be determined solely by its percentage of illiteracy or the special form which its educational institutions may assume; but rather by the ability of the people in question to face new industrial, social, and political problems, and to courageously attempt and achieve their solution. With such a view in mind, the student of the educational history of the South both before and since the war is compelled to accord to that portion of our common country a position of honor which has not been infrequently withheld.

## SUIT WORN BY PRESIDENT DAVIS WHEN CAPTURED.

(From a Washington paper.)

For some unknown reason, probably for no better excuse than to deny the absurd story of the next day, some of the Northern newspapers have revamped the old rumor about President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States, having been disguised in the garb of a woman at the time of his capture. This story has been so often refuted that further denial is unnecessary: but one of the most interesting facts brought out by the more recent discussion is that the government has the garments worn by Mr. Davis when he was captured carefully preserved at Washington.

These articles are in the original box in which they were sent from Georgia to General Schofield by the officers making the arrest. They consist of a shawl, a rain-proof coat without cape, and a pair of spurs. The shawl is such as is worn now by men of advanced years to protect the throat and shoulders. It is, in fact, a large muffler. Sometimes a shawl of this pat-



tern is worn by women; but the customary use is as a man's muffler, either with or without an overcoat.

The rain coat is a man's garment. It is short with broad shoulders, and, with allowance for the change of mode, is a commonplace waterproof coat. It is of soft gray material, and if worn now by a middle-aged man on a rainy day would not attract any special notice on the streets at Washington.

#### BY PRESIDENT DAVIS'S DAUGHTER, WHO WAS PRESENT.

Referring to the above paper, Mrs. Hayes writes:

"This article, presenting a rational, truthful view of the so-called disguise in the possession of the United States War Department, was sent to me several years ago. \* \* \*

"If Southern editors would try to keep for reference my mother's splendid book, 'A Memoir of Jefferson Davis,' there would be fewer of these painful and unfair articles given space in Southern papers. No effort to disguise himself as a woman could have been possible to a man and a soldier of Jefferson Davis's stamp. I, his child, was present when he was captured, and I will never forget his kingly presence as he turned to face the guard who challenged him, letting the coat and scarf, such as all men wore when traveling, fall from his shoulders, and answered to 'Who goes there? Halt, or I will fire,' 'I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. Do your worst.' As he stood in the gray light of early dawn, he stands in bronze in Hollywood Cemetery, guarding all that remains of those he held dear. The suit of Confederate gray he wore is in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, and has been identified by a Union soldier who captured him. I may add, after exploding the story of woman's clothing being worn at the time of his capture, it became necessary to produce such articles; therefore my mother's trunks were prized open and many articles stolen. One poor wretch had his hand shot off while trying to open one of the trunks.

"The surrounding of the camp before dawn was such a surprise and so sudden that Mr. Davis, even had he been capable of so unmanly an act, did not have time or opportunity for such an action.

"T. G. Carpenter, Secretary of Secretary Taft, must realize that in fathering such unfair statements he is insulting the Southern people and nurturing falsehood. It will not help the administration to have such things said and done; and as a full account of the capture of Jefferson Davis is to be found in the memoir of his life written by his wife, there seems little excuse for such an article being printed in a Southern paper, and I blush to read it in this way. After repeated denials by all, both Northern and Southern, who were present at Jefferson Davis's capture of these absurd stories which are taught in Northern schools as history, it seems, to say the least, unmanly and unchristian to vilify a man whose lips are sealed in death.

"How little truth there was in the story of the 'female disguise' can be seen by these garments. Wearing them, President Davis would present the figure of a man with a neck muffler and overcoat over his ordinary clothing, which would not conceal his trousers, riding boots, and spurs—so remarkable an effort at female disguise as to furnish ample denial of the story."

#### LETTER FROM THE COACHMAN OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S FAMILY.

Mrs. Hayes also sends a letter from Jim Jones, the negro coachman who faithfully served the family of Mr. Davis and accompanied them after the evacuation of Richmond until his capture. She says: "It was he who aroused my father

and notified him of the approach of the enemy. He is employed in the Stationery Department of the United States Senate, Washington." The letter is as follows:

"My Dear Miss Maggie: Your very welcome letter of June 25 reached me in due time, and I was truly glad to hear from you all.

"I had not heard anything about the lady and the flowered dressing gown, but know that neither your father (Hon. Jefferson Davis) nor his wife had any such gown either on them or in their immediate possession the morning of his capture in Georgia in May, 1865, and have tried to make that plain in the affidavit inclosed. Please have Mr. Hayes read it over and let me know if I have covered all the ground he thinks necessary. I am anxious to tell the whole truth about Mr. Davis's capture and to protect any Southern society from imposition, particularly if that imposition places Mr. Davis in a false light.

"The old story about Mr. Davis's trying to make his escape attired in woman's clothes is entirely wrong, and does Mr. Davis a very great wrong; for, except for his wife, he would have made a bold effort to unhorse the Federal cavalryman, mount his horse, and ride away in the darkness. He never had any inclination to disguise himself; and if he had formed any such idea, he had nothing at hand with which to disguise himself.

"Yours most respectfully,

JAMES H. JONES."



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE.

This picture was made during their residence in Montreal, Canada, after Mr. Davis's release from prison. It was furnished the VETERAN by the courtesy of J. J. McConniff, City Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, Montreal, after its reproduction in the Montreal Standard.



## THE NAVY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY J. R. EGGLESTON, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

The Confederate States in the beginning was practically without any navy at all, so far as ships were concerned. Its personnel consisted of the Southern officers who had resigned their commissions in the United States navy to cast their lot with their own people. In numbers they hardly exceeded two hundred, but among them were many of the most distinguished officers of the "old" navy.

But what is a sailor without his ship? Armies may be improvised, but navies are necessarily the slow growth of time. As the States seceded they had taken possession of such trading craft as lay in their harbors and converted them into makeshift men-of-war. They were veritable mantraps. The evacuation of the Norfolk Navy Yard by the Federals gave us the half-burned hull of the steam frigate Merrimac, and we made of that the only fighting machine we had that was even remotely efficient, and even her efficiency was immensely overrated.

It is no easy task to build a navy in time of peace with the material and appliances ready at hand. But the task before Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and his subordinates was to build one in a country invaded on all sides by land and sea and without any of the necessary appliances. Yet efforts in that direction never ceased, and we constructed more than one ironclad battery, propelled in many cases by machinery taken from sawmills, and with these made successful fights against the thoroughly equipped war ships of the enemy.

The few vessels that we had on the high seas for the destruction of the enemy's commerce were built in England, and by the nicest sort of management gotten out of the neutral ports. I can recall only four of these—viz., the Alabama, the Florida, the Shenandoah, and the Georgia.

Let no Southern man, woman, or child ever dishonor the records of these vessels by calling them "privateers." A "privateer" is a vessel fitted out by private parties to prey on the enemy's commerce "for the money that is in it." Our Confederate cruisers as belligerents had the same status as the ships of the enemy. They were no more "privateers" than men under Lee were "bushwhackers."

A glance at the great sea power by which we were confronted and which was the prime factor in our final defeat makes it appear a little ludicrous that we should have attacked him at all, for it was like a "tot" of four years attacking a trained pugilist, and almost incredible that we scored some victories over him.

In 1861 the navy of the United States stood the fourth among those of the world in point of numbers of ships and second to none in efficiency as in proportion to numbers. This navy was backed by the greatest commercial marine then in existence. Every sea was whitened by its sails. During a service of fourteen years in the United States navy the writer visited hundreds of seaports, and in every case the stars and stripes were already there; borne sometimes by a few ships, oftener by many. In one port there were upward of one hundred and fifty American ships. Where are they now? Over forty years ago they vanished under the assault of the Confederate cruisers above mentioned, aided by a few of lesser note.

To the Confederate navy belongs the credit of applying two new factors in naval warfare, both of such importance as to have rendered obsolete the existing navies of the world. I refer to the torpedo and the ironclad ram. In the latter we revived the method and tactics of the Greek galleys at the

battle of Salamis nearly twenty-four hundred years ago; only we substituted steam for oars.

The Manassas was our first attempt at a ram. She was built at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans, in the summer of 1861; cigar-shaped, probably eighty feet long, and clad with railroad iron running horizontally. Several Federal vessels were lying in the southwest pass, among them the Richmond of twenty guns. Lieut. A. F. Warley, U. S. N., in command of the Manassas, ran deliberately into the Richmond one dark night; and, although, owing to the lightness and low speed of the ram, very little injury was inflicted on the vessel attacked, it so demoralized the whole Federal squadron in the river that they put out to sea as soon as possible, and the blockade of New Orleans was temporarily raised. Warley was one of the officers of the Richmond when, a few months before, he resigned his commission in the United States navy.

## THE CAREER OF THE MERRIMAC (VIRGINIA).

The famous vessel of this name was not only a ram but a fighting ironclad, mounting ten heavy guns inside of a structure with sloping sides and covered with two courses of rolled iron plates, each course being two inches thick. On the 8th of March, 1862, the Merrimac, rechristened the Virginia, accompanied by a few frail wooden consorts, mounting in the aggregate about a dozen guns, all under the command of Flag Officer Franklin Buchanan, steamed down from Norfolk to Hampton Roads and attacked the enemy's vessels and batteries in and near that locality. The enemy's force, without counting the land batteries, consisted of five frigates and some smaller vessels, mounting in all about one hundred and fifty guns, and with crews numbering about two thousand. Our crews numbered not more than five hundred.

The two opposing armies were drawn up on each side of the bay, and thousands of people from the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth witnessed the battle. When the smoke cleared away, the Confederate vessels were seen to be victorious over all their enemies. The Cumberland had been sunk by a blow from the Virginia's prow, the Congress had surrendered and was on fire, the St. Lawrence, the Minnesota, and the Roanoke had sought safety under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and the shore batteries at Newport News were silenced. When the battle was over, the Virginia and her consorts steamed over to Sewell's Point, and anchored there for the night under the Confederate batteries.

Next morning when we looked out over the waters of



THE MERRIMAC DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.



the bay we saw the Minnesota hard aground, and near her the strangest-looking craft we had ever seen. It was the Monitor. We steamed out to renew the battle, and the Monitor came gallantly forth to meet us. Then began the first battle ever fought between ironclads. The two vessels, often as near together as twenty yards, bombarded each other for four hours without any apparent injury to either. Finally the Monitor retreated into shoal water whither she could not be followed by her antagonist. She drew only ten feet, while the Virginia drew about twenty-three.

There being no enemy's vessel left in the Roads that the Virginia could reach effectively with her guns, she returned to Norfolk for repairs. For the few remaining months of her existence she was undisputed mistress of the waters of Norfolk. Again and again she challenged the Monitor to battle; but that vessel, no matter by how many others she might be backed, invariably refused to take up the gage, and retired to a place of safety. The Virginia had never been more than a floating battery forming part of the fortifications of Norfolk. When that place was evacuated by our land forces, she had to be evacuated too. She was destroyed by her own people to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

#### HOW THE ARKANSAS RAN THE GANTLET.

This vessel was in course of construction some distance below Memphis, when on the fall of New Orleans she was towed in an unfinished condition down the Mississippi and then up the Yazoo, where work on her was continued. She was built of timber cut fresh from the woods. She was equipped with a prow for ramming, and mounted ten guns of various calibers inside of what her officers called the "gun box." Six guns were on the broadside and two pointed over the bow and two over the stern. She was partially protected by an armor of railroad iron. Her officers and crew numbered two hundred. Her commander was Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, a native of Kentucky and a citizen of Mississippi. He had formerly belonged to the United States navy. And here let me say that Mississippi has never accorded to this gallant son of hers the recognition that is his due. His exploit, of which I am about to tell, was one of the most hazardous and daring in the whole history of naval warfare.

One day orders came to Brown to take the Arkansas out of the Yazoo, through the Federal fleet that thronged the Mississippi, past New Orleans and the forts below it, out into the gulf, and on to Mobile to raise the blockade of that port. What a task even for the best-equipped ship of war then afloat! But for such a makeshift as the Arkansas! "Somebody blundered," but the blunder was the cause of a charge on the water compared with which that of the Light Brigade on land was a small affair.

On July 15, 1862, the Arkansas got under way and started down the river. On entering the Mississippi she encountered three of the enemy's vessels, which she engaged in a running fight. One of these ran into the bank and surrendered; the other two escaped by their superior speed. Still some twenty of the enemy's vessels lay between the Arkansas and Vicksburg. Among these were the heavy seagoing ships belonging to Farragut's fleet. It was lucky for the Arkansas that these vessels did not have steam up; but as it was, she had to take the fire of all of them as she passed them in the river. She finally got into Vicksburg, badly battered and crippled and with about twenty-five per cent of her crew killed or wounded.



TYPE OF VESSEL BEARING THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

As I have already intimated, our Navy Department was indefatigable in building wherever it could be done vessels that might be used as "forlorn hopes" against our powerful enemy. Among these were the Palmetto State and the Chicora, built at Charleston, S. C.

The principle of sloping sides as adopted in the Virginia was employed in every case.

On January 30, 1863, Flag Officer Ingraham, in command of the two vessels named, made an attack on the Federal vessels blockading Charleston. It was done just before day.

The Palmetto State rammed the United States ship Mercedita and received that vessel's surrender. But, it being desirable to follow up the attack on other vessels of the enemy, the officers and crews of the captured ship were paroled. Lieutenant Abbott, U. S. N., who had come hurriedly in his underclothes with full power to negotiate the terms of surrender, took the usual oath. The Palmetto State then steamed away to the aid of the Chicora, which was engaged with several of the enemy's vessels. But these latter did not await her coming. With the rising of the sun the whole Federal squadron, including the perjured Mercedita, were seen hull down below the horizon, and the blockade of Charleston was raised for a time.

#### THE VICTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES RAM ALBEMARLE.

This vessel had been built on the Roanoke River, in North Carolina, under the supervision of Commander J. W. Cook, C. S. N., and under his command won on April 19, 1864, a brilliant victory over the enemy's fleet below Plymouth, N. C.

The Albemarle carried two guns and about one hundred men. After running past the Federal batteries that lined both sides of the river, she encountered just below the town of Plymouth the Federal vessels Miami of thirteen guns and two hundred men and the Southfield of six guns and one hundred and seventy-five men. She promptly drove her prow into the side of the Southfield, and the latter in sinking nearly dragged her antagonist down with her. In the meantime the Miami was pouring into the Confederate vessel broadside after broadside at short range. Cook, still entangled with the Southfield, finding that he could not bring his guns to bear on the Miami, led his men to the upper deck, and from there kept up the fight with muskets and pistols. At last, when the Albemarle shook herself clear of the Southfield and made for the Miami with her prow, the latter fled down the river.

The Albemarle, having driven the Federals out of the Roanoke River, took position in due time in Albemarle Sound. There on May 5, 1864, she was attacked by eight Federal vessels, moving against her in two columns. One, the Sassacus, ran into her with the purpose of forcing her under the water, but was glad to escape with one boiler exploded and other severe injuries sustained. The enemy did not renew the attack.



## ADMIRAL BUCHANAN'S HEROIC FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY.

On August 5, 1864, Admiral Farragut ran by Fort Morgan with a fleet numbering fourteen steamships of war and four monitors, carrying in the aggregate one hundred and ninety guns and twenty-seven hundred men.

Buchanan was lying above the fort with four vessels carrying twenty-two guns and four hundred and fifty men. Of these, the ironclad Tennessee was the only one that ought to have been permitted to go into battle at all. The other three, the Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, were frail, wooden structures, the last mentioned a walking beam bay boat.

Farragut passed Fort Morgan with the loss of only one vessel, the Monitor Tecumseh, destroyed by a torpedo. The head of his column had been attacked by the Confederate vessels, with the result that the Gaines was beached in a sinking condition by her gallant commander, John W. Bennett, the Selma (Capt. P. W. Murphy) captured after she had sent several raking shots into Farragut's flagship, and the Morgan escaped to Mobile. The Tennessee, still uninjured, remained where she had been left by the rapidly passing Federal fleet. The latter soon anchored in the bay about four miles above Fort Morgan.

Now began a battle against the greatest odds in the history of naval warfare. One ship with six guns attacking a fleet mounting one hundred and ninety-nine guns! It was like a company attacking an army corps. The fight lasted for one hour. Frequently the Tennessee was completely surrounded by her enemies, and all her guns were in action at the same time. Four vessels ran into her at full speed, trying to sink her. At last, after Buchanan had been carried below wounded, the Tennessee was very properly surrendered by her immediate commander, James D. Johnson, for she was a helpless wreck on the water, her steering apparatus destroyed, her port shutters so twisted that they could not be moved, and her smokestack entirely shot away.

Glorious as had been Buchanan's victory in Hampton Roads, even his defeat in Mobile Bay against the frightful disadvantages was greatly to his credit.

## FIRST TORPEDO BOAT USED IN WAR.

It seems to me that the torpedo boat has reached a higher stage of development than any other class of vessels in the navies of the world. They seem to have passed the experimental stage, as compared, for instance, with the battle ships. The latest of these to be launched is soon followed by another on advanced lines and more formidable than any of its predecessors.

If we Confederates had had a half dozen torpedo boats like those the Japanese used so effectively against the Russians, we would have raised permanently the blockade of all our ports and anticipated the enemy in bringing from Europe unlimited supplies of war material and mercenary soldiers. As it was, we had only the empty honor of pointing out to others the way that we ourselves had not the means to follow to a successful conclusion.

Lieut. William T. Glassell, C. S. N., while attached to the naval station at Charleston conceived the first idea of a torpedo boat, and made in person the first hazardous experiment with her. She was simply a steam launch about twenty feet long. A spar about twelve feet long projected over her bow, bearing an eight- or nine-inch shell filled with powder that would be exploded by percussion caps upon impact with any object that might be encountered. The little craft was appropriately named the David. One dark night the David, in

charge of Glassell and a crew of two men (one the engineer and the other the steersman), put to sea in search of the Federal Goliath. This was the new Ironsides, the flagship of Admiral Dahlgren, and perhaps the most formidable vessel then afloat. As the David approached the enemy, she was hailed by a sentry. Glassell replied by shooting him down with a double-barreled gun. The next moment the shell was exploded against the side of the great ship. The reflux wave filled the David with water and put out the fires. Glassell and one of his men, thinking that the David was sinking, took to the water, and were afterwards picked up by boats from the Ironsides. The engineer, not knowing how to swim, stuck by the boat, and actually drifted back into Charleston Harbor.

The charge of powder had not proved sufficient to sink the great ship; but it started several of her plates, and so damaged her that it was necessary to send her North to be docked. Glassell went in her as a prisoner, and in his report the Federal admiral wrote: "Don't let that man Glassell come back to Charleston."

Some months later Lieut. Hunter Davidson duplicated the exploit of Glassell with equal daring and results equally inadequate. Davidson steamed out of the James River into Hampton Roads through the midst of the Federal fleet, and, singling out the Minnesota, the largest ship there, exploded a shell against her side. A considerable shaking up of the ship and a scare to officers and crew was the only result.

## THE EXPLOITS OF LIEUT. JOHN TAYLOR WOOD.

After nearly all our little vessels had been destroyed and our ports captured, the above-named officer still carried on a naval warfare as daring as it was unique. He was serving on the President's staff with the rank of colonel, and his duties in that capacity took him to various parts of the Confederacy. That enabled him to get information, whether from his own observation or that of others, of the movements and positions of the enemy's vessels along our coasts. When he found one in a position favorable for his purpose, he would bring men and boats by rail as near as possible to the enemy and board the vessel at night from these open rowboats, leading his men up the sides of the hostile ship and fighting on her decks hand-to-hand with her officers and crew for her possession. In this manner Wood captured at different times no less than five of the enemy's vessels, one of them, the Underwriter, under the very guns of a Federal fort. In August, 1863, Wood in the steamer Tallahassa ran the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., and made a brilliant dash along the Atlantic Coast. The treachery of a paroled prisoner, who made known to the Federal authorities the presence of the Tallahassa on the coast, frustrated Wood's plan of running into New York Harbor, burning the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and then escaping through Long Island Sound. Subsequently the Tallahassa was blockaded in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and escaped through an unused channel known practically only to the old pilot who took the vessel through it.

## OUR SHIPS ON THE HIGH SEAS.

In the above I have given brief account of the most noted among the performances of our little navy along our own coasts. I shall conclude with recalling some of the most striking incidents in careers of our cruisers on the high seas.

There was a glamour of mystery and romance over the movements of these vessels that attracted the attention of the civilized world. Bearing a new flag that was not acknowledged



by the great powers as representing an independent nation, only with the doubtful rights of belligerents, blockaded out of their own ports by a vastly superior force, and only temporary and unwelcome guests in any foreign port, it will be readily seen that the responsibility on the commanders of these vessels was of no ordinary kind. Let it be remembered, too, that they were pursued and harassed by the enemy's cruisers in all parts of the world, while in every port there was a United States Consul making every effort to arouse the hostility of the authorities against the newcomer. Generally our commanders were under the necessity of playing the part of the fox, and only on occasions did the opportunity arise of acting that of the lion. How admirably they performed both rôles as occasions arose is amply set forth in the full record. I can glance at only a portion of it here.

On June 30, 1862, the small steamer Sumter, under Commander Raphael Semmes, ran out into the Gulf of Mexico through Pass a L'Outre, closely pursued by the steam frigate Brooklyn, and for the first time the Confederate flag was flung to the breeze on the high seas. After an exciting chase of four hours, the Brooklyn gave up and returned to her station, and the crew of the Sumter mounted the rigging and gave three cheers. The Sumter, after destroying many of the enemy's vessels in the West Indies and on the coast of Brazil and making a marvelous escape from an enemy's ship four times her size, proceeded to Gibraltar. An inspection of the vessel in that port showed her to be entirely unseaworthy, so she was condemned and sold.

#### THE ALABAMA.

Semmes and his executive officer, Lieut. John M. Kell, had arrived at Nassau on their way back to the Confederate States, when they found orders from Richmond to take charge of a new vessel that had been built in England and was expected to be somewhere about the Azores. This was the Alabama, destined to a world-wide fame.

Once the Northern papers published a report that the United States steamer Hatteras had left her station at Galveston one night in pursuit of a strange vessel in the offing and had not been heard from since, although heavy firing had been heard from the direction in which she had disappeared. The "strange vessel" was the Alabama, and she had sunk the Hatteras after a sharp, running fight lasting only thirteen minutes.

For nearly three years the Alabama continued her career in various parts of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans until she had

swept those vast regions clear of the enemy's commerce, and at last had entered the harbor of Cherbourg, France, in order to be docked.

The United States ship Kearsarge making her appearance off the port, Semmes challenged her commander, Winslow, to combat. The two ships were quite evenly matched, the difference between them in men and weight of metal being in favor of the Federal vessel. But the Kearsarge possessed another advantage of which Semmes was not aware. She was practically an ironclad, heavy iron cables being looped along her sides and concealed by a light covering of wood. It was like a man fighting a duel with a coat of mail under his shirt.

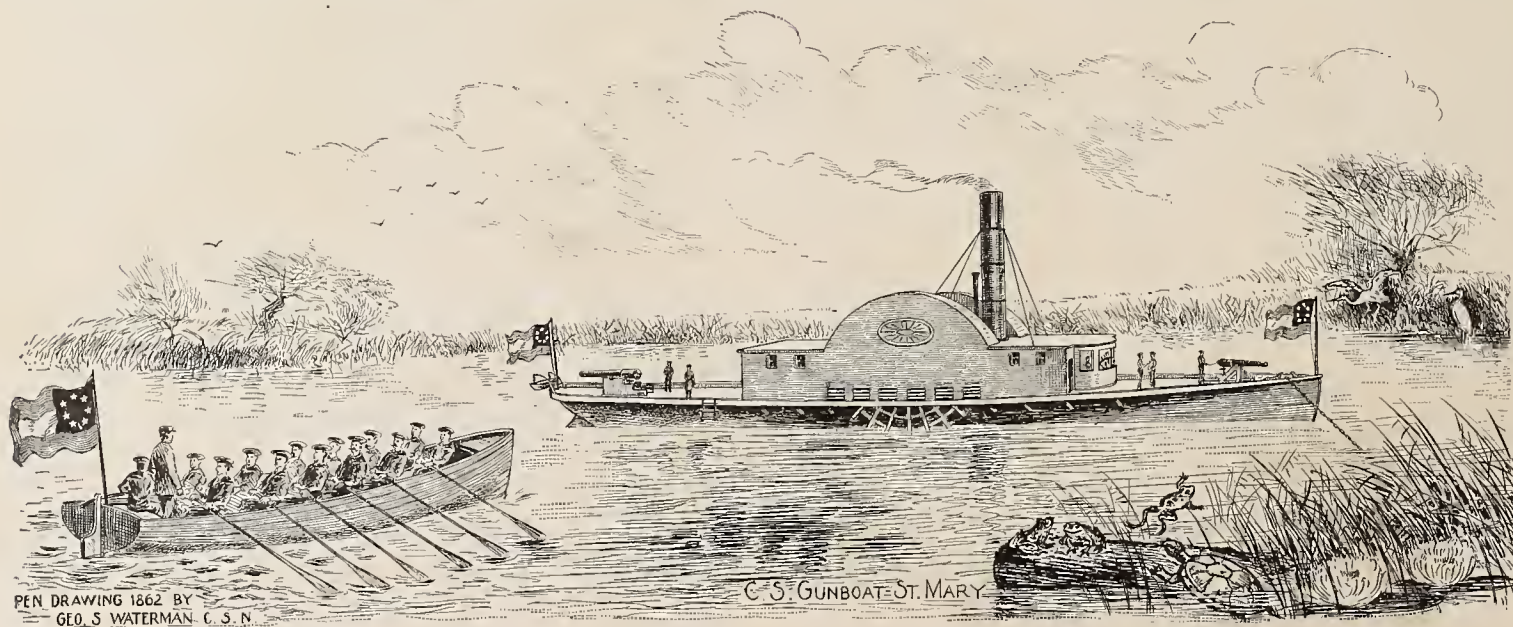
The result is well known. The Alabama was sunk, and such of her officers and crew as were saved were rescued by the British yacht Greyhound and some French pilot boats. The Kearsarge made no effort in that direction, showing an absence of humanity on the part of her commander in marked contrast with that displayed by Semmes in rescuing all the officers and crew of the sinking Hatteras.

#### HOW MAFFITT RAN THE FLORIDA INTO MOBILE BAY.

One summer forenoon in the year 1863 the garrison of Fort Morgan were attracted by the sound of heavy firing by the Federal blockading squadron, and after a while there emerged from the smoke a vessel bearing the Confederate flag and making straight for the entrance to Mobile Bay. Only three men were visible on board the stranger. One of these was seen at full length standing near the mizzen rigging; the other two were steering. The vessel proved to be the Confederate States steamer Florida, Lieut. John N. Maffitt commanding.

The yellow fever having broken out among his crew, Maffitt had determined on getting his sick men into a Confederate hospital, and had succeeded in the desperate attempt. He had sent below the few men that had not been stricken or had recovered, and, rising himself from a sick bed, stood on deck to direct the steering of his ship. An eleven-inch shell had struck the Florida near her stern post and, ranging along the berth deck, took off the head of one man and wounded several others. It lodged fortunately without exploding in the forward timbers.

Its commander, Preble, was cashiered by Mr. Lincoln for letting the Florida pass, and the sentence was read on the quarter-deck of every United States ship in commission. After the war he got a hearing before a court-martial, and was restored to his rank on Maffitt's testimony.







UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE.

The Florida having been refitted at Mobile, and with new officers and crew, but still under the command of Maffitt, ran the blockade on the night of January 15, 1863, and entered on the work of destroying the enemy's commerce. Off the coast of Brazil the captured brig Clarence was converted into a cruiser under the command of Lieut. C. W. Read with a crew of twenty men. The Clarence proceeded north to the coast of the United States. There she captured, among other vessels, the new bark Tacony, and Read transferred his crew and his one gun, a howitzer, to that vessel. The work of the Tacony right in the track of the coastwise commerce of the United States was rapid and effective. Federal cruisers were hot in pursuit of her, and she had become so well known by reports of released prisoners that Read thought it best to hoist his flag on another prize, a schooner named the Archer. Proceeding along the New England Coast, and being desirous of getting possession of a steamer, Read sailed at night into Portland Harbor, Maine, captured by boarding the revenue cutter Cushing, and proceeded to sea with both vessels. But, after all, the Cushing was not a steamer, and sunrise found Read becalmed in full sight of the port. The enemy came out in sufficient force to capture him after a few shots had been exchanged.

#### SOME OTHER CRUISERS.

The Nashville, a side-wheel steamer under Commander Pegram, had been the first vessel to show the Confederate flag in a British port. That was in October, 1861. On her return to the Confederacy she entered Beaufort Harbor, N. C., by a bold ruse. Flying the United States flag, she ran up within hail of the blockading vessel and asked him to send a boat alongside. Before the boat could reach the Nashville she was away at full speed and was nearly out of range when the Federal commander recovered sufficiently from his surprise to think of sending a few shots after her.

What memories come up in the mind of a naval veteran at the mere mention of the name of the Shenandoah, Lieut. James

Q. Waddell commanding! for she was the one vessel that bore the Confederate flag around the circuit of the globe, and was operating under it several months after the collapse of the Confederate government. Learning of that event from an English vessel spoken in the Pacific Ocean, Waddell proceeded to Liverpool and delivered his vessel to the British government. The number of her prizes was exceeded only by those of the Alabama.

When we consider that the officers and men in the Confederate navy did not exceed in number that of a full brigade, that they were practically without any ships of war worthy of the name, that they were pitted against one of the greatest sea powers then in the world, and actually won victories over him, it must be conceded that their achievements have never been surpassed, and it is doubtful if they have ever been equaled in the annals of naval warfare.

The prizes taken by the Confederate cruisers numbered two hundred and eighteen.

#### THAT MISSOURI CONFEDERATE RECORD.

Since his official report of the Confederate Reunion held at Joplin last fall, Capt. James W. Allen has been urged by some friends to collect and publish a complete roster of Confederate officers and soldiers who entered the Confederate army from Missouri. This, he says, he is unable to undertake, but is willing to coöperate with others interested in the important work, and will receive, file, and preserve all lists sent to his office and turn same over to the proper committee when appointed.

Under an act of Congress, approved February 25, 1903, the Bureau and Pension Division of the War Department is now engaged in compiling from the records a complete roster by States of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. After this work is complete, Congress will be asked to authorize its publication. While it is a fact that the War Department records contain the names of all Federal soldiers, it is known that they contain only the names of Con-



federate soldiers who were in prison or paroled at the close of the war.

Several of the Southern States have compiled and published complete rosters of the Confederate soldiers.

Each surviving Confederate soldier is asked to take up the matter at once and prepare from memory or from some reliable source a list of all Missouri Confederate soldiers, giving name, rank, date of enlistment, place of enlistment, name or letter of company, name of officers of company, regiment, and brigade, and full particulars of service. Captain Allen requests widows, mothers, sisters, brothers, or friends of deceased soldiers to furnish reliable information concerning their relatives and their friends. Files of old newspapers may be of much service in getting names and fixing dates.

#### DATES FOR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

Arguments are being made for the same Memorial Day South as that used at the North—May 30. There seems to be but little, if any, prejudice against it at the South. We could afford liberal methods since the North so graciously gives the South credit for inaugurating such an event. But the South desires to honor the memory of Jefferson Davis by his birthday, June 3. This date has been fixed by law in several States. It was made legal in Louisiana in 1902, Tennessee in 1903, and Mississippi in 1906. In Alabama and Arkansas June 3 is a holiday by consent only. In Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia the date is a legal holiday, but is not recognized as Memorial Day. It is observed as Memorial Day in Fayetteville, Ark., Louisville, Ky., Bowling Green, Ky., St. Joseph, Mo., Springfield, Mo., Asheville, N. C., Bedford City, Va., Culpeper Courthouse, Va., Dublin, Va., Fredericksburg, Va., Lexington, Va., Manassas, Va., Portsmouth, Va., Warrenton, Va., Winchester, Va., Newport News, Va., Romney, W. Va., Frederick, Md., and Washington, D. C., or on the following Sunday when the date falls upon a week day.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Confederated Southern Memorial Association, urges June 3, 1908, the centennial anniversary of President Davis's birthday, as one fitting for special honors to his memory.

The N. B. Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., of Rome, Ga., has in hand a movement to erect a monument there in honor of Gen. N. B. Forrest. The monument will be of granite, twenty-five feet, with ten feet base; all ornamentation will be symbolic of the cavalry arm of the service. Surmounting the granite will be a figure of pure Italian marble (made in Italy) facsimile of General Forrest in his height of six feet, two inches. This small Chapter of only thirty-four members has already a neat sum in the treasury for this purpose, and expects to secure the balance needed with little trouble. Any of General Forrest's command who desire to contribute to this monument fund can send it to Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, President N. B. Forrest Chapter, Rome, Ga.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN FOR HELENA, MONT.—A local paper in Helena, Mont., reports a most successful performance by amateur minstrels in behalf of needed Confederate funds: "A good show was expected, and an audience which packed the house to the doors was not disappointed. Three months of preparation, under the competent direction of J. M. Moriarity, could not but give good results, especially when the players were of the class that took part. The first part was straight minstrelsy, and all the songs were of the

South. The 'make-up' of the artists, men and women, was perfect, and a fellow could not recognize his own sweetheart, so perfectly was the work done by the female members of the caste. All the end 'men' were not men. The Daughters of the Confederacy are more than grateful to those who so obligingly assisted them in the entertainment at the opera house, and take this means of showing in a slight degree their appreciation." These daughters are building a memorial fountain, and Miss Evie Morris reports that they have already \$1,000 in bank; but they will not erect it until next year.

#### OUR "SOUTHERN MOTHERS."

BY SADA FONTE RICHMOND.

(Lovingly dedicated to our three "Southern Mothers" recently deceased: Mrs. Mary Eloise Wormeley, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cummings, and Mrs. Emily F. Ball, of Memphis.)

Never were women truer  
Than they whose souls were tried;  
Than they, our Southern mothers,  
Who stood by the "boys" who died!

They visited camp and prison;  
They nursed both friend and foe;  
They endured insult and privation;  
They suffered the depths of woe.

And He who remembers and sees  
Is keeping their record on high!  
And crowns immortal are waiting,  
For their good deeds cannot die.

Then honor our Southern mothers;  
Tell their story o'er all the land;  
Make their lives to us immortal—  
This faithful Southern band!



MRS. MARY ELOISE WORMELEY.

For sketch of this noble woman, see VETERAN for April, 1907, page 178.



## FRATERNAL RELATIONS BETWEEN VETERANS.

BY JOHN W. TRITSCH, LOGAN, OHIO, SECRETARY AND TREASURER  
OF THE NINETIETH OHIO ASSOCIATION.

As a subscriber to your valuable and most interesting magazine, I ask the favor of space to express a few thoughts. I was with Rosecrans at Chickamauga, Sherman on the Atlanta campaign, and was also with "Pap" Thomas at Spring Hill, Franklin, and at Nashville in December, 1864; and therefore know of the boys in gray who made the terrific charges at Franklin and again stood before us at Nashville on the Granny White and Franklin Pikes.

My thoughts are now of the sentiments that exist to-day between the "Yank" and the "Confederate." When the graves of those Confederates who lie buried near Columbus, Ohio, at Camp Chase, were last decorated, members of the Grand Army and an officer of the United States army took part in the ceremonies. But for his absence elsewhere, Governor Harris, of the great State of Ohio, who was colonel of the 75th Ohio Regiment, a brave and gallant soldier in the Civil War, would have been there to give his recollections of brave men enlisted in a mistaken but conscientious cause. Nothing could have shown more forcibly the ameliorating influences of time, for war-time animosities have been buried "under the sod and the dew" with the blue and the gray.

It is a pleasing coincidence that the custom of decorating the graves of soldiers of the War between the States originated in Columbus, Ga., and not Ohio. Then the suggestion of their annual tribute to the heroic dead was made by a member of the Columbus (Ga.) Memorial Association, and the first Decoration Day was celebrated on April 26, 1866, two years before General Logan, as Commander of the G. A. R., issued the proclamation to members of that organization which resulted in the present National Decoration Day, May 30.

A beautiful feature of that first Memorial Day celebrated away down South in that little Georgia town was the fact that the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers were decorated impartially, although the ceremonies were conducted by the Confederates, their relatives and friends. That is characteristic of the Southern spirit. Every year the Confederates who decorate the graves of their comrades in beautiful Arlington at the National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., also strew flowers on the spot where are interred the remains of more than two thousand unidentified Union dead. And they do not forget to pay tribute to the memory of William McKinley, through whose effort a section of Arlington was set apart for Confederate use. These things are as they should be, for without such an exchange of fraternal relations this republic could not have become, nor could it remain, a united country. These things are an indication of the spirit that binds the people of this country, and is the surest guarantee of our national strength.

A few years ago I made a visit to the South and some of the battlefields in Tennessee and Georgia, and the most gratifying thing that I found was the cordial good feeling existing between the Union and Confederate veterans, and I can say without hesitation that among the best friends of our comrades in the South to-day are the survivors of the Confederate army. As we grow older our hearts become more gentle and tender, and next to the comrade who stood by our side is the brave Confederate who fought us on many battlefields.

This Federal comrade omits what he may recall—that there were ever feelings of cordial regard between the real Americans in the Union army at the front and the Confederates

upon the rare occasions that they held conferences during the war. The hirelings who could not speak English never have been esteemed by the Confederates even if they made good soldiers. That class may realize now that there is some merit among the "secesh" of the olden times.

## INTERESTING STATEMENT BY JUDGE ROBT. OULD.

BY CAPT. A. L. DE ROSSET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Time is moving apace, and as the years pass on many of those who participated actively in that great struggle of 1861-65 are crossing the river. Year by year the ranks diminish, and it behooves those still left on this side to record their experiences and place before the present generation the facts as they occurred during that remarkable period, and to which the civilized world can show no parallel. Impressed with this thought, and having been thrown with the prominent men of the early sixties, I was in a position to learn much from them.

The officials of the Confederate States in 1863-64 were greatly hampered by the necessity of feeding the large number of Federal prisoners, some 270,000, which were distributed throughout the South. Again, the depleted ranks of Lee's and of the Western armies needed replenishing, and the enemy had in prison at various points in the North some 220,000 of our men. Through correspondence and treaty and interview a conference between the Confederate States and the United States was arranged at Hampton Roads. Judge Robert Ould, of Richmond, was the commissioner of exchange of prisoners on the part of the Confederate States, and the conference was held on board a steamer. There were present Mr. Lincoln, the President of the United States, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and Gen. U. S. Grant, and perhaps others on one side, and Judge Robert Ould and one or more gentlemen to represent the Confederate States.

The information that now follows was given me by Judge Ould in the parlor of a clubhouse well known at that time in Richmond immediately after his return from that noted conference. There were present at the time General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, and Mr. Sedden, Secretary of the Treasury, both of whom I knew well. The Judge told me in substance that he opened the conference with Mr. Lincoln by representing to him the difficulty the South had in supplying the prisoners with food and medicine, and then tendered to the United States authorities the whole 270,000 prisoners in return of our men (220,000) they had. Mr. Lincoln appeared pleased with the proposition, and was favorably inclined to accept, but was met by a peremptory and flat refusal from General Grant. "Well, General," said Mr. Lincoln, "the offer seems reasonable; but let us hear your objections." "Mr. President," he replied, "if we get back those 270,000 men, not a single one of them will return to the army; but if you return the 220,000 Southerners, every one of them will go back into their army and the war will have to be fought over again."

The proposition made by Judge Ould being rejected, he then proposed that the United States government send South physicians, medicine, and food for their men in prison under proper guarantees. This was rejected. He then tendered Mr. Lincoln 40,000 of the sick, which was accepted, and in compliance therewith 10,000 men, the sickest of all, were delivered to the United States transports at Savannah and Port Royal. The United States authorities refused to receive any more; and when the batch reached Northern points, these sick men were photographed. The conference broke up without the accomplishment of any further good.



General Grant at that period of the war was not so well known as afterwards, and I was asked the question by Judge Ould if I had ever heard of the life history of General Grant. Replying that I had not, the Judge, who was apparently in a reminiscent mood, said that during the Mexican War General Grant was promoted for gallantry during action and became a captain of artillery.

Mr. Pierce was elected President of the United States in 1852, and appointed Mr. Jefferson Davis his Secretary of War. Later on, at the suggestion of Mr. Davis, for good reasons the then Captain Grant resigned from the United States army, and lived afterwards in Illinois. Upon the secession of the Southern States, in January, 1861, Captain Grant applied to the Governor of Illinois for a commission to raise a regiment to serve in the United States army, war then being the talk. His request for a commission was ignored at that time; and later to Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was inaugurated Provisional President of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., on the 18th of January, 1861, he wrote asking for a commission in the Confederate army.

While in New Orleans some little while ago I mentioned this incident to Colonel Chalaron, who is the Custodian of the Louisiana Historical Association, and has charge of the State Museum. He told me my information was correct, and that he had then in his possession the original letter from Captain Grant, late of the United States army, to Mr. Davis making the request; but that, in accordance with the terms of Mr. Davis's will, the correspondence could not be published until two years after the death of Mrs. Davis. Further, the Colonel told me that he had also letters to Mr. Davis from Admiral Farragut and from Gen. George H. Thomas, each applying for commissions in the Confederate service. I have been told that the wife of each either dissuaded or objected to the resignation of these officers from the Federal service.

#### HER FATHER'S UNIFORM OF GRAY.

BY MRS. JOHN W. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

With wondering and hesitating hands I turn the key in the rusted lock of the brass-bound cedar chest that had been closed since the dear dead hands had fastened it forty years ago. What I saw was a "Gray Confederate Uniform" folded so that the right sleeve lay across the breast. It was torn, ragged, and blood-stained, showing where the bullets had riddled the arm that was raised, waving the sword, calling the boys to follow to victory; but the arm was shattered and fell to his side, the long slit from collar to belt showed where the saber cut the wearer's face when aimed at his breast. In the rush of battle his assailants passed on, leaving him.

What picture to my mind this old, faded, blood-stained uniform brings—a handsome black-haired, blue-eyed man in health and vigor, thirty-five years of age, six feet tall, in this "Gray Coat" buttoned closely up to his chin, a red sash, and over that his gilded belt buckled about his waist and at his side his sword! With hat in hand I hear him say: "Come, wife and babies, kiss me good-by. I must go and do my duty to my country and my God."

Four long, weary years that wife—a woman of the sixties—bore the burden of a breaking heart and anguish of anxiety, wishing but fearing for news of the dear one whom she knew would be in the thickest of the fight. Can you imagine her or her young daughter just old enough to realize what that uniform symbolized of war, suffering, carnage, and all of the terrors that war means, even death? With all of its sacred memories let it rest. "Fold it, furl it; it is best."

#### REMAINS OF MERIWETHER LEWIS.

MAJ. E. C. LEWIS, IN NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

In an article in the American reference is made to a contemplation of the removal of the body of Capt. Meriwether Lewis to Portland, Oregon. The body of Captain Lewis, first buried when he was killed on the Natchez trace in 1809, was almost totally obliterated when the reinterment was ordered by the Legislature in 1843. Evidence of eyewitnesses shows that only the skull remained, the identification being clear because of the gold-filled teeth. The skull and possibly a thigh bone were placed in the hollow of a rock cut for the purpose and this rock buried, and upon it erected the monument ordered by the State. To move these few remains would require the destruction of the monument.

Afterwards Lewis County, an integral part of the State, was created with this as a center. Thus Lewis County became a monument itself. Tennessee has done her part, possibly not her full part, toward the preservation of the remains and the reverence of the memory of Meriwether Lewis. Will Oregon do more one hundred years from now? Let Oregon erect a monument to Meriwether Lewis as imposing as it may please; but let his few bones lie undisturbed in their security and seclusion, where they have been for nearly a hundred years.

#### "DIXIE AFTER THE WAR."

Charles W. Hubner writes of this strong book: "Mrs. Avary's book gives us a most interesting inside view from a Southern woman's standpoint of the politically turbulent and socially painful period through which the people of the South were compelled to pass in the years after the close of the War between the States. Skillfully grouping a large collection of characteristic anecdotes, clippings from current periodicals, with other interesting matter of historic work, and connecting these with vivid and illuminating comment of her own, Mrs. Avary has contributed a most entertaining and in some respects a uniquely attractive book to American literature. The book gives us with rare skill the very face and color and tone of the times easily recognized by readers who are competent to judge of them, especially the women and men who personally felt the evil forces then at war with civilization and who suffered and endured with the spirit of martyrs the outrages of lawless power and the characteristic social conditions which grew out of our Civil War and flourished for a number of years in a devastated country. The intensity of emotion which at times characterizes the author's portrayal of the times is certainly natural in a writer like Mrs. Avary, who as a Southern woman of the highest type feels all that she writes and dips her pen in her own heart for the vivid colors of her pictures."

The New York Times states of this book: "The book does exactly what it sets out to do. It shows what the Southern people, white and black, were saying and thinking and doing, eating and wearing. It is the best book I have ever read for information concerning social and economic conditions, race relations, religious and educational matters, and politics from the woman's point of view in that troublesome period. . . . The reviewer did not read the book or he is not sufficiently familiar with the facts about the period and the people to qualify him to criticise the work intelligently. . . ."

Edwin Markham, in his "Book Talk" in Success, describes this work as "the human import of the tragic reconstruction period."

It is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$2.75.



## FROM SIRE TO SON.

BY VIRGINIA M'CANNE.

(Marshall Home.)

Our forefathers crossed the unknown sea,  
Its wild, unbroken way,  
For opinions free and wider laws,  
Afar from pomp and ritual clause  
In freedom's land: and freedom's cause  
Bloomed rarely for a day.

Then they waxed strong with years of pride  
And made laws to rule the land;  
Suppressed religions not in touch;  
On the smiling South they laid their clutch,  
Began with runaways and such,  
With no more witches to command.

And so the little cloud, uprising  
At first no larger than a hand,  
Grew darker as it southward rolled;  
It loosed the anaconda's fold  
Which had tightened like a miser's hold—  
It struck and battle-spoiled the land.

The Southern lost. The fight was o'er!  
Yet no knight of old e'er counted the cost  
When a sacred trust he bore  
Or deserted his cause because he lost;  
Through famine and fire, and battle-tossed,  
He carried his colors before.

So the Southern laid his arms aside,  
Borne down and left of war;  
Yet he bore defeat with a certain pride  
That told how bravely he had died  
If fate had willed. When death denied,  
A hero still his colors wore.

With breaking hearts they looked on Lee  
When the low "Stack Arms" they cried;  
Who stood a man of finest mold,  
Soldier and patriot, as if pure gold  
Alone was left when the fires had rolled  
Through which he was sorely tried.

It gave them strength to turn back home;  
They had been too proud to hold  
The one lost chance that by them sped.  
Now the eagle of Liberty hides his head;  
A raven, croaking for prey in his stead,  
His talons scratching in dirt for gold

In the days that followed the war. Yet now  
We know the South was freed as well;  
And champions to come will tell  
How the abolition crank with greed  
Turned too fast for the nation's need,  
And did up their work too well.

They will tell of the giant "Afreet" afar,  
Who loosed his hands when the dogs of war  
Went chasing to the Philipinos,  
And turned out more than use we can  
Of "Marids" brown and black and tan,  
Besides the odd Albinos.

The old plantation, which is dear to us yet,  
The Puritan could never understand;  
Their triumph is still a puzzling case.  
For on closer acquaintance with "the race"  
The "man and brother" who keeps the pace  
Is an alien in his land.

It is over! The South is prospering.  
Growing as never before;  
In deeds they were true to land and home;  
This truth they would hand from sire to son,  
That they may know in days to come  
And will tell it o'er and o'er.

Of suffering shaped to benisons,  
Of mothers at home in hopeless fear  
For the dead boys sleeping afar,  
Of wives who waited in leaden sorrow,  
Each day too sad to dread the morrow—  
These are the broken hearts of war.

It is over! The soldier who wore the blue  
Respects the one who wore the gray  
And fought to his conscience true;  
The old-time memories now oft-told  
As smoke that between the armies rolled  
Broke with the mists away.

It is over! Soldiers brave and leaders true,  
Each life a sacrifice still;  
And yet who knows? There is something grand  
In the deathless love of the fair Southland,  
In the honor she gives to the faithful band.  
What more could love fulfill?

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INQUIRY FOR AN ALABAMA SOLDIER.—Charles C. Hemming, of Company A, 3d Florida Regiment, writes: "I was captured at Missionary Ridge by soldiers from Indiana or Ohio. 'With me was a comrade now dead and also a young Alabama soldier. We left the front line after the retreat, and on the east side of the ridge ran almost into a German Federal regiment, who had already taken position between us and our line, which was then nowhere in sight. When we saw escape was not possible, my comrades and I ran into the small log hut near by and about one hundred and fifty yards of this German regiment. They were receiving orders in German. I could hear every command, and in their excitement they were shooting down a few scattered Confederate soldiers who had thrown up their hands. I saw this and told my two comrades. Then the Alabama soldier said he would hide under the floor. I knew we could not do this, for we had been fired at by some members of that regiment as we ran into the hut. I began loading, and I think my Florida comrade did the same. I said I would not surrender, because I saw them shooting men who had surrendered. Just then a young Federal soldier galloped up to the door of the house and said with an oath: 'Come out of there.' I threw my gun down on him and replied, 'Throw up your hands,' which he promptly did. I then said: 'We will surrender if you will protect us as prisoners of war. Your men are shooting our men after they have thrown up their hands.' He replied: 'I will protect you.' We then walked out and handed over our guns to him, leaving the Alabama boy under the floor of the hut, if my recollection is correct. If that Alabama boy is living and recalls the above, will he write me or reply in the VETERAN?"



## SAMUEL DAVIS.

CONCISE ADDRESS BY B. J. NUNNALLY, OF NEWNAN, GA.

Samuel Davis was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., October 6, 1842. His parents were Virginians. He was attending a military school in Nashville when the North and South rushed to arms, and he enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. \* \* \* When General Bragg directed the organization of a company of scouts for important services in 1863, young Davis, who had proven his soldierly qualities, was chosen a member, and was regarded as a man of the greatest integrity of character, one of the coolest and bravest of the command.

General Dodge, with an army of sixteen thousand men, and having his headquarters at Pulaski, was much disturbed by the efficiency of these scouts, and determined to stop them. Davis with several others of the scouts had been within the Federal lines for about ten days, and had gained valuable and accurate information in regard to the Federal resources and fortifications.

Young Davis, on his way South to report to General Bragg and to deliver to him important papers and maps, was captured on the afternoon of November 19, 1863, by the 7th Kansas Cavalry, and was carried to Pulaski.

General Dodge sent for Davis and insisted that he tell the name of the person from whom he had received the information. He firmly declined. When General Dodge told him that he would have to call a court-martial and try him for his life, that there was no chance for him unless he told the source of his information, he replied: "I know that I must die; but I will not betray the trust reposed in me. I am doing my duty to God and my country." And all of General Dodge's efforts to obtain the name of the informant by pleading, praising, and threatening failed. Davis was tried on November 23 and sentenced to hang on November 27 between the hours of 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Doubtless General Dodge thought that the lad would tell when he realized that death on the gallows was before him.

There is something grand even in physical courage. When a man in the heat of battle, carried on by the mad rush of enthusiasm, does some deed of splendid daring, he gains the plaudits of all beholders. Davis possessed this courage in an eminent degree. He well knew his danger as a scout. If captured, his life would be the forfeit; but now his courage was put to the highest crucial test. On the one hand, life and liberty, a safe return to the Confederate lines; on the other, death and the ignominious death of a spy! Instantly was his decision made, and Sam Davis fought his last and bravest battle. He had been promised release and a safe escort to the Confederate lines. In the silence and gloom of his prison his thoughts were of his home. On the night before his execution he wrote a last farewell to his mother, and between the lines we can read the anguish which wrung his soul. He begs that they will not forget him. He wants his body brought to the dear old home, the home which he is to see never again.

On the morning of November 27 at ten o'clock promptly, as if the hangman was afraid to wait, he was taken to the scaffold. General Dodge sent Captain Chickasaw, his chief scout, to Davis in a last attempt to learn the source of his information, saying that General Dodge was anxious to save such a life and that it was not yet too late.

"The boy looked about him. He was only a little more than twenty-one years old at that time, and life was most promising. Just overhead, idly swinging back and forth, hung the noose; all around him were soldiers, standing in line with

muskets gleaming in the bright sunshine; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead to a sudden and what is regarded a disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to avoid so easily. If he hesitated, it was only for an instant, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever."

Then it was that Davis spoke these words: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

The steps were mounted, and the marvelous young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him. The black hood was pulled over his head, the noose adjusted, and the drop fell, and thus ended a tragedy wherein a young man of the South, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had with a courage of the highest type conceivable deliberately chose death to life without honor.

In this age of graft and commercialism, when men sell their souls for a price, we see this boy calmly choosing death rather than dishonor. And as long as one loyal heart responds to heroic deeds Sam Davis will never be forgotten!

[This concise address is used now to meet the demand for the story by many who do not know it. A more elaborate account may be expected ere long.—ED. VETERAN.]

## REVIVAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE MONUMENT.

Since the foregoing was prepared, Mrs. James T. Oakes, of Pulaski, Tenn., inclosed ten dollars for the Sam Davis monument at Nashville with the following statement: "As an individual I want to contribute ten dollars to the Sam Davis Monument. I feel like we should erect a monument to that grand, noble hero in every city of our Southland. When the Giles County Chapter was organized, of which I was a charter member, our one thought was to work for a monument. Now that our beautiful monument has been unveiled, it is my pleasure to contribute to the Nashville monument."

## FLORIDA GIRL GAVE HER SHOES TO A SOLDIER.

Col. Knox Livingston in an address at Bennettsville, S. C., said: "When Florida was invaded, troops were rushed forward to reinforce General Finnegan's command. Upon the arrival of the soldiers at Madison the women would meet them and serve refreshments to the defenders of their homes. Among these soldiers was a mere lad whose bare feet were bleeding from the exposure and fatigue of the long march. One of the young ladies, Miss Lou Taylor, took the shoes from her own feet and made the hero boy put them on, while she walked home in her stockings. Miss Taylor died several years ago in Fernandina."

VETERANS' DAYS AT SHREVEPORT FAIR.—The Louisiana State Reunion is holding its convention this year at Shreveport. It being the week of the fair, that association is coöperating to make the Reunion as pleasant as practicable. The business sessions of the Reunion will be held in the city of Shreveport on Monday and Tuesday, October 7 and 8, and the third day, Wednesday, will be devoted to the entertainment of the veterans at the fair grounds. A committee consisting of Maj. F. R. Calloway and President Blanchard was appointed to confer with Mrs. John L. Young, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to determine upon the coöperation of the Daughters in making the Reunion a success. The entertainment of the veterans too will likely be given over entirely to the organization of Daughters.



## SENTIMENT OF A TYPICAL CONFEDERATE.

In the *VETERAN* for December, 1903, a sketch is given of Judge James E. Cobb, who joined the 5th Texas Infantry as a private and was twice promoted before his capture at Gettysburg. He returned after the war to his native Georgia, but soon afterwards located at Tuskegee, Ala., where he became eminent as a lawyer. He was elected judge of the Ninth Judicial District of Alabama, serving a dozen years, when he was sent to Congress for five terms in succession.

A daughter, Miss Lucile Cobb, having procured her father's diary, recently put it into typewritten form and had it handsomely bound. The accidental opportunity of having its perusal induces extracts from it which vividly illustrate the sentiment of Confederate soldiers while in service. These extracts are commended especially to the gallant men who fought for the Union:

"To-morrow we will doubtless be called to meet the enemy in severe and bloody fight. May God defend the right! In him I put my trust, determined to do my duty to the extent of my ability in every situation I may be placed." Again: "Very soon two large armies are to meet in deadly strife—the one struggling to uphold a usurped despotism, the other contending for that freedom so dear to the people of the Southern States."

"December 25. Visited Fredericksburg and the battlefield near there. The city is much injured and seems deserted; only now and then a citizen was seen endeavoring to gather the little left by the enemy."

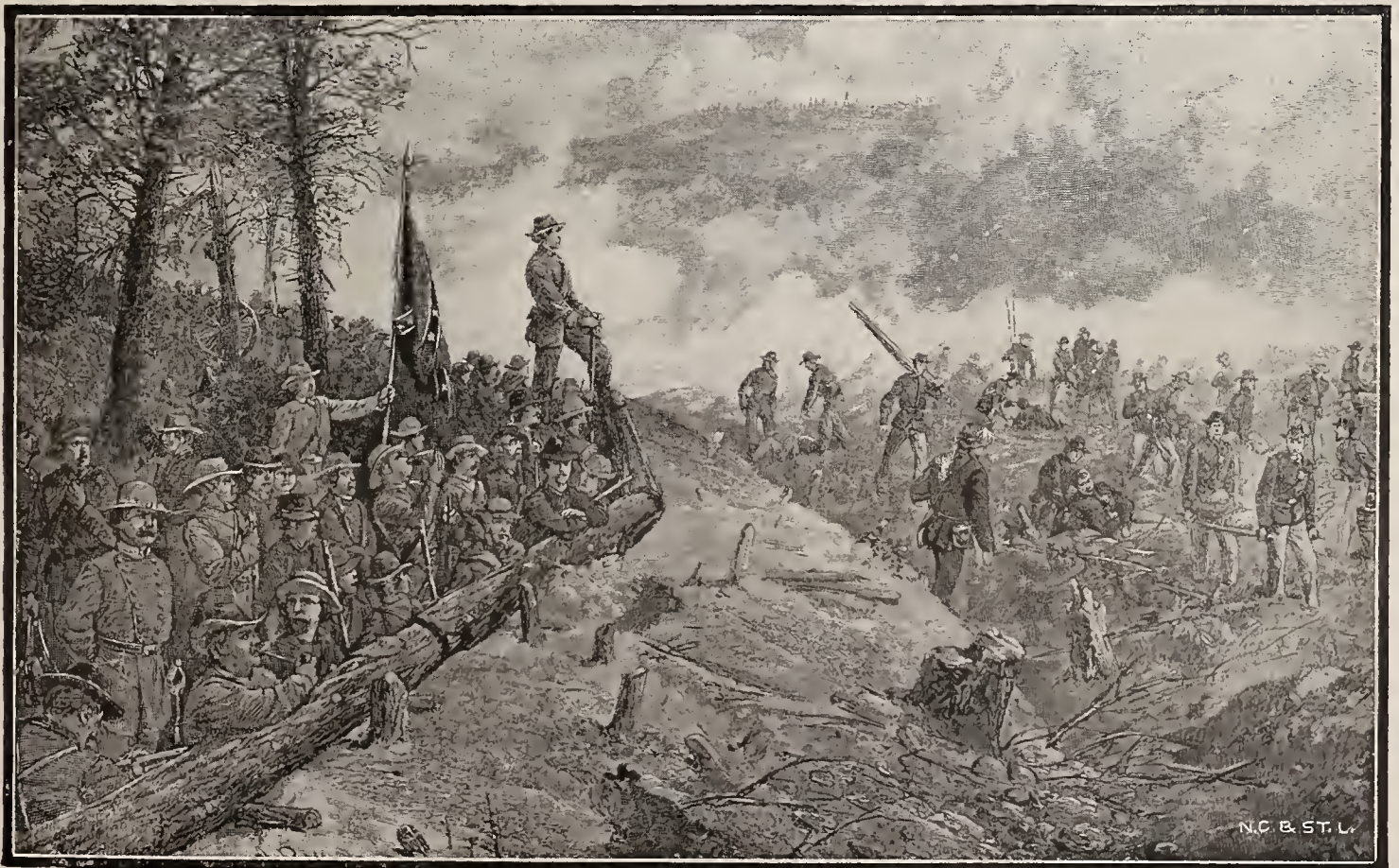
"March 18. On the eve of another battle. Many of our gallant boys will fall, sealing their devotion to their country with their blood. May He who ruleth the nations be our shield, inspire us with courage and strength to drive the invader from Southern soil forever!"

After his capture at Gettysburg, while in Camp Chase early in January, 1864, he wrote: "We all are expecting to go from this to another prison, wherefore we know not—perhaps for a speedy exchange, but more likely to be subjected to other privations and greater hardships. If so, may we prove ourselves men indeed to bear without a murmur every indignity that a civil enemy can inflict!"

He was one of six hundred officers placed under fire of Confederate batteries, and endured his part of the privations which make so ugly a chapter in American history. Of a bright day on Morris Island, made so by the admission of food from Southern friends to the prisoners, he wrote: "To him who is Lord of all my heart is lifted in gratitude and praise. May his protection be assured to me hereafter as in days gone by! And O may my coming years be continually devoted to his service, that I may become more worthy the blessings that have been showered upon me in such abundance! And whatever may betide me in the future, may I ever be able to say resignedly, 'Thy will be done!'"

Although the gratitude and joy of that day were so devoutly praised, the fare following was five crackers, half pint of bean soup, half pint of boiled rice, and two or three ounces of meat. For ten days in December, 1864, the rations consisted of meal, loaf bread, and pickles; ten ounces meal, four ounces baker's bread daily, a half pint of pickles, and two ounces salt for five days. Nothing was given to cook in and very little wood. His last Christmas dinner there consisted of a piece of cornbread and a cup of meal coffee.

One of the most thrilling and pathetic stories of the war is that of the Confederates in the midst of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain proposing an armistice so that the Federals could remove their wounded from the burning area.



SCENE ON KENNESAW WHERE CONFEDERATES PROPOSED AN ARMISTICE TO SAVE WOUNDED ENEMIES FROM BURNING.



*THE LATE GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.*

BY GEN. GRANVILLE M. DODGE, NEW YORK.

I first met General Schofield in August, 1861, when he returned with the little army that had fought so valiantly in the battle of Wilson's Creek under the command of General Lyon. Schofield was adjutant general of that army, and in a large degree it was his efforts and advice that brought the force, that had really won a great victory and did not know it, safely to Springfield and Rolla, where I was stationed. The fatal mistake of dividing the army was made in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Siegel's command attacking on one flank and Lyon's on the other. Schofield said it was Siegel's plan, and he was opposed to it. Of course it was contrary to military science; and the destruction of Siegel's force early in the day, its officers going to Springfield long before Lyon had finished fighting, left Colonel Lyon with half of his force to meet the entire force of the enemy, which he did so gallantly and successfully.

At this time General Halleck had relieved General Fremont in command of the Department of Missouri. He found this force at Rolla under the command of General Siegel, and made it the nucleus of the Army of the Southwest, which, it was understood, was to be commanded by General Siegel. In answer to a letter written to Lieutenant Schofield, Major Sturgis, Captain Hunter, and others concerning the Wilson Creek battle, Schofield wrote a remarkable letter to General Halleck, causing Halleck to place the Army of the Southwest under the command of Gen. S. R. Curtis. Halleck utilized Schofield in organizing the Missouri State Militia, of which he was made a brigadier general. Afterwards he was in command of the Army of the Frontier, and finally the Department of Missouri, where he demonstrated his marked ability as an executive officer. There was great friction in that State among the Union people, and great efforts were made to relieve General Schofield of the command; but President Lincoln stood by him, and on November 29, 1862, made him a major general. The Senate, under pressure from Missouri, refused to confirm him. He was again appointed by President Lincoln in May, 1863.

I had a good opportunity to study General Schofield's administration of this difficult command, as I fell in command of that department at the close of the war, and was greatly impressed with his work. I followed his line of policy, and received praise for doing that for which Schofield was severely censured. Schofield frequently told me afterwards that I reaped the benefit of his work, for which he received curses and I blessings, which was true.

When General Grant took command of the Military Division of the Mississippi in 1863, he asked for Schofield to take command of the Army of the Ohio to relieve General Foster, who was ill. When President Lincoln received this request, he said that would solve the difficulty, and by using the dispatch received from Grant he induced the Senate to confirm General Schofield. This was in the late fall or winter of 1863. At this time General Schofield had no acquaintance with General Grant, and felt that he was selected for this important command from the fact that when Grant was making the Vicksburg campaign General Schofield sent to him from this department nearly all of his organized force, which I remember we all greatly appreciated at that time.

In the Atlanta campaign I again came into contact with General Schofield. His Army of the Ohio was but a corps in strength, and the Army of the Tennessee was only about twenty-five thousand strong. Both of the armies were not as

large as the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas. This organization did not appeal to either General Schofield or General McPherson; they thought that the three armies should be made more equal in strength. During the entire operations the Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Tennessee were almost always on the flanks, the Army of the Cumberland being in the center on account of its great strength. This, of course, brought more attacks upon these two small armies, made them march more miles, gave them much more work to do, and naturally this brought complaints and criticism from the officers in these two armies. One day I happened to be at General McPherson's headquarters when General Sherman, General Schofield, and General Blair came there, and in a friendly conversation comment was made upon these complaints and criticisms, and the matter was discussed between them in an open and friendly way. Sherman listened; and when they had finished, he said: "You know, Schofield and McPherson, that the reason I keep you on the flanks is that if the enemy should wipe you out I would have old Thomas left, and they could not move him." Blair made a rather sarcastic remark about sacrificing the two armies, which all appreciated and laughed at heartily, none more so than Sherman.

On the 19th of July, as we were approaching Atlanta, Sherman had stretched out his armies, not fearing an attack by Johnston, looking for the usual defensive tactics on his part. McPherson, with two corps of the Army of the Tennessee, had been sent to Stone Mountain, some twenty miles away, to strike the Augusta road and come back by way of Decatur. My corps was on the extreme left of the army. Early in the



GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.



morning one of my secret service men, a soldier of the 2d Iowa, who had been inside the enemy's lines during the entire campaign, came out with the Atlanta morning paper. It contained the order removing Johnston and placing Hood in command of the Rebel army. I saw the great importance of this information, and immediately rode over to General Schofield's command, where Sherman was marching. I found that Sherman and Schofield had received rumors of the change of commanders, which my paper confirmed. Sherman immediately asked Schofield about Hood, knowing they had been classmates at West Point. Schofield said to Sherman: "This means a fight; Hood will attack you within twenty-four hours." After discussing the matter, Sherman sat down on a stump by the roadside and issued his orders calling McPherson immediately to us and closing us all in toward Thomas. As Schofield predicted, Hood massed his army behind Peach Tree Creek and attacked Thomas with his whole force, and the battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought, in which Hood was repulsed with great loss. The battles of July 22 and 28 followed, in which virtually one-half of Hood's army was killed, wounded, or captured, and the capture of Atlanta followed.

After the close of the war, I again met General Schofield on the line of the Union Pacific Railway at the time of the Chinese massacre, which occurred during President Cleveland's first administration. The President had sent General Schofield west from Chicago to investigate these troubles. The labor element and the tramps coming east from California had taken possession of the railroad trains. The labor organizations in Denver heard of Schofield's coming, and called a meeting and declared that his special train should not be allowed to pass over the road. Schofield was notified of this, and then laid down the doctrine that has ever since been followed. He notified the rioters and strikers that he was traveling over a military road on military duty under orders of the Commander in Chief; that interference with his movements would be regarded as an act of war, and would be so treated. This caused them to call a halt, and his train went through safely to Rock Springs. He at this time took the advanced position that was afterwards followed that any railroad carrying the United States mails whose trains were interfered with was in a position that the United States was justified in recognizing and taking steps to protect and operate the lines with United States forces. Up to this time there had been great trouble in obtaining government protection when trains were stopped by strikers and mobs. Schofield had made a study of this question, and said to me afterwards that, while these orders received great criticism, he was prepared to defend them. He told me once when I was in Washington, pointing to a drawer in his desk, that in that drawer was all the data and information necessary to maintain his position. When the great riot occurred in Chicago, General Schofield was commander in chief of the army, and it was the experience he had at Rock Springs that enabled him to present the matter so fully and completely to President Cleveland that he did not hesitate to use the United States forces against the rioters there over the head and protest of the Governor of that State.

It was my great good fortune to have had the friendship of General Schofield from the time of our first meeting until we laid him to rest at Arlington. He frequently traveled with me, and I could plainly understand why Grant and Sherman had such great confidence in him. He was cool, quiet, and level-headed. He always had a convincing reason for all his

acts. Years ago he was a strong advocate of the reforms Secretary Root brought about in the army, and it was a great satisfaction to me and one of the greatest pleasures of my life to have had his steady, stanch friendship and to have known him so long.

Gen. Granville M. Dodge, one of the oldest surviving generals of the United States army (now retired), has accumulated a large estate; and yet, although quite beyond three score and ten, he keeps well equipped as a man of affairs and goes quite regularly to his business office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Since his marked esteem for Sam Davis has been published, together with a subscription to a monument to the South's matchless hero, cordial friendship has been maintained, and he shows much interest in the *VETERAN*. Upon the occasion of a memorable visit esteem was expressed for General Schofield, and General Dodge contributed the foregoing paper. It will be read with interest, containing as it does some valuable historic data.

## *PATRIOTISM OF VICKSBURG WOMEN.*

BY HENRY S. HALBERT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The "Official War Records," Serial No. 119, page 776, states that in the city of Vicksburg on Christmas day, 1863, during services in the Episcopal Church, at the point where prayer was made for "the President of the United States and all others in authority," Misses Kate and Ella Barnett, Laura Latham, Ellen Martin, and Mrs. Moore arose and abruptly left the church. In their exalted devotion to the Confederate cause it could not be expected that they remain and give a hypocritical assent to a prayer for the welfare and success of the enemies of their country, but Federal malignity took another view of the matter. Gen. James B. McPherson was in command there, and he had these ladies banished from the city. He ordered them to leave the Federal lines within forty-eight hours. The names of these devoted Southern women should be held in everlasting remembrance by the people of the entire South.

General Sherman in his "Memoirs" says that General McPherson had "many noble qualities." Perhaps so, but certainly a spirit of chivalrous forbearance toward the Confederate women of Vicksburg must not be included.

[If any of these ladies are still living, readers of the *VETERAN* would appreciate an account of their banishment.]

## *VIRGINIA CAMPS FAVOR JACKSON MEMORIAL.*

A resolution commending the Confederate hospital which it is proposed shall be established as a memorial of General Stonewall Jackson has been cordially commended by the Grand Camp of Veterans in Virginia. The house in Lexington, Va., which was the home of Stonewall Jackson when he died and is the only home he ever owned has been purchased by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It has been renovated and, with Mrs. Jackson's approval, is being converted into a hospital to be thoroughly equipped and maintained in loving memory of its former illustrious owner.

To carry out this design a much larger sum will be needed than that which the devoted and patriotic women who have undertaken this work have been able to secure through their persistent efforts, already continued through several years.

The resolution states: "The Grand Camp of United Con-



federate Veterans cordially commends the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital to the generous support of our countrymen as a worthy memorial of the exalted character and unselfish devotion of a heroic life which was consecrated to the service of his country."

#### MONUMENT TO GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

Publication is made that Mr. Frederick Boyd Tilghman, Vice President of the National Humane Alliance, of New York, a son of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, whose family lived in Paducah from 1861 to 1864, has been in Paducah, Ky., accompanied by Sculptor Kitson, looking after a Confederate memorial which will be erected there to be surmounted with a heroic statue of General Tilghman. The memorial will be made under the supervision of Mr. Kitson. General Tilghman commanded the defenses of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. He was captured at Fort Henry and imprisoned at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, exchanged, and was killed at the battle of Champion Hill on May 16, 1863. General Tilghman's old soldiers who recall that magnificent, heroic officer will be gratified to learn that he is to be memorialized in this way.

Mr. Tilghman will present to Clarksville, Tenn., a handsome granite fountain from the National Humane Society. This fountain is made of Maine granite, polished and trimmed with bronze, and weighs five tons. Its height is six feet.

#### REMARKS ABOUT TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

This writing is impulsive just after reading at length reports upon the treatment of prisoners North and South. The suffering of the men in Andersonville, taking up "the other side" first, is horrid indeed. Evidently honest, truthful statements are made which should ever be regarded grievously by the South, and there may have been instances of cruelty that merit condemnation of some of the authorities in charge. It should be borne in mind, however, that men so situated could not be philosophers in the true sense; a hungry man is as incapable of deliberate judgment as one with a torpid liver. These men were honest, however, and their reports are distressing. It was bad in Libby and in most of the other prisons for the custody of Union soldiers, and it would seem altogether a blot upon Christian civilization that can never be effaced. With rare exceptions, it is true that the Confederate authorities did their very best to show humanity toward their captives; they did the best they could. Then how did it all happen in Christian America?

Confederates imprisoned at the North were treated very badly. They were subjected to such treatment that quite a larger per cent of them died than those of the Union army in Southern prisons. They were starved equally, and they were frozen, no doubt, in much greater degree. The exact truth about which side suffered most can hardly ever be known. If the Confederate authorities caused it, they should be condemned of mankind, for it is bad enough to bring humiliation and shame to the perpetrators. Confederates, however, did the best they could, and the Federals did not. The latter claimed as excuse that they were cruel in retaliation. The records are against them.

Truth seekers in after years will investigate the cause of these awful things, and they will instinctively inquire for the reason of it all. They will read the records of agreement for an exchange in July, 1862, and that it was faithfully kept for a year, when the Federal authorities broke the cartel, the

excuse being that Confederates would not recognize negroes—their own property—who had enlisted as equal to their soldiers in the exchange. While this was made the excuse for canceling the cartel by the Federals, the Union officers were in fact pleading with the authorities at Washington against exchange. For instance, in a letter from Maj. Gen. J. C. Foster, commanding the Department of the South, on August 25, 1864, from Hilton Head, to Gen. H. W. Halleck, chief of staff United States armies at Washington, he stated: "The obtaining of 37,000 men able to fight would at this time be a much-desired relief to General Hood's army, and accounts for the anxiety of the Rebels to exchange at this time."

What monsters! how vengeful! yet what heroes were those Rebels! What a pity an agreement was not entered into for the exchange of four or five for one if they valued Southern valor in such proportion!

In their yearning for peace and good will the Southern people would not reopen the deepest wounds of the war by taking up the horrors of prison life; but they were driven to it by the vile slanders continually perpetrated upon the memory of Major Wirz after his cruel murder in violation of the terms of surrender. Some patriotic women in Georgia having decided to erect a monument to him, the fury of Northern partisans drove the South to answer in vindication of the truth; and the more the facts are investigated, the more entirely does the blame rest with the Union commanders and their Secretary of War, Stanton. The Confederates, sickened at the severity and hardships of Union prisoners, begged the Union authorities to agree to measures of relief, while doing all they possibly could to relieve the suffering of patriots and good men in their custody, but without avail. They could not stop or help it. Their homes were being pillaged and their loved ones outraged. Let both sides be just.

The records left and the testimony of survivors prove that at the North the authorities persisted in cruelties which should bring shame and humiliation to the United States government. The suffering and the deaths of Union soldiers imprisoned at the South are chargeable directly to the United States authorities. They should not have been so impatient and so eager for peace as to sacrifice the lives of so many good men in such a cruel manner.

#### THAT NERVY GEORGIAN AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

The thrilling story of the Georgian who climbed a flag pole at Camp Douglas and lowered the United States flag in mourning for President Lincoln after a Union soldier in the effort to do so had fallen to his death (see first page September VETERAN) has been read by thousands, but no answer comes as to who it was.

The author of the account, Rev. J. N. Hunter, a superannuated Methodist preacher who now lives at Station A, Dallas, Tex., having removed there from Demorest, Ga., writes: "It was said at the time that the young soldier who climbed the flag pole was from Georgia and belonged to a Georgia battery. I did not know him; but I witnessed the daring feat with my own eyes, and I have met several in Texas who saw it. I served under Forrest with the 2d Tennessee Cavalry, was captured in December, 1864, and released from Camp Douglas on June 16, 1865."

The VETERAN is anxious to learn more of this remarkable occurrence, and will appreciate further information. A reader who enjoyed the sketch said, "If it is fiction, it is fine;" and the thousands who have been thrilled with the recital will be glad to know more of its authenticity.



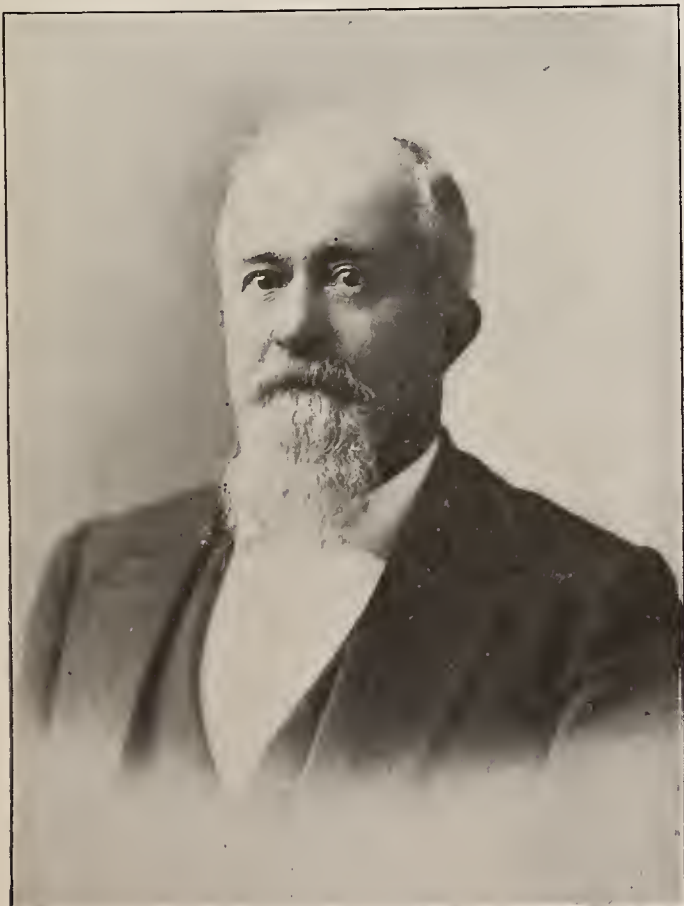


CAPT. SINGLETON LAFAYETTE EASLEY.

Capt. S. F. Easley was born in Talladega County, Ala., in February, 1838, removing with his parents to Cass County, Tex., in 1857. At Jefferson in 1861 he enlisted in Phil Crump's battalion of infantry, which battalion became a part of the 32d Texas Infantry, of Ector's Brigade, in the Army of Tennessee. He served in this throughout the war, participating in all the battles in which that army was engaged, and at the close of the war he ranked as first lieutenant of his company. Returning to Cass County after the war, he made his home there until 1871, when he married and removed to Dallas. Later he lived in Bowie, Seymour, and Chillicothe, at which latter place he died in September, leaving two daughters and a son. Mr. Easley was not only a gallant soldier but a most upright and influential citizen.

MAJ. H. A. BUTLER.

Maj. Henry A. Butler died at his home, in Malvern, Ark., on June 29, 1907, and his spirit passed over the river into eternal rest. He was born in Henderson, S. C., in the year 1836, and moved to Tulip, Ark., with his parents in 18—. He was engaged with his father in merchandising until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in the Tulip Rifles, Company I, as second lieutenant under Capt. George D. Alexander,



MAJ. H. A. BUTLER.

and went direct to Virginia, where his company was placed in the gallant 3d Arkansas Infantry. He was soon after appointed by Col. Van H. Manning as adjutant of the regiment, and he served in that capacity until the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., when he was promoted to the staff of Gen. John R. Cooke as assistant adjutant general with the rank of major, where he faithfully served until the surrender at Appomattox, Va.

At the close of the war he returned to his home at Tulip and engaged in the mercantile business with his father. In 1873 he moved to Malvern, Ark., and engaged in mercantile pursuits until a few years ago. At the time of his death he was President of the First National Bank of Malvern and Commander of Van H. Manning Camp, No. 991, U. C. V. He was an exemplary member of the M. E. Church. He was truly one of God's noblemen, loyal to every principle that ennobles our race. The large attendance at his funeral testified the love and appreciation in which he was held by the community in which he resided. His casket was buried beneath a bank of richest flowers. He was an earnest Christian and faithful follower of his great Captain, and died as he had lived, a faithful soldier of the cross.

W. P. J.

CAPT. E. F. SPEARS.

Another hero has left us to join our brothers in the great beyond. This noble character must not leave us without some notice of his life and tribute of love to his memory.

Captain Spears was born in Paris, Ky., June 9, 1840. At an early age he began a business life, and later, associated with his brother, was engaged in railroad affairs of his native place. This position he satisfactorily filled until the War between the States. Espousing the cause of the South, he began to prepare for the great conflict by helping to create that famous company, Hamilton Guards, so named in honor of Mrs. Hamilton, now Mrs. General Williams, a part of the nucleus of the noted 2d Kentucky Infantry Regiment and important in the make-up of the well-known "Orphan Brigade."

Captain Spears served with honor and distinction throughout the war as captain of his company, being several times severely wounded. Though often physically unable to attend to such duties, his determined, unconquerable spirit was ever in evidence. There is not a single instance of his having asked his men to enter one of the many hard-fought battles without himself leading them. Unselfish in the extreme, he was often begged by his men not to make such a target of himself for the enemy's fire.

The writer has attended many Confederate meetings since the war, but not one at which he did not hear recounted numerous deeds of valor of Captain Spears, associated with Maj. Charles Semple, Capt. Harvey McDowell, and Capt. Dan Turney—all of whom have gone to the great beyond. Now that he too is gone, we feel crushed by our loss; but it would be wrong to wish him back to a renewal of suffering here. So great was his modesty, so extreme his diffidence, that the faintest word of praise seemed to cause him pain; and we even feel that we must ask the indulgence of his bereaved family in writing these few words of our loved one, whom to know thoroughly was to appreciate. We cannot, then, permit him to go from us without saying, especially to the young men: "Here was a man the light of whose life should be as a beacon to guide the steps of all."

Captain Spears was preëminently a useful citizen. During the latter years of his life he was very successful in business, employing a great many men with a generous pay roll; thus



aiding greatly in the material advancement of our city. May God bless his family! and may the whole community realize that in him it has lost one in whose footsteps it would be an honor to any man to follow.

[The foregoing sketch comes from Dr. C. J. Clarke.]

#### DEATHS IN L. O'B. BRANCH CAMP, AT RALEIGH.

The harvest of death has been heavy in the ranks of L. O'B. Branch Camp, at Raleigh, N. C., and surviving comrades mourn the passing of these valued members. Two of these, A. H. Haynes and W. D. Smith, belonged to the famous drum corps which was so well known at Confederate Reunions, always attracting great attention to the North Carolinians. Only two members are now left, J. J. Lewis and Wiley T. Johnson.

A. H. Haynes was a lad of less than fourteen when the Civil War began, and upon reaching that age became a drummer boy with an Alabama regiment, and saw service with it. He was a man of will and determination, and served on the police force of Raleigh through different promotions to captain, resigning about a year since on account of ill health. He was never married, and is survived by his mother and two brothers.

W. D. Smith first entered the Confederate service in the cavalry, but was later transferred to Company D, 42d North Carolina, and became the drum major of the corps. He was about sixty-four years of age, was twice married, and is survived by a wife, three sons, and two daughters. His life and conduct made him many friends.

Gaston H. Broughton, the other loss in this Camp, enlisted in Company D, 26th North Carolina Regiment, under the leadership of Col. Zeb B. Vance. He was promoted from time to time, and when captured at Gettysburg was first lieutenant of his company. He remained a prisoner then to the close of the war. His home was at Raleigh for about thirty years, and he was a citizen held in the highest repute, esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was married three times; and of the thirteen children born to him, ten of them survive.

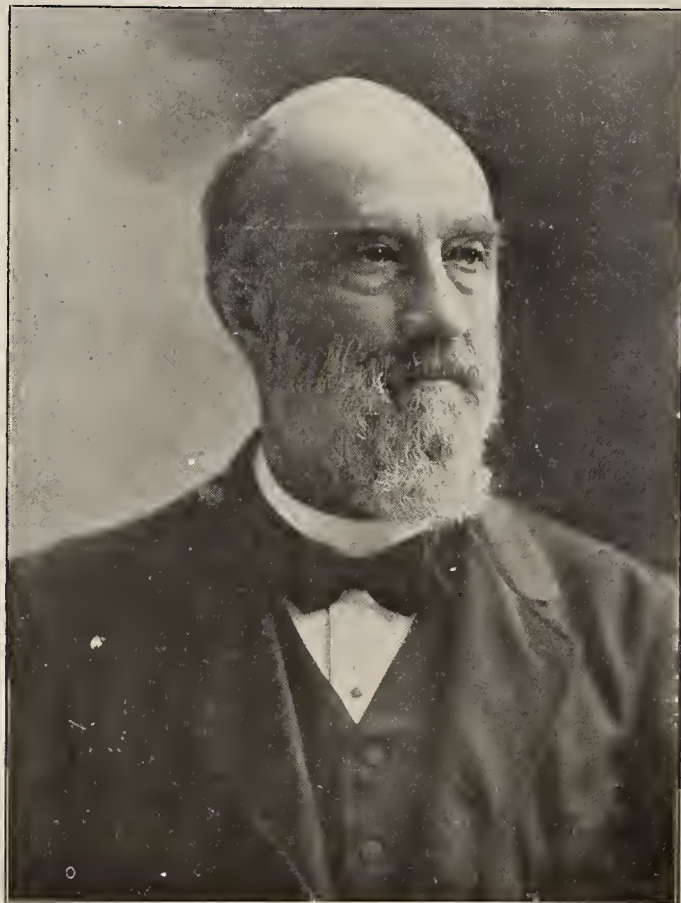
#### MAJ. JAMES DINWIDDIE.

In the death of James Dinwiddie the South loses one of her most prominent educational leaders. He was born in Campbell County, Va., June 29, 1837; and died while on a visit to his son, in San Francisco, July 2, 1907. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and afterwards entered the University of Virginia, taking his M.A. there in 1861. Immediately he joined the University Volunteers, and began active service in the Confederate army. He was promoted to lieutenant, and subsequently was made assistant adjutant general of the brigade assigned to the Wise Legion. After the disbanding of the Volunteers, he became a member of the Wise Legion, and was stationed at Roanoke Island, escaping thence, on its surrender, and making his way back to Charlottesville and joining the Charlottesville Artillery, of which he was made first lieutenant. From this position he arose to a captaincy of artillery, his command being a part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He was assistant ordnance sergeant in Richmond early in 1863. Later he became a major of infantry, and held this rank till the close of the war. He was a valiant soldier, and took an active part in many a fierce engagement.

While his war record won him distinction, his career as an educator entitles him to lasting remembrance. His first service in this field was as principal of Sayre Institute,

Lexington, Ky. After a year in that school, he was elected professor of mathematics in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn. For ten years he occupied this chair with great credit both to himself and to that of the institution. He then was called to a like position in the University of Tennessee, where he remained for five years. In 1885 he purchased the Central Female Institute, at Gordonsville, Va., and continued there till 1890, when he went to Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C. For seventeen years he conducted and established that institute upon a very high plane. Because of failing health he retired from the work in May, having remained at his responsible post almost to the very last.

Dr. Dinwiddie was married during the war to Miss Betty Carrington, daughter of Dr. William Carrington, of Halifax County, Va. His wife died about eight years ago. There are seven children living, and three brothers survive him. Major



MAJ. JAMES DINWIDDIE.

Dinwiddie was for years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and he belonged to both the Masons and the Odd Fellows. Character was with him the basis of life. He was a benefactor in the fullest sense. He gave generously toward the education of many a young woman, not only in the way of tuition but in entire maintenance while under his charge. No worthy girl ever appealed to him in vain. The amount he gave in his long experience represents a fortune, and, best of all, his left hand never knew the deed of his right.

The remains were buried July 10 in Oakwood Cemetery, Raleigh. The pallbearers were James R. Young, Governor Glenn, Joseph G. Brown, Josephus Daniels, James P. Brawley, A. A. Thompson, Oscar Hay, W. F. Harding, George W. Thompson, and Henry Jerome Stockard. A host of sympathetic friends were present to do last honors to the departed, and among them were many who had been students under him.



## V. J. GREEN.

V. J. Green was born in Darlington District, S. C., August 18, 1844; and died at Hope, Ark., September 1, 1907. He was the fifth son of Judge James and Sarah Ann Green. Judge Green died near Hope in 1875 while Treasurer of Hempstead County, and his mother died November 27, 1892. V. J. Green removed with his father's family from South Carolina to Whitfield County, Ga., when he was seven years old and was educated in the schools of North Georgia. He removed to Arkansas in 1860 and began farming with a brother. Soon the State seceded from the Union, and he was among the first to respond. He joined a company which was being made up by Capt. George Gamble, and which was made Company H, of the 2d Arkansas Cavalry. V. J. Green was in the battle of Oak Hills, August 10, 1861, in which conflict the regiment lost its colonel, James McIntosh. He there established a reputation for bravery and coolness which he maintained constantly during the entire war.

On leaving the State the regiment was ordered to send its horses home and go as infantry, the horses to be returned after that battle; but this was never done, and the regiment was thereafter known as the 2d Arkansas Dis-mounted Infantry.

In the battle of Murfreesboro V. J. Green was wounded severely and was sent to a hospital in Georgia. His father, being still a Georgian by adoption, procured his son and several others, taking them to his home and nursing them back to fitness for duty. After the battle of Murfreesboro, the regiment was sent to Mississippi; but was subsequently returned to Georgia.

During a remarkable fight at Dug Gap the 1st and 2d Arkansas Regiments defeated a whole division of the enemy. V. J. Green was sent on scout duty during that period, having been reared in that section. He went among the Federals and proved himself most efficient.

## MISS ELIZABETH E. WRIGHT.

Among the many friends who have been loyal to the VET-ERAN since its first publication and helpful in its advancement, Miss Lizzie E. Wright will always be remembered with special gratitude for her cordial zeal and interest. Every year in renewing her subscription she had sent others with it, and always wrote of her desire to do more for the VETERAN. Death came to her on April 21, 1907, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ellen Nicols, in Baltimore, Md.; and among her papers was found a letter to a friend, written the night before, in which she stated that she expected to die before morning.

Miss Wright was a daughter of the late Gustavus M. G. and Rachel Wright, of a prominent Eastern Shore family, producing several members noted in Maryland history. She was an ardent supporter of the Confederacy, and during the war she and her mother and sisters gave every aid they could to the Southern cause. She was always noted for her charities, and her ministrations to the sick and suffering were her greatest pleasure. Throughout her lifetime practically she had one or more dependents, and her home was always open to her host of friends. She was a most prolific reader and writer, contributing largely to the newspapers and having much correspondence with important public personages, among whom was the late General Hampton, and her interest in politics continued to the end. Besides her sister, Mrs. Nicols, she is survived by a brother, Mr. Solomon Wright, of Baltimore, and three nephews.

## JOHN D. KINDRED.

John D. Kindred was born in Robinson County, N. C., in 1843; and died near Winona, Miss., on September 25, 1907. At the age of nine years he removed with his parents to Kil-michael, Miss., where he lived to the breaking out of the war. He volunteered in 1862, joining Capt. H. P. Turner's company, afterwards Company C, 1st Regiment of Mississippi Light Artillery, Colonel Withers commanding, making a good and dutiful soldier. After the war he married and engaged in farming within ten miles of his old community, becoming one of the most public-spirited men of the county. His wife and children preceded him to the spirit land. Comrade Kindred was an honored member of Statland-Farrell Camp, U. C. V.

BEARD.—The Ben Humphries Camp, of Crystal Springs, Miss., mourns the death of a faithful and beloved comrade. W. J. Beard was born in Mississippi November 24, 1843. He entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, serving as light artilleryman under Capt. Calvin Roberts in the "Seven Stars" Artillery. He was captured and afterwards exchanged, and then served the remainder of the war as a cavalryman under Col. George Moorman. At the fall of the Confederacy he was on duty at the exchange post across Big Black Bridge, near Vicksburg. Comrade Beard was in several big battles, but escaped without a scar. He was a brave soldier, stanch and true, who never shirked duty. He was respected by all who knew him and loved by many. Death came to him on the 1st of July, 1907, and he was laid to rest with Masonic ceremonies. His widow has the sympathy of many friends.

WALKER.—John Elliott Walker died at his home, in Phoenix, Ariz., in December, 1906, after a short illness, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was born in Orange County, Va., and entered the Confederate army when a mere lad of fourteen years, serving through the entire war. About 1870 he went to California, and a few years later to Arizona; and after his marriage, in 1886, to Miss Matilda Robbins, he made his home in Phoenix until his death. He made many friends, and was noted for his kindness and assistance to all in distress. He was a genial Virginia gentleman and a stanch Church member.

DUNWOODY.—W. M. Dunwoody passed away on April 26 at his home, in Shawnee, Okla. He enlisted from Greene County, Tenn., and served as a member of Company H, 31st Tennessee Regiment. He was in prison in Indianapolis when the war closed. Returning home, he made a good, substantial citizen of his community. He was married in 1870 to Miss N. A. Hudson, who survives him with two sons and two daughters.

NORTON.—Comrade N. B. Norton, of Haines City, Fla., died suddenly while away from home November 15, 1906. He was born in Florida in October, 1845. He enlisted in May, 1862, as a member of the Marion Light Artillery, and served under Kirby Smith, Buckner, Bragg, Johnston, Hood, and Richard Taylor. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss., May 10, 1865.

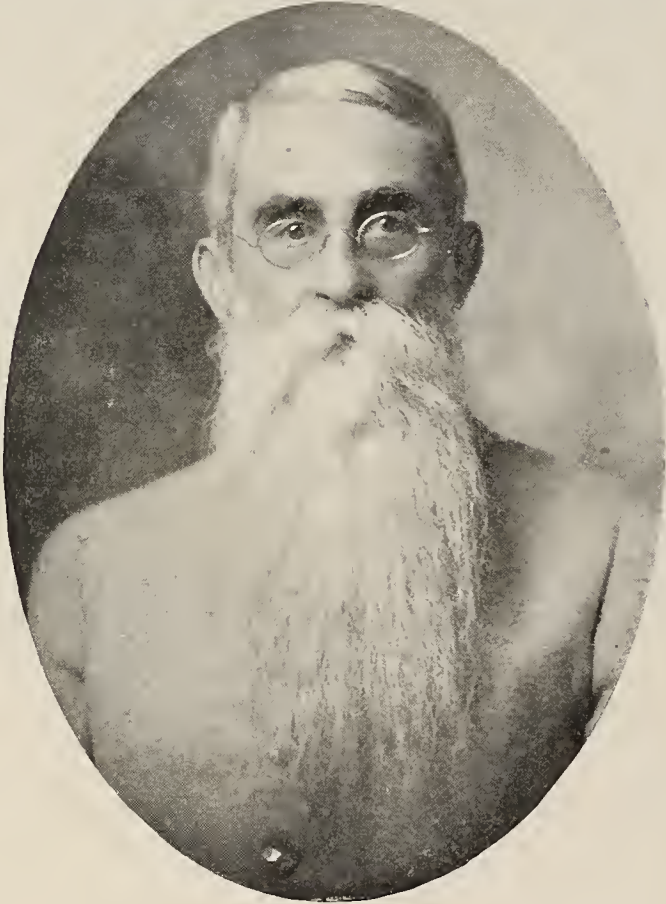
HUFFMAN.—J. P. Huffman, of Verbeena, Va., died May 17 after an illness of some months. He volunteered for the Confederacy in 1861, enlisting in Company I, 10th Virginia Regiment, and participated in some of the leading battles of the army in Virginia.



## THE TEXAS STATE REUNION.

While the attendance at State Reunions, even of the great Texas, grows smaller each year, that at Bowie for 1907 was noted for its splendid character. It seems that the proportion of the survivors are the prosperous men of the times.

The sentiment predominating at this last State Reunion was manifestly patriotic and conservative. Following are the leading points of interest to the organization. While the Commit-



DR. GEORGE JACKSON,  
Adjutant General Texas Division, U. C. V.

tee on Resolutions did not concur with the suggestions of the Adjutant General, he, as graciously as can be imagined, deferred to their decision with the sentiment, "I am your servant," as he patriotically and cordially yielded.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff George Jackson makes his annual report to Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V., at Bowie, Tex., August 21, 1907:

"General: Again I have the honor of submitting to you and the comrades of the Texas Division a very brief report of the Adjutant General's Department from October 26, 1906, to August 14, 1907, inclusive, as per resolution passed at the nineteenth annual Reunion, held in Dallas, Tex., October 25 and 26, 1906.

"The number of Camps reporting at the fifteenth annual Reunion was one hundred and eighteen. The number of Camps filing reports to this the sixteenth annual Reunion is ninety-six, and by Brigades as follows: First Brigade, 16; Second Brigade, 1; Third Brigade, 18; Fourth Brigade, 33; Fifth Brigade, 28; total, 96. This is a falling off of twenty-two Camps for the year 1907.

[Here he gives a list of Camps delinquent in payment of dues, which aggregates sixty-three Camps.]

"I also desire to state for the information of all concerned that there are quite a number of Camps in Texas supporting

the General Association on the east side of the Mississippi River, paying their *per capita* tax of ten cents yearly, that have not paid the Texas Division one cent for many years, thereby giving the Texas Division the frozen hand of non-support.

"I also submit for due consideration a finance report of all moneys received and paid out during the time heretofore mentioned in this report.

"I respectfully suggest and recommend the dropping from the rolls of the Texas Division, U. C. V., all Camps having no organization as Camps without known officers and in arrears to the Texas Division for five and six years or more; among said Camps are to be found a few having no charter rights, as heretofore stated.

"I further suggest and recommend the return to the month of October of each year for the holding of the Texas Division (U. C. V.) Reunions, believing that the interests of the Association will be best subserved thereby.

"I further suggest and recommend the closing of the books and accounts of the Adjutant General's Department at least ten days prior to the first day of the holding of Division Reunions hereafter, that the Adjutant may have sufficient time to make full and detailed report of all matters coming within the scope of his duty whereby the comrades may have full knowledge of the condition of affairs of the Texas Division.

"Any reference to the detail work done in the Adjutant's office is purposely omitted, other than to say there has been plenty of it and to spare.

"In submitting this report and making the few suggestions and recommendations, I only ask by way of recompense that they receive courteous and businesslike consideration.

"Finally, permit me to tender to you, to the officers of your



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
Commander of Texas Division, U. C. V.



staff, Brigade Commanders and their staffs, and all the comrades of the U. C. V. organization my heartfelt thanks for kindness shown during the past year.

"To the newspapers of Texas for publishing orders and other matter pertaining to the advancement and welfare of our order, I take special pleasure in tendering thanks—not only my own but the thanks of the U. C. V. Association of the State."

## REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

Your Committee on Resolutions beg to report as follows:

Having examined carefully the report of the Adjutant General, we find the same to be a clear statement of the condition of the Division financially and otherwise. We recommend the said report to be accepted.

But as to the recommendations made by the Adjutant General, we are of the opinion that as to the first it would be impolite and uncharitable to adopt it. As to the second, we believe that we can have better Reunions if we hold to the present date for our Reunions.

As to the third, while aware that the habit of waiting for Reunions to make reports and payment of dues entails a great deal of unnecessary labor on the Adjutant General, we are of the opinion that to adopt a rigid system would work a hardship on many Camps and defeat the purpose for which we maintain our organization.

Committee: J. C. Loggin (Chairman), J. B. Polley, J. D. Shaw, W. F. Baldwin, June Komble.

[While the Adjutant General manifests deep concern to have delinquent Camps dropped from the list, he yielded graciously to the decision of the Association in adopting the report of the Committee on Resolutions, which did not agree with him.]

The Commander of the Camp at Bowie, J. A. Cummins, was chosen Commander of the Brigade, and he appreciated the honor most highly. Brigadier General Cummins has a

as a Confederate. Through those years of struggle the folks at home had their cares. His sister, Mrs. Callie Thompson, who now lives near Nocono, was only eleven years old at the beginning of the war; but she did her part—she and that old spinning wheel—in supplying threads of cotton and of wool for the loom.

Years have passed since those trying times; but as treasured



WIFE OF COMMANDER CUMMINS.

relics the spinning wheel and the rifle, with many other articles as useful, have been preserved. Comrade Cummins sells a picture of himself and sister taken with these articles in view for fifty cents for the benefit of a monument to be erected at Richmond, Va., "to the memory of the mothers and grandmothers of Confederate soldiers." Orders can be sent to him or to the photographer, J. J. Rodden, at Bowie, Tex.

BOWIE, MONTAGUE COUNTY, TEX.—POPULATION, 4,500.

Bowie has three good banks, one hundred and fifty stores, eight churches, three commodious public school buildings (and is planning a fourth), four cotton gins, compress, warehouse, and one of the largest cotton oil mills in the State. It has a flour mill, canning factory, ice plant, waterworks, electric and gas lights, and a thriving commercial club. Montague County has 1,500,000 fruit trees from two to eight years old, and apples took first prize at the St. Louis Fair.

There are no negroes in Bowie. It is situated on two trunk lines of railway, in the heart of the richest all-round section of Texas. The raising of cattle, hogs, horses, mules, sheep, and goats is an important industry, and fowls take first premiums wherever exhibited. Twenty-three thousand bales of cotton were marketed from wagons in Bowie in 1906. The eyes of the world are on Texas.

To Major Boedeker and his good wife the VETERAN breathes gratitude for hospitality.

Comrade Cummins writes: "I am greatly elated over the success of the Reunion, and hope that many of the old boys may be able to attend many more just such. We had good, patriotic talks every day and some delightful camp fire talks every evening. The old soldiers would get seats on the platform or near it in a circle; then the camp fire would burn, to the delight of the old Vets and also of the sons and daughters."



J. A. CUMMINS, BRIGADIER GENERAL U. C. V.

record for devotion to his comrades. When the great war began, Comrade Cummins, a boy of sixteen, was prompt to enlist. On the old family spinning wheel his mother spun the thread that she afterwards wove into cloth of gray and made his first uniform suit. Shouldering an old squirrel rifle, he went to the front; and he is proud of the record he made



## MISSISSIPPI STATE REUNION.

Meridian entertained the Confederates in their Reunion for 1907 in a way that reaffirmed the devotion of that people. The closing day, September 27, was devoted entirely to the business interests of the Division. A resolution to memorialize the Legislature to appropriate \$25,000 or to raise such sum through appropriation by the counties for said purpose was, after much discussion, adopted by a unanimous vote.

"An Appeal for Shiloh," signed by a committee appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead at that place, was referred to the Committee on Resolutions, which body, after consideration, recommended a donation, which prevailed.

Gen. W. D. Cameron, of Meridian, and Col. H. Clay Sharkey, of Jackson, were chosen commissioners of the Confederate park, located in Jackson. They were elected by acclamation, their terms of office to begin and expire at the same date as the other members of the commission.

The Committee on Resolutions presented a communication from Winnie Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy calling upon all sympathizers of the Confederate cause to celebrate June 3, 1908, the centennial of the birth of Jefferson Davis, in a befitting manner. It was ordered spread upon the minutes as the sense of the convention.

Gen. W. D. Cameron, as trustee of the Confederate Memorial Association, reported his work during the past month. The report was filed and the General continued in service.

An invitation was extended by Rankin County to all veterans to attend the unveiling of a monument that is now being erected to the Confederate soldiers at Brandon this fall, the date to be fixed later.

The following selections were made for officers: Gen. Robert Lowry, of Jackson, reelected Commander; Col. W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, reelected Brigadier General of the First Brigade; Col. Charles Humphreys, of Crystal Springs, elected Brigadier General of the Second Brigade; Col. George M. Helm, of Greenville, elected Brigadier General of the Third Brigade.

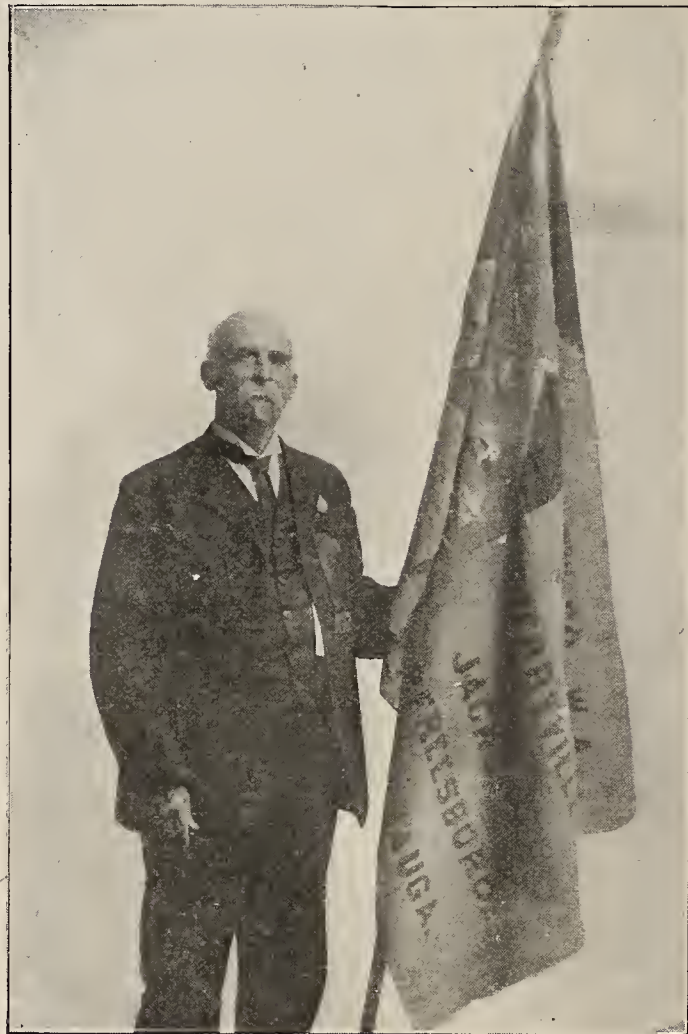
[The VETERAN subscription list at Meridian, under the diligent care of Dr. E. E. Spinks, now numbers one hundred and sixty, the largest in proportion to the population of any city in the country.]

## JOHN C. CALHOUN'S STATUE FOR WASHINGTON.

The Calhoun Monument Commission of Columbia, S. C., has selected Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl to make a statue of South Carolina's eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun, to be erected in Statuary Hall at the National Capitol. Mr. Ruckstuhl will submit several models, one of which the committee will accept.

The Columbia State, in commenting upon the matter, says: "The news of the selection of Mr. Ruckstuhl to this position will be received with much pleasure by the people of the State. As designer of the monument to Wade Hampton, he made a name for himself in South Carolina, although his reputation was world-wide at that time. When he came South for the Hampton monument work, he became interested in this section, especially in Columbia, and since the completion of that work he has paid Columbia a number of visits, and once or twice has delivered lectures on civic beauty that did much toward arousing the pride of Columbians in making better appearances on their streets. At the meeting yesterday all of the members of the commission were present,

including Governor Ansel, Senator Mauldin, of the Finance Committee of the Senate, Representative Banks, of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, Mrs. Bratton, State Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution, and Miss Maggie Gist, Regent of the King's Mountain Chapter of the same organization. There is an appropriation of \$10,000 for this work, this sum being given by the last General Assembly, and the commission will before selecting the model hold a meeting at Clemson College, the old residence of the Calhoun family, and there consult with several of the older residents and submit to them photographs from which to select the best likeness of the great statesman. As soon as this is done the work will be pushed to completion."



FLAG IN WASHINGTON ARTILLERY ARMY HALL.

The above photograph of Gen. J. A. Chaláron with the famous flag was taken in Richmond, Va., during the U. C. V. Reunion, May 30 to June 3, 1907. The flag is that of the "Fifth Company of Battalion Washington Artillery." It was made by Mobile ladies, and sent to the company at Dalton, Ga., in the spring of 1864. It was carried through the company's campaigns in Georgia under Gen. J. E. Johnston and in Georgia and Tennessee under General Hood and until the final surrender at Meridian, Miss. It was saved at the evacuation of Spanish Fort, Ala., by Orderly Sergeant John Bartley, who secreted it on his person. It was placed on the coffin of Jefferson Davis as he lay in state in the City Hall, New Orleans, and on that of General Beauregard also. The flag is preserved in the Battalion Washington Artillery Armory in New Orleans.



## THE FAMOUS ANDREWS RAID.

With an interest and a daring only comparable to the Dahlgren raid on Richmond is that of a group of Federals who made their way in disguise (citizens' dress) to Big Shanty, Ga., now Kennesaw, a railway station nearest the foot of Kennesaw Mountain. Much has been written of the Andrews party even in the South, yet but little is known of the pursuers and captors of the party.

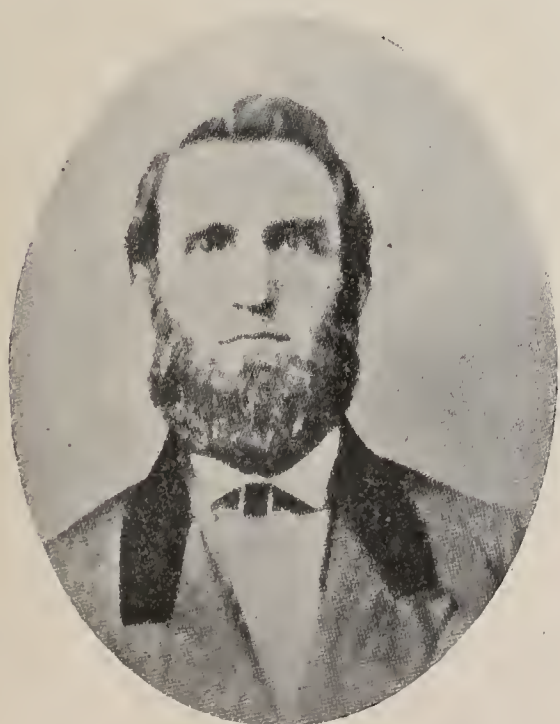
An exchange (evidently Atlanta) states:

"Fast schedules are kept on the Western and Atlantic Railroad; but none are faster than that kept by the old 'Texas' on April 12, 1862, when she carried Capt. W. A. Fuller and Anthony Murphy from Adairsville to three miles beyond Ringgold, where the chase of the 'General' ended and the plan of the Andrews raiders to destroy the road was defeated.

"Peter Bracken handled the throttle of the 'Texas' on that memorable day, and during the chase ran fifty and one-half miles in one hour and five minutes. Two of these miles were made pushing a heavy freight train. Twelve stops were made, two cars dropped by the fugitives on the 'General' were coupled to the 'Texas,' and these cars and the freight train were shoved on sidings.

"Think of it! The 'Texas' was running backward and made twelve stops and had to do considerable switching. If so much had not been at stake, none of the men who participated in that famous ride would have risked his neck in such a manner.

"While the chase after the 'General' was commenced at Big Shanty, a few miles above Marietta, it was not until the pursuers of the Andrews raiders reached a point two miles south of Adairsville that the 'Texas' began playing her prominent



J. J. ANDREWS,

Leader of the Raid; executed in Atlanta June 7, 1862.

part. From Big Shanty to the Etowah River the chase after the fearless Federals was on foot and with a hand car.

"Capt. W. A. Fuller, who was conductor of the train from which the 'General' was taken, saw his engine when the raiders went off with her. They were all dressed in civilian clothes. They had boarded the train at Marietta and other

points. When Captain Fuller started after the raiders on foot, Jeff Cain, his engineer, and Anthony Murphy, at that time foreman of the Western and Atlantic shops, were with him. Others along the way joined in—Confederate soldiers and citizens—but Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy were the only two who finished the chase together.

"At the Etowah River Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy secured the engine 'Yonah,' which was doing duty at Cooper's Iron Works, and started after the raiders. He ran this old engine at the rate of sixty miles an hour until Kingston was reached. There were freight trains blocking the track there, and the 'Yonah' could not pass without considerable delay. So Captain Fuller appropriated the Rome engine and continued his chase, being delayed all along by stopping to remove cross-ties that the raiders were dropping from one of the freight cars the 'General' was pulling. When within four miles of Adairsville, the pursuers found sixty yards of track torn up. But even that did not stop Captain Fuller and Mr. Murphy. They hesitated not to follow an engine on foot and take a chance to get another engine on their way. But for two miles they ran, and then met the express freight on its way to Atlanta. Captain Fuller stopped it and took possession. This freight was being pulled by the 'Texas,' and from that moment on the chase was thrilling. It was two miles to Adairsville, and for that distance the freight train had to be pushed backward until a siding was reached, when the cars were shoved on the siding.

"Captain Fuller perched on the tender of the old 'Texas' and signaled to Peter Bracken, the engineer. In addition to the engineer, the gallant crew of the old 'Texas' consisted of Mr. Murphy, Fleming Cox, the fireman, and Alonzo Martin, 'the wood passer.' Calhoun, the next station, ten miles away, was made in twelve minutes. Captain Fuller saw the telegraph operator at that place, a twelve-year-old lad, walking along the track looking for the break in the wires. The raiders cut the wires between every station and tore up the track as much as possible until the old 'Texas' made the chase too lively. The telegraph operator was pulled aboard the 'Texas' by Captain Fuller while the engine was running fifteen miles an hour, and then Peter Bracken pulled his throttle wide open again.

"All sorts of chances were taken by the daring crew which manned the old engine. Curves were taken at frightful speed. The old engine rocked dangerously to and fro, and it was with difficulty that the members of the crew could hold their places.

"Captain Fuller managed to write a telegram to General Ledbetter, in command at Chattanooga of the Confederate troops, saying his engine, the 'General,' had been captured by Federal soldiers in disguise, and that he believed their intention was to burn the fifteen bridges along the road. He urged that they be not allowed to pass through Chattanooga. At Dalton this telegram was flashed through just a minute before the wires beyond Dalton were cut by the fast-flying raiders.

"Both engines—the 'General,' with the raiders aboard, and the 'Texas,' with the gallant crew—were running as fast as steam would send them. Two miles beyond Calhoun Captain Fuller sighted the fugitives for the first time. They detached one of the freight cars they were hauling and left it where they had partially taken up a rail. The 'Texas' coupled to this car without stopping and ran over the loosened rail. Captain Fuller mounted the freight car and gave signals back to Peter Bracken at the throttle. Two and a half miles beyond this point they met another freight car the raiders had dropped, and this too was coupled to the 'Texas' and pushed in front.



At Resaca both cars were shot into a side track and the chase was continued faster than ever.

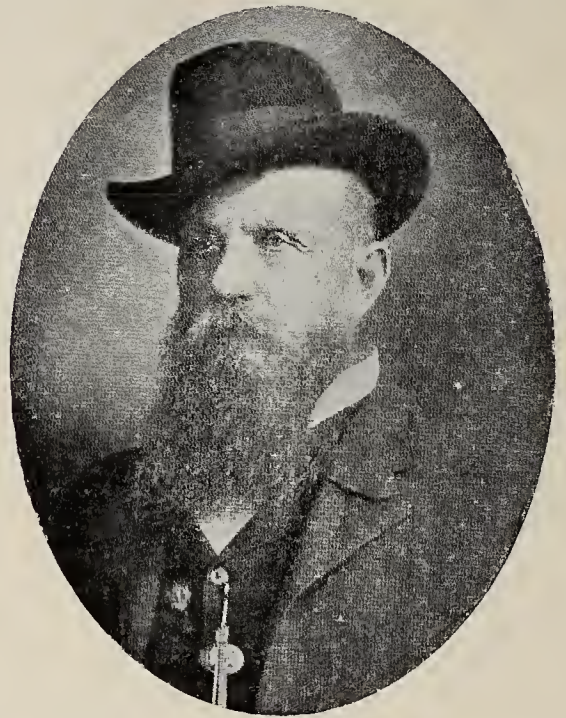
"Just beyond Resaca, while rounding a short curve at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, Captain Fuller, standing on the back end of the tender, saw a T rail diagonally across the track. It was too late to stop, and Peter Bracken gave the throttle an extra pull. The faithful old engine gave a little jump and went a trifle faster. She hit the rail at full speed, knocked it off, and never left the rails. After Dalton was passed, where the operator was dropped off to send Captain Fuller's message, the raiders were overtaken in the act of tearing up the track and cutting the wires.

"When the fast-flying 'Texas' came into view, the Federals jumped aboard the 'General' and the remaining freight car and took to flight. From that time on it was a steady, hair-raising race between two engines. The 'General' had the advantage over the 'Texas' because the latter was running backward. The remaining eighteen miles of the chase were covered by the 'Texas' in faster time than any of those aboard of her ever made it before or after. None aboard that engine on that memorable day ever made that distance over the Western and Atlantic road in later years at a faster speed.

"Inch by inch the 'Texas' gained on the 'General.' Like demons did Fleming Cox and Alonzo Martin work, cramming wood into the fire box of the faithful engine. Peter Bracken kept his hand on the throttle and kept her wide open. Captain Fuller remained on the end of the tender and kept the fugitives in sight. Anthony Murphy was there ready to jump with Captain Fuller and start after the raiders when they abandoned their engine.

"It was a thrilling ride. The fugitives could be seen tearing up parts of the freight car to burn as fuel. They were excited, and it was evident they were getting ready to abandon the

'Texas' got within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives, and they then turned loose their remaining freight car after setting it on fire. They wanted to leave it on the next bridge and burn it, but the 'Texas' was pressing too close. Fuel was giving out in the 'General,' and the raiders saw it was only a question of minutes before the 'Texas' would overtake them.



CAPT. W. A. FULLER,

Conductor of train from which the "General" was stolen.

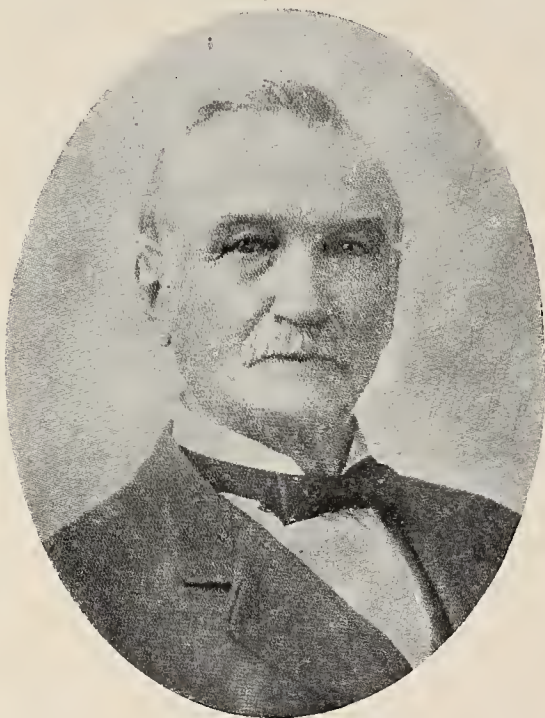
So the raiders abandoned their engine and took to the woods. The 'Texas' came up and coupled to the burning car. The fire was extinguished and Captain Fuller sent it back to Ringgold with Engineer Bracken. He told Bracken to tell the commander of a small body of militia he saw at Ringgold to put them on horseback and send them after the fugitives.

"Tired out though they were with the strenuous chase, Captain Fuller, Anthony Murphy, Fleming Cox, and Alonzo Martin hastened in pursuit of the fugitives in the woods, and caught four of them near Graysville. In a few days the militia captured the remaining twenty.

"And that ended the famous flight of the old 'Texas.' If she had not been faithful on that day; if one of her driving rods had broken; if a cylinder head had blown out, there is no conjecturing what great damage the raiders might have done. But none of these things happened. The old engine was as true as the steel in her frame. She answered every pull of the throttle that Peter Bracken gave, and the account she gave of herself is worthy to go down in history.

"The people of Georgia are going to show that the strenuous day's work was appreciated. The old 'Texas' will be preserved for future generations of patriotic Southerners to look upon."

The "General" is now in Chattanooga, Tenn., well taken care of; while the "Texas" has been in use up to a few days ago, when she was sent in to be sold for scrap iron. There is a movement on foot to save her, however. It is understood that the great railroad company, the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis, that has done so much to perpetuate our history, has given the "Texas" to the State of Georgia. So much has been given to the Andrews raiders, let us now have something of the heroes who captured "the raiders." Who can tell the history? Are there any survivors left?



ANTHONY MURPHY,

Foreman W. & A. R. R. Shops, one of the pursuing party, now resides in Atlanta.

'General.' They had not counted on Captain Fuller and Anthony Murphy and the balance of the nifty crew taking up the chase and keeping it up under such difficulties.

"When halfway between Ringgold and Graysville, the



COMMENDATION

OF THE

# Confederate Veteran

ADDRESS BY GENERAL OFFICERS, United Confederate Veterans, to the Camps of U. C. V., the Confederated Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederates, and all Confederates.

We have been elected to offices of high distinction and recognize the obligations created by these honors because they were conferred by our comrades of the United Confederate Veterans. In this spirit we address you, on our own motion, this letter on a special subject because we know that the desire is common among us that the knowledge of the principles and facts of the Confederate epoch should be more widely diffused. We feel that this information should be conveyed to the people of the present Age through the press and other agencies in such spirit, manner, and mode of publication as will do justice to our Confederate people, secure the fame of which our dear Southland is well worthy, abate all ungenerous controversial spirit, and promote a more perfect understanding and cordial union of all parts and people of our Country.

In considering maturely this very important matter we are gratified by the fact that the United Confederate Veterans Association, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have an official organ, commended over and over again by unanimous resolutions at our annual conventions, in a magazine of high rank called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, ably edited and published monthly by our true and enthusiastic fellow-Confederate soldier, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville. This noble magazine began its career years ago as a patriotic venture upon the field of hope in its confidence reposed in those to whom its worthy objects appealed, and we have witnessed its ascent to success with the especial pride that such success is so well deserved. We deplore nothing about it except that the benefits it is conferring every month upon thousands of readers are not enjoyed by tens of thousands more. It is a medium by which every phase of Confederate times is intelligently and interestingly conveyed to the minds of young and old. It is a glad hand extended cordially to shake every Confederate hand, and it goes with a sincere fraternal greeting to all patriots in our Land. It is a treasury of argument, history, biography, story, and song, continuing to steadily increase these riches from month to month. Its contents make a table around which Confederates, with their sons, daughters, and friends, sit once a month to enjoy an intellectual, social, affectionate, friendly, country-loving feast. It never was of more value than it is now. And, considering all that should be said, written, and done through its agency during the next ten years of only one hundred and twenty issues, *it is now more valuable than ever.*

In view of all things we know about the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its valuable uses, will you, each and all of you, agree to make an immediate practical working effort to at least double the number of its subscriptions, and thus quadruple the number of its interested readers? Can we afford to do less? Can we do anything of *better* avail to diffuse the knowledge and increase the appreciation of our Southland and its history?

We urge that immediate personal effort be made by Confederates and their sons and daughters. We ask that the ever-generous press of our country help us, and that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN publish this appeal conspicuously.

Repeating our expressions of gratitude to all who have honored us as Confederate soldiers, and greeting you with our hands and hearts, we have the honor to be your obedient servants:

Stephen D. Lee, General, Commander in Chief U. C. V.;  
William E. Mickle, Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.;  
W. L. Cabell, Lieut. Gen., Trans-Miss. Dept., U. C. V.;  
Clement A. Evans, Lieut. Gen., Army Tenn. Dept., U. C. V.;  
C. Irvine Walker, Lieut. Gen., Army N. V. Dept., U. C. V.

MAJOR GENERALS APPROVING.

The letter from General Evans to Major Generals states:

"A suggestion, altogether my own, was made to Mr. Cunningham about the VETERAN, which he thought of favorably, and in correspondence asked me to prepare the circular, a copy of which is inclosed and explains the whole matter.

"If you approve, you will please authorize Mr. Cunningham to print your name to the circular. I did not move in the matter until assured that General Lee approved.

"If all, or nearly all, Commanders of Divisions approve, I suppose that Comrade Cunningham will print and circulate the letter as suggested."

George P. Harrison, Maj. Gen. Alabama Div., Opelika.  
W. H. Jewell, Maj. Gen. Florida Div., Orlando.  
Andrew J. West, Maj. Gen. Georgia Div., Atlanta.  
A. C. Trippe, Maj. Gen. Maryland Div., Baltimore.  
John B. Stone, Maj. Gen. Missouri Div., Kansas City.  
Julian S. Carr, Maj. Gen. North Carolina Div., Durham.  
George W. Gordon, Maj. Gen. Tennessee Div., Memphis.  
K. M. VanZandt, Maj. Gen. Texas Div., Fort Worth.  
Stith Bolling, Maj. Gen. Virginia Div., Petersburg.  
Robert Lowry, Maj. Gen. Miss. Div., Jackson.  
Thomas W. Carwile, Maj. Gen. S. C. Div., Edgefield.  
Paul A. Fusz, Maj. Gen. N. W. Div., Philipsburg, Mont.  
John Threadgill, Maj. Gen. Okla. Div., Oklahoma City.  
Robert White, Maj. Gen. W. Va. Div., U. C. V.

BRIGADIER GENERALS APPROVING.

Application to Brigadier Generals for approval of the address was sent direct without putting upon General Evans the care to attend to it. As his address was only to the Major Generals, many of the Brigadiers have refrained, but evidently because of delicacy. Some of these, however, have contributed to this great indorsement. Of the first received are:

W. L. Wittich, Brig. Gen. First, Florida Div., Pensacola.  
John W. Clark, Brig. Gen. Eastern, Ga. Div., Augusta.  
J. E. DeVaughn, Brig. Gen. Western, Ga. Div., Montezuma.  
W. A. Montgomery, Brig. Gen. First, Miss. Div., Edwards.  
J. M. Ray, Brig. Gen. Fourth, N. C. Div., Asheville.  
W. L. London, Brig. Gen. Second, N. C., Pittsboro.  
J. M. Carlton, Brig. Gen. First, N. C. Div., Statesville.  
W. H. H. Ellis, Brig. Gen. Montana Brigade, Bozeman.  
F. T. Roche, Brig. Gen. Third, Tex. Div., Georgetown.  
S. S. Green, Brig. Gen. Second, W. Va., Charleston.  
James R. Rogers, Brig. Gen. First, Ky. Div., Paris.  
James I. Metts, Brig. Gen. Third, N. C. Div., U. C. V.  
James Baumgardner, Brig. Gen. Fourth, Va. Div., Staunton.  
Clay Stacker, Brig. Gen. Third, Tenn. Div., Clarksville.  
J. N. Thompson, Brig. Gen. Third, Ala. Div., Tuscumbia.  
George M. Helm, Brig. Gen. Third, Miss. Div.  
R. D. Funkhouser, Third, Va. Div.



APPROVED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to speak for the U. D. C. indorsing the above. The VETERAN has been the greatest help to us in our work, and its editor, Mr. Cunningham, has always since I have known anything of the U. D. C. work helped us in his magazine with any work we have undertaken. The whole of the U. D. C., I am sure, will be glad to have me, as their representative, indorse all the good which is ever said about the VETERAN."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from New Orleans, La., March 23, 1907, to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A.:

"My Dear General: It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of our distinctively Southern magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to compliment our mutual friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, on his able management. It is a magazine of great historic value, and I should be glad to see it placed in all Southern colleges and schools. As President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association I most earnestly request every 'Memorial Woman' to use her influence to increase its circulation. We cannot afford to miss a single copy. Through its columns we are kept in touch with all Confederate work. It is the link that binds us together and enables us to preserve the cherished memories of the sixties."

INDORSED BY SONS OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., writes: "Send me twenty-five copies of your 'Address,' and I will forward to our several Department and Division Commanders with request that they unite with the VETERAN in the proposed appeal planned by Gen. C. A. Evans. I am glad to respond favorably to your request of the 19th inst."

Commander in Chief Owen sends the following signatures:

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief.  
George R. Wyman, Commander Army N. Va. Dept.  
R. E. L. Bynum, Commander Army Tenn. Dept.  
J. M. Tisdal, Commander Trans-Miss. Dept.  
Clarence J. Owens, Commander Ala. Div.  
H. J. McCallum, Commander Fla. Div.  
A. M. Sea, Jr., Commander Ky. Div.  
Ralston F. Green, Commander La. Div.  
J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Commander Md. Div.  
George Bell Timmerman, Commander S. C. Div.  
L. E. Mathis, Commander Tenn. Div.  
J. S. Hilliard, Commander Texas Div.  
James P. Banks, Commander Va. Div.

Among those whose indorsements were not included in the list of officers of the U. C. V. are:

Bennett H. Young, Maj. Gen. Kentucky Division (whose splendid appeal brought unanimous indorsement of the address by the Convention at Richmond).

J. Alph Prudhomme, Maj. Gen. Louisiana Division.  
W. J. Stone, Brig. Gen. 2d Kentucky Brigade.  
P. C. Carlton, Brig. Gen. 3d Brigade, N. C. Division.  
W. H. Stewart, Grand Commander Grand Camp of Va.  
H. A. Tyler, Lieut. Gen. Commanding Forrest Cav. Corps.  
W. C. Ratliff, former Commander 1st Brig., Ark. Division.  
J. H. Lester, former Commander New Mexico Brigade.

INDORSED BY THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

In a tribute to the work of the VETERAN Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Kentucky Division, said at Richmond:

"I am grateful for the courtesy of the floor at this time, and I shall use the moment given to move that the United Confederate Association now indorse the action of the Commander, Department and State Commanders, and a large number of the officers of the Association in approving the great worth of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and commending its increased support."

"It is difficult, Mr. Commander, in view of the marvelous eloquence and genius of the orators of the Southland, to give utterance to anything new on this subject; but a thought has passed through my brain, the repetition of which I am sure will create pleasurable thought in the minds of all present."

"Fate denied the Confederate States a place in the constellation of nations; but it crowned the efforts and sacrifices of their people with a glorious immortality and wrote the story of their heroic deeds and magnificent courage on the brightest pages of human history. \* \* \*

"The Confederacy has been assigned a foremost place in the respect, admiration, and esteem of mankind; and no people whose government lived only so brief a period as four years has ever won more renown or achieved a nobler or grander distinction in the discharge of duty in camp, on the march, on the battlefield, or laid superber offering on the altar of patriotic duty." \* \* \*

To produce these unparalleled results three great agencies are mentioned which wrought these wonderful conditions:

"1. The magnificent achievements and superb valor and extraordinary patriotism of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought for the Southland, constituting as they did the noblest and grandest army of volunteers that ever aligned under any flag or for any cause."

"2. The splendid heroism and sublime devotion of the women of the South, than whom no grander have ever lived or sacrificed or struggled for any cause. Their calmness in danger, their steadfastness in disaster, their cheerfulness in misfortune, and their loyalty in defeat gave a constancy, a courage, and a chivalry to the men who composed the armies of the South that were simply immeasurably great."

"3. The patience and the energy and the genius of the Southern press and the inspiration that it gave to those who loved the Confederate cause, and no agency has been more effective than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in its superb management, coupled with the genius of its owner and editor. It has provided not only those things which make up the comfort, relief, and happiness of infirm and feeble Confederates but has rescued from oblivion thousands of noble acts of the heroes who wore the gray and in defending the valor of the sons of the Southland on the hundreds of battlefields, where they did all that men could do to maintain and defend the cause to which they had given their allegiance and to which they pledged, if need be, their lives."

The motion, which was to indorse the published address of the general officers and others, was heartily adopted without a dissenting voice, and the editor was presented to the Convention by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

The foregoing commendations doubtless exceed any ever given any periodical since the art of printing was conceived. The circumstances are most unusual. The veterans and the Confederate mothers are passing away so speedily that every patriot to the principles involved should be diligent now for the most thorough establishment possible of the best measures to perpetuate the sentiment that induced millions of people to undergo the greatest privations without murmur



through the many weary years of war and reconstruction—years of privation, the shedding of blood, and death.

All other agencies in existence combined do not equal the importance of the VETERAN in the maintenance and preservation of these sacred principles, and every man and woman should participate in it cordially and without stint. Think of the tax (*one dollar a year*) even to a man too busy to read; he should have it in his family. Like the blood which the Israelites sprinkled on their doorposts to escape the visit of the destroying angel, let the VETERAN be in every Southern home. Those who can afford it should supply not only their own households but those of the less fortunate. Think of two or three well-to-do families taking one copy, passing it around, and then mailing to some one else at a distance in the face of the stern reality that the VETERAN has ever depended upon its subscriptions for prosperity. Circulate your copy as widely as practicable, but don't be stingy in its patronage.

Gen. Clement A. Evans, who wrote the foregoing address which has been so cordially and so widely indorsed, had the additional inspiration October 1 to write the editor: "Well, you must come to the Georgia Reunion at Augusta, November 12 and 13. You should make a five minutes' (at least five) speech about the VETERAN. Georgia is not doing its part about our organ. I do wish we could get another thousand subscribers in Georgia from among Confederates and Sons."

The writer realizes the defects of the VETERAN, and is deeply grieved by them. The intensity of all that is sacred in purpose is to make it better and better.

#### SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW ITS FRIENDS CAN HELP IT.

First of all, be diligent to see that it is known by your neighbors. Send their addresses for sample copies, and then a word will induce them to subscribe.

Articles for publication should be carefully written on good paper, and as a rule they should be rewritten, so as to condense and improve them otherwise. It is not desired to have privates write of battles in a general way. If they did their duty, they know only what they saw; while the general officers' reports must be more accurate than they could possibly give. Privates and line officers can give what the generals could not—viz., the personal actions of their companies.

Those who were in prison can tell of it as well as their officers, and often better, as they were subjected to severe treatment.

The VETERAN is not only pressed for space but it is often founded. It is so now. There are enough good, strong articles to fill it for years. Then much that is current must have place in season. If an article is delayed in publication, it must not be regarded as from lack of merit. To secure early attention, it should be carefully and concisely written, and typewritten where practicable. The care of preparing articles exceeds the imagination of most men. For instance, the average article must be edited—condensed as fully as practicable—then typewritten, and again gone over for condensation. After being put in type, the proof is read several times. Not only is this expensive process necessary, but the cost of printing articles approximates \$15 to \$20 per page. Think of a man's writing, "If you will print my article *verbatim*, I will take six extra copies," or "I will subscribe for a year," when such article occupies a page, or several pages.

Please, friend, rise to the dignity of the situation. See that your friends know of the VETERAN. It will cost you only the letter or card to this office. Be diligent to keep the VETERAN advised of reunions, conventions, and see to it specially

that the death of every loyal, heroic man or woman is reported, concisely written.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of the M. E. Church, South, is a practical man along with his daily piety, and the following autograph note should interest a thousand business men:

O. P. Fitzgerald  
Nashville, Tenn.

Tuesday, Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>, 1907.

My friend, and everybody's friend, Editor Cunningham, will permit me to "speak my mind" on a point of some interest to me and others.

Of course it is understood that the chief support of the Confederate Veteran must come from its subscription list. And we have been greatly pleased that its support from this source has been so generous during all these <sup>years</sup>. But, considering how large is the subscription list of the Magazine, and the quality of the people that take it, I have been surprised that its advertising patronage was not larger. In their own interest it would seem that our business men would be glad to use its pages freely and judiciously for advertising purposes.

My friends will all understand that in making the foregoing <sup>suggestion</sup> <sup>with</sup> I am prompted only by a feeling of warm good-will to all concerned.

O. P. Fitzgerald.

A candid talk with a Northern advertising agent so impressed the management of the VETERAN that it is reported. Years ago this gentleman, who was and is prominently connected with one of the leading agencies of the country, on his first knowledge of the VETERAN, asked animatedly the price for one thousand inches. No order of importance ever came from him, although the terms were satisfactory. Recently that same gentleman in discussing this same subject said: "Your own people ought to advertise. The publication is all right; but at the North many don't know the character of the VETERAN, and they think it should not exist. I see you oppose the term 'New South.' Don't you make a mistake in that? You remember that it was in his advocacy of the New South that Henry Grady made himself famous."

This gentleman was informed that the term "New South" originated with a partisan of the North who chose to make his fortune in the South, and who was one day harping on the theme long before Grady made his famous New England speech; and this editor, deferential to the man as a visitor to his office, admitted that the North was helping the South in having money to expend among our impoverished people, and the man emphasized sarcastically: "It is a New South because of Northern brains and energy as well as Northern money!" Hence the personal prejudice against the term.



### ABOUT AGENTS FOR THE VETERAN.

After perusal of the elaborate and extraordinary showing of the *VETERAN* and its earnest advocates, please consider some facts in regard to agencies. Interstate railroad legislation makes it utterly impracticable to send traveling agents, as has been the custom for many years, and it becomes imperative to adopt other means of maintaining and increasing the list.

Let us reason briefly upon the subject. Practical, earnest friends who wait for a traveling agent, whom they may happen to know and like, are informed that agencies are an expense of several thousand dollars a year to the owner of the *VETERAN*; and since it is impracticable to maintain them in the old way, why not volunteer and send the subscription direct to the office? So many are careless in attending to their renewals, and it seems they must be reminded, in which event local agents are desired. Worthy persons, veterans or good women, are desired, and good commissions will be given them. The great favor of commending such persons by friends will be appreciated. Occasionally a patron will write for a statement of how much he owes and gladly respond. How easy it would be to look at the date by the name on the address, then count from that date and pay for one or more years, when the date would be advanced accordingly! Every subscriber in the United States could easily remit direct, deducting the expense of post office order or registry, and the *VETERAN* would be greatly strengthened over the old plan of waiting for an agent to call. The importance of this request can hardly be estimated. Every cent paid on commissions and railroad expenses comes directly from the individual owner of the *VETERAN*. If you are interested in its prosperity, won't you adopt a new rule?

The *VETERAN* has at present but one traveling agent, the well-known and efficient Miss Bligh, and it is useless to comment about how utterly impossible it would be for her to canvass the territory if public meetings were held in each town and city in her behalf on arrival.

If the foregoing pages do not incite to action, the management will be disappointed.

### STATISTICS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS WANTED.

Walter L. Fleming, late professor of history in the West Virginia University, but now holding the chair of history in the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, is engaged in writing a biography of Hon. Jefferson Davis, and desires to obtain as much information as possible about every phase of his public and private life. He has all the books written about Mr. Davis, and what he wants is such material as:

1. Names and present addresses of relatives, neighbors, former slaves, etc., of Jefferson Davis who can give information about him.
2. Letters, scrapbooks, diaries, and other documentary material relating to Mr. Davis's life.
3. Privately printed books, pamphlets, newspapers, and other printed matter containing information about Mr. Davis.
4. Pictures of Davis and relatives, of his homes, and of places connected in some way with his career.
5. Any souvenirs, relics, etc., of which photos may be made.
6. Reminiscences, authentic anecdotes, etc., of Mr. Davis.
7. Any information about Mr. Davis or his relatives in Wales, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

The loan of any documents will be appreciated.

### THE HISTORY IN MEMORIALS.

Since July 21, when General Beauregard led his men to victory in the battle of Bull Run, up to the present time the Confederate soldier has been the pride of every Southern heart. No son of the South can make a prouder boast than that his father "wore the gray." No Southerner is better entertained than when listening to some venerable champion of the Confederacy tell of his victories and defeats, his struggles and hardships as he followed Lee in Virginia or was with Bragg or Forrest in their arduous campaigns.

But in days to come who is to tell of these brave and noble deeds? The heroes are leaving us one by one, and soon the muffled drum's sad roll will have beaten its last tattoo, and the wearer of the gray will have wrapped his blanket about him and for the last time lain down to sleep beneath the stars. Shall we let them be forgotten? No! Our every fiber revolts at the thought! Then let us erect to them some monument that will perpetuate their glory through coming generations—not monuments of stone alone, but something that will warm the hearts of the youth and fire his breast to the noble deeds of his ancestors.

This has been attempted and to a marked degree accomplished by a company of prominent men of Nashville, Tenn., mainly sons of Confederate soldiers. The Southern Art Publishing Company was organized for the sole purpose of producing and distributing a series of Confederate war paintings, and Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, is the artist engaged to do the work. Mr. Gaul has made this kind of work a life study, and is universally accepted as the best painter of war subjects in America. His work on this series will add other laurels to his already heavy wreath, for each of the paintings is fit to be a masterpiece.

The exhibit of the Gilbert Gaul war pictures at the recent State Fair at Nashville, which was under the supervision of the Daughters of the Confederacy, was one of the most attractive as well as one of the most interesting exhibits on the grounds. The interest shown by the visiting throngs is only typical of the welcome these pictures are receiving not only as souvenirs of the honored soldier, but also as works of art which are to be valued for their decorative qualities as well as historical.

### "THE FREE CHRISTIAN."

The where and the how of religion have been exhaustively presented by G. J. Buck, of Waco, Tex., in a volume of some six hundred pages under the title of "The Free Christian." The author's ideas are original in the extreme, and in his efforts to reconcile the differences apparent to some students between science and the Scriptures he has brought forward some very strong and striking theories. The book will have served a good part in arousing an interest in the study of religion beyond our everyday practice of it. Copies can be procured from the author at \$2.18, postpaid.

### "LEE AND HIS GENERALS."

A work of much magnitude by Mr. George B. Matthews, of Washington, D. C., is the life-size portraiture of General Lee with twenty-six of his leading generals, only two of whom are now living. Its composition required the study of each face, form, and character from the best photographs and portraits extant. The reproductions are pleasing, and will appropriately decorate the finest Southern homes.

Copies may be had from the National Printing and Exhibit Company, 1420 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. 50 cents.



George Sibley, of Lonoke, Ark., writes in behalf of the widow of Henry Mueller, late a member of the Camp there, who left his wife in poor circumstances, and she is now almost destitute. In trying to aid her to secure a pension, Mr. Sibley asks that any who can testify as to the service of Comrade Mueller will kindly do so. He was a German who spoke the language poorly, and enlisted supposedly at New Orleans, where he did a very large and prosperous business as a cigar maker. His widow does not know in what command he served, and will appreciate any information that can be given to Mr. Sibley in her behalf.

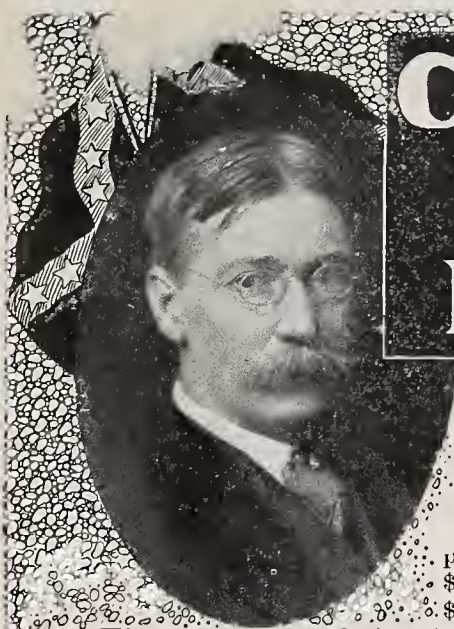
Mrs. Mary A. Williams, the widow of William Williams, who in 1862 volunteered in Captain Langford's company, Grinstead's 33d Arkansas Regiment, needs a pension and requires two



MISS MILDRED RAY HARRISON,  
Sponsor Pacific Division, Richmond Reunion.

witnesses from that company or regiment as to his faithful service. Address her at Corsicana, Tex. Langford's company was organized at Old Salem Church, in Ouachita County, Ark. Replies can be sent to Mrs. Williams in care of Commander A. F. Wood, Camp Winkler, Corsicana, Tex.

Joseph E. Taulman, of Hubbard City, Tex., offers \$5 for a good copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January, 1893, the first number issued—Volume 1, No. 1. Write him in advance.



# Confederate War Pictures

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There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

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A. W. Rucker, of Elmore, Ala., and J. Warren Gardner, of Columbus, Miss., desire that all surviving members of Ferguson's old brigade of cavalry will meet at the Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Birmingham next year. Rucker and Gardner were members of the 56th Alabama Regiment, Companies A and K respectively. There is nothing that would give them more pleasure than to meet the boys and shake the hand of each and all, and especially of those they have not seen in more than forty-two years. Ferguson's Brigade and Ross's Texas Brigade were in the same division.

W. B. Stewart, of Arlington, Tenn., writes of an old veteran in his community who will celebrate his eighty-ninth year in November. Mr. Samuel Funk served during the war in the 43d Tennessee Regiment, and he has a son, the Rev. John Funk, who served in the same company with him. The elder Comrade Funk is hale and hearty still.

D. J. Dossey, of Wills Point, Tex., would like to hear from any and all surviving comrades of Company I, 17th Georgia Infantry, Benning's Brigade, A. N. V.

In trying to trace the flag which she presented to the 7th Arkansas Regiment, Mrs. Ida Clingman Humphrey, of Goldsboro, N. C., has a letter from Mr. Henry Bragg, of Imboden, Ark., stating that he carried this flag, which was marked "7th Arkansas Regiment." At the battle of Shiloh the staff was shot from his hand, but he recovered it and carried it with a four-foot staff through the conflict. The flag was afterwards used on dress parade several times, but was not again in battle. Upon the surrender at Greensboro the flag was taken by Colonel Gillespie to his home, either at LaGrange, Ga., or Macon, and given to his wife. Mrs. Humphrey will appreciate hearing from any of the descendants of Colonel Gillespie, as he is not now living, hoping in this way to secure further trace of the flag.

J. D. Allen, of Lakeland, Fla., would like to hear from any relatives or friends of Capt. Sam Hannah and Private Will Nicholson, of Company G, 50th Virginia Infantry. Captain Hannah was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and Comrade Allen helped to carry him off the field. He was also standing by the side of young Nicholson when the latter was killed at Gettysburg. Nicholson was a nephew of Captain Hannah. They were from Amherst County, Va.



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H. C. Proctor, R. F. D. No. 1, DeKalb, Tex., inquires for one J. L. Gregory, of Washington, Mo., whom he last saw on the 3d of August, 1907, just after the Virginia Cavalry Association had met in reunion at Gainesville, Tex. Mr. Proctor is anxious to hear from him.



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GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE: "I have your Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, am glad to receive it; it is now framed and hangs over my desk, where I do all my work."

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT: "Accept my warm thanks for the proof copy of the photo of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which I shall value as an interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

HON. JOHN S. WISE: "I think it is one of the best likenesses extant."

GEN. L. L. LOMAX: "It is decidedly the best likeness I have seen, and I intend to have it framed for my own home."

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON: "The picture is a splendid one."

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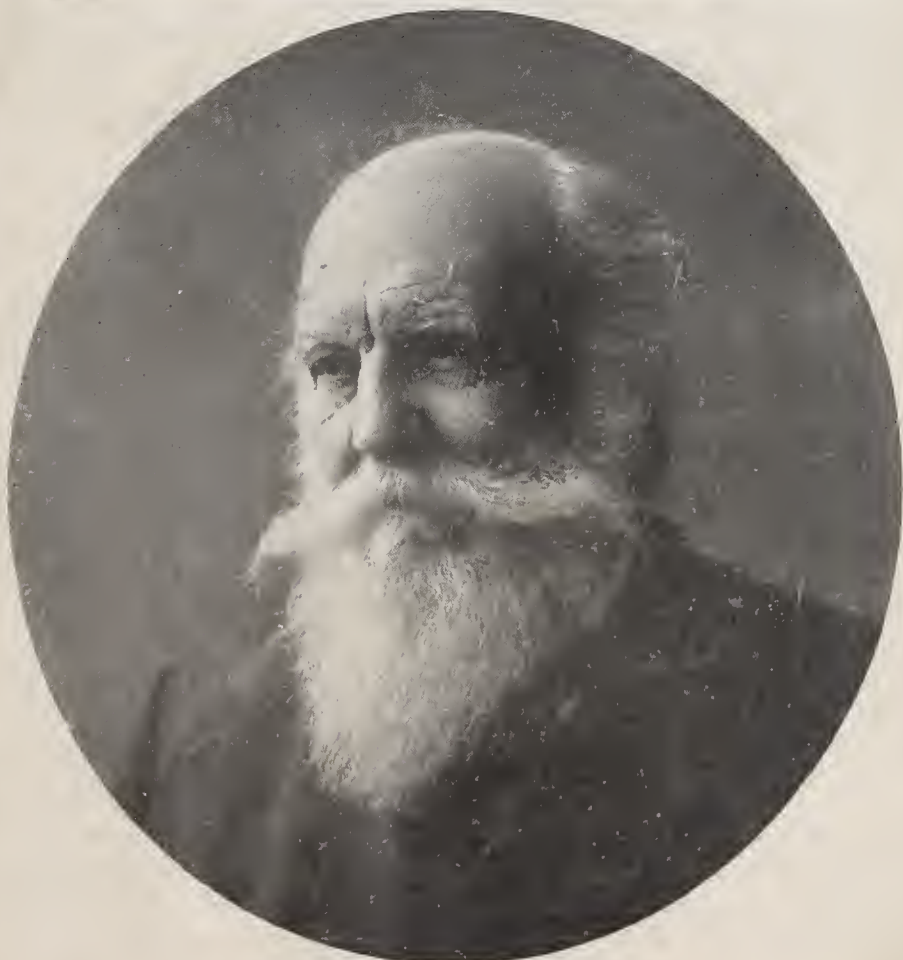


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XV

NOVEMBER, 1907.

NO. II.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN. H. FORNEY

(See Pages 487, 488)

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A Texas soldier, trudging along one day all alone, met a Methodist circuit rider, and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it. "What army do you belong to?" asked the preacher. "I belong to the Texas Regiment, Van Dorn's," replied the soldier. "What army do you belong to?" "I belong to the army of the Lord," was the solemn reply. "Well, then, my friend," said the soldier dryly, "you've got a very long way from headquarters."

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.  
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.  
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.  
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.  
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## AGGREGATE NUMBER OF U. C. V. CAMPS.

Camps organized and not heretofore published in the VETERAN are as follows:

Hobart Camp, No. 1605, Hobart, Okla.  
Bedford Forrest Camp, No. 1606, Portales, N. Mex.  
Gen. Nat. H. Harris Camp, No. 1607, Mayersville, Miss.  
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Maury Camp, No. 1636, Fredericksburg, Va.

## IMPORTANT TO EVERY VETERAN.

BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY, ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER GENERAL  
ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Sometime ago a comrade enfeebled by age and infirmities asked me to indorse his application for a State pension and certify to his faithfulness as a Georgia soldier in the Confed-

erate army. This of course I cheerfully did, as he was a conscientious, deserving soldier. The thought then entered my mind which I now submit to the VETERAN.

Every Confederate veteran should at once secure from some surviving comrades a certificate of his services. Each State authorizing pensions properly requires certificates of service indorsed by living reputable witnesses; and as these old comrades are fast passing over the great divide, each survivor should at once procure a blank from the State or county officer furnishing them and get two of his surviving comrades to certify to his services. He may not need the pension at present; but the time may come when he might need the State's assistance, and then he might not find the witnesses needed to perfect his application. Almost every issue of the VETERAN has some appeal from a comrade or his widow for just some such witnesses.

Now let me advise every surviving comrade to procure one of these blanks, perfect his record while credible witnesses are available, and file the same against the day when he might have need for it. \* \* \*

It may be years (and God grant it may never be!) before dire necessity compels the feeble old soldier to ask his State for its pittance, and then perhaps the necessary witnesses cannot be found to perfect his record. Comrade, act now in this matter. "Delays are dangerous."

[The VETERAN commends the foregoing most earnestly, and to the wealthiest of all veterans. Such a record ought to be framed in the home of every man who has a worthy record to leave for posterity. Another duty is commended: Furnish every child and grandchild the company and regiment, and especially the regiment, to which you belonged.]

ANNUAL REUNION NORTHWEST DIVISION, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.—William Ray, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to the Northwest Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, reports their annual Reunion, which was held in the city of Bozeman, Mont., on October 15, 1907. Paul A. Fusz was unanimously reelected Major General of the Northwest Division and W. F. Kirby was elected Brigadier General of the Montana Brigade. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance of veterans and also of Southern friends. The next Reunion of the Northwest Division will be held in Portland, Oregon, the date for which has not yet been selected.





VIEW OF THE LANDS OWNED BY JEFFERSON DAVIS'S FATHER, FAIRVIEW IN THE DISTANCE.

*THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

[Dr. E. S. Stuart, of Fairview, Ky., wrote interesting data about the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for the Review of that place in which he set forth interesting data from which the VETERAN makes extracts.]

About the year 1793 Samuel C. Davis emigrated from Georgia and settled in Kentucky. He opened and kept a wayfarers' rest, where he dispensed good cheer to man and his beast. At this early day there were only four places occupied between Hopkinsville and what is now Elkton. Here Mr. Davis continued to reside until about the year 1811, respected and honored by his neighbors for his frugal and open-handed hospitality. The partner of his life by her ever-alert and sympathetic interest succored the needy and afflicted around her, winning the sobriquet of "Aunt Winnie" through her practice of the works of the good Samaritan. Here Jefferson Davis was born in 1808.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to state that Mr. George Tillman lost his wife in 1805. Mrs. Davis took his daughter, Mary, who afterwards became the wife of Fielding Shanklin, to live with her. She died at the age of ninety-four years. "Polly" Tillman was living in the Davis family when Jefferson Davis was born, and was then in her twelfth year. The writer has often heard her recount many incidents of Davis's childhood, of her nursing and caring for him in his infancy. She always spoke of him and called him by the title of "Little Jeff." Having enjoyed the tender care of Mrs. Davis when motherless, there was little chance of mistake in her rearing.

The old Davis homestead has passed through the hands of a number of owners. Mr. Davis sold to — Penn, and removed to the Jackson Purchase in 1811. Penn lived there until he sold it to Bear in 1818. Bear erected a pottery upon the property, traces of which can be seen to-day. In the twenties he sold to Henry Boyd, who was a smith by trade, and was killed by McKinney in Elkton. After his death George W. Boyd became the owner and occupant of the old Davis farm and premises. He was an admirer of fine stock and a patron of the turf. About 1840 he sold to one — Davis, a negro trader, who remained only one or two years, and then exchanged the property for Col. William Morrow's Mt. Vernon farm. Morrow, after two or three years' occupancy, procured an act of the Legislature incorporating the town of Fairview in 1846. It embraced twenty acres, centrally located.

The act of incorporation appointed Dr. H. W. Darnall, John

C. Lindsey, Lewis T. Templeton, Hugh B. Wilkins, and Wilson Shreve as the first trustees for the town. In 1847 Col. Nathaniel Burrus, County Surveyor for the county of Todd, under the direction and supervision of the above-named board of trustees, surveyed and marked off twenty lots of one-half acre each on either side of the said road; Main Street sixty feet wide, lots fronting eight poles by ten poles back. In June the lots were offered for sale, and all but two were disposed of. Morrow sold to Edward Ware in 1853 and removed to near Princeton, Ky. Ware sold to Willis Ellis in 1855, and Ellis to A. J. Kenner in 1859 or 1860, who remained thereon until the death of his wife and self in 1884-85. After his death the property was sold for a division among his children. The lot of nine acres upon which the church house stands was bought by J. T. Smith and by him transferred to J. W. Petrie in 1885.

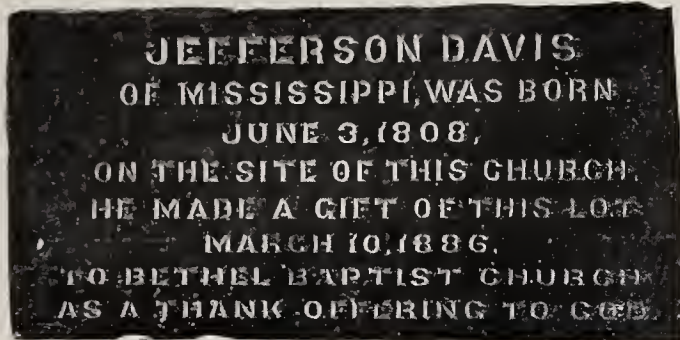
At this period of time old Bethel Baptist Church had become so large and inconvenient in its location for attendance of all of its members that by agreement the Church was divided, one part erecting their house of worship in Pembroke and the other seeking a location at Fairview. After frequent and varied consultations, the idea became an accepted one to secure and erect upon the spot of ground occupied by the old Davis residence. Mr. Davis was consulted; and after the passage of a number of letters in relation to the idea, Capt. M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., proposed to buy three acres embracing the old Davis home, that Mr. Davis might present the same to the Church, and thus for all time dedicate his birthplace to the living God. This proposition



GEN. BUCKNER AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE AT FAIRVIEW.



was met by one from a citizen of Fairview that he would be one of ten men who would buy and pay for the nine acres of ground, have the property deeded to Mr. Davis, and thus enable Mr. Davis to present his birthplace as a thank offering to the living God. 'Tis needless to say this proposition was accepted, and Mr. Davis in 1886 presented it for the purposes indicated. Upon a marble tablet was recorded Mr. Davis's birth and date of presentation to Bethel Baptist Church. This



tablet was rescued from the burning building, which occurred August 23, 1900, and has been replaced in the new and improved structure erected on the same site.

The soil around Fairview is a rich, fertile limestone formation, well adapted to the production of tobacco, corn, wheat, clover, etc. The neat and tidy farms characterize their owners as thorough, wide-awake, and prosperous. As early as 1835 in this fertile section Mr. John S. Downer laid the foundation for the justly celebrated Forest Nurseries. In the United States Pomological Society he won for himself the position as chairman of the section on pears, by reason of which he became a recognized authority on that luscious fruit.

#### HOW FORNEY SAVED THE DAY AT MANASSAS.

BY W. W. DRAPER (MAJOR 10TH ALABAMA REGT.), ATLANTA, GA.

Permit me to give a little incident of the war which had big results. The 10th Alabama Infantry was commanded by Col. John H. Forney, a captain of the 10th United States Regulars prior to secession. He had seen service in the Nicaragua expedition in 1859 or 1860, and knew how to take advantage of conditions and also to take care of his men.

Early in July, 1861, we were sent from our rendezvous at Richmond to Strasburg, Va., where we debarked and marched to Winchester to confront General McDowell. In line of battle we received orders to make a "forced march across the Blue Ridge" to join Beauregard at Bull Run. We were green, raw troops, fat and full, numbering as a regiment about 1,100 officers and men. Colonel Forney, whom we thought then a heartless and cruel commander, would make us pull off our shoes and socks, roll up our breeches, and wade those cold mountain streams. We saw the wisdom of this later.

To the incident. We were then in E. Kirby Smith's Brigade with four other regiments. At nightfall, worn and tired, we halted in the road. As soon as stopped the men dropped down with knapsacks under their shoulders and snoozed off. It was "Fall in," march thirty or forty steps, and the same thing over and over again. Colonel Forney rode forward to see General Smith to learn the trouble, and he replied: "I do not know. Please ride forward and see." Upon his return, Colonel Forney said: "General, we have come to the Shenandoah River, and the army is being put over in a country ferryboat, about a company at a time. Permit me to march my

regiment down to the river and rest till my time comes to cross." General Smith granted the request. We were sleeping soundly and sweetly when the sun rose, with heaven as our canopy and the earth our downy bed, as we were very tired. Our time had just come to cross. Colonel Forney rode his horse to the river to water him, and discovered an old, worn condition of the bank, which suggested that it was a former fording place. He put spurs to his horse and crossed the river, the water coming up on his saddle skirts. He returned and called: "Attention, 10th Alabama! Every man of you disrobe, tie your clothes on the back of your necks, take care of your guns, march in by fours, and await command on the other side." It was a scene. The rest of the army followed the example, and regiments were put across in thirty minutes where it would have taken hours to put them over by the flat ferryboat. The wagons, ambulances, and artillery all had to go in the flat (we had a wagon to each company then). It would have taken days to put all over in the flatboat. We then marched to Piedmont, the head of the railroad running to Manassas. Colonel Forney, being an old army officer, was put in the lead of the troops. He would march a regiment beside a train of box cars and designate Company A to occupy this car, Company B this, etc., and in fifteen minutes the train was off for Manassas. Gen. E. Kirby Smith's was the last brigade and the 10th Alabama the last regiment to leave Piedmont Station. His four other regiments reached Bull Run just in the nick of time. The battle had been raging for hours, and both sides were in doubt as to the result.

General Beauregard had called a courier and begun a dispatch to General Johnston, then at Manassas Junction, to prepare for a retreat, as he was uncertain of the result. Just then he espied troops coming in the distance. He adjusted his field glasses, and saw that they were our troops—Kirby Smith's four other regiments, full and strong. They had debarked four miles short of Manassas and came across the country to Bull Run, cheering, double-quicking, and raising a dust, which gave hope and courage to Beauregard and dismay to the enemy, which caused the panic and stampede. As Pat replied to the question why he ran, he said: "Those that did not run are there yet." The fording of the Shenandoah River was the cause of that historic and unequalled panic and our complete victory. There were two Union sympathizers, engineers, that caused a head-on collision; but they went to heaven, or elsewhere, at once. We learned to appreciate and love Colonel Forney before he was wounded at Dranesville, Va., on the 20th of December, 1861. He never came back to us, having been promoted and sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was made major general.

The 10th Alabama Regiment was the best in the army. This thought with all the regiments made the Southern army the best the world ever saw. In our regiment we had judges from the bench, lawyers of high rank from their offices, merchants of wealth from stores, farmers of large plantations, and numerous negroes who served through the war as privates. To give an idea of the morale of the 10th Alabama, we had in Congress at one time after the war four members—William H. Forney, John H. Caldwell, Taul Bradford, and Tod Hewitt—and at the same time Rufus Cobb was Governor of Alabama. The first four, also General Forney, have crossed over.

Errors in an article on pages 455 and 456, October VETERAN, by Capt. A. L. DeRosset will be corrected in December.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### TWENTY THOUSAND LETTERS REQUESTED.

Friends of the VETERAN are all asked to write brief letters, so that they may be received by the editor on November 27. This date is for a sentimental reason. This request is not extravagant; it will be easy to comply. Some one said: "We hear from you once a month, but you don't hear from us." Think of that, friends. For nearly fifteen years messages of greeting and good will have gone to you, but no response ever comes from a multitude except in the mere commercial way of sending subscriptions. Think of how much you could cheer and help by a brief letter giving advice in regard to the VETERAN—if you think that worth while. Write of any errors in your subscription, in address and spelling of name, so that every address may be perfect.

Many have written communications that have not appeared—the VETERAN has been foundered with manuscripts for years. Write about these matters, assured that it is not from lack of merit that publication has been delayed. There is good in all that comes, and there are thousands of them on hand. Then there is quite an accumulation of photos and daguerreotypes from which addresses have disappeared. Describe any you have lost, that they may be used or returned.

Do write without fail, and let every one suggest the names of some to whom sample copies of the VETERAN may be sent. See if your subscription has expired; and if so, state whether you wish it continued. The VETERAN will be sent to anybody who will request it in the absolute faith that none would take advantage of credit. It is not discontinued at expiration unless requested, and then it is done invariably; so if you have sent notice and it continues to come, be assured that there is a mistake, as it is never sent intentionally to any person who does not want it.

Another thing very desirable is an agent in every town in the South. Suggest some one and send the name. Confer with such person if you can before writing. Whether you are a subscriber or not, if you read the VETERAN occasionally, write.

This request is made of every friend, not excepting those who are in the habit of writing. Think of how much courage and comfort would be contained in twenty thousand cheerful letters setting right every business transaction that ought to be corrected, and then of the multitude that would be made familiar with the publication through sample copies by every person addressed responding. This action would gratify Gen. Clement A. Evans, who wrote the great indorsement of the VETERAN which has been approved by the representatives of many thousands of heroic patriots—men and women.

Attention is called to that remarkable indorsement in this connection, hoping that it will be an incentive to every person included herein to comply with the request to write and at the time designated. If you have not read the indorsement referred to, see pages 471-474 of the October VETERAN. The only major general not included in that is former United States Senator J. H. Berry, of Arkansas. His letter completing the list, dated Bentonville, Ark., October 25, 1907, states:

"Dear Mr. Cunningham: I am very sorry that I was not present and that my name was not attached to the indorsement of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Richmond. In some way the matter escaped me, as I would have been most glad to have united with the other Commanders of Divisions in expressing my appreciation of the great service that has been rendered the people of the South by the publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It has done a great work for us all, and I most cordially indorse its course and thank you for the great ability you have shown and the earnest and successful work you have done for the Confederates of the South."

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark., writes: "I notice that some of the Past Division and Brigade Commanders have signed the VETERAN 'indorsement.' You certainly are at great liberty to attach my name thereto, either as former Commander of the Arkansas Division or as the present Commander of the Third Division, Forrest Cavalry Corps."

An omission occurred inadvertently from the list published of prominent officials in the U. C. V. organization in the name of Gen. H. A. Tyler, commanding the Forrest Cavalry Corps, who was one of the first to give his signature.

The commendation of the VETERAN beyond question exceeds that of any publication that ever has existed, and now the personal pride of every Southerner should be to give it power. The time is fast approaching when every Confederate interest should be controlled, and all look to the VETERAN.

### MAJ. GEN. JOHN H. FORNEY.

John H. Forney was born in Lincoln County, N. C., August 12, 1829, son of Jacob and Sabina Swope (Hoke) Forney; moved to Jacksonville, Ala., in 1835; appointed cadet United States Military Academy in June, 1848; brevetted second lieutenant in 1852 and first lieutenant in 1855; staff officer to Col. Charles F. Smith on exploring expedition to Pembina in 1855; commanded pioneer corps with Gen. A. S. Johnston in Utah campaign in 1857; instructor at West Point in 1860; first lieutenant 10th Infantry; resigned to accept service as colonel and aide to Governor of Alabama January 23, 1861, commanding at Pensacola, Fla.; resigned to accept captain of artillery, Confederate States Army, and inspector general with General Bragg; appointed colonel 10th Alabama Regiment; mustered for war June 4, 1861; brigadier general C. S. A. March 19, 1862, commanding Department Gulf Headquarters, Mobile; major general October 27, 1862, commanding district of Vicksburg; during siege held center line from railroad to graveyard; commanded parole camp, Enterprise, Miss., in July, 1863; ordered in July, 1864, to Trans-Mississippi Department to discipline and bring East a division of troops; four large brigades were concentrated at Hempstead, Tex., preparatory to running blockade from Galveston to St. Mark's, Fla., when General Lee surrendered; paroled at Galveston, and returned to his home in Alabama; died September 13, 1902, in Jacksonville, Ala.

His son, Jacob Forney, was for a number of years President of the State Normal School at Jacksonville, and at the time of his death, December 24, 1902, was Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy at the University of Alabama. He is survived by his wife, son, and daughter, who reside in Springville, Ala. General Forney's wife and four daughters, Misses Forney and Mesdames M. A. Stevenson and C. W. Daugette, are living in Jacksonville, Ala.



THE LAST AGONY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(From the Spectator, London, September 21, 1907.)

It has been said with much truth that the continuance of the great secession struggle for four years was either a paradox or a miracle. Yet even after Sherman's giant stride across the South in the winter of 1864-65 had proved the whole Confederacy to be a mere shell there were few who anticipated the sudden and utter collapse of April. The dauntless front which Lee presented against overwhelming odds imposed upon friend and foe alike, and the volumes before us (a mere fragment of the war literature of the South, which is accumulating so rapidly) prove conclusively that up to the very last there was no failure of heart and hope in his indomitable ranks.

"We relied not so much," writes Major Stiles, "on any special plans or hopes, but rather upon the inherently imperishable cause, the inherently unconquerable man. Fresh disaster each day did not affect our confidence. We were quite ready to admit—indeed, we had already contemplated—anything and everything this side of the ultimate disaster; but that, never!"

Brigadier Duke, of Morgan's Cavalry, who was almost the last man in the South to lay down his arms, pictures the indescribable dismay with which the veterans of Early's command learned of Lee's surrender: "If the light of heaven had gone out, a more utter despair and consternation would not have ensued. When the news first came, it perfectly paralyzed every one. Men looked at each other as if they had just heard a sentence of death and eternal ruin passed upon all."

Another of these writers, Senator Reagan, the Postmaster General, upon whom it devolved that sad April Sunday to break to Jefferson Davis the intelligence that Lee was in retreat, gives a striking description of the stupor into which the Southern capital was plunged "when that ill news was told:" "The booming of the guns of the enemy told of the approaching host, and preparations were hurriedly made for the departure of the governmental forces. The pen of man cannot be dipped in ink dark enough to draw the darkness of that night which fell over Richmond. Throughout the city reigned a quiet, undemonstrative confusion, such as the realization of the inevitable draws with it—hardly a soul in all the capital found rest in sleep, for on the morrow it was certain that the dream of an independent Confederacy would have blown over like a mist from the sea. Never before had Richmond felt that the doom of capture was in store for her. During four long years the armies of the enemy had been beaten away from her very gates; but now the sad realization of the inevitable seemed to possess the gallant Confederate citizens. During the years of conflict they had become inured to the rattle of their windows by the thunder of the Federal guns, but now all was suddenly changed."

Yet even on that last desperate retreat which ended at Appomattox Courthouse the courage of officers and men flamed high as ever. "All over, sir?" replied Major Stiles with the greatest sincerity, as he tells us, to the mournful ejaculation of a civilian friend too old to march in the ranks—"over, sir? Why, sir, it has just begun. We are now where a good many of us have for a good while longed to be. Richmond gone, nothing to take care of, foot loose, and, thank God! out of these miserable lines. Now we may be able to get what we have longed for for months—a fair fight in an open field.

The gallant Major, who had served his guns in the thick of the fight from the opening days of the war, was spared the

closing scene at Appomattox by being taken prisoner a day or two earlier at Sailors Creek at the end of a murderous day. The finale of this, the last battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, in which Lee's rear guard under Ewell was isolated by overwhelming numbers, degenerated into a mere butchery and a confused mêlée of brutal personal conflicts. "I saw numbers of men," says Major Stiles, "kill each other with bayonets and the butts of muskets, and even bite each other's throats and ears and noses, rolling on the ground like wild beasts. I had cautioned my men against wearing 'Yankee overcoats,' especially in battle, but had not been able to enforce the order perfectly, and almost at my side I saw a young fellow of one of my companies jam the muzzle of his musket against the back of the head of his most intimate friend, clad in a Yankee overcoat, and blow his brains out. I was wedged in between fighting men, only my right arm free. I tried to strike the musket barrel up; but alas! my sword had broken in the clash, and I could not reach it. I well remember the yell of demoniac triumph with which that simple country lad of yesterday clubbed his musket and whirled savagely upon another victim."

Yet these men were to a large extent soft garrison troops, uninured to labor and hardship and privation and peril, tried almost beyond human endurance by the audacious pressure of the enemy's cavalry and by our lack of rest and food.

MAJOR STILES'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.

He was of all men most attractive to us, yet by no means most approachable. We loved him much, but we revered him more. We never criticised, never doubted him, never attributed to him either moral error or mental weakness—no, not even in our secret hearts or most audacious thoughts. I really believe it would have strained and blurred our strongest and clearest conceptions of the distinction between right and wrong to have entertained even for a moment the thought that he had ever acted from any other than the purest and loftiest motive. I never but once heard of such a suggestion, and then it so transported the hearers that military subordination was forgotten, and the colonel who heard it rushed with drawn sword against the major general who made it.

THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

BY M. M. TEAGAR, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Fair, gentle hands their rarest flowers strew  
O'er grassy mounds where Southland's heroes sleep,  
And summer skies shed tears of crystal dew  
And sleepless stars their nightly vigils keep;  
While glory blazed upon the mountain steep  
And vigilance impelled thy spirit on,  
Thy virtues flowed in currents pure and deep  
From limpid springs and sparkling fountains drawn.  
Affection bows in sacred rev'rence here—  
Gives honors due to valor's sacred trust;  
At freedom's shrine she drops a silent tear,  
As immortelles spring from the honored dust,  
Where cypress bends and weeping willows wave  
Their tender, drooping boughs o'er Stonewall Jackson's grave.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. C. M. GOODLETT.—The portrait of Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, first President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which was formally presented at the San Francisco Convention, 1905, is being preserved in the Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans.



## WILCOX'S ALABAMIANS IN VIRGINIA.

BY B. F. PHILLIPS, ASHER, OKLA.

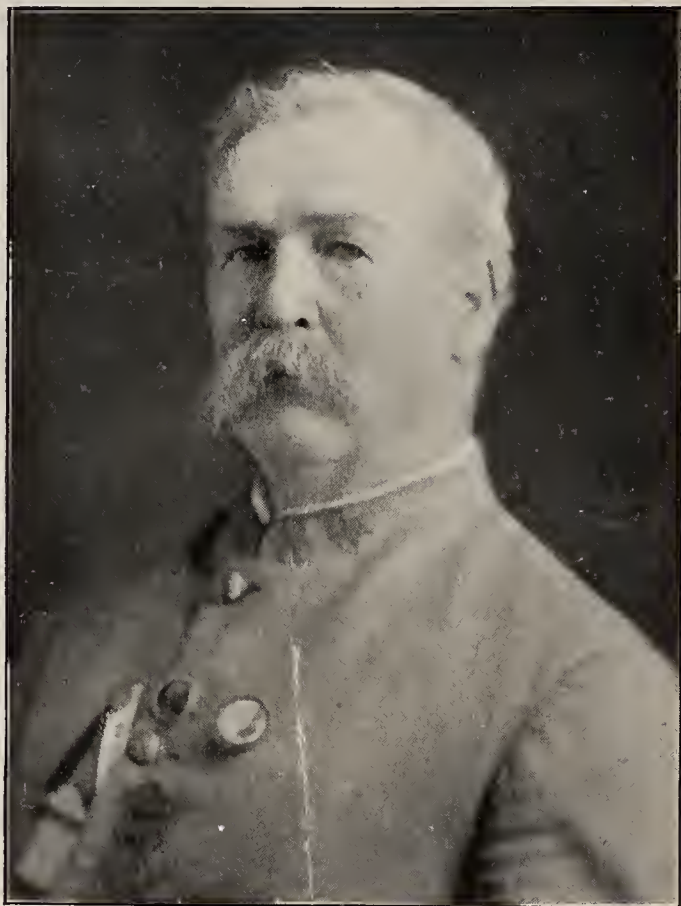
Through the request of friends and comrades I send to the VETERAN a short sketch of Gen. C. M. Wilcox's old brigade of Alabamians which was in the Virginia Army, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, at the close of the war. Wilcox was first colonel of the 9th Alabama Regiment, to which I belonged, and was promoted to brigadier general before we went to Yorktown. He remained brigadier commander of the Alabama brigade until after the battle of Gettysburg. My brother, J. C. Phillips, drove his headquarters wagon while he was brigadier general. After the battle of Gettysburg, Wilcox was promoted to major general. Our brigade was in the famous battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days' Fight, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., North Anna, Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Salem Church, second battle of Fredericksburg, the battle of the Crater, and various others. The first battle we were in was at Williamsburg. The fight of Salem Church was on the 2d of May, 1863, where we fought a division of Federals and drove them back across the Rappahannock River. In this battle we had the heavy loss of one hundred and seventy-two men killed and wounded out of our regiment. . . . Many small engagements occurred between the two armies around Petersburg. The most noted one was down on the Weldon railroad at the old salt works.

In July, 1864, the enemy undermined our breastworks in front of Battery No. 5 near Petersburg. On the morning of July 30 about daybreak the mine was sprung, which blew up Battery No. 5 and parts of the 18th and the 22d South Carolina Regiments. Early on that morning Mahone's old brigade charged to retake our breastworks, which had been captured by a division of negroes, who rushed into the Crater soon after the explosion of the mine. Mahone's men failing to retake the breastworks, they rushed into the left of the Crater; then Wright's old brigade of Georgians charged on the Crater, and were driven back with heavy loss. The old brigade of General Wilcox, which was composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments, was sent for. We went down a zigzag ravine until we came to the mouth of another ravine, then we marched up this ravine. About two o'clock in the afternoon a detail was made to send for water, and while waiting for its return General Mahone walked in front of the line and told us that the negroes in the Crater had hollered: "Remember Fort Pillow! No quarters!" He said it was a life-and-death struggle, and for us not to take any of them, but to load our guns, fix bayonets, and go stooped as far as we could without being seen, and then to rise and go in among them and give them h—; and we tried to obey orders. Just before the job was completed General Mahone sent orders to us not to kill quite all of them. I don't know how many were left, but there were thousands of them killed. We stayed at the Crater that night.

The next morning the Federals raised a flag of truce and came over to bury the negroes. I stood on the bank of the Crater and watched them dig pits between the two lines to bury the negroes in. The explosion of the mine, called the Crater, made a big hole in the ground; it seemed at least fifty feet deep, about one hundred feet wide, and about two hundred feet long. Grant commenced to tunnel our breastworks in a ravine behind his own works, some one hundred and fifty yards from our line and about fifty yards behind his own works.

On the night of the 31st of July our brigade was relieved from the Crater, and we went back to our former position, about a mile and a half from the Crater. There we remained until sometime in March. We were then sent over to near Drewry's Bluff, on the James River. About the 3d of April we evacuated Petersburg.

Near Amelia C. H. I was captured and kept until the day



B. F. PHILLIPS.

Lee surrendered, the 9th of April, 1865. I was then sent back to Point Lookout, Md., and kept in prison two months and one day. When captured, I weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds; and when released, on the 7th of June, I weighed one hundred and ten pounds.

I arrived at my old home, in Lauderdale County, Ala., on the 27th of June, 1865. I am now a member of Camp No. 1134, U. C. V., and Assistant Adjutant General Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. I belonged to Company I, 9th Alabama Regiment. Three brothers of us belonged to that company. The eldest, G. W. Phillips, was killed at Frayser's Farm in the Seven Days' Fight.

EXPENSIVE DIFFIDENCE.—Frank Schooler was in the Virginia Army, and after one of its hard battles he was going over the field and saw a dying Federal officer who had on a fine gold watch and chain. Frank said he hated to rob a dying man; and seeing that the officer would live but a short time, he concluded to go to a near-by spring and get a drink, then return and get the valuables from the dead man's pocket. When he returned, he found that some other fellow had gotten them, evidently not so scrupulous.—*W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.*



## LOUISIANA REUNION AT SHREVEPORT.

The Times of Shreveport deserves expressions of gratitude from all Confederates for its elaborate report of the recent Reunion in that city. Besides, that paper urges editorially legislation by the State in behalf of monuments. The last Legislature appropriated \$100,000 for this purpose, but because there was "no money available" the Governor vetoed the bill. The Times says practically: "It is the business of the State to find the money."

In his address of welcome, Mayor Bernstein said: "God forbid that we should forget the story learned at our mother's knee of the self-sacrifice and heroism of our fathers! The example of fearless devotion to duty which you brave warriors engraved on the pages of history will ever be to us a guide and an inspiration. You fought for a principle; you battled for a righteous cause. Principle is eternal and never dies. The South was defeated, but she preserved her self-respect and won the admiration of the world. Better that we should have fought and lost than that the proud South should have cowardly submitted to an invasion of its constitutional rights. We have no apology to make, nor is any expected by our brethren of the North, who have greater respect for us because of the fight you gave them. You fought the good fight; you kept the faith. The South accepts the results without bitterness, and none have a greater love for the stars and stripes than the soldiers in gray who battled under the stars and bars. To you, men of iron, I extend the city's welcome with the wish that time may deal gently with you and that we may see you all and shake your hands again next year."

'In parting, old friends, here's a health:

A cup of greeting to you all.

Whenever the evening's shades of life

Around your faithful spirits fall,

A hand to you and a health to you

And golden memory's wealth to you

For the old days, for the old trying days.'"

Following the address of welcome, Dr. McCloud introduced Maj. Gen. J. A. Prudhomme, Commanding the Louisiana Division, who responded to the welcome address in behalf of his comrades. He thanked the citizens of Shreveport, the Progressive League, the Louisiana State Fair Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Camp LeRoy Stafford for the royal manner in which he and his comrades had been welcomed to the city of Shreveport. "It is always a source of great satisfaction, wherever we may be invited, that we always receive a hearty welcome from the people," said General Prudhomme. "It proves the esteem in which we are held and the love felt by the Confederate cause."

T. W. Castleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, was elected Major General Commanding the Division, succeeding General Prudhomme. It was decided to hold the next Reunion at a place and date to be later named by the Commanding General.

## MANSFIELD BATTLE PARK ASSOCIATION

An appeal for aid in this worthy undertaking asks: "Are you a Southerner, and is the cause of the Confederacy dear to you? If so, you are interested in the commemoration of one of the most important battles won by the Confederacy in the State."

The Mansfield Battle Park Association, organized in June, 1906, has for its purpose the commemoration of the battle

of Mansfield. It is proposed to purchase one hundred acres in which the important points of the battle were fought and establish the "Mansfield Battle Park." The place has much natural beauty, and can easily be made a spot that will fill every Southern heart with pride. To carry on the work which is planned, funds are necessary. Contributions are asked with a view to securing a liberal donation from the State at the next session of the Legislature.

Memberships to the Association are sought. The fee is fifty cents a year, and can be sent to Mrs. E. T. Robinson, Treasurer, Mansfield, La. Mrs. C. E. Jenkins is the President and Mrs. H. T. Liverman is the Secretary.

Additional information will be supplied by application to the Secretary.

## NOTES FROM R. E. LEE CHAPTER, HOUSTON.

BY ABBIE F. SMITH, COR. SEC. R. E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The ladies of R. E. Lee Chapter are jubilant. The balance due on "The Spirit of the Confederacy" is now cash in hand—nearly \$1,700. Mrs. O. T. Holt and Mrs. M. E. Bryan having secured the purse of Fortunatus, the monument fund is complete. Happy the Chapter that numbers such Daughters among its leaders.

The Chapter is grateful to all who proffered help. It is a matter of frequent comment in Chapter circles that the Houston Post and the Houston Chronicle have freely given thousands of dollars' worth of advertising space to the U. D. C. work. Often kindly words of commendation reach us, giving pleasure and encouragement as they pass from one to another; as, for instance, the sympathetic expression of Mr. Frank Clemmens, the young captain of the Leans of the ball game at a benefit for the Chapter, that he had never yet been able to do for the Daughters of the Confederacy all his heart dictated.

The recent celebration at Alhambra Hall of the anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg was in every sense—historic, devotional, artistic, social—a success. The presence of survivors of Hood's Brigade was an inspiration. The manifest interest of the officers of Hood's Texas Brigade Junior, Messrs. J. B. Jaqua, Louis and Gustave Dittmar, and Henderson Yoakum, was a prophecy; in eyes of young and old shone beacon lights of patriotism. Members of our loyal clergy devoutly thanked God, who had given such sons to our country, and music and oratory did honor to the veterans.

A fine programme was delightfully rendered. By request of the visitors, the evening closed with the ringing strains of the yell, the Confederate war cry. Very gratifying to R. E. Lee Chapter were the visits of friends from beyond the line of Mason and Dixon, and even from the isles of the sea, whose presence was an appreciated tribute to our heroes.

"What things are lovely, of good report," O Daughters, "think on them."

UNCLE SAM'S PENSIONERS.—From the National Tribune information is obtained that on July 1, 1906, there were on the roll of Federal pensioners 985,971; and although there were added 31,034 to the list to June 30, 1907, there had been dropped during the year 49,634, making the list at latest report 967,371. The aggregate deaths of Civil War veterans were 29,208, making eight deaths for the year over an average of eighty per day. The amount paid in pensions for the year was \$138,155,412, and the aggregate amount paid in pensions by the government to June 30, 1907, was \$3,369,135,449.



*STRONG STAFF OFFICIALS OF MARYLAND LINE.*

Brig. Gen. Oswald Tilghman (Secretary of State), the Commander of the First Brigade, Maryland Division, has appointed as his staff the following: Adjutant General, Lieut. Col. James W. Denny; Inspector, Maj. Samuel D. Buck; Quartermaster, Maj. Louis W. Trail; Commissary, Maj. James L. Kernan; Judge Advocate, Maj. Fielder C. Slingluff; Surgeon, Maj. James G. Wiltshire, M.D.; Chaplains, Capts. Henry T. Sharp and Edward R. Rich; Aids-de-Camp, Capt. Edward S. Judge, James M. Garnett, William H. Brent, B. Frank Bond, Henry Holliday, Sr., and James B. Chastain.

The five Camps comprising General Tilghman's Brigade are as follows: James R. Herbert, Franklin Buchanan, Isaac R. Trimble, and Arnold Elzey, of Baltimore, and Charles S. Winder, at Easton. The Aids-de-Camp represent the Camps respectively. Major Trail and Chaplain Rich live at Easton, Md., while the other members of the staff are Baltimoreans.

Brig. Gen. Spencer C. Jones, of Rockville, commands the Second Brigade, composed of the Camps not in the First Brigade. These two Brigades compose the Maryland Division, U. C. V., under Maj. Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, with staff officers.

According to the constitution and by-laws of the U. C. V., each Camp corresponds with a Regiment, five Camps constituting one Brigade. There are twelve Camps in the Maryland Division. These comrades hold to the old name, "Maryland Line."

General Tilghman was captain of the Rock City Artillery, which at Port Hudson sank the Mississippi, which had among her officers Lieutenant (now Admiral) Dewey. General Tilghman is an ex-State Senator. His ancestor was Col. Tench Tilghman, of Washington's staff, who, by his famous ride across land and water, carried to the Congress in Philadelphia Washington's dispatch announcing the surrender of Cornwallis.

Colonel Denny is an ex-Congressman. He was connected with Gen. R. E. Lee's staff and headquarters. Major Kernan is the owner and proprietor of the Hotel Kernan and two theaters connected therewith. Dr. Wiltshire was a lieutenant under Mosby, and known as one of his best fighters and daring scouts.

General Tilghman's staff was appointed previous to the last Reunion U. C. V., held in Richmond, Va., and to aid the historical work in progress in Baltimore, which involves chiefly the eliminating from public schools of histories that are unfair and offensive to the South and the substituting thereof of histories by Southern authors, as was done some years since through the Confederate Camps in Virginia.

The historical and record work is under a joint committee from the four Camps in Baltimore, of which Col. Winfield Peters is chairman. He is the Maryland representative of the "Historical Committee" and of the "Committee on Southern School History" of the U. C. V. Association.

The work of benevolence, especially the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., is under the management of the Maryland Line, with the active assistance of the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy.

*JONESVILLE (S. C.) MONUMENT.*

John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., was organized August 2, 1901, in the town of Jonesville, S. C. It was named in honor of a gallant soldier of Union District, S. C.

Captain Hames was born October 23, 1836, near Jonesville. He volunteered in June, 1861, and went to Virginia as an "independent." Later, because of impaired health, he returned home. Soon afterwards a company of young men from his county was formed, and John Hames was elected its second lieutenant. That company became B of the 18th



JOHN HAMES.

Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, and was sent to Charleston. On the 6th of May, 1862, at Camp Guerin he was

elected captain. The next month they were ordered to Virginia, and in the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, Captain Hames and his brother, Sergeant C. A. Hames, were both killed. Their bodies were brought home, and rest in Gilead Cemetery, near Jonesville.

The chief aim of this Chapter was to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Union District. After nearly six years their hopes were realized, and on May 17, 1907, a granite shaft twenty-three feet high and seven and a half base was unveiled in the town of Jonesville.

On the second base is inscribed: "Confederate Soldiers." On the north side, "Erected by the John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., 1907,"

over which are carved crossed swords. Other inscriptions:



THE MONUMENT.



On the east side:

"The arms are stacked, the flags are furled,  
The sound of battle no longer falls;  
But our soldiers showed to a waiting world  
How to answer when duty calls."

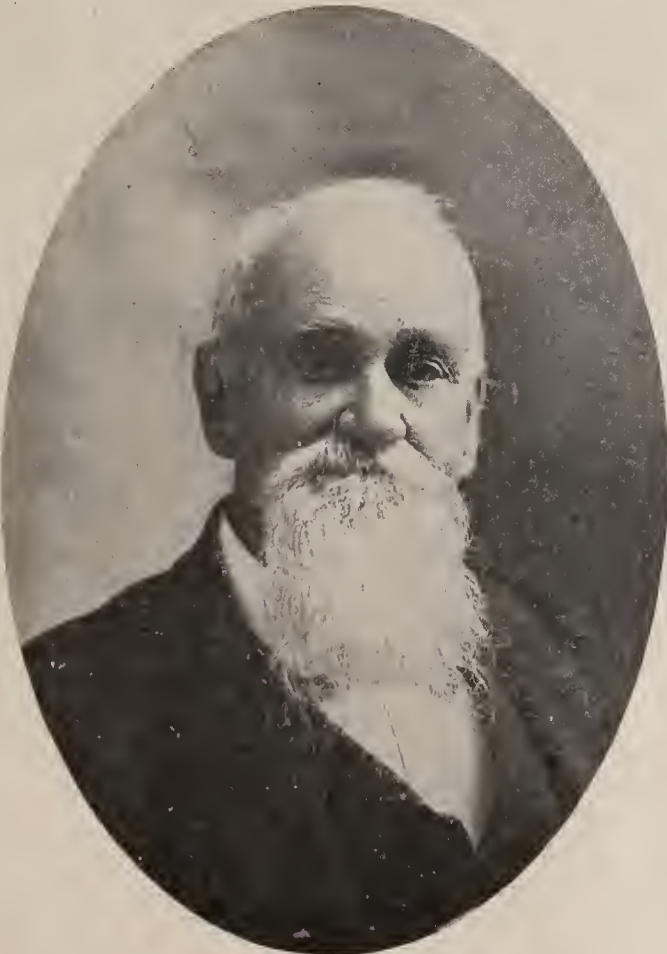
South side:

"From north to south, from east to west  
Their ashes scattered lie;  
But in the region of the blest  
Their spirits sing on high."

An anchor is carved above this inscription. West side: "C. S. A., 1861-65. To the Confederate Dead of Union District." Crossed guns are above this inscription.

The monument is inclosed by a neat iron fence and occupies a prominent place in the town. The opening prayer at the unveiling was by the much-loved chaplain of the 18th Regiment, S. C. V., Rev. A. A. James; the address was by Col. W. W. Lumpkin, of Columbia, S. C.

Rev. A. A. James was born July 26, 1824, in Yorkville, S. C., where he attended the schools of the place until 1844, when he went to the Ebenezer Academy and prepared for college. Under the instruction of Rev. P. E. Bishop, he entered the junior class of Davidson College, North Carolina, in 1846, and graduated in 1848, taking the first honor in his class. He entered the Theological Seminary in Columbia



REV. A. A. JAMES.

in October, 1848, and graduated in 1851, going directly to his present pastoral charge. When the War between the States began, the 18th South Carolina Volunteers were organized with four companies from Union, two from Spartanburg, two from York, one from Anderson, one from Darlington, numbering one thousand men. The colonel, Gadberry, would not

appoint a chaplain, but submitted the appointment to a vote of the regiment, and A. A. James was elected. He reported immediately for duty, and continued to hold services and minister to the sick and wounded until the close of the war. Then returning to his pastoral charge, he has preached regularly to the present time.

[The foregoing report comes from Miss Anna C. Hames, Secretary John Hames Chapter, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C.]

## FLAG FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA RIFLES.

[Maj. John B. Moore, now of Colusa, Cal., wrote to the Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson, S. C.:]

I see in the July VETERAN your report of the passing of eight comrades. Those old and decrepit soldiers now resting under the shade of the trees over the river were stalwart, handsome, determined, and brave soldiers in the Confederate army. You know not how grateful the old soldiers are for your love, care, sympathy, and honors conferred while living and the honors you are pleased to bestow in memory of our dead. May God's blessings (as I believe they do) rest upon your labor! The Confederate soldier fought for State rights and constitutional liberty; and these must yet be maintained.

My special interest in writing is to call your attention to R. H. Y. Lowry. He was orderly sergeant, as reported, but he was more: he was first to carry the flag of our regiment, Orr's Rifles. In 1862 on Sullivan's Island, on the west end of the old meetinghouse, stood Colonel Orr in full uniform, surrounded by his staff (and Crayton was one), also by many ladies and distinguished men from the city (Charleston), his regiment closed in a mass before him, when the ladies of that city presented the beautiful silken flag to the regiment. I think, though I am not certain, that it was Preston who made the presentation speech and delivered the flag to Colonel Orr. The speech, however, was able, patriotic, and touching. Colonel Orr received the flag, speaking in reply to Preston and extending thanks, and made one of the best speeches of his life. Then, turning to the ensign, he said: "Sergeant Lowry, I know this flag will never trail the dust till its folds cover your body."

## J. C. MOORE'S BRIGADE, NOT W. P. ROGERS'S.

BY J. MONT WILSON, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The article on the first page of the VETERAN for June makes it appear that Col. William Rogers was commander of the brigade. The Federal adjutant so states in his letter. In justice to Brig. Gen. John C. Moore, who was the commander, this fact does not detract from the fame of Colonel Rogers.

General Moore's brigade was composed of the 2d Texas, 15th and 23d Arkansas, 35th Mississippi, and 42d Alabama Regiments. In driving the Federals for three miles through the fallen timber and obstructions described by the Federal adjutant, the 2d Texas and 15th Arkansas were cut off from the three other regiments, and General Moore was with them. Colonel Rogers, being the senior colonel, took charge of the two regiments, and drove everything before them till uniting with the balance of the brigade. But this was on Friday, the first day. Every officer and man in the 15th Arkansas admired Colonel Rogers, and I heard the lieutenant colonel of our regiment remark that if Colonel Rogers had lived he would have been made a major general. He certainly would have been made a brigadier. General Moore's gallantry as colonel of the 2d Texas at Shiloh made him a brigadier general when Lieutenant Colonel Rogers became colonel of the 2d Texas.



## GEN. HORATIO C. KING AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY.

ADDRESS OF UNION VETERAN TO CONFEDERATES MAY 26, 1907.

*Comrades and Friends:* Hushed is the din of battle. The clash of resounding arms no more rends the air with its horrible discord. The cruel cannon are silent, and the death-dealing volleys of musketry echo in memory only. Under the sword in this God's beautiful half acre lie in peaceful repose the remains of many men who fought with a desperation that confirmed their belief in the justice of their cause. They fought for their homes and for the principles in which they thoroughly believed, and thousands upon thousands laid down their lives inspired by patriotic motives and counted this sacrifice none too great. For four long, weary years the sunny Southland echoed the tread of vast battalions which marched and countermarched over its devastated fields and with desperate bravery contended for the mastery and for independence. Rattling muskets and bellowing guns were served valiantly by as brave partisans as ever responded to the call to arms. The men who composed both the Northern and Southern forces were never equaled by any armies the outside world has ever seen. They were not mere machines with little knowledge of the purpose for which they were brought into the field. Intelligent, keen, quick to apprehend and prompt to obey, each side held to their determined and bloody work until, exhausted of men and material resources, the South laid down its arms to a generous foe.

That the war was desperate and prolonged was due to the nativity and like temperament of the combatants. When the great orator and divine, Henry Ward Beecher, was in Europe, he was severely chaffed by an Englishman because of the North's frequent reverses in the great war then in progress. Mr. Beecher, a little nettled, replied: "Ah, my friend, please to bear in mind that we are not fighting Europeans; we are fighting Americans." So the magnificent valor exhibited on both sides in that unparalleled conflict is a common heritage of which all Americans are proud.

I share with you in the reflected glory of your immortal Lee and of the many brilliant officers who led you to victory and comforted and counseled you in final defeat. We were brothers then, simply estranged for a while by a difference of opinion on constitutional questions, and we are tenfold closer brothers now that these questions have been settled by the arbitrament of war, and settled forever.

Certainly one notable result of the struggle was that both sides learned to know each other better and to revise their opinions, which were mutually based upon imperfect knowledge. In the "Lady of Lyons" the peppery but gallant Damas is made to say, "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I have fought him;" and surely out of respect, when the last shot was fired, sprang the renewed esteem and friendship which animated the contending hosts, who shared their hard-tack and coffee and drank something more stimulating than either from the same canteen.

Indeed, throughout the four years of bloody strife there never was a time that the North was not ready to treat with the South with a view to any compromise that did not involve the dismemberment of the Union.

No more remarkable spectacle has ever been witnessed in the world's history than the healing of the differences and dissensions arising out of that awful struggle. That it was greatly retarded by the wretched and disgraceful period of obstructive misnamed reconstruction, none but blind partisans will now deny. Had the men who had confronted each other

on many a stubborn and bloody field been permitted to dictate the terms of settlement, the bitterness engendered by the war would have speedily subsided.

The two sections of our great country were educated and trained in diverse views of the powers devolved upon the States by the Constitution. It was State rights against State sovereignty. As happily expressed by a Southern poet, a brave Confederate soldier, Dr. Clarkson, of Virginia:

"They tell a legend of two knights of old,  
Two haughty men, who on the highway met;  
Of brave, of kindred stock were they, and yet  
With fiery speech and anger uncontrolled  
They each drew lance against kinsman bold  
Because a shield, suspended 'twixt the two,  
To each brought only one side into view,  
And one had said 'twas brass; the other, gold.

And so o'er this they fought—for thus 'tis told—  
Till both were winded, when, in changing place,  
Each saw the shield, but viewed its other face,  
One fell. The other lowered his lance. Behold!  
No more they strive. Their rash dissensions cease,  
And each extends the open palm of peace!"

Out of the amazing conflict at which all civilized nations stood aghast the United States emerged with renewed vigor. With giant strides it has taken its place at the head of the column. The republic is no longer an experiment, and the reunited North and South in friendly rivalry work together. "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the presence of the dead what unrighteous hand shall resurrect these buried animosities? And to this death must we and all who participated in that mighty conflict soon come. Death is ever a mystery, and yet it is "the old, old fashion—the fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the whole firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion, Death. O thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion of immortality!"

"Hate shuts her soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads;" and we give thanks for that broader humanity and brighter patriotism which has driven out hate, buried the animosities of the past, and drawn together in fraternal handclasp all who love their common country. The bitterness engendered by the war has happily subsided, and hand in hand every loyal son, North and South, "keeps step to the music of the Union," and those whom the God of battles has joined together let no man put asunder. In friendship, charity, and loyalty this nation shall go forward, prospering and to prosper, the beacon light of civilization and the controller for good of the destinies of the world.

It is the comforting belief of many that the disembodied spirits of the dead return to earth and hover over the scenes familiar to them in their former experience.

May we not imagine that the embattled hosts who met in sanguinary conflict here now look upon this gathering with emotions of gratitude and joy? In our mind's eye I behold the phantom specters of blue and gray, linked arm in arm, march in review. There is no roar of conflict, but a joyful uplift of thankfulness for peace and a restored Union.

"And in command supreme o'er all  
March Grant and Lee, and at their side



The martyred Lincoln, at whose call  
Unnumbered thousands fought and died."

As I look into your faces, as I mark your gray hairs and bent figures, it is hard to realize that but seemingly a few short years ago you were the lithe and active striplings who made the world stand in awe at your prowess and mighty deeds. But all of us have passed the crown of the hill and are nearing with rapid strides our eternal home. The problem of death is no more a mystery to me than the problem of birth. The supreme power that projected us upon the sphere will take care of us in another and better country when we have rounded out our earthly career and our work is done. I echo the feeling of my honored father, who met the grim reaper with cheerful courage, saying with a smile: "I am ready; it is simply to cross the street to meet my old friends again." So too I often recall and repeat the prophetic utterance of your immortal Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Rest! yea, rest and peace forever and forever. We await with equanimity the inevitable summons; and

"When life's campaign is at an end  
And we are mustered out,  
The Yankee cheer and Rebel yell  
Will mingle in one shout;  
We'll greet our old antagonists,  
And then no more shall know  
No Union nor Confederate  
With Benny Havens O!"

#### PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY DR. R. L. M'CLUNG, CAPTAIN COMPANY K, 15TH ARK. REGT.

I was a prisoner of war, being captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862, and sent to Johnson's Island, and was released in September. I was afterwards in the siege of Port Hudson, La., and again captured and sent to Johnson's Island, to the same block and mess of my former occupancy. In a rat hunt we caught about five hundred wharf rats, piled them up and divided them out, then cooked and ate them. Prisoners offered to exchange gold dollars for rats—a dollar each—but could not buy them.

In the winter of 1863 four of us had our toes and heels frozen around the stoves. Every nail and every knot on the inside of the wall was covered with a shield of ice. We laid several plans to get out; but the Yanks always detected us in them until the last plan, which was not consummated before exchange was ordered. In our plan we elected the one-legged General Trimble to lead us out. We were to know our places and wait for orders, but the order never came. Lieutenant Bowles, from Kentucky, one moonlight night took about twenty-five men and made ladders out of their bed slats and started over the thirteen-foot wall around us. Lieutenant Bowles was shot dead, some of the men were clubbed back, while others got over the wall, about which time that old, long signal gun fired, and everybody who heard it for miles around knew what it meant. The next morning we were told that the woods were full of men, women, and children hunting for the escaped Rebels. The ground was covered with snow, and some of the men when returned to prison had frozen noses, ears, feet, and fingers.

Besides this rat question (to show our starvation), and in addition to the cold (for we were very scantily clothed),

Major Pierson (I have never liked the name of Pierson since) placed an order on our bulletin board in these words: "Any prisoner preferring the oath of allegiance to returning to service in the Southern army will be placed in Block No. 1, and will be furnished sugar, coffee, and blankets. Report at once to Maj. W. S. Pierson, Commanding."

We had one Captain Stephens (I have forgotten his command) who wrote out a petition for the oath, and started after reveille one morning to the "big gate" to deposit his petition. It dropped from his pocket on the sidewalk, and was brought to our mess (Block 8, Mess 2). When Captain Stephens returned, we had a seance. Some kicked him out at the door; his colonel came along and was shown the paper, and the colonel slashed him with his cane and, with a by-word common to soldier life, told the Captain that he did not want to draw his blood, but he wished to chastise him. Captain Stephens's bed and his two blankets were thrown out at the door. He took them and went down near the lower pump, and made what is called a "dog tent" out of one blanket and put his straw bed and the other blanket under there, and there he remained for a long time, as Pierson did not fulfill his promise.

Major Pierson also wrote an order stating that any prisoner found digging a tunnel would be shot. Then we went to digging in earnest. A tunnel was started from the deadhouse. The dirt dug out was hid under the floor until that was filled, and then it was put between the ceiling and weatherboards. A Yankee sergeant came by one day and found it after it was nearly completed. He pushed his six-shooter down in the hole and fired, but luckily there was no one in the tunnel.

A Captain Meadows was shot through the knee one night by a sentinel without any cause as he was on the pathway to the sinks. He recovered, went back to the army, was recaptured, and placed in the same old room. He was afterwards shot through the other knee, but recovered.

Does anybody recollect the speech old "Brownlow" made from the wall, and how we bleated him off? And how, when a certain Yankee lieutenant would appear above the wall near by the blockhouse to call the names of a few who petitioned for the oath, the cry would resound over the prison of "Purp call, purp call?" Two little children were brought in by a Yankee one day, and how we crowded around to see them! Captain Fite would take his stand on an upper platform about the middle of the row and repeat that old Hardshell sermon, beginning with: "And he shall gnaw a file and flee to the land of Hepsedam, where the lion roars and the whang-doodle mourns for her firstborn." He would hold a thousand men spellbound by that old sermon. He would give it often of evenings. I well remember the cry of the soldier a Yankee shot there one day for deserting. I stayed on the Island the last time from July 28, 1863, to March 3, 1865.

Report comes from Lexington, Ky., that a book, "Story of the Great Republic," has been barred from the city schools there because of "alleged disrespect" shown therein to Gen. John H. Morgan, and that the author, H. A. Guerber, a New Jersey woman, is willing to make a change, so it may be continued in the public schools. Surely Kentuckians will not use a book the spirit of whose author would prompt such expression. We are hard up for books when we make such a compromise.





CAPT. H. B. LOVE, OF PARIS, TEX., AND HIS TWELVE SURVIVING CHILDREN.

Capt. H. B. Love, Commander of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Paris, Tex., appears in the above picture with his twelve surviving children. He has been twice married, first to Miss "Puss" Fielding, of Athens, Ala., who was the mother of eight children—one dead. The second wife was Miss Mollie Forshee, whose father, George Forshee, was killed in the war. By that marriage there were seven children, five of whom, together with the seven surviving children of the first marriage, appear in the group with the father. The parents of Comrade Love, Thomas Love and Mary A. Crutcher, were born in Virginia, and were taken by their parents to Madison County, Ala., where they were married. There is a large family connection in the South.

#### TENNESSEE DIVISION OF CONFEDERATES.

The Tennessee Division, U. C. V., met at Covington on October 9, 1907, with a large attendance of delegates, and there were many visitors there at the time. The Pension Board and the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home both submitted reports, which were adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes. The pension report showed that Tennessee appropriates annually \$300,000 for soldiers and \$75,000 for widows, that there are now 4,011 soldiers and 1,129 widows on the rolls, that the highest pension paid soldiers is \$300 and the lowest is \$60 per year, and that the highest paid widows is \$72 and the lowest is \$60. The Trustees of the Home reported that there are now 114 inmates in the Home, and that the State appropriated a *per capita* of \$135, with which the inmates are fed, clothed, and cared for.

Frank Cheatham Camp presented resolutions against the appointment of the "modern" woman to staff positions, which were unanimously adopted and ordered presented to the next General Convention, to be held in Birmingham.

#### WORTHY TRIBUTE TO OLD NEGROES.

Gen. George W. Gordon offered the following preambles and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas there has ever been and still is a ready recognition throughout the Southern States of the faithful and praise-

worthy course and conduct of the slaves toward their then owners and their many unprotected families during our interstate war, from 1861 to 1865; and whereas we deem it just and due to the good faith and good name of said slaves, as also to their former owners and to history, that this highly instructive and most significant fact be promulgated and perpetuated; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the delegates and representatives of the Tennessee Division of the Federation of United Confederate Veterans here assembled that a stately and durable monument should be erected at some central and appropriate site in the South to the faithfulness and praiseworthiness and to the fidelity and allegiance of the slaves to their owners and to their families during the great American war mentioned.

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary be, and hereby is, instructed to prepare a copy of these preambles and resolutions to be offered for adoption at the next Reunion of the General Federation of United Confederates, at Birmingham, Ala., in 1908.

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the delegates of the Tennessee Division of United Confederate Veterans that the negroes who faithfully served as attachés, employees, or servants in the Confederate army till the close of the war should be pensioned by amendment to the pension laws now in operation in this State."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George W. Gordon, Major General, Commanding the Division; John M. Brooks, Clay Stacker, John H. McDowell, Brigadier Generals, Commanding respectively the First, Second, and Third Brigades; John P. Hickman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Hearty thanks were extended for the bountiful hospitality of the people of Covington.

The Division then adjourned to meet in Nashville on the second Wednesday in October, 1908.

W. H. Cleere, of Haleyville, Ala., asks information in regard to the Confederate service of Seborn L. Garrett, of Salem, Lee County, Ala., of the 6th Alabama Regiment, who, it seems, was captured somewhere on the 19th of October, 1864.



## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WEST POINT.

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN J. M. STONE CHAPTER.

In the beautiful little city of West Point, Miss., stands this imposing Confederate monument, unveiled on August 8, 1907. It is placed in Russell Park, named for its donor, Col. E. L. Russell, of Mobile, Ala., who generously donated the plot of ground as a location for the monument, and it was erected by the John M. Stone Chapter, U. D. C., of West Point. This monument stands as a testimony of their belief in a righteous though defeated cause, as a token of their love and reverence for the soldiers who wore the gray, and as a realization of their fondest hopes after years of untiring efforts. The members of the John M. Stone Chapter have proven themselves worthy of the name "Daughters of the Confederacy." This shaft of stone to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier and to show to generations yet unborn the public spirit and patriotism of the women of the South will stand as a sentinel through coming years and remind us and our successors of their heroic deeds of valor.

August 8, 1907, is called West Point's greatest day. It is estimated that seven thousand people witnessed the unveiling ceremonies. A beautiful programme had been arranged, and was perfectly executed. A special train from Camp Columbus brought a battalion of infantry, with Adjutant General Fridge and staff, of the Mississippi National Guard, who joined in the parade, which, comprising veterans, Daughters

of the Confederacy, carriages containing the orator of the day and others on the programme, the West Point band, and elegantly decorated traps containing guests and citizens, made the most imposing parade seen in Mississippi for years. At five o'clock the unveiling ceremonies proper occurred.

T. M. Mosely, Commander of Camp Ben Robertson, was master of ceremonies. Following the salute by the rifle company was the invocation by Rev. H. M. Sydenstricker, after which the male quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." The address of welcome was by Mrs. H. C. Terrell, President of John M. Stone Chapter, and some remarks were made by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President State Division, U. D. C. The response from veterans was by W. S. Coleman, Adjutant of Camp Robertson. The monument was unveiled by Mrs. T. G. Ivy, Honorary President; and as the shaft was disclosed, she recited with pathos and feeling the beautiful lines of "The Conquered Banner." Hon. F. A. Critz introduced the speaker of the occasion, Dr. W. T. Bolling. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. S. Lewis. The programme was interspersed with selections by the band. The Confederate States were represented by young ladies, whose pretty faces and costumes brightened the scene.

An appropriate finale to the day was the reception given by Mrs. H. C. Terrell at her home, to which the whole town was bidden. The house and grounds were beautifully decorated in Confederate colors, and the hostess dispensed the most gracious hospitality.

The John M. Stone Chapter is now resting on the laurels of an achieved success, and points with pride to the monument which expresses in lasting and permanent form their sentiments, love, and patriotism.

The following inscriptions are on slabs between crossed swords: West side: "1861—Gloria Victis—1865." On space next below: "John M. Stone Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, pays tribute to the Confederate soldiers of Clay County."

The figures face north and south, that on the north representing a Confederate soldier at parade rest; the one on the south, a modern soldier and equipments. On the east side are the inscriptions:

"No nation rose so white and fair  
Or fell so pure of crime."

"Clay County holds in proud and grateful remembrance her brave and loyal sons who preferred death to a betrayal of her dearest principles."

"Might Overcame!"

Let not our sons forget that these unsullied heroes fought for right."

The monument is marble, resting on stone bases, and is forty-three feet high from bottom to pointed top. North of the monument there is a pole, from which the battle flag floats.

## REMINISCENCES OF A MISSISSIPPIAN IN PEACE AND WAR.

"These reminiscences by Col. F. A. Montgomery," writes J. E. Brander, "stir the best and highest emotions of the heart. Every Southerner loves the story of his land and its people. Memory gives bygone happiness a sweeter charm, and dauntless courage wins from adversity immortal trophies. The distinguished author, a gallant soldier of the Southern cause and an eminent jurist, depicts these scenes of peace and war so lucidly and yet so forcefully that one seems to see again 'the light of other days' as well as its shadow. This book bears the impress of a 'vanished hand' and heart of a patriot—the hand and heart of a Confederate soldier."



MONUMENT AT WEST POINT, MISS.



## TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

## MONUMENT TO THAT GALLANT CAVALRY REGIMENT.

Soon after the State of Texas seceded in 1861 B. F. Terry and T. S. Lubbock, prominent citizens of Texas, went to South Carolina and thence to Virginia, where, becoming attached to the staff of General Beauregard, they participated in the first battle of Manassas. Shortly after that battle they received a commission to organize a "cavalry regiment of skilled horsemen for immediate service." They returned to Texas and issued their call for volunteers. Responding to the call, the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known throughout the war as "Terry's Texas Rangers," enlisted and were sworn into service at Houston early in September, 1861.

The regiment was soon ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., where it formally organized and elected officers: B. F. Terry, Colonel; T. S. Lubbock, Lieutenant Colonel; Thomas H. Harrison, Major; B. A. Botts, Quartermaster; R. H. Simmons, Commissary; M. Royston, Adjutant; Dr. J. M. Weston, Surgeon; Dr. R. E. Hill, Assistant Surgeon; W. B. Sayers, Sergeant Major. The regiment was attached to the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and immediately began rigid discipline, drilling, etc., to prepare for battle.

On December 17, 1861, the regiment engaged in severe battle at Woodsonville, Ky. In leading a gallant charge Colonel Terry was mortally wounded. In his official report of the battle General Hardee says: "The conduct of the Rangers was marked by impetuous valor. In charging the enemy Colonel Terry was killed in the moment of victory. His regiment deplores the loss of a beloved and brave commander and the army one of its ablest officers." Lieutenant Colonel Lubbock was immediately elected colonel of the regiment; but he was lying seriously ill of typhoid fever at Nashville, where he died shortly afterwards, and Col. John A. Wharton was then elected colonel and Capt. John G. Walker lieutenant colonel.

When in February, 1862, General Johnston evacuated Bowling Green, falling back to Nashville, the Rangers formed the rear guard of his army, going with him to join Beauregard at Corinth.

On April 6, 7, and 8 they participated in the great battle of Shiloh, one of the greatest battles of the Civil War. In the three days' struggle the Confederates lost in killed and wounded nearly 10,000 men; while the Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing was over 12,000; many officers of high rank falling on both sides. In that great battle Terry's Rangers fought bravely, making many desperate charges, and they lost many brave men. Clint Terry, the younger brother of Colonel Terry, was killed, Colonel Wharton and Lieutenant Colonel Walker were seriously wounded, as was Capt. Rufus Y. King, the only man now living who held rank as high as captain in the original organization of the regiment. Colonel Wharton remained in command of the regiment until forced to retire by complete exhaustion. During the remainder of the battle the regiment was under the command of Major Harrison, who led a desperate charge on the morning of the 8th. In the retreat which followed the battle of Shiloh the regiment assisted in protecting the rear of the army. After this the regiment was attached to the forces under command of Gen. Bedford Forrest. In July near Murfreesboro Forrest's command captured a battery of which it stood greatly in need, and among others Capt. Sam Ash was detailed to man the battery.

In September, 1862, the Rangers went with Bragg into Kentucky; and when he was afterwards forced to retreat from Kentucky, the Rangers with Wheeler's Cavalry protected

his rear, contesting almost every mile of Buell's advance. In the battle of Bardstown the Rangers were cut off from the rest of Wheeler's command, and, making a desperate charge upon an overwhelming force of the enemy, cut their way through his lines and rejoined Wheeler's forces.

At Perryville Bragg gave the enemy battle, and on the 8th of October the Rangers were in one of the great cavalry charges of the war. In this battle Mark Evans, who had been made lieutenant colonel, while leading the regiment, was killed. For brave conduct in this battle the regiment was again highly complimented by General Bragg.

From Perryville Bragg retired and massed his army at Murfreesboro. The Rangers were actively engaged in the five days' battle around Murfreesboro, which ended January 3, 1863, and their loss in men and officers was large.

In the summer of 1863, under Forrest, who had become a major general, they scouted and fought almost daily in North Georgia and Tennessee until September 19, when they engaged in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, and were in constant action, making many desperate charges. After the first day of the battle, they were dispatched with Wheeler and Wharton to protect Bragg from the advancing Federal cavalry; and for several days, almost without sleep or rest, were constantly riding, scouting, and fighting around Chattanooga.

From Chickamauga they were sent to Knoxville, and were with Longstreet in his campaign against Burnside, which



THE MONUMENT TO TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.



lasted throughout the winter, making many desperate charges in the battles around Knoxville and in upper East Tennessee.

At Strawberry Plains Major Jarmon and Lieutenant Dilworth were seriously wounded; and in the battle of Mossy Creek Maj. G. W. Littlefield, still but a boy, while acting as lieutenant colonel of the regiment, received a severe wound from a shell which tore practically all the flesh from his left hip. He returned to his command in 1864, but was by his wound forced to retire from the army.

From the summer of 1864 until the close of the war the Rangers were with Wheeler, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood in North Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina. The Rangers were in many of the battles of the memorable Atlanta campaign, which embraced ninety days of continuous fighting. The last battle in which the Rangers fought was at Bentonville, N. C., March 21, 1865, in which battle just before they made their last charge the young son of General Hardee, a mere boy, who twice before had proposed to join the Rangers, but because of his youth had been dissuaded, enlisted and entered into the charge, and was by the first volley instantly killed within a few yards of his father, who was in command.

For valor in battle many officers were promoted. Wharton became a major general, Harrison a brigadier, Gustave Cook a colonel, G. W. Littlefield and Pat Christian majors, and W. B. Sayers a captain and assistant adjutant on General Harrison's staff. All of them were several times seriously wounded in battle. Phelps was made a lieutenant, and at the close of the war was acting adjutant of the regiment. The Rangers did much service in Tennessee, and were much esteemed by those whom they defended.

It would be impossible now to recount the entire history of this remarkable regiment. It was organized with a membership of 1,173 men; they received many recruits, more than 1,700 men being enrolled during the war. At the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April 24, 1865, there were less than one hundred and fifty of the regiment in line. Many of them died from exposure and disease, many were killed in battle, many were seriously wounded and forced to retire from the service, and many became prisoners of war; but it is said that no one of them ever deserted the cause. They were the safest and swiftest horsemen, the surest and best shots, and of the coolest and bravest men that ever charged a battery.

Early in their enlistment Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston said to them: "With a little more drill you are the equals of the old guard of Napoleon." General Hardee, who was with them in many battles, said: "I always feel safe with the Rangers in front." General Bragg also said: "There is no danger of a surprise when the Rangers are between us and the enemy."

At the close of the war President Davis pronounced upon them the highest eulogy. He said: "The Terry Rangers have done all that could be expected or required of soldiers."

"Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed;  
Their proud banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud."

NORTHERN COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S ESTIMATE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The following conversation is reported between the eminent author and lecturer, Guy Carlton Lee, and a college professor at the North: "Why did you write a lecture on Jefferson Davis?" said a well-known Northern college president

to Prof. Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, and before the distinguished historian could reply the president added: "You belittle your learning by bringing forth a man like Davis from the obscurity in which he rightly hides; moreover, you will be disliked by the North and accused of catering to the South."

### GALLANT TOM McNAUGHTON.

BY JOHN J. HOOD, JACKSON, MISS.

A soldier visiting Fort Donelson after a lapse of twenty-eight years wrote in the Nashville American March 10, 1890:

"A thousand Middle Tennesseans, comprising the 41st Regiment, under command of the tried and brave Col. Robert Farquharson, disembarked from a steamboat February 13, 1862, at the Dover main landing. They marched up the street to the perpendicular turn leading to the courthouse. Here the head of the column was halted and the line was exposed to the cannon shot of the enemy.

"The writer was one of a half dozen at its head, neither of whom had any conception of the danger from shells bursting about them until a piece struck Capt. Thomas B. McNaughton, killing him instantly. While commissary of the regiment, McNaughton volunteered to go into the battle. He was instinctively a gentleman, and dressed as elegantly as if in command of an army on parade.

"Somehow, somewhere, he had procured a remarkable gun. While perhaps of great age, it was so remarkably preserved that its burnished gold and silver ornaments were as bright as if new. The gun is said to have been made at Damascus. His memorable words uttered just after the half dozen had been laughing at frightened young soldiers were: 'Well, Sally Ann, we were never in a fight, but may be soon.' There were more boys than men in the regiment. They sought refuge by fences and houses from well-directed canister, so that many of their faces were red with fright, as if painted. When the orders 'Forward; file right' were given, the regiment started up the main street toward the courthouse, and the first shocking information that went along the line was: 'McNaughton is dead.'

"Dr. J. W. Smith, who lived near Dover and does still, saw him fall, and said he was never tempted to take anything during the war but that beautiful gun. The gun was taken up by Lieut. H. W. L. Little, of the regiment, and was carried and used through the three days' battle, and stacked in the general line of surrendered guns. A Federal officer of high rank took the gun from stack, with others, on the morning of our surrender, and carried it away.

"McNaughton's body lay by the line of march as the command hurried by. The cape of his overcoat, thrown over his head, hid from view the awful mutilation of his shoulders and chest by the bombshell.

"It was my pleasure to have known intimately and, as a brother Thomas B. McNaughton while attending college at Shelbyville, Tenn. When I first met him, he was clerking at John Nevins's bookstore. Young, bright, magnetic, genial,



THOMAS B. McNAUGHTON.



manly, he had many friends among the students. He was of such charming personality that his acquaintances instinctively admired him. He was a fascinating conversationalist and a delightful entertainer, a close student, and highly cultured. He contributed to the press of Tennessee and elsewhere many brilliant poems and articles that adorned its glowing columns. When the war broke out, he had written enough for a volume and was arranging to have it published.

"From Shelbyville he went to Fayetteville, and was a partner of or traveled for Kelso. Almost wholly self-made, Tom McNaughton was a prominent and worthy son of his grand old State; and had he lived, he would have left his impress as a soldier and a literary man.

"He was close to me in thought, in sentiment, and in brotherly love, and I hold his memory, impearled in tears, sacred in my heart. When McNaughton fell, the first martyr of his regiment to that crushing disaster at Donelson, no nobler son of Tennessee could have been immolated in her cause."

#### MORTALITY IN SOUTHERN PRISONS.

BY W. F. ARNOLD, A RETIRED SURGEON OF THE U. S. NAVY.

The following incident occurred this afternoon [September 8] aboard the Central Railroad of New Jersey's ferryboat Somerville:

There were many Grand Army veterans on this boat, and as I stood on the apron forward I heard a touching recital by one of these to another about a woman in the near South who was looking for her son amongst a number of sick Union soldiers. The narrator told it as a personal experience. He said that he had assisted her as best he could, and that a hospital steward, as an attendant upon the sick, had consulted the records and pointed out to her a desperately ill man quite near as her son, neither the woman nor the almost dying man having recognized each other. He told of her agony of grief and of her tender caresses and attentions to her son, said that she had carried him unaided in her arms aboard a transport bound for Baltimore, and concluded by telling that her son had died within a quarter of an hour after reaching the vessel bound for Baltimore.

His listener said, "They killed him. They starved him. They did it deliberately;" and there was more of bitterness to the same effect.

Without explanation or apology, I asked this traducer of Confederates if he had ever heard of the hook-worm. He replied that he knew about it. I inquired further if he knew that when human beings were long in close contact with earth polluted by negroes or by others infected thus by them no care on their own part could protect them from hook-worm infection. He said that he did; then he added: "It produces the sleeping sickness." "No," I said; "it produces grave, essential anæmia. When this is established, the affected person may with difficulty be nourished; but such patients certainly could not have been nourished on the Confederate ration of 1863-65. Now, sir," I continued, "unless you are in position to prove, first, that this patient did not have hook-worm disease and, second, that he did not receive the Confederate ration, you have made slanderous charges of the gravest character."

Neither he nor his companion giving the reminiscence made any reply, so I turned away from them in a few moments and did not see them again.

I wish to secure fuller knowledge of and discussion upon the subject of the hook-worm disease, in regard to which

most individual Southerners and almost all Southern health boards and even physicians appear to me to be indifferent. I believe that I am the first to indicate its rôle in the death rate of Union prisoners at the South. (See *Memphis Medical Monthly*, March, 1907.)

I shall be very glad indeed to receive personally or to read in the *VETERAN* the accounts of any and all Confederate veterans in relation to this disease. Address me at Navy Department, Bureau Medicine and Surgery, Washington, D. C.

#### A CONFEDERATE ANTHEM.

The following beautiful poem, the exquisite sentiment of which grows upon one in the rereading, was written by Mabel Porter Pitts and dedicated by her to the Daughters of the Confederacy on the occasion of the annual convention of the California Chapters at Monterey, Cal. Miss Pitts, while a native of Kentucky and a loyal daughter of the South, has resided in California during the past ten years. The second edition of her book, "In the Shadow of the Crag," is just from the press, and has been accorded a flattering reception by the critics. It is a handsome volume of four hundred pages, full gilt and illustrated.

#### MY COLORS.

Who could help but be true when the red of her cheeks  
In the bunting blows?

Who could help but be brave when the blue of her eyes  
Like a beacon glows

In the field of the myriad five-point stars?  
What matter the shape, if 'tis stripes or bars,  
Since the satin-white folds of the sacred ground  
Hold the tint that her soft throat shows?

Who could help but be thrilled as it trembles and fills  
On its stanchion there?

To my eyes it appears like the undulant folds  
Of my lady's hair.

If at rest or afloat, in its graceful lines  
Speaks pride, that my worshiping heart divines  
In my dear lady's form, in my lady's face  
That is true as the flag and fair.

Be the lists where they may, be the cause what it will,  
I will gladly go

If the blue and the white and the glint of the red  
In the bunting blow.

For her eyes and her cheeks and her fair white throat  
I'll welcome the sound of the bugle's note,  
I will pin her bright colors above my heart,  
And will follow with friend or foe.

The young lady has been elected an honorary member and poet laureate of John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 739.—*San Jose Mercury*.

ERRORS CORRECTED.—Capt. W. G. Loyd corrects some mention of himself in connection with a notice of the Lewisburg (Tenn.) Confederate monument dedication (September *VETERAN*), stating: "I came not from Florida, but from Louisiana. I was born in Lewisburg, Tenn. When the war broke out, I was living in Alexandria, La., where I joined the 2d Louisiana Regiment of Infantry. I served in the Army of Northern Virginia during the four years. I went back to my adopted State, Louisiana, in the winter of 1865, and in May, 1867, returned to my native county, Marshall, in good old Tennessee, where I have lived for forty years."



*DARE OF SOME OF FORREST'S MEN.*

In the latter part of March, 1865—when the War between the States was on the verge of collapse, when General Grant had closed in on Richmond, when Sherman was burning his way through our homes, when Hood had been driven out of Tennessee, and when Gen. N. B. Forrest, with about three thousand men, was camped at West Point, Miss.—a feat of dash and dare occurred which showed the mettle of his men.

Ben Brown, of Company L, 3d Kentucky (now dead), and Tom J. Milner, of Company I, 12th Kentucky (now a leading physician at Greenville, Tex.), having failed to secure fresh horses at their homes in Kentucky, as ordered to do by their officers, came back into Mississippi and forced some farmers to give them some good horses for their broken-down ones. This would have been all right and no crime in Kentucky, simply a war necessity; but not so in Mississippi. Our boys needed those horses in defending Mississippi against the Federal invaders. Ben and Tom were followed, arrested, and put into the guardhouse by some of Forrest's Mississippi Cavalry and charged with stealing.

This prison was very close to Forrest's headquarters, was surrounded by many regiments of soldiers, companies of scouts, field artillery, etc., and was guarded by thirty soldiers, who kept about twenty prisoners in an upper room, with a stairway on the outside. Four guards stood at the foot of these steps, two at the top, and twenty-four were in reserve in the lower story, with double doors open at the stairway. Our Kentucky troops, Buford's Brigade, were camped some nine miles northeast, and pickets guarded every road.

Our prison comrades wrote to us and told us the whole story. We, through our officers, who freely sympathized with them, tried hard to get them released, but utterly failed. Ben and Tom were good, true soldiers; therefore fourteen veterans—namely, Add Brown, John Bushart, Bob Bushart, Newt Bushart, Rufus Johnson (all dead), Bill Murphy, Sam Stone, George Strather, John Smith, James H. Saunders, Don Singletary, Jap Nall, Mike Ward, W. P. Butler—hastily volunteered to go to the release of our comrades at any hazard.

After a hasty caucus, John Bushart and Don Singletary were sent to the prison to see the situation, warn our comrades of our intentions, and make every arrangement for our move that night at 11 P.M. After going into the prison and talking with Ben and Tom, Comrades Bushart and Singletary took in the lay of troops, Forrest's quarters, batteries, etc., and then went back toward camp, some five miles, and met their comrades. This squad of fourteen reached West Point in due time, and rode in between a fence and a small clump of hazel bushes within fifty yards of the prison and Forrest's headquarters. Add Brown and John Smith held all horses, John Bushart and Jap Nall took charge of a small cabin of jolly folks, who seemed to be dancing, and the rest of the men went quickly in the darkness of the night to the prison, surprising and capturing the guards on post. Each one of the rescuers was armed with two revolvers, and ready for war, if war must come. We knew our business. But little was said. It took us perhaps three minutes. The reserve guards were aroused, surprised, and confused; but they caught up their guns, and we had a hand-to-hand encounter, and barely escaped war to the finish. One shot or casualty would have meant death and destruction for many.

One of our men ordered them to be quiet and no harm would occur, and they obeyed. In the meantime James H. Saunders and Bill Murphy had secured Ben and Tom, and

had warned the guards that we were taking one of their men along, and would kill him if they made an alarm; but had not taken either of their men. They were afraid to alarm until they called their roll and found no one missing. So our tactics worked to perfection. Every one was at his best and acted well his part. We escaped with our comrades, flanked all pickets, got into camp, cleaned the mud off our horses, hid our two comrades, and lay down just before a courier from Forrest's quarters dashed up and ordered roll call and absentees noted.

Capt. J. E. Morris (now Dr. Morris, of Madisonville, Tex.) was happy that all were present. But alas! our greatest trouble was yet to come. We had committed mutiny, and the penalty was death.

The next morning Gen. B. H. Lyon had Companies L, 3d Kentucky, and I, 12th Kentucky, arrested and put in the very prison we raided the night before; and the day following Generals Forrest, Lyon, and Jackson sat as a court of inquiry to find out the leaders or men who were guilty; but we were up to our business, and played a little tactics. We held a council and agreed that in this court we were not to know or tell anything on each other. We were to know nothing about our comrades, to forget it all, but to tell whatever we wanted to about ourselves except the truth of our trips. This worked well; we outgeneraled the generals, and all were released except Bob and John Bushart and John Beard. Yet the generals got no proof against them. A little later Captain Morris assisted in getting these released and exonerated. Ben Brown (now dead) and T. J. Milner (now a leading physician at Greenville, Tex.) were hid out near our camp and cared for.

General Forrest soon moved for a raid. We were on the scout when the war closed, and made our way home without ever being paroled.

In Memphis, Tenn., soon after the war First Lieut. Wiley Bushart talked over the above facts with General Forrest; and when the General learned that fourteen men had done this feat and outwitted his court, he said: "Lieutenant Bushart, that was the only time I was ever outgeneraled; and if I ever go into war again, I want every one of those men as my staff officers or couriers."

In 1906 (Capt.) Dr. Morris, of Madisonville, Tex., wrote to this scribe concerning this West Point raid in part as follows: "I am free to state that you were a brave, good, gallant soldier, and a gentleman possessing the highest type of manhood. The release of Ben Brown and Tom Milner (now Dr. Milner, of Greenville, Tex.) from the West Point Prison was, in my opinion, an honorable, manly, and valorous deed. I indorsed it. I was at Meridian, Miss., when Ben Brown was recaptured and brought there and thrown in the stockade in irons. In the meantime three of the Bushart boys were sent there by General Forrest on suspicion. We succeeded in freeing Ben Brown from cuffs and turning him loose; and as there were no charges against the Bushart boys, I demanded of the provost marshal their trial or release. He turned them over to me, and we returned to camp. Not only our regimental and brigade officers commended the raid, but, you remember, General Forrest himself after the surrender complimented the boys who were engaged on their braver; You all were exonerated. Ben and Tom had obeyed orders in obtaining fresh horses. Your chivalry should go down in history among the brilliant of our victories. You fought a good fight."



*"ECHOES OF THE CONFEDERACY."*

BY H. L. PINER.

Recited by Marthy Cozby, Alze, Tex., at the State Reunion at Bowie, with request that it be published in the *VETERAN*.

They tell me that you have survived the long war and the crash of a new nation's fall,  
And the vultures whose black aftermath was the feast of your dead hopes that lay over all;  
And they tell me that Hannibal's troops were no braver in fighting for Carthage than you;  
That the Trojans, whose armies were masses of courage, were not more courageous and true;  
And they say that Napoleon's hosts fought no harder when France and her lilies were crushed  
Than you fought for your own Southern lilies whose petals dropped blood for the hearts that were hushed;  
They tell me you fought like the legions of Cæsar, with more than a Rome to defend;  
That you battled like Cromwell's "Old Ironsides," with more than the crown of an England the end;  
And they tell me that wherever brave men are mentioned the lips of love whisper your names;  
And the poets who sing of things not earth say that you are your country's and Fame's;  
And they tell me, as you would have died for the South when you mustered and fought in the gray,  
That your lives, like the saints', are with reverence embalmed in your country's affections to-day.  
And this is no legend, though history sometimes is silent where it should speak out,  
And sometimes the histories taught to our children are tinctured with error and doubt.  
All honor to every true soldier in blue who fought under Grant and his corps,  
And God knows the brotherly, peace-loving Southerner doesn't want the war any more;  
But since it is done, though the issues are dead, it is truth that forever abides;  
And so let the histories taught to our children tell all of the truth on both sides.  
Teach the children our soldiers were traitors? No! No! Ten thousand times over, still No!  
But teach them the truth with proud lip and strong heart—truth that bows not its head to the foe.  
Though the Confederacy be lost, there's more honor and glory to those who go down with the right  
Than to those whose cheap triumphs are rooted in error and flourish on muscle and might.  
Wrap the flag 'round the mem'ry of those who stood by it, let partisan censors be dumb,  
And let no lying epitaph slander their ashes on paper in ages to come.  
Take the children and show them one hundred and ten battlefields where the forests are scarred  
Like the men who sleep under them in their graves 'neath the sward;  
Where the dead comrades you fought with shall listen and greet  
All you say; tell the children who gather with uncovered heads and with unsandaled feet  
That heroes, not traitors, sleep under those trees! And show them the valleys and hills  
Made fertile with blood that was royal as King David's, with blood whose rich essence distills

In the dews of the evening, still quivering with life on the lilies and golden-rod there,  
And let them hear Lee on the eve of some battle get down before Heaven in prayer;  
And while his petition goes up to the God of the war for the South once again,  
Let them hear in the hush and the fervor of prayer the troops reverently saying "Amen!"  
Unfurl and present them the cross of Saint Andrew's, and tell them when that banner fell  
It was snatched from Death's fingers and hoisted aloft to be hailed with that old Rebel yell.  
And tell them the Red and the White and the Blue have their symbols outside of the war;  
That the Red was your blood and the White was your honor and Blue were the skies you fought for!  
Tell them how at the Second Manassas and Franklin and Shiloh and Gettysburg—O  
Tell them how in these battles and others that banner was carried, God only can know



MARTHY COZBY.

How gallantly carried right over the enemy's breastworks, with hail of hot lead  
And the batteries mowing them down like a scythe—on to death—marching over the dead,  
Till the stars of Saint Andrew's in glory were gleaming full down in the face of the foe  
And that old Rebel yell made your courage beat high as that banner still waved to and fro.  
That old Rebel yell! How I hunger to hear it before those who gave it are dead—  
To feel the earth quiver and hills make obeisance to Lee and the armies he led!  
Let historians searching for chivalric deeds but acknowledge and write Southern men  
In the annals of Knighthood, and each ex-Confederate would prove himself knightly again.



For let England or Europe make war on this land, ex-Confederates wearing the gray  
Would marshal with soldiers who fought in the Blue to whip  
England or Europe to-day!

I believe that the heroic mothers and daughters, the sweet-hearts, and sisters and wives  
Did as much for the South in the silence of love as the soldiers who gave it their lives.

While the husbands and brothers and fathers bore arms,  
Southern women were soldiers at home,  
And they were as true, patriotic, and loyal as lived under  
heaven's blue dome.

And they fought none the less that they shouldered no guns,  
for they battled with Famine and Want  
Where Pillage and Plunder preside at the board, and specters  
of Poverty haunt

The fireside, and Murder grinds out the last hope of the land  
'neath the wheels of his ponderous car,

And the vampires of war suck the blood of the children, who  
know not the meaning of war.

It was here and like this that the women endured; here  
alone did they grapple with Death

In a more horrid form than the soldiers encountered while  
facing the cannon's hot breath.

They were watchful by day; they were wakeful by night; and,  
like Ruth, they most faithfully cleaved,

And many a lady and lassie have died of the wounds which  
the soldiers received!

And the fingers that swept the lute strings and the harp made  
the socks for the soldiers' bare feet,

And the hands that knew how to rear soldiers from birth  
made the bread for the soldiers to eat.

And many a Joan of Arc left at home sent her brave spirit  
flitting a-field,

And many a Spartan commanded her boy to return with or  
on his own shield.

And never a groan from the valley of Death but an answer  
came back from the hills

Where the women stood guard, like the Marys at Calvary,  
weeping the weeping that kills!

And never a soldier grew weary and faltered but some woman's  
voice from afar

Stopped singing her little one's lullaby song to sing "Dixie"  
for those at the war!

And they toiled in the meadows and fields every day, and  
they carded and spun every night,

And the click of the shuttle was heard in the loom for each  
click of the trigger in fight!

And whenever the soldier's canteen was turned dry, then the  
larder was empty at home;

You suffered in body; they hungered in soul for the soldier  
who might never come.

And they loved native country whose blood they inherited—  
loved her at every heart beat

With a love that was high as her mountains and deep as the  
oceans that sing at her feet!

In the camp, on the march, pierced with saber or shell, crucifixion  
was your bitter part:

But they bore the griefs and the anguish of war—the Gethsemane's  
travail of heart!

And so when the harvest of souls shall appear and the  
reapers shall gather the grain

And the Angel shall shout "Resurrection!" for those that  
have died and those that were slain,

A million of women who fought this same fight will ascend  
through the blossoming sod

And go up through the lilies that bloomed o'er them here to  
live on as the lilies of God!

I believe when the archives of God shall unbosom the things  
that forever endure

Southern valor, immortal as truth and as love, will abide  
there forever secure;

For courage like yours, Southern men, cannot die; it was  
born of your blood and your tears;

And the life that you gave it was your life immortal; it cannot  
be measured in years.

Human rights must forever be rights; they can never, should  
never, will never be wrongs;

And the truth shall be sifted through long generations and  
classified where it belongs.

The sleeve you call empty—ah! it is not empty; but honor  
its meshes enfold,

And holy the timber of that wooden leg as the cedar-built  
temple of old!

And the scars you call ugly are symbols of beauty whose  
meaning the years will unroll—

That the body was bruised, lacerated, disfigured to keep you  
a beautiful soul!

I believe when the Angel of Judgment shall call for the brave  
and heroic to rise

That the hosts of the North will come forth in the Blue to  
conform with the blue of the skies,

For no men were common who conquered such soldiers as  
fought under Jackson and Lee;

They fought hard, and they had to fight hard from the  
Mason and Dixon line down to the sea.

I believe when the trumpet shall sound the long roll of the  
men of eternal renown,

Where every bright name shall be jeweled with stars and  
each star shall emblazon a crown—

I believe that a million of graves will burst wide, and a million  
who sleep in the Gray

Will marshal themselves as they did on the field, not afraid  
of the great Judgment Day!

For men who have fought and endured like the South, where  
the very earth which they have trod

Is made holy with blood and with right and with honor—  
such men cannot fear to meet God!

Fame sent out her messenger over the ages to seek for the  
chieftains of time

And to bring to her temple the heroes whose characters make  
all the ages sublime;

And the messenger came with the worthies of earth, and they  
sat in this temple of Fame's,

While Fame frescoed the walls of that temple in gold with  
Celebrity's magical names.

In this panel she carved "Alexander the Great;" in this one,  
"Æneas of Troy;"

Here, "Achilles;" here, "Hector;" here, "Cyrus;" here, "Hannibal,  
true to his oath from a boy;"

Here, "William of Orange," "Napoleon," "Leonidas," "Ajax,"  
"Kosciusko," and "Tell;"

"Lafayette," "Agamemnon," "The Scipios," "Cromwell," and  
"Bruce;" and "The Cæsars" as well;

Then high over these did she fashion the names of "McClellan"  
and "Grant" and all those

Who manfully fought in the Blue—whom we honor as friends,  
whom we honored as foes;



Then higher again she engraved a design and wrote "Lincoln!" and "Jefferson Davis!" too;  
 For she found a great soul who had fought in the Gray for each one that had fought in the Blue!  
 Then high over all did she sculpture the name of "Washington, Sire of the Free!"  
 And, standing on tiptoe, she stenciled in gold: "Stonewall Jackson!" and "Robert E. Lee!"  
 In the lives of such heroes an infinite meaning lies hidden beyond human ken;  
 God wanted to show to a wondering people that he was still making great men!  
 You are old and gray-haired—how we honor that gray! For the gray was the color you wore;  
 You have made it the emblem of patriotism, the symbol of truth evermore!  
 Shall their monument be of Parian marble like that from which sculptors of old  
 Have carved forms of the mythical heroes and gods of a heavenly mold?  
 Not of marble, for marble will break and discolor and waste with the changes of time.  
 Shall we make of iron? 'Twill rust. Or of brass? It will tarnish. Of gold for the smile  
 Of the serpent of Avarice? No! Shall it be then of diamonds and rubies and pearls?  
 No! for these have a price in the markets wherever the banner of commerce unfurls!  
 Like a temple not builded with hands, without hammer or saw, let the column be built  
 In the faith and the love and the life of the race who count priceless the blood you have spilt!  
 But this monument, soldiers, you have it already in history and in the arts;  
 You have it wherever there is a humanity, wherever there are human hearts.  
 This testament lives in the loins of the race for survivors and those 'neath the sod,  
 And on through the blood of the ages it flows to the bloodless white ocean of God.  
 Ah, the Blue and the Gray! As they fell on the field, let them sleep there in each other's arms,  
 Like children grown weary and fretful, at rest in the same mother's bosom and charms!  
 Dead soldiers in each other's arms! Gracious God, make the living on both sides affectionate too!  
 For O when the Blue puts its arms 'round the Gray, let the Gray put its arms 'round the Blue;  
 And there in the hush of a new-plighted love let the hearts that passed under the rod  
 Swear eternal fealty to fealty eternal—one country, one faith, and one God!

COMMISSION OF MAJ. BENJAMIN McCULLOCH, U. S. ARMY.  
 —J. P. Ledbetter, of Coleman, Tex., writes: "I have in my possession the original document appointing Benjamin McCulloch quartermaster, with rank of major, in the United States army, dated July 18, 1846, and signed by James K. Polk, President of the United States. If any near relative or close friend should desire to preserve this as a relic or keepsake in sacred memory of the illustrious Confederate general and soldier, I will cheerfully surrender this document to whomsoever may be shown to be thus entitled to it. I will take pleasure in corresponding with any one interested."

### CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PITTSBORO, N. C.

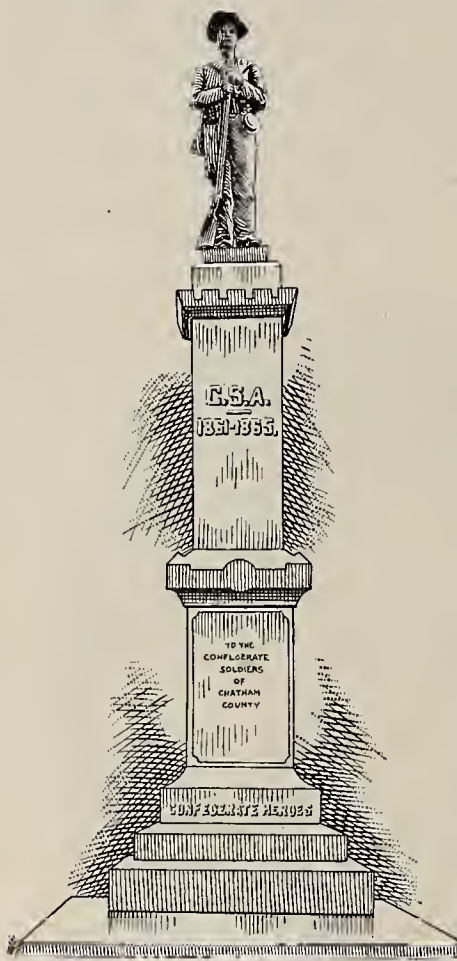
A very handsome monument was unveiled on the 23d of August, 1907, to the Confederate soldiers of Chatham County, N. C., at Pittsboro, the county seat, with most impressive ceremonies and in the presence of the largest crowd ever assembled in that county. The orator of the day was Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, who at the early age of fifteen was adjutant of the 35th North Carolina Regiment, and when only seventeen was lieutenant colonel of the 70th North Carolina Regiment, and who has done more than any other man to preserve the history of North Carolina soldiers.

He was appropriately introduced by Col. H. A. London, the Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division of the U. C. V., who acted as master of ceremonies.

The monument was presented in an appropriate address by Mrs. H. A. London, the President of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., under whose auspices and by whose efforts the monument had been erected. It was received with an appropriate response by Lieut. O. A. Hanner, of Company F, 26th North Carolina Regiment.

The chief marshal of the occasion was Col. John R. Lane, the last colonel of the famous 26th North Carolina Regiment, which lost more men (killed and wounded) at Gettysburg than any other regiment in either army in any battle during the War between the States. Colonel Lane wore his old uniform; and although seventy-two years old, he rode a spirited horse at the head of the procession, erect as an Indian, with all the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier.

This monument is the labor of love of a few devoted ladies, who for nearly four years have struggled most persistently in securing the funds for its erection. It is one of the handsomest monuments in North Carolina, and is made of polished Mt. Airy (N. C.) granite, surmounted with a seven-foot statue of a Confederate soldier made of standard government bronze. The total height of the monument and statue is twenty-seven feet, and it is erected in front of the courthouse. The contractor was C. J. Harlin, proprietor of the Durham (N. C.) Marble Works.



For sale—Gavels made of tree under which Gen. Turner Ashby died. Price, \$2.50. For particulars, address Miss S. Alice Cowan, Harrisonburg, Va.



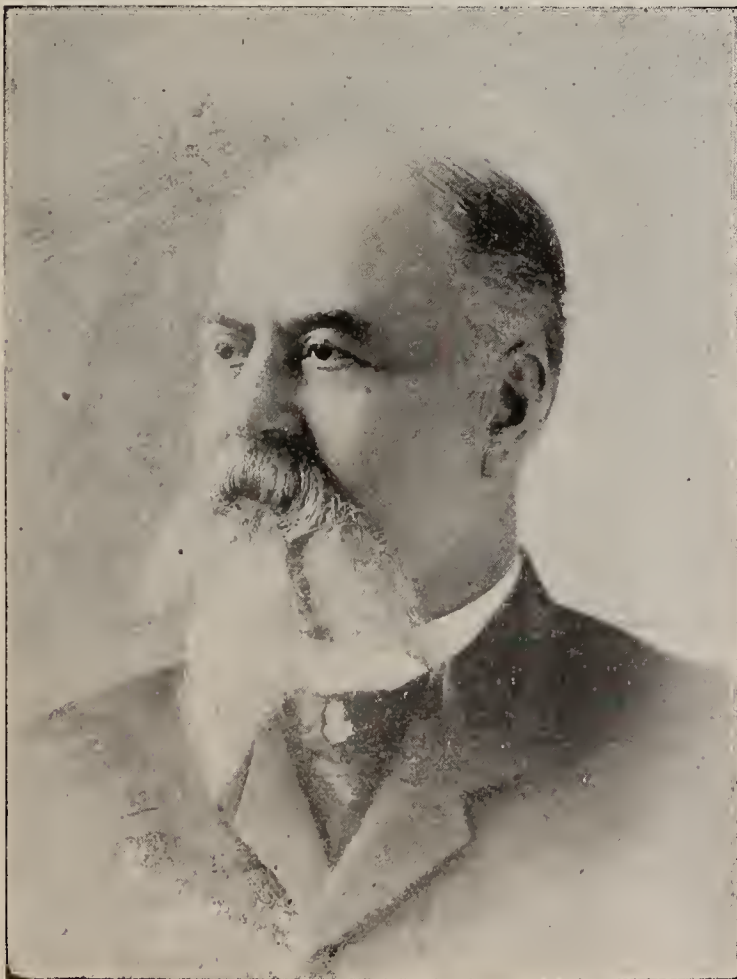
## HOW FORT GREGG WAS DEFENDED.

BY BUNTON R. CONERLY.

Fort Gregg was situated about two miles southwest of Petersburg, Va., and was one of the many earthworks, or redoubts, that General Lee had constructed for artillery in the rear of his main line of defenses covering the cities of Richmond and Petersburg. Its form was semicircular, and a space was left open in the rear for the entrance of wagons and artillery. The earth was thrown up from the outside, forming a ditch twelve or fourteen feet wide and from four to six feet deep. The walls were from six to eight feet wide at the top, and the ground on the inside next to the wall was raised for the cannon and for men to stand on. A considerable quantity of artillery ammunition was in the fort, consisting of grape, canister, bombshells, and solid shots, stacked in pyramid form.

The disaster on the right wing of General Lee's army at Five Forks, causing the loss of the Southside Railroad, forced the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. The position at and near Fort Gregg evidently increased and became of importance from this time to that portion of our army in the trenches around Petersburg, as it covered the pontoon bridges that had been thrown across the Appomattox River west of the town, over which our artillery wagon trains and troops were crossing in their retreat.

During the latter part of March, 1865, our brigade, composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi Regiments, commanded by Gen. N. H. Harris, occupied a position between the Appomattox and James Rivers, watching and guarding the line from Dutch Gap, on the James, southward deployed.



GEN. N. H. HARRIS.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, we received orders to move, leaving about one-third of our men on the picket line in front of this position. We marched rapidly in the direction of Petersburg, following the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike road until within about two miles of Petersburg, when we left the main road, turned to the right, and crossed the Appomattox River on a pontoon bridge about two miles west of the town. We then crossed the Southside railroad and marched by Forts Gregg and Alexander (or Whitworth, as it was called by some). We moved to a position about four hundred yards in front of these forts and formed in line of battle, with skirmishers well thrown out to the front. Every foot of ground was familiar to us, for here we had spent the greater part of the preceding winter, and had guarded this part of our line for several months. Our old uncovered winter quarters were just behind us. Long lines of Federal infantry were advancing on our front, batteries of artillery were coming into position, and as far as we could see to the right and left the enemy's guns and bayonets glistened in the rays of the morning sun, now well up over the hills in the east. Our skirmishers soon became hotly engaged in our front, and the leaden hail was striking our ranks.

"Stand like iron, my brave boys!" said General Harris as he walked along the line. "Stand like iron!"

Our skirmishers were soon driven in, and our brigade opened fire on the advancing Federal line with deadly aim and effect. They gained the shelter of a sunken road about one hundred and fifty yards in front of us. Continuous firing was kept up from this position for about one hour. On the right and left of this position the Federal troops continued to advance, threatening to enfilade us in both flanks. Quite a number of our men fell killed and wounded in this position. General Harris, seeing that our position was untenable, ordered us to fall back to the shelter of Forts Gregg and Alexander, leaving a skirmish line to hold the enemy in check. Our brigade began the backward move in a storm of shot from the enemy's sheltered position in the sunken road and the crest of hills on the right and left flanks, behind which they were rapidly increasing in strength. General Harris led the greater part of the brigade into Fort Alexander, and Lieutenant Colonel Duncan, of the 19th Mississippi Regiment, led the remainder (about two hundred men, principally from the 12th and 16th Mississippi Regiments) into Fort Gregg. The enemy, discovering this movement, rushed forward with loud huzzas, and our skirmishers were pressed back over the open field by overwhelming numbers; but, taking the advantage of every protection the ground offered to rest a moment and load, they never failed to give them a parting salute as they retired from one position to another. During this time the men in the fort had gathered all the loose guns they could find scattered over the field around and near the fort. The Federal forces had advanced to this place early in the morning (before we arrived), but had been driven away by Gen. A. P. Hill, leaving quite a number of rifles scattered over the field. The men quickly gathered them together, not forgetting their experience in the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, where they used the captured guns against the enemy, which practically gave them the advantage of repeating rifles, as they had from two to four guns each all loaded. In addition to the artillery ammunition in Fort Gregg, there were also several boxes of rifle ammunition—about one thousand rounds to the box.



About the time we were as well prepared as we could be under the circumstances the enemy appeared in such overwhelming numbers that Colonel Duncan decided to evacuate the fort. We marched out of the fort to the rear about one hundred yards, when we met a courier, who handed Colonel Duncan a paper, which he read aloud:

"Hold the fort at all hazards.

R. E. LEE."

The men immediately returned to the fort, as no other order was necessary, and assumed their position around the walls. Our soldiers understood the conditions, and every one knew that he must delay the advance of the enemy to gain time for his comrades. The Federal troops at this time had reached a point about three hundred yards in front of Fort Gregg, and were moving on Fort Alexander at the same time behind or under cover of our winter quarter huts, which had been set on fire, and the smoke obscured their movements. Fort Alexander was about three hundred yards to the right of Fort Gregg, and was at this time under the command of General Harris. The fighting on other parts of the line to our right and left stopped for a while, as if the men were watching the results of the movements about Fort Gregg. Colonel Duncan watched the men and told them not to fire until the word was given. With his sword flashing in the sunlight of that beautiful Sunday morning, he insisted (with his appeals to the State pride of Mississippians) that we should obey his orders. All around the walls of Fort Gregg was the cry of the officers with drawn swords, "Keep down, men; keep down"—officers who had never quailed on any field, from the First Manassas to that hour, and to name their record would be to write the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. Soldiers that knew them, with their suspense drawn to a tension indescribable, yielded to the order, and waited with apparent patience until that magnificent line of Federal soldiers was within less than one hundred yards of us, and not the flash of a single rifle had yet defied them. The last order of our officers, "Steady, boys!" was interrupted by the cracking of rifles sending their death-dealing missiles with telling effect. Gibbon's men fell fast and thick; his line staggered and finally broke in confusion, seeking shelter behind the crest of a ridge. A great cheer went up from our lines on the right and left, and our boys responded with their customary yell of triumph and defiance from Fort Gregg.

Reënforcements were hurried forward by the enemy from their sheltered position behind the hill, and the second line came forward at a double-quick in broken and scattered ranks. We opened on them at a distance of three hundred yards, firing as fast as we could. They staggered up to within one hundred yards of us, when the greater part of their line broke and ran back under cover; the others (perhaps three or four hundred) reached the ditch in our front. They were not strong enough to take us, and could not retreat without running the gantlet of death. Before we could turn our attention to the enemy in the ditch, reënforcements were hurried to their assistance, and a third line came rushing on us with loud huzzas from their covered position behind the hill, but in broken and scattered ranks. The greater part of them succeeded in getting in the ditch, and completely surrounded us. During this time the men in Fort Alexander assisted Fort Gregg to some extent with an enfilading fire from that fort. It seemed that General Harris at this moment, believing that we were captured, evacuated Fort Alexander to save his men. Our men deployed so as to cover every part of the walls of the fort and detailed twenty-five men to hold the

gate in the rear. Now the solid-shot cannon balls and bombshells found in the fort came into use. Our men hurled them on the heads of the enemy in the ditch. The fuses of bombshells were fired and rolled on them. This work did not stop until all, or nearly all, of the solid cannon balls and shells were gone. Brick chimneys built to tents for artillerymen were thrown down and the bricks thrown at the enemy. Numbers of efforts to scale the walls were made; but the Federal soldiers would not act together, and consequently the most daring ones were shot down on the walls and fell on their comrades below. A color bearer fell on the fort, with his flag falling over on our side. During all this time the men at the gate were engaged in a death struggle, and the last one fell at his post. The Federal troops, having no further resistance, then began pouring in from the rear, and firing as they came. So many of our men had now fallen that the resistance was weak all around, and the Federal troops began pouring over the walls, where a hand-to-hand encounter ensued on the crest, and our brave men went down in death by overpowering numbers. Quiet soon followed, and about thirty survivors were marched to the rear as prisoners of war and sent to Point Lookout Prison.



BUXTON R. CONERLY, GULFPORT, MISS.

[Buxton R. Conerly, of Mississippi, was born in February, 1848, the son of Owen Conerly and Ann Louise Stephens, of English descent. In 1864, just as he was entering his seventeenth year, he went to Virginia and joined the Quitman Guards, Company E, 16th Mississippi Regiment, then commanded by Col. Samuel E. Baker, of Natchez. He received his first baptism of fire at the battle of the Wilderness, and from that time on to the close of the war he was in it all, being one of the thirty survivors of Fort Gregg. His home is now at Marshall, Tex.]



General Harris evacuated Fort Alexander about the time we were surrounded, and made his way to the rest of the army, in the retreat to Appomattox C. H. The men of our brigade left on the lines between the Appomattox and the James also were in the retreat and the final surrender at Appomattox.

Our brave Lieutenant Colonel Duncan was left in Fort Gregg, wounded in the head, in an unconscious condition, rolling in the blood of his fallen comrades, when we were marched out.

Our bullet-ridden flag that had been borne proudly on so many victorious fields had been planted on its last rampart, waved its last defiance, and gone down on the bodies and laved in the blood of its brave followers and defenders, who here made a chapter for the story of the Army of Northern Virginia and left a gem for their mother State to place in the crown of her soldiers who had responded to her call to arms and faithfully performed their last duty.

## THE CONFEDERATE HALF DOLLAR.

IN THE COLLECTION OF TELAMON CUYLER.

This silver coin was designed for, and struck by authority of, the provisional government of the Confederate States of America, which, as then constituted, was composed of the following "sovereign States of America"—namely, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas (as shown by the signatures of the members of the several State delegations on the Constitution adopted 11th March, A.D., 1861, at Montgomery). There are seven stars and seven stripes on the shield. Above is the "Liberty Cap." The wreath is composed of maturing branches of cotton and a stalk of sugar cane.



This print of the Confederate half dollar has been privately printed for Telamon Cuyler as a contribution to American history. The impression is limited to one hundred copies, of which this is No. 70.

The following note came with the print herewith engraved. "Presented with my kindest regards to Mr. S. A. Cunningham as a slight token of my regard and appreciation of his efforts to preserve our Confederate history.

TELAMON CUYLER, 61 East 72d Street, New York."

## INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

A. C. Jones, of Three Creeks, Ark., writes:

"The very interesting article in the September VETERAN about General Lee at Sharpsburg reminds me of an incident of that great battle which, in justice to the troops referred to, should be recorded upon the pages of Confederate history.

"I refer to that desperate struggle on our left from early dawn till midday. Jackson had barely been able to hold his own against great odds, when he was reinforced by two brigades under General Walker. The advance brigade was composed of the 27th and 46th North Carolina, 30th Virginia, and 3d Arkansas. As this brigade went into action the enemy made an advance movement, partially breaking our lines and forcing back by might of numbers the left wing, comprising the 30th Virginia and the 46th North Carolina; but the 27th

North Carolina and the 3d Arkansas not only held their own but made a countercharge, driving the enemy back from their advance position and penetrating the center of their line. This charge was through the historic cornfield near the Quaker Church. Its effect was decisive on that part of the field, as thereafter McClellan directed his attack entirely on our right. It is proper to state that the charge was led by General Cook, of the 27th Virginia, Colonel Manning, who ranked him, being shot from his horse at the first onset.

"To corroborate this statement, I have in my possession, obtained from the department at Washington City, a map of the battlefield of Sharpsburg, drawn by United States engineers, which shows the exact position of every regiment of both armies at every stage of the battle, and which shows these two regiments in the midst of the charge, at one time almost completely enveloped by the enemy's lines."

## A TENNESSEE PRIVATE IN VIRGINIA.

BY T. H. BENTON, COLUMBUS, KY.

The statement by Capt. W. P. Tolley in the February VETERAN in regard to the Gaines Mill battle is recalled. It was my misfortune to take part in that great battle as a member of Company C, 14th Tennessee Regiment. I was one of the boys to cross the mill race. We crossed the race and bore a little to the right, went up a little ravine, forming our battle line just under the hill. From there we charged the enemy, gained their works, and captured six pieces of artillery. Our color bearer in the charge planted his colors on the cannon. His name was Taylor. He was tendered a nice saber for his bravery, but declined to accept it. In the first charge the enemy repulsed us and got one of our wounded boys, Dick Pike, and carried him to their field hospital. General McClellan came around and said to Dick that he didn't think the "Johnnies" could drive him from that position. In the next charge we carried everything before us, capturing the artillery. Our company lost heavily. Archer's Brigade was in the second charge. We kept them on the run from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, where they took a stand and resisted stubbornly. We fought them until nine o'clock that night before we drove them from their position.

The North Carolinians had the biggest loss in that battle of seven days before Richmond. I was also in the battle of Seven Pines, in which Gen. Bob Hatton was killed. He was promoted to brigadier general on the evening before the battle. The attack was made in the morning, and the North Carolinians and other troops fought and drove them until in the afternoon, when we were double-quickened four miles to reinforce them. When we got to where they were fighting, President Davis and members of his Cabinet were out there. I shall never forget what President Davis said to General Hatton, which was: "General Hatton, I want you Tennesseans to charge those people. The North Carolinians have been charging them all day, and have driven them but three miles." "All right, Mr. President, if you say so," replied General Hatton. We hadn't been in the fight very long before General Hatton was killed. We fought there until after dark that night. The next morning they had crossed the river, but we came very near capturing them all the night before.

General Hatton was one of the South's most gallant and gifted men. He was eminent in public life. His wife, Mrs. S. K. Hatton, and their two daughters, Mrs. W. E. Towson and Miss Manie Hatton, are at present residing in Nashville.



*TENNESSEE, A GRAVE OR A FREE HOME.*

BY H. K. NELSON, ADAIRVILLE, KY.

A few of us "old boys" yet remain who remember how severe were the times when Hood's army marched from Lovejoy Station, in Georgia, to Nashville, Tenn. We flanked Atlanta about the middle of September, and marched back up the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga in the rear of Sherman (who at the same time swung loose from Atlanta to march to the sea), marching by day and by night, tearing up the railroad, until we reached Dalton, Ga., where General Cheatham, who then commanded General Hardee's old corps, captured the garrison, consisting of about five hundred negro troops, together with a battery of artillery.

That night we had a picnic. The commissary stores belonging to the garrison and the sutler's stock contained many luxuries, some of which made some of the boys and officers feel too exuberant. We left Dalton by way of Gadsden, Ala., taking the negro prisoners with us for a day or so. Many of these negroes our soldiers recognized as their fathers' servants, and had them to carry our knapsacks, etc.

The three corps, Cheatham's, Stewart's, and Lee's, marched by separate routes, each of which was designated by specific marks on the trees, that "stragglers" might be able to follow their respective commands. One evening after having bivouacked General Cheatham ("Old Frank," we called him) came along and called for the "barefooted boys." He went with them to the slaughter pen and had them to take the beef hides and cut moccasins and whang them on their feet, turning the hairy side in. However ridiculous it may have looked, those moccasins served a good purpose.

Do you remember, boys, how we used to charge the "sorghum patches" and carry with us the stalks for that delicious juice, and how we would climb the persimmon trees and eat the fruit thereof, which would sometimes make our mouths assume the position of that of the "Whistling School-Teacher?" Don't some of you remember that one day we halted to rest near a dwelling which stood near the roadside, a double log house, and that three young ladies in the yard sang, "I am a Rebel soldier and fighting for my home," and that when they had finished the old Rebel yell thrilled every one present?

One evening while crossing Sand Mountain we had stacked arms for the night, when a big deer with horns ran out of the bushes, leaping over the guns, and was soon out of sight. Not one of the boys tried to catch him, but every fellow wished that his gun had been "loaded." After marching across Sand Mountain and going down into the valley, Cheatham's old division, then commanded by Gen. John C. Brown, was detained near Decatur, Ala., to watch the Yankees, while the main army, with the wagon train, moved on down the river to Tuscumbia. All of that division will remember how hungry we were while there. While we remained there, October 27 to 29, all the ration we drew was an ear and a half of corn to the man. It was reported that a load of fodder was on the way, but the wagon broke down before it got to us. We picked up the grains of corn that the artillery horses lost and roasted them in the ashes, and parched all the acorns we could find under the oak trees, of which we made coffee or ate. Then we broke camp and followed the other part of the army on to Tuscumbia, where we waited a few days for the pontoon bridge on which to cross over to Florence. One night the Federals tried to practice a ruse by coming down the river in a boat with the necessary implements to

cut loose our bridge; but just when they got there our boys were wide awake and "took them in." After crossing the river, we camped a few days, waiting for the artillery and wagon trains to cross. One night some of the boys killed General Gist's milch cow, and after dividing out the beef put the cow's head on a pole and stood it up in front of the General's tent. I heard this.

We then marched for Tennessee. The weather was very bad. We encountered rain, snow, ice, and mud. Orders were very strict. We were forbidden to straggle, forage, kill any hogs, or visit any henhouses, yet some such things were done. Two boys who killed a hog which they said "tried" to "bite" them were overtaken by one of our generals, who made them carry the hog suspended from a fence rail all day.

It was snowing hard one evening late when we stopped to camp for the night, and some of the boys cut down a tree, which fell on others, killing three of them. Another night in desperation some of the boys went to "Marse Frank's" headquarters and took a barrel of "hard-tack" from his tent, and also a nicely cooked ham of fresh pork. One day we heard cheering in front of us; and when we got to the State line, we found suspended from one tree to another across the road a canvas with the inscription: "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." Then we knew what the cheering meant. Proudly we marched across the State line under the canvas, thinking whether it would be a grave or a free home. We marched the quickstep to Columbia. Then Cheatham's Corps flanked Columbia and crossed Duck River some four miles above, and made a forced march to cut off Schofield's army at Spring Hill. What a tiresome march that was! We reached Spring Hill about sunset. We all remember the sad mistake made there when, on the 29th of November, 1864, we slept on arms within gunshot of our enemies, who were passing up the turnpike for Franklin in the most confused manner—infantry, cavalry, artillery, wagons, and ambulances in a conglomeration. It was some one's fault that Schofield's army was not captured or cut off that night, and that awful slaughter at Franklin would have been averted.

Some of us went into the Yankee lines that night, and on reporting to our general heard the conditions discussed. On the morning of the 30th we started for Franklin. By the roadside we saw many wagons with the teams killed in harness, giving evidence of the presence of our cavalry and the consternation of the enemy. That was a stony pike to the vicinity of Franklin. A sad accident happened on the way. Three men were riding on a caisson when the friction caused the powder to ignite, blowing them high into the air and killing all three instantly.

Another incident. The poem, "O No! He'll Not Need Them Again," was written of Gen. Pat Cleburne, who had a presentiment of his death. While riding along his line he noticed a captain, an old friend of his, marching barefooted with his feet bleeding. The General got down from his horse and asked the captain to please pull off his boots. On his doing so, the General told him to put them on, that he would not need them again, and, bidding the captain good-by, rode away, and was soon killed in that condition.

In the afternoon about three o'clock we reached the top of Winstead Hill, where we could view Franklin and all the Federal fortifications. When we had halted there a short while, General Hood rode over the crest of the hill, examined the situation with his field glasses, and, returning to the line, said to an officer: "General, we will make the fight." Just



then every man's face was a study, and we thought of the inscription at the State line "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." Which should it be?

From the top of the hill to the main line of the enemy's works must have been a mile and a half over quite a level plain which we must cross in full view of the Yankees. Our officers began to move in hot haste, getting ready to lead their respective commands. How well I remember the sad expression of General Granberry's face, and General Strahl looked as if he were marching into an "open grave." Then we started down the slope in columns of brigades, with our brigade band in front, and they played until the pickets began firing. The bands then stopped and we wheeled into line for the charge. We did not advance a skirmish line, but moved in solid line of battle, while the bombshells from the Federal batteries were bursting thick and fast over our heads, and their Minie balls audibly warned us of the "grave." Not a man halted or hesitated. We rushed over their outer line, capturing some, while others retreated, which was a great protection to us. By the time the few of them that did escape were inside their main line we were up against the outside.

For a short time it appeared uncertain who would be the victors; but the Federals' main line of works was just south of the Carter House garden, by the cotton gin and the locust grove. A few of us crossed over the works, only to lie down on our faces and wait for the morning. The right of our brigade was next to the Columbia Pike, and the left extended by the Carter House. I saw the Yankees charge Colonel Heiman's brigade at Fort Donelson, and stood upon the breastworks after the charge and looked at the piles of dead. I was with Gregg's small brigade in the battle of Raymond, Miss., where we fought a corps of Grant's army for six hours, coming off the field in the evening twilight, leaving about one-third of the brigade on the field; I was at Chickamauga when on Sunday morning the roar of the artillery was so constant that you could hardly distinguish one gun from another, and participated in the charge across the Dyer field, where we captured sixteen steel rifle pieces of artillery; I stood on Missionary Ridge and saw the Federals climb the rocky hillside and threw stones at them; I was at Resaca when the Yankees charged our works with such wholesale slaughter; I was at the "Dead Angle" when the Yankees charged Cheatham's boys and planted their flag on our works; I was at Jonesboro when they rushed upon the unfinished works of Colonel Caldwell's men; I was in that hard battle at Atlanta on the 22d of July, 1864, when General McPherson, of the other side, and our Gen. W. H. T. Walker were killed; but a more resolute and determined charge was never made by an army than was made on that ever-memorable evening of the 30th of November, 1864. On the next morning there were pools of blood, and the dead lay in piles against the breastworks—some prostrate, some across others, and some leaning against the works, dead with their guns in their hands.

The battle of Franklin was most disastrous, and in casualties over a limited area stands without a parallel in the annals of history, while the loss of general officers exceeded any two battles of the war. Brown's Division lost Strahl, Gist, and Carter, who were killed; Gordon was captured and General Brown was wounded. In Cleburne's Division Cleburne, Granberry, and Adams were killed. The few of us who were left began the search for missing comrades, and again I could not but recall the inscription on the canvas at the State

line: "Tennessee, a Grave or a Free Home." When some of us would recognize a dead comrade, we would write the name, command, and regiment on a slip of paper, and place it between the cold and contracted fingers or pin it on his sleeve, then go on in search of others. I remember finding my friend, Arthur Fulkerson, sergeant major of the 19th Tennessee, a short distance from the works with a slip of paper between his fingers. When I saw so many slain and so few left, I thought of the boy who "stood on the burning deck," etc.

Soon the work of burying the dead began. The old men of the surrounding country began to arrive in vehicles of various kinds, inquiring for their sons and friends, that, if they were dead, they might take their remains home for burial. Some of these boys who had been buried were taken up and carried home. Having cared for the wounded and finished burying the dead, we started on the 2d of December for Nashville, almost entirely without officers, a mere handful of hungry, discouraged, demoralized, half-clad soldiers, to meet an army largely reënforced by General Thomas, well disciplined, well fed, and comfortably clothed, of at least three times our number, only to be overwhelmed, driven by force of numbers from our position, retreating through muddy fields and over slippery hills, and finally out of Tennessee, when again I thought of the inscription on the canvas.

Boys, I have written this because we are getting very scarce, and the few of us who are left will have to talk often and very fast or we will not get into history. Many personal things should be told, that the future generations, may know what we endured.

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The foregoing interesting paper will be appreciated by Hood's army survivors. There is a question as to whether General Cheatham was called "Old" Frank or "Marse" Frank. The term was endearing, as all of his men loved him. The VETERAN would like to hear from those who remember.

This article was submitted to ex-Gov. James D. Porter, of Tennessee, who was on General Cheatham's staff, and he adds the following: "Dr. C. D. Elliott, of Nashville, was the author of the banner. It was suspended across the road, and under it the army marched. Dr. Elliott was disappointed at the greeting given it by the first soldier, who called out to him, 'Nary grave for me, old man;' and it was repeated by the entire line, to the disgust of Elliott."

Concerning the manner of addressing General Cheatham, Governor Porter says: "It was 'Marse Frank.' It is a mistake that a barrel of hard-tack and a ham were taken. 'Marse Frank' did not have either. He lived just like his soldiers; and when corn was issued to the men, it was also issued to him and his staff."

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#### INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. K. Phillips writes as follows: "Among those who followed the 'Wizard of the Saddle,' Gen. N. B. Forrest, was W. F. Nelson, who lived at Hillsboro, in Coffee County, Tenn. He was born in Warren County in 1833, and enlisted in the Civil War at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1861, joining Churchill's regiment at Little Rock. He was in the battles of Springfield, Mo., Pea Ridge, Ark., Farmington, Miss., Richmond, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was left sick at Jackson, Miss., when Johnston evacuated, where he was finally mustered out of service. Comrade Nelson is now in his seventieth year, awaiting the reaper of time. He is a consistent Christian and worships with the M. E. Church. He is anxious to correspond with old comrades who associated with him in the service."





"Now the laborer's task is o'er,  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now our comrades sleeping."

FRANCIS M. IVES.

Francis Marion Ives died in Portsmouth, Va., July 4, 1907, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as a private in the Portsmouth Light Artillery, Grimes's Battery, in which he served to the end of the war, participating in the great battles in Virginia.

Comrade Ives had been living in Florence, S. C., for a number of years, and was making his annual visit to relatives in Portsmouth, Va., at the time of his death. He was a brave soldier and an honored member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va.

LIEUT. THOMAS HENRY GLEASON.

Thomas Gleason died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., September 18, 1907, aged seventy-three years. He entered the Confederate service April 20, 1861, as a sergeant in Company B, 3d Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. He was promoted to first lieutenant, and was wounded in the first battle of Cold Harbor and at Gettysburg.

He was a gallant soldier, a true friend, and a man held in high esteem by all who knew him, and especially so by the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member.

[The foregoing notice came from Adj. Thomas Shannon.]

J. N. RUSHING.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 654, U. C. V., at Baird, Tex., passed resolutions in regard to J. N. Rushing, "the true soldier," who was "found ready for the call," which came to him at his home, in Weatherford, Tex., on October 1, 1907. Comrade Rushing was a member of Company E, 13th Texas Infantry. Locating in Baird in the early eighties, he interested himself in the organization of Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, and to his death he was ever true, ever faithful to its welfare. As a citizen of Callahan County and of Baird, he was ever ready to aid in all enterprises for the good of both. He stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens.

A consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, by his outward life he lived close to the tenets of his creed. A few years ago, on account of his health, he moved to Weatherford, Tex., but still held property here and his Camp membership.

As faithfully as he served his Camp, his Church, and his county did he serve his State as a member of the Legislature, which is attested by many salutary laws upon its statute books of which he was the originator.

The resolutions were signed officially by J. E. W. Lane, Adjutant, and W. C. Powell, Commander.

SIMEON D. SLAUGHTER.

Simeon Drake Slaughter was born in Harrodsburg, Ky., June 23, 1843. While an infant his parents removed to the old historic Fisher residence, near Danville, the first two-story brick residence east of the Kentucky River, and the ell of which is still in good condition. Here he grew to manhood and spent most of his life, removing about six years ago to Muskogee, Ind. T., where he engaged actively in business till forced by failing health to retire a few months ago. Death came to him as comrades were going to the Richmond Reunion, which he was anxious to attend, that he might answer roll call, as "Quirk's old scouts are getting scarce."

Comrade Slaughter enlisted in the Confederate cavalry in the winter of 1862 as a member of Capt. Tom Quirk's scouts, under Morgan, a company of men ninety per cent of whom were of the old squadron disbanded in the Lebanon (Tenn.) fight May 5, 1862. Sim Slaughter was accounted one of the safest and best scouts of the company, and it was while on the Ohio raid and the company almost entirely used up that by his alertness the life of Maj. Thomas Thorp was saved, and on other occasions his bravery and coolness helped to avert death and disaster. While a prisoner in Camp Douglas after the failure of the Ohio raid he acted as principal director in the tunneling undertaken for the liberation of the prisoners, though he failed in making his escape. He was with the guards of President Davis in their march southward from Richmond in 1865. He returned home a poorer yet unreconstructed man and took up his life work as a farmer.

Comrade Slaughter was married in 1873 to Miss Ollie Bo-



SIMEON D. SLAUGHTER AND SONS.

hannon, of Woodford County, Ky., who survives him with two sons and a daughter, as also a comrade brother, Dr. B. G. Slaughter, of Winchester, Tenn., a much-scarred veteran.

The family will remain at Muskogee, where the young men are successfully conducting business. The picture given shows him as he was only a few days before his death, with his two sons, whose names are among those first enrolled on the roster of D. M. Wisdom Camp, S. C. V., at Muskogee.



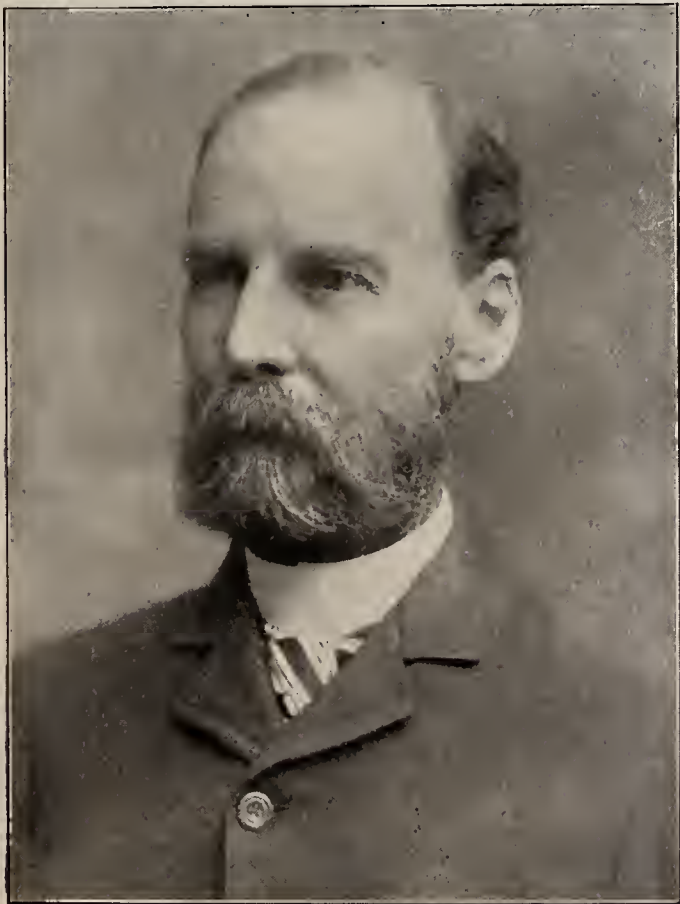
## CAPT. H. M. MARCHANT.

Another Confederate soldier has fallen! Capt. Henry Mortimer Marchant, of the Army of Northern Virginia, has at last received his discharge, and leaves his old comrades standing with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts. Captain Marchant died in Washington, D. C., February 24, 1907. He was the Second Lieutenant Commander of Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., by whom his remains were borne to the Arlington Cemetery and buried in the Confederate section, which he, with his Camp, had successfully labored to establish.

Captain Henry Mortimer Marchant, born January 27, 1843, was the son of Jordan M. Marchant, of Norfolk, Va., and Elvira Weston Marchant (née Lawrence), and the grandson of Jordan M. Marchant, also of the same city, and Frances Keeling Marchant, formerly Mrs. Frances K. Shepherd, of Portsmouth, Va. He was the nephew of Mrs. Susan Marchant Farragut, the first wife of Admiral Farragut, the nephew of Mrs. Edna Marchant Porter, first wife of Commodore William H. Porter, and the nephew of Mrs. Fanny Marchant Gardner, wife of Commodore William H. Gardner. United States navy.

On the Marchant side he was of Huguenot blood, his ancestors having gone to England during the days of the French persecution. Through the Lawrences, Masons, and Hodges, he was of English extraction. His parents moved from Virginia when he was six years old, and his first return thereto was when, in 1861, he marched there to aid in its defense, a beardless youth responding to the call for men to defend his beloved Southland.

He was present at San Antonio, Tex., February 18, 1867, under Ben McCulloch, at the surrender of General Twiggs, United States army, with all the military supplies belonging



CAPT. HENRY M. MARCHANT.

to the Department of Texas. Returning to his home, in Gonzales, Tex., his energies were devoted to aiding in the organization of the company which later became Company A, of the renowned 4th Texas Regiment of Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Though so young, his energy and efficiency caused his selection as orderly sergeant, and from that time till the close of the war he was constantly with the command except when wounded. For more than a year he commanded his company with the use of only his left arm, owing to having been desperately wounded in the right shoulder at Sharpsburg.

The military history of Captain Marchant is embodied in that of his company and regiment, from which he was inseparable from the beginning to the close of the war, except for the brief period when confined to his bed in the hospital at Richmond.

Distinguished for his untiring energy, unfailing cheerfulness on the march, and his intrepid courage and gallantry on the battlefield, he was ever gentle and considerate with his comrades, who so loved and esteemed him that forty years after the war his soldierly qualities are remembered with high honor and distinction by all who knew him.

Serving as first sergeant of Company A, 4th Texas Infantry, upon the organization of the company, he was elected second lieutenant May 25, 1862, promoted to first lieutenant May 9, 1863, and to captain May 6, 1864.

In civil life the traits of character which distinguished him in war were exemplified by a faithful discharge of every duty. In public life later he was Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Austin, Tex., during President Cleveland's first administration, and later Special Agent, Department of Justice, under Attorney-General A. H. Garland.

He was a member of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., and engaged zealously in its work, taking special interest in the endeavor to effect honorable care of the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery and the Northern States. He was also an active member of the Order of the Southern Cross.

His widow was the daughter of J. L. Stevens and Elizabeth Eaves, of Virginia, and resides in Washington City. His only surviving sister, Mrs. Medora Marchant Little, resides in El Paso, Tex.

The Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, U. C. V., lovingly tenders its soldierly sympathy and heartfelt condolence to his widow and sister in their great bereavement, and shares with them in their sorrow for our mutual loss.

## DEATHS IN CAMP AT MCKINNEY, TEX.

C. H. Lake, Adjutant at McKinney, Tex., reports the deaths for the past year in their Camp: Capt. W. A. Rhea, Company D, 6th Texas Cavalry; J. W. Pafford, Company B, 48th Virginia Infantry; P. G. Montgomery, Company G, 19th Tennessee Infantry; Capt. T. M. Boon, Company K, 3d and 5th Missouri Infantry (consolidated); E. Swain, Company H, 10th Georgia Infantry.

WHITTLE.—R. M. Whittle, born in Alabama in 1845, was taken by his parents to Alcorn County, Miss., while a small child. When the War between the States began, he enlisted for the South, serving with the 11th Mississippi Cavalry under Gen. N. B. Forrest, making a fearless soldier, always at his post, always cheerful. After the war, he removed to Van Alstyne, Tex., where he remained until his death, July 24, 1907. Comrade Whittle was never married.



## COL. ROBERT ENOCH WITHERS.

Col. R. E. Withers died at his home, in Wytheville, Va., September 21, 1907. He rendered distinguished service to his State and country, both as soldier and statesman, in his long life of eighty-six years. He was the oldest son of Dr. Robert W. and Susan Alexander Withers, and was born at Rock Castle, Va., September 18, 1821, and was reared in the country. He was educated in the neighborhood schools, and finished at Woodbourne Classical School, conducted by Samuel J. Miller, in Pittsylvania County, Va. He studied medicine and taught school while reading for his profession, attended lectures, and graduated at the University of Virginia in 1841. Afterwards he was one of the resident physicians at the Baltimore Almshouse Hospital. He practiced medicine in his native county until 1858, when he removed to Danville, where he practiced until 1861. He married February 3, 1846, Mary Virginia, eldest daughter of Joseph E. and Elizabeth Gwathnie Royal, of Lynchburg, Va., who bore him twelve children, two of whom died in childhood.

Colonel Withers took two companies of infantry from Danville, Va., to Richmond, and was mustered into service on April 22, 1861, with the rank of major. He was made colonel of the 18th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. He served with this regiment in the battles of First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Gaines's Mills, at which latter place he was shot from his horse while leading the final charge and received five wounds, two through the body. He rejoined his command twice; but was never again fit for active duty, and was transferred to the invalid corps and placed in command of the prison post at Danville, where he surrendered to Wright's Corps, of the Federal army, and was paroled on the 21st of April, 1865.

Colonel Withers removed to Lynchburg in 1866, and was the first editor of the Lynchburg News, which soon became a leading paper of the section. He was nominated for Governor in 1868, and made an active, extended, and able canvass of the State. He was the first public man in Virginia to raise the race issue, which he did in his first speech, which was made in the city of Petersburg before an audience of three thousand people, about half of whom were negroes. In this speech he announced to the negroes that he neither asked nor expected their votes, and appealed only to the white race. He later withdrew from the race for Governor and removed his family to Russell County and conducted a large grazing farm for some years. He was made an elector at large on the Greeley ticket, and canvassed the State in its support.

In 1873 he contested with General Kemper the nomination for Governor of the State, but was defeated. He was then offered the second place on the ticket by the unanimous vote of the convention, and accepted it. He again actively canvassed the State, and the ticket was elected by a large majority. As Lieutenant Governor he presided over the State Senate, and was nominated and elected United States Senator after a long and arduous struggle by the Virginia Legislature. He took his seat in the United States Senate March 4, 1875, and served until 1881, being succeeded by General Mahone, who was the head of the "Readjusters."

After serving his term in the Senate, Colonel Withers retired to his farm near Wytheville, and devoted his attention to it until after the election in 1884. Under the Cleveland administration he was appointed Consul to Hongkong, China. He sailed for Hongkong, accompanied by his family, in June, 1885, having been complimented on the eve of his

departure by a public banquet given in his honor by the citizens of his town and county. He served four years as Consul, and resigned on the election of President Harrison. He returned to Wytheville, where he afterwards resided.

Colonel Withers devoted much time and attention to the order of Masonry, having successively filled all of the offices of the Blue Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of the State organization, as well as the Grand Encampment Knights Templars of the United States. He was chosen Grand Commander



COLONEL WITHERS (IN CENTER) AND TWO OF HIS SOLDIERS.

of that order in San Francisco in 1883. He traveled the long journey from Hongkong to St. Louis in 1886 to attend the Grand Conclave of the Grand Encampment held in that city. He took all of the degrees in the Scottish Rite, including the thirty-second. He was for many years prominently identified with the Episcopal Church, and was lay deputy to the General Conventions of his Church.

As citizen, soldier, and statesman, in all of the varied positions that he held, Colonel Withers measured up to the full standard of the upright and perfect man. In no position had he failed to measure up to its most exacting requirements; but the crowning glory of his well-spent life was in his domestic circle as husband, father, friend, and neighbor.

WOODS.—Camp Slaughter, U. C. V., of Albany, Ga., lost a faithful member in the death of W. A. Woods, which occurred in August, 1907. His early life was passed in the State of Alabama, and his first service for the Confederacy was with the 18th Alabama Regiment. He was transferred to the 5th Georgia Regiment, in both of which commands he served with patriotism and gallantry. He had lived to an advanced age (years not given); but whenever possible he would meet with the Camp, taking an eager interest in its work. Resolutions to his honor were passed by the Camp, by which his memory is held in respect and affection.



## J. W. LINDSEY.

John W. Lindsey was born near Double Springs, Putnam County, Tenn., in July, 1840; and at sixteen years of age removed to Nashville, where he engaged in business with the noted firm of Irby Morgan & Co., dry goods merchants, continuing with this firm till the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army. He was first made sergeant in Nelson's Artillery, and participated in the battles of Columbus, Ky., and Island No. 10. At the latter place he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island for six months or more, when he was exchanged. He re-enlisted and was elected a first lieutenant in Maj. William Winslow's Battalion, which was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and in that vicinity it was on guard duty for about two years. The battalion was then ordered to Georgia to help retard Sherman in his march to the sea. In this campaign the entire battalion was captured and confined in the Federal prison at Ship Island for three months, guarded by negro soldiers.

While at Ship Island Mr. Lindsey was a great sufferer. He was still a prisoner there when President Lincoln was shot. After his release, he returned to Nashville, and for many years

was connected with the wholesale clothing firm of B. H. Cooke & Co. He retired from this firm principally on account of bad health, and later organized the firm of Lindsey, Goodbar & Co., wholesale hat dealers, in Memphis. He sold out his business interests there after the epidemic of yellow fever, in 1878-79, and returned to Nashville, where he organized the wholesale hat firm of J. W. Lindsey & Co., in which he remained for several years. Recently he had been connected with the Royal Milling Company with his son, R. C. Lindsey.

Mr. Lindsey was a man of unimpeachable integrity, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. To the last he was loyal to the South, and on his deathbed frequently talked of old days in the army and of old comrades whose memories he revered. He was an honorary member of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment.

## A. B. CRAWLEY.

A. B. Crawley, corporal of Company G, 8th Kentucky Infantry, died August 6, 1907, near Cadiz, Ky. He was a native of Charlotte County, Va., but enlisted in Kentucky in 1861. He was captured with his regiment at Fort Donelson, and was in prison seven months. After being exchanged, he was with his regiment at Coffeeville, Miss., Baker's Creek, Big Black River, around Vicksburg, Jackson, Paducah, Ky. Later at Guntown, Miss., he was under Forrest; also at Tupelo, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Johnsonville, with Hood's ad-



J. W. LINDSEY.

vance into Tennessee, at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Murfreesboro. He was of the rear guard of Hood's army back to the Tennessee River, and was surrendered with his company and regiment at Columbus, Miss., May 15, 1865.

Comrade Crawley made an ideal soldier, a splendid citizen, and died with the love and esteem of his neighbors.

## CAPT. W. B. JOHNSON.

W. B. Johnson was born in Alabama, his parents removing to Mississippi when he was a child. He served in the war with Mexico, enlisting with the Mississippi Rifles, which became Company F, 2d Regiment Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, General Wool's Brigade, Taylor's Division, U. S. A. He was in all the campaigns of that regiment. Returning to Mississippi at the close of that war, he engaged in the mercantile business until the secession of Mississippi, when he was among the first to respond to her call for volunteers. He raised a company of infantry and was elected captain, the company being mustered in as Company H, 3d Regiment Mississippi Infantry, with which he served honorably and faithfully during the war.

Captain Johnson went to Texas in 1866 and engaged in mercantile business. He died at Matador, Tex., in March, 1907, having shortly passed his seventy-ninth birthday. He was a lifelong Church member, and had lived an exemplary Christian life, being loved and honored by all who knew him. Five sons and two daughters are left. He was a member of the Masonic order, and was buried with its rites.

## ROBERT B. MORRIS.

Robert B. Morris passed peacefully into the beyond on the 28th of June, after a serious operation at the Virginia Hospital, in Richmond, Va. He enlisted in Company C, Fluvanna Rifle Guards, organized at Palmyra, Va., with Capt. Robert H. Poore commanding, which was attached to the 14th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, and of that incomparable host known as Pickett's Division. Comrade Morris served with this regiment in its many sanguinary conflicts until its surrender. Though an invalid for many years, he attended the last Reunion in Richmond, and greeted many comrades he had not seen since that fateful day at Appomattox C. H.

In early life Comrade Morris was married to Miss Bettie Brightwell, a faithful and loyal companion through the vicissitudes of life. With her are eight children surviving—six sons and two daughters. He was a member of Fluvanna Camp, U. C. V., and with his casket wrapped in the sacred emblem of his beloved Southland his comrades bore him to his last resting place.

## FRANCIS CARRERA SOLLEE.

Francis C. Sollee was born in Charleston, S. C., in September, 1834, and educated in that city, graduating from the high school in 1849. He early became prominently identified with the business life of the city, but removed to Florida in 1853. He was one of the original members of the Palmetto Guards of Charleston, organized in 1851, and was also of the original membership of the Jacksonville Light Infantry and first lieutenant in 1859. He was in the last war with the Seminole Indians as second lieutenant of Hart's company of mounted volunteers, 1858-59.

Entering the service of Florida as first lieutenant of the 4th Light Infantry at the commencement of the War between the States, he assisted in erecting a battery at the mouth of



St. John's River—Fort Steel. He resigned from that position, and was then commissioned by Governor Perry to raise a company of infantry which was called the Confederate Rifles. Disbanding that company in 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Ga., and was shortly promoted to sergeant of the battery. He was afterwards transferred to Florida and made instructor of tactics for the 10th Florida Infantry under Col. C. F. Hopkins, and later was appointed quartermaster of the regiment.

He was appointed by General Finegan to the command of a 68-pound rifle gun mounted on a flat hand car on the railroad, in the operations against the Federal forces occupying Jacksonville, and had several encounters with gunboats and with a Federal battery mounted on the railway. He participated in the battle of Olustee, and went to Virginia with Finegan's brigade and was present at the second battle of Cold Harbor and at the siege of Petersburg.

He returned to Florida very sick shortly before the surrender of General Lee. He returned to Jacksonville in 1865, and commenced life over again as a clerk in the employ of Brock's line of steamers as master of the steamer Hattie, plying between Jacksonville and Lake Harney, for about two years. He went to Texas with a view to settling there, but returned to Florida. He was for four years assistant postmaster at Jacksonville, and for eight years served as inspector, deputy collector, and acting collector of customs.

#### DR. THOMAS J. SCOTT.

Dr. Thomas J. Scott was born in Mooresville, Ala., January 28, 1838. He was educated at Huntsville, Ala., and at Princeton, Ark. He graduated from the Vicksburg (Miss.) Medical College, and from the New Orleans College of Surgery in 1859. He began the practice of medicine at Arkadelphia, Ark. Dr. Scott's direct ancestors served in all of the wars for independence from the Revolution down, and Dr. Scott himself was an honored Confederate war veteran.

When the first call for volunteers from Arkansas came, in 1861, Dr. Scott enlisted in Company A, 1st Arkansas Infantry, and in May, 1861, his command was sent to Virginia. It served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston during the first year of the war. He was one of those Arkansas boys who at Manassas Junction gave the famous Rebel yell that turned the tide of that battle. He was called from the field to the hospital to attend to the soldiers wounded in that battle, and served as assistant surgeon under Johnston until January, 1862, when a vacancy occurred on Gen. Joe Wheeler's staff, and Dr. Scott was appointed to fill the position of chief surgeon under Wheeler, which position he held until the close of the war.

Dr. Scott and several other Arkadelphians were captured during the siege of Savannah. They escaped on rafts made of rice boats and crossed the river to the South Carolina side. When near Greensboro, they came up with President Davis and his family, Cabinet, and escort. Dr. Scott was among those who guarded the presidential party. Recrossing the Savannah River, the party camped near Whitesboro. On the morning of May 4 the guards were drawn up to the President's tent, and from a pay wagon each soldier received \$26.50 of Mexican money, when they were disbanded.

They started for the homes they had not seen for four terrible years. Just at nightfall they came upon a squad of Federals, who fed them and treated them well and the next morning gave them paroles.

Dr. Scott returned to Arkadelphia and practiced his pro-

fession there until 1878, when he moved to Hot Springs, Ark. In 1882 he was elected President of the Board of Physicians of that place, and soon won the gratitude of that people. In 1897 he moved to Houston, Tex., and remained there until



DR. THOMAS J. SCOTT.

Texas called for volunteer physicians to go to the flood sufferers. Dr. Scott answered the call, and served the State in that capacity until no longer needed. He had become so well pleased with the climate of the coast that he made his home there until his death, October 1, 1906.

During the epidemic of smallpox at Hot Springs Dr. Scott, though not an immune, administered to the stricken.

At his death Dr. Scott was surgeon for his U. C. V. Camp and local surgeon Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fé Railroad.

[This data is from Mrs. Laura Winfield Butler, née Scott.]

#### H. A. SUBLETT.

H. A. Sublett was born at Lascassas, Tenn., December 27, 1841; and died near Trenton, Tenn., May 30, 1907. He joined the Confederate army at Murfreesboro in the early part of 1861, enlisting in Company C, 18th Tennessee Regiment. His first captain was J. B. Palmer, afterwards brigadier general. He was of the first soldiers quartered at Camp Trousdale. He shared in the vicissitudes of this army to Shiloh. He then went with General Bragg through the Kentucky campaign, and in all the battles from Perryville to Mission Ridge; then under Joseph E. Johnston in his hundred days' campaign to near Atlanta. He was captured later, and spent the rest of the war in Camp Chase Prison. He was honorably paroled when the war was over. Through all this he was only slightly wounded once, and his comrades testify as to his heroic conduct as a soldier. When the war was over, with malice toward none who had opposed him he took up the battle of life in the same determined spirit, the dominant principle of his life being an abiding love and devotion to his Southland, yet ever true to whatever flag floated over him.



## MRS. ADELAIDE E. LYON.

Mrs. A. E. Lyon was born at Cheek's Crossroads, Hawkins County, Tenn., December 9, 1817. She died at the residence of her son-in-law, Capt. B. L. Ridley, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., October 6, 1907, lacking two months of completing her ninety-fourth year. She was the daughter of David A. Deaderick, of Knoxville, who died in 1873, and a niece of the late James W. Deaderick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Her mother, who died at her birth, was Adelaide E. Jackson, the eldest sister of Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, a well-known Confederate brigadier general.

Mrs. Lyon was most carefully reared as a member of her grandmother Deaderick's family, and for this grandmother she ever entertained a most tender and devoted affection. In 1837 she was married to Rev. James A. Lyon, a Presbyterian minister and the pastor of the Church at Rogersville, Tenn. In 1841 she removed with her husband and two small sons to Columbus, Miss. In that place Dr. Lyon ministered to the Presbyterian Church for nearly a quarter of a century, and exerted a most potential and beneficent influence in the community, which is still recognized. He was *con amore* a Southerner to the core, and was conscientiously a pro-slavery man; but he was much opposed to the secession movement, largely because of the belief, with almost prophetic prescience, that our cause must fail in the end. For this reason he was for a while ungenerously criticised by many of his warmest friends who, in the heat of the hour, deemed him lacking in civic patriotism. But when the crucial test came, he sent to the front his two available sons, who faithfully served in the Confederate army to the end and who made excellent records.

Dr. Lyon was one of the most eminent ministers of his Church in the South, and as one of the leaders was active in the organization of the Southern branch of the Presbyterian Church, at Augusta, Ga., in 1861. He was the Moderator of its third General Assembly, in 1863, at Columbia, S. C.

With her husband's views Mrs. Lyon coincided. She was at all times his sympathetic coworker, and in the true scriptural sense his "helpmeet."

Columbus, as is well known, became a very important military point as the war progressed as the seat of ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary departments, etc. Large hos-

pitals were located there also, and hundreds of the Confederate sick and wounded were sent there. At first these hospitals were well supplied, and the patriotic and enthusiastic ladies vied with one another in gentle ministrations. Dainties, delicacies, flowers, and other evidences of interest and attention were profuse; but as the war dragged its weary length along, as the shadows began to lengthen and the dismal clouds gathered thick, then it was that Mrs. Lyon became more conspicuous in her ministrations. Her slender figure was seen day after day, in sunshine or in rain, wending her way to the hospital, bearing in her hands a pitcher of milk, some palatable light bread, or something else suited to the condition of the poor boys lying on their hard hospital couches. Nor did she administer alone to the physical man, but spoke words of tenderness and comfort and directed their thoughts along spiritual lines, as she was so eminently qualified to do. This self-imposed service continued for her country, for humanity, and for her Master.

At the age of seventeen years Mrs. Lyon formally united with the Presbyterian Church—the Church in which she was reared—at Jonesboro, Tenn. She was a Calvinist of the most pronounced type, and in her religious life she was a rigid constructionist—a strict observer of the Sabbath day and at all times a most faithful attendant upon the ministrations of her Church and kindred meetings. If her place was vacant, her associates knew that her absence was imperative. Practically all her life she set apart one-tenth of her gross income, which she was pleased to denominate the "Lord's money," to be scrupulously devoted to charitable and religious purposes.

Her husband died in Mississippi in 1882. Three children preceded her to the grave—two daughters in early childhood (1849), and a son, Judge Theodor C. Lyon, of Columbus, Miss., in 1884. Five children survive: Dr. A. A. Lyon and Mrs. John W. (Judge) Childress, Nashville; Prof. James A. Lyon (Southwestern Presbyterian University), Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. Eagleton M. Smith, Holly Springs, Miss.; and Mrs. B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Lyon made her domicile in Tennessee with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Ridley. Her winters were usually spent with her daughter, Mrs. Smith, at Holly Springs, and her summers largely in her cottage at Monteagle, where she had gone for many years.

Thus has passed away from earth and its sorrows to her final reward a faithful woman who had dedicated her long life to service in the truest meaning of that term.

## CHARLES B. PRICE.

One of the old Confederate veterans was Charles B. Price, born in Lebanon, Va., in 1843; and his death occurred near Hansonville, Ky., in February, 1907. As a true patriot, he answered the call of the South for soldiers, entering the service as a private in Company C, 37th Virginia Regiment, Jackson's Division. He was in many battles, never shrinking from duty, and remained with this regiment till the battle of Cedar Run, where he was wounded. After recovering sufficiently to rejoin the army, he entered the 16th Virginia Cavalry, and remained with it till the surrender. He then returned to his native county and married Miss Ellen Dickenson, who survives him with two daughters. Comrade Price was a member of McElhenny Camp at Lebanon, and in January had received his cross of honor from H. H. Dickenson Chapter, U. D. C., of that place.



MRS. A. E. LYON AND HER FIVE CHILDREN,

Taken on her eighty-fifth birthday.



## REV. WILLIAM CATESBY LATANE.

William Catesby Latane, son of Dr. James H. and Janet J. Latane, was born at Mahockney, his father's home in Essex County, Va., July 19, 1847. Young as he was, he enlisted the last year of the war; and although ready for every duty, he was ordered to the front too late to be of service.

Immediately after the war he was sent to Judge Coleman's school in Fredericksburg, and later went to the University of Virginia. Afterwards he studied law, and in 1872 he entered the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Va. He was ordained by Bishop Whittle in June, 1875, and in September, 1875, took charge of Washington Parish, in Westmoreland County, which he served acceptably and faithfully until October 1, 1888, when he accepted a call to Leeds Parish, Fauquier County.

He was married in November, 1876, to Miss Sue Wilson, of Wakefield. He was called back to his old field in 1889, and continued in charge of this work till October 1, 1906, when failing health forced him to resign. While he had the best medical attention, the tender care of an affectionate and devoted wife and loyal children, and the loving sympathy of all who knew him, death, "that loves a shining mark," took him away on December 22, 1906. He bore his affliction with Christian fortitude and yielded peacefully to the inevitable.

R. B. Spillman, who knew him intimately, writes that "he was all that a pure, high-toned Christian gentleman could be, 'a living epistle known and read of all men.' To know him was to love him. His Church, his neighbors, his Camp, and countless friends will ever mourn their loss. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

## GEN. JACOB H. SHARP.

Gen. Robert Lowry, Major General Commanding Mississippi Division, U. C. V., writes officially of Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, who died recently at Columbus, Miss.: "It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of our gifted and noble comrade, Gen. Jacob H. Sharp, on the evening of the 15th inst. In all the heroic qualities that constitute a capable and trusted military commander he was conspicuous. He had a courage that never failed or quailed, an unusual alertness that anticipated surprises and quickly took advantage of opportunities, and a magnetic leadership that imparted enthusiasm and heroism to his command. No braver soldier ever enlisted under the banner of his country, and no more dauntless leader ever drew a sword in defense of his country's honor. He had splendid virtues as a commander and citizen that will ever make his memory a priceless possession. In the councils of his State he held honored place and rendered valued services."

General Sharp had lived in comparative seclusion on his Lowndes County farm, having taken no part officially in public life except one or two terms in the Legislature. He entered the Confederate service as a private in Blythe's famous Mississippi battalion, later of the 44th Mississippi Regiment. He rose to be captain in this command, and then was made colonel at Chickamauga in 1863. He was promoted again for gallantry on the field of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, succeeding the late Gen. William F. Tucker, who was disabled by wounds. Having shared all of its services and perils, General Sharp surrendered the remnants of his brigade as a part of Gen. Joe Johnston's army at Durham Station, N. C., April 26, 1865.

High tribute is paid General Sharp for his superb service in the battle of Franklin. (See pages 500-503 in VETERAN, volume for 1902, November issue.)

The personal characteristics of the man were well known. "To the humblest soldier from Lowndes County he was always Jake; to the commander of the army he was General Sharp; but at all times and under all circumstances he was the same kind, genial, and gallant gentleman, beloved by officers and men alike."

General Sharp was born in North Carolina in 1833 and reared in Lowndes County, Miss., where he died September 15, 1907, in his seventy-fourth year. He was educated at Athens, Ga., a classmate of Gen. John B. Gordon.

## COL. W. J. WOODWARD.

The announcement of the death of Col. W. J. Woodward, of Wilmington, N. C., will cause much sorrow in the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances throughout the South as well as in his native State. His death occurred on October 11, after a severe lingering illness of some weeks.

William Joseph Woodward was born in Fayetteville, N. C., in September, 1843. At the outbreak of the Civil War he cast his lot with the Confederacy, enlisting in a company of the famous Bethel Regiment. He was afterwards detailed to important work in connection with the arsenal at Fayetteville, remaining at this post of duty until the surrender at Appomattox. Soon after the war he went to New York, engaging in business there for five years. Later he removed to Florida, and in 1886 he went to Wilmington in connection with the large cotton-exporting firm of Alexander Sprunt & Son. At the time of his death he was traffic manager of the large ship-



COL. W. J. WOODWARD.

ping interests of that house, and also secretary of the Champion Compress and Warehouse Company, an allied corporation of the firm. During his residence in Wilmington Colonel Woodward had drawn to himself a company of friends such as few men enjoy.

His interest in young men, one of his distinguishing traits, had so endeared him to many of the younger generation that his death comes as a personal loss. Kindly in his disposition, genial, and ever ready to help the poor and minister to the



suffering, he possessed qualities which greatly endeared him to his fellow-man. His integrity was unquestioned, and his urbanity impressed all with whom he came in contact. He was noted for his strong fraternal spirit, and stood high in the affairs of the Knights of Pythias, being one of the founders of the lodge in his city, and at one time serving as Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of his State. He was ever active in the affairs of the United Confederate Veterans, being a prominent staff officer. He was ever a prominent figure at the general Reunions U. C. V., serving his Division Commander and Chief Commander in important relations.

Colonel Woodward is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Jane Worth, of Wilmington, and eight children. His venerable mother, Mrs. A. J. Woodward, of Fayetteville, also survives him.

## MRS. ALICE SMITH BAKER.

Most pathetic was the death of the cultured and generally beloved Mrs. Alice Smith Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Fresno, Cal., after a married life of only three months, her death occurring at Aberdeen, Miss., August 6, 1907.

Born in the heart of the South, she was brought up in the traditions that enabled the Southern women of the last generation to endure the hardships of the world's greatest struggle for principle with courage surpassing that of the soldier, and her devotion to those principles preëminently fitted her to represent the West at the Confederate Reunion, which she did as sponsor for the Pacific Coast Division at the Convention in New Orleans in 1906.

Of her father's family, the aged head, Dr. John D. Smith, too feeble to bear arms, was held as a hostage by the Federal troops. His five grown sons—John D., Newton H., Thomas H., Joseph H., and R. W. Smith—were volunteer soldiers in the service of their State, Tennessee. His five daughters mar-

ried Confederate officers, among them being Col. John F. Newsom, who commanded the 19th Tennessee Regiment in Bell's Brigade under General Forrest; Capt. A. B. Cook, also of Bell's Brigade; Capt. W. P. Wood, of General Wheeler's command; and Capt. Thomas Vance, a veteran of the Mexican War. Her maternal grandfather, Samuel E. Kerr, served four years in Company C, 28th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, and was wounded in both legs in front of Atlanta. Her own father was a boy of fourteen when the war closed.

While on her way to the Reunion at New Orleans Mrs. Baker (then Alice Smith) and her father were in San Francisco when the earthquake of April 18, 1906, occurred. Her father returned to his home at Fresno; but she continued on her mission under escort of Dr. Harrison, of Los Angeles, and creditably performed her duties as representative for the Western Division. Later she visited her father's old home in Henderson, Tenn., also relatives in Mississippi; and it was while acting as bridesmaid for a cousin at Jackson, Tenn., that she met Robert D. Baker, grandson of a gallant Confederate soldier who died on the field of battle, to whom she was married in April, 1907, at Memphis, Tenn.

A loving and dutiful daughter, a woman of rare mental attainments, of gracious presence and true and tender heart, Alice Smith Baker, cut off in her happy young womanhood, had the honor of being in herself one of those "angels of peace" who are binding all sections of our country closer together; and these ties, though based largely upon sentiment, are the strongest. She was a member of the Tyree Bell Chapter, U. D. C., at Fresno.

## HON. BENJAMIN H. BUNN.

Comrade Benjamin H. Bunn, of Nash County, N. C., died August 25, 1907, at the place where he was born October 19, 1844. Though only a boy in 1861, he promptly enlisted in Company I, 30th North Carolina Regiment. He took a transfer to Company A, 47th North Carolina, in 1862, then camping at Drury's Bluff. From first to last as a soldier he was patriotic and brave, active and efficient. He was chosen to fill the first vacancies that occurred in the line officers of his company; and when the second lieutenant was killed at Bristow and the first at second Cold Harbor, he was promoted to their places successively. Comrade Bunn was wounded at Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, where he received a shock from a bursting shell which killed two members of his company; but he joined his company when it recrossed the Potomac, and participated in the remainder of the campaign of 1863, wintering at Orange C. H. and on the Rapidan. He was continuously on duty from the Wilderness to Petersburg in 1864, having commanded his company in the brilliant affair at Reams Station on August 25, 1864.

There was no closing of the campaign of 1864, but a continuation into 1865; and on March 25, 1865, he was again painfully wounded by a Minie ball passing through his hand, which ball killed his commanding officer of the picket line. When Richmond was evacuated, he left the hospital, and, walking, reached home the day of the surrender at Appomattox.

His boyhood closed with the closing of the great war; and choosing law as his profession, he plunged into reconstruction politics, and never let up work until the South was again free. In law he was eminently successful, winding up a strenuous life at the top of his profession. In politics too he



MRS. ALICE SMITH BAKER.



attained high distinction, holding the leadership of his county through life, having represented that people in the convention of 1875 and in the Legislature. He also represented his district as presidential elector and through three Congresses.

But immeasurably above and far beyond all his other triumphs he left the wife of his busy life looking many years younger than she is and eight grown and educated daughters and sons, every one of whom is apparently without a single physical, mental, or social blemish.

#### SILAS EWING CARTER.

Capt. S. E. Carter was a native of Texas, born in Nacogdoches County October 15, 1843. The family resided in several different counties. When the Civil War began, he enlisted with Company D, 31st Texas Infantry, and was made first lieutenant. Later he served as captain of the company, which he commanded during the last year of the war, but never received a commission as captain. He ever led his men in trying places. His mature life was nearly all spent at Hillsboro, where as a citizen he was as worthy as when a soldier in the service. As a merchant he established a fine reputation for fair dealing and with open purse for public enterprises.

A local paper states: "One of the prettiest features of his life was the tender devotion which ever existed between himself and the devoted wife and children who survive him, and this was noted by all who enjoyed an acquaintance with the family. The anguish of their bereavement is beyond expression. We may indeed weep and mourn with those who mourn; but our voices are hushed, our tongues are silent when we would speak words of consolation to those prostrated with such grief. The only message we are capable of sending to these stricken ones in this anguish of their bereaved lives is the soft, gentle words of our Saviour: 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

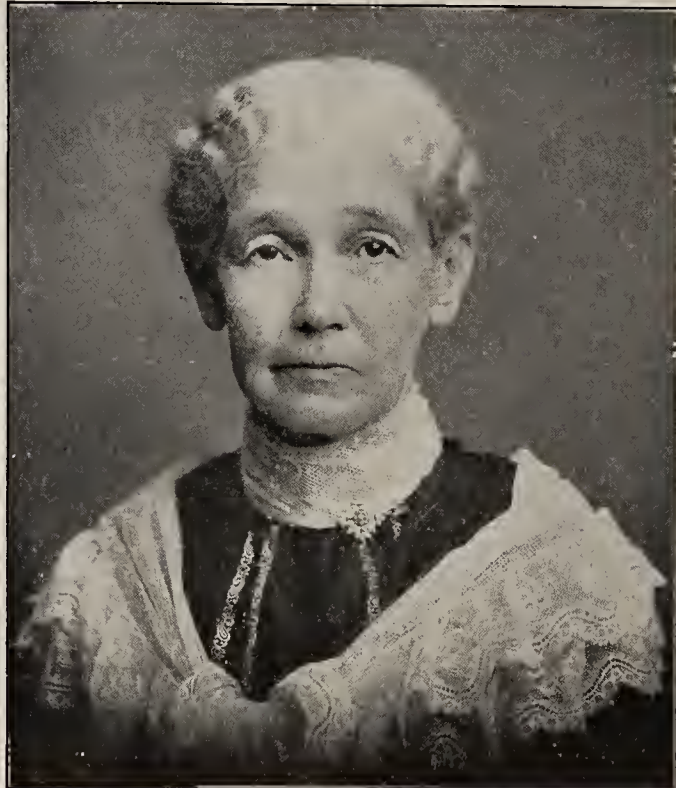
CLOPTON.—At his home, at Thayer, Oregon County, Mo., B. M. Clopton, a member of Col. J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751, died. He belonged to the 1st Kentucky Infantry, and was in the First Manassas, Gettysburg, and many other battles. At the time of his death he was police judge of the city of Thayer. He leaves many friends to regret his death.

#### MRS. MARY DE VERDERY AKIN.

Mary de Verdery, the daughter of A. F. and Susan Burton de Verdery, was born July 6, 1830, in Augusta, Ga. The family moved later to Floyd County, Ga. She was married October 12, 1848, at Chieftain's (the former home of the Cherokee chief, John Ridge), near Rome, Ga., to Col. Warren Akin. Colonel Akin was a distinguished lawyer, being considered the leader of the Cherokee bar. He was a staunch Whig, and in 1859 he ran against Joseph E. Brown for Governor. He did not seek the nomination and was not at the convention. In 1861 he was elected to the House of Representatives from Cass County, and was chosen Speaker of the House. He was the only man in the history of Georgia elected to this position without previous legislative experience. He was able, active, and forceful in public life. It was mainly through his efforts that the name of Cass County was changed to Bartow, in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow, who gave his life to the Confederacy. While serving as Speaker he was in 1863 elected to the Confederate Congress. He was also a local Methodist minister and trustee of Emory College. It is under-

stood that while he was in the Confederate Congress he was a close and trusted friend of President Davis.

Some two years after their marriage Mrs. Akin joined the Methodist Church at Cassville, Ga., and until deafness came upon her she was an active Church worker. She was es-



MARY DE VERDERY AKIN.

pecially active in missionary societies and Sunday school for many years, during part of which time her son, John, was the superintendent of the Sunday school. She was a life member of the Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Akin was the mother of thirteen children. Her death occurred suddenly in the evening of October 17, 1907, after an illness of about ten days.

#### JUDGE JOHN W. AKIN.

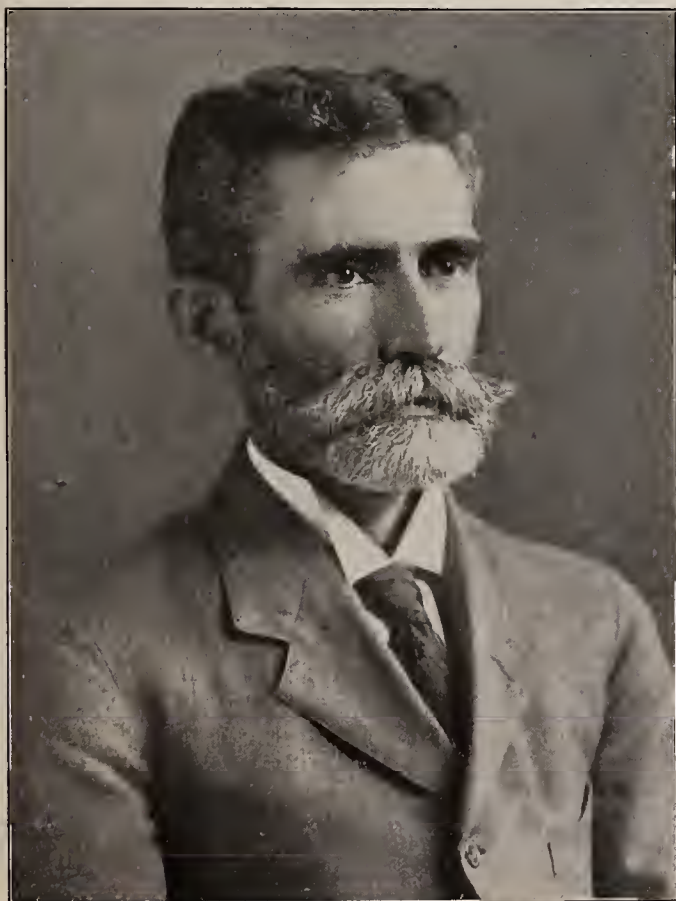
John W. Akin was born at Cassville, Ga., on June 10, 1859; and died October 18, 1907. He was matriculated at Emory College in 1874, graduating four years later with distinction. He received the Boynton medal, given for the best essay written by a member of the senior class, and was also the best Latin and Greek scholar in the college. He married in early life Miss Frances Trippe Johnson, a daughter of Col. Abda Johnson. Colonel Johnson commanded the 40th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., and he was a distinguished lawyer. Mr. Akin is survived by his widow and three children—Mary de Verdery, Lillian Gatewood, and Frances Berto. He was active in good works. He was President of the Public School Board of Cartersville from the time the schools were organized, about twenty years ago, until his death. He made many speeches and wrote many articles, one of which, "The Aggressions of the Federal Courts," was commented on editorially in the leading newspapers of the United States from Maine to California. The Legislature of Wyoming by joint resolution indorsed it, and there were many thousands of copies printed and distributed in that State and in the State of Kansas by their State officials. His "Fourth Form of Government," delivered before the Alumnus Society of Emory Col-



lege many years ago, in which he used the term "government by injunction," was largely commented upon. From the corporate litigation in North Carolina, Alabama, and other States it seems that these speeches were prophetic. He also made many literary addresses, notably "Sidney Lanier" and "The Poet Bleckley." In addition to these, he made many speeches about the Confederate States and people. His speech on "The Shackling of Jefferson Davis" was commented upon through the Associated Press and widely copied. A notable speech designated "The Uncrowned King" was delivered before the Daughters of the Confederacy at Macon, Ga., several years ago, and is a fair sample of his productions on that line. It will revive the gifted Grady. He is also the author of "Akin's Lodge Manual and Masonic Law Digest," which is the standard for Georgia. In it is contained one of the two services for a lodge of sorrow in the English language. He made many Masonic addresses, and was Past Master, Past High Priest, Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge, and a Thirty-Second degree Mason.

In 1902 and again in 1904 he was elected to the House of Representatives of Georgia by the largest majorities ever given any candidate in Bartow, his native county, although he had four opponents. In 1906 he was sent to the Senate without opposition, and was overwhelmingly elected president of that body, being opposed by four exceedingly strong and popular men. He was for nine years Secretary of the Georgia Bar Association, and was then elected President thereof. He was admitted to the bar in 1878.

The editor shares specially in the sorrow over the loss and in the joy that will ever remain for the lives of great usefulness of Mrs. Akin and her son, Judge John Akin. Mrs. Akin's long career in Cartersville was a benediction to all the people. At a crisis to the editor, as illustrating her character,



JUDGE JOHN W. AKIN.

when the one in whom he was more interested than in all the world beside was attacked with an illness that proved fatal, Mrs. Akin furnished her carriage for passage to the railway station and walked in the street by the carriage door that she might render instantly any possible service.

Judge Akin was as ardent for the Confederate principles and those who had espoused them as if he himself had endured the hardships of the camp, the marches, and the battles. Ere long his great address at Macon, Ga., upon the "Uncrowned King" (Jefferson Davis) may be expected in these pages.

The funeral of Mrs. Akin was conducted by the Rev. Dr. R. J. Bigham in the Presbyterian Church at Cartersville, at 9 A.M. October 20, and the burial was at Cassville, seven miles away, by the side of her husband, and near the Confederate Cemetery, in which there are monuments erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Judge Akin's funeral was conducted in the afternoon of the same day in the Sam Jones Tabernacle, conducted by Dr. Bigham, Gov. Hoke Smith and members of the State Legislature taking part. The Masonic Fraternity took charge there and conducted the burial in the new cemetery, near where Bill Arp is buried.

MAJ. M. J. NORMAN.

On August 13, 1907, Maj. M. J. Norman answered the roll call beyond the river. He was Commander of Capt. J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751, Alton, Mo., and had served as captain of Company I, 4th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, taking part in all the battles with the Missouri Division up to and including the siege of Vicksburg, and distinguishing himself as a brave and generous officer. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he returned to the West and was made major of Colonel Fristoe's Missouri Cavalry.

Major Norman endeared himself to the citizens of Oregon County by returning in 1862 and taking all the county records, boxing and concealing them in a cave, where they were secure until after the war, when found in good preservation. He was clerk at this time; and when ordered to Corinth, Miss., he had foresight enough to know the fate of the county; so obtaining permission from General Price, he returned and saved the records. The courthouse had been burned during this period. His death was keenly felt by all who knew him.

EDWARD F. PORTER.

Edward F. Porter was born near Montrose, Va., in November, 1839; and entered the army at the commencement of hostilities as second lieutenant of Company E, 55th Virginia Infantry, Capt. Bailey Jett commanding the company. Early in 1863 he was transferred to Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and served as a private in that branch of the army to the surrender. He removed to Washington soon after the war, having married his cousin, Miss Mary F. Porter, and was for some time engaged in business with the late Maj. Henry L. Biscoe. He afterwards lived in Maryland for a short time, and then again took up his residence in Westmoreland County, where he engaged in successful business until stricken with a lingering illness, which continued until his death, on August 24, 1907.

While never actively identified with the Camp U. C. V., Comrade Porter took an active interest in all that pertained to the Confederate cause, and aided with his musical voice and talents in making successful the annual Reunions of the veterans.



CAPT. E. F. SPEARS.

Capt. E. F. Spears, of Company G, 2d Kentucky Infantry, died August 29, 1907. He was the youngest captain in the Orphan Brigade, and served from the beginning to the end. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson, imprisoned six months, then exchanged. He was badly wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., August 30, 1864; but as soon as able he returned to his command, and served to the close of the war in the mounted infantry.

Comrade J. A. McDonald, of Kansas City, who was of Company G, 2d Kentucky Infantry, in sending the above, writes: "Only two other members of this company survive—J. J. McCarrington, of Nicholasville, Ky., and John Mahone, of Bourbon County, Ky."

COL. ROLFE S. SAUNDERS—"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

Two friends met on a public highway in Nashville one evening in September. Each was glad to see the other and expressed his pleasure in assuring words. The senior was Col. Rolfe S. Saunders, who, though seventy and seven years of age, expressed himself as in the best of health. Chatting through the better portion of an hour, one of the last injunctions by Colonel Saunders was in behalf of circulating the VETERAN among those who fought for the Union in the sixties. He had previously urged a vigorous method for securing their interest and again pressed it, declaring that at least ten thousand of them would gladly take it. He had ever taken a zealous interest in the VETERAN and was an ardent Southerner.

Through friendly interest in Colonel Saunders, more prudent hours were suggested in an argument against his taking the 2 A.M. train for his home at Athens, Ala., to which he replied that he had spent some weeks in the mountains of North Carolina, was feeling fine; that he would go to bed, sleep awhile, then take the train indicated, be at home for breakfast, and by noon he would not realize he had lost any sleep. He afterwards called upon Mr. W. J. Ewing, Managing Editor of the Nashville American.

The only other thing yet known of his movements was that he fell from a street car by the Union Station about nine o'clock that evening, an hour after the above conversation. He was taken to an infirmary, unable to speak, where he lingered for nearly a week, dying, however, very suddenly. Mrs. Saunders came as quickly as possible, and remained near him to the end.

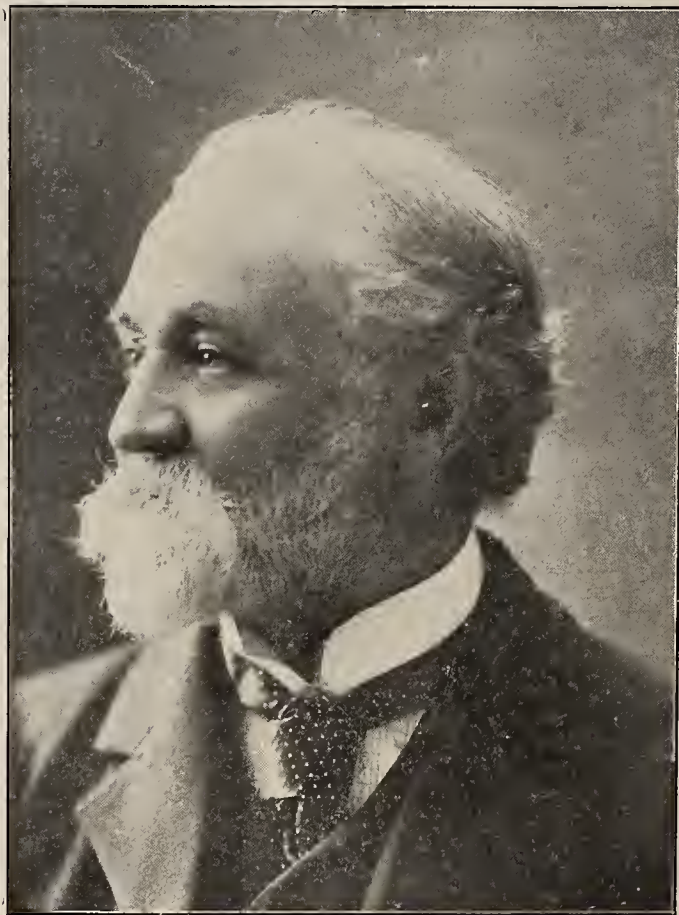
Editorially the American says of him: "Rolfe Saunders had lived long, had a wide experience, and had a remarkably large acquaintance among men. He had lived in many large towns between New York and New Orleans, and had known more prominent men than perhaps any other private citizen. He had dined with Daniel Webster, was intimately acquainted with Horace Greeley and the leading editors of Mr. Greeley's day, and was personally acquainted with many Presidents of the United States. He was a delegate to the Charleston Convention in 1857, and was for many years engaged in journalism in Alabama, Tennessee, and Washington. Rolfe Saunders had many friends and no enemies. He was genial, amiable, and always cheerful. He cared nothing for money; his wants were few and simple, and he was always ready to do a friend a favor. \* \* \* One of his peculiarities was to remain away as much as possible from the town in which he lived. If working on a Nashville paper, he would spend more of his time in Memphis than in Nashville; if on a Memphis paper,

he would be found in Nashville oftener than in Memphis. He was married three times, and leaves a widow at Athens, Ala., and several children. With a cheery 'Good night,' he left the American editorial rooms thirty minutes before he was fatally stricken. A genial soul passes in the death of Rolfe Saunders."

It was his happy disposition to look on the bright side of life.

Rolfe Smith Saunders was born in Wilson County, near Lebanon, Tenn., in 1831. His father had been a Revolutionary soldier, and died when Colonel Saunders was about nine years old. Four years later his mother married again, and Rolfe left home to make his own way in the world. He was a devoted friend to Judge Robert Caruthers, whose wife was a near relative. (Judge Caruthers was elected Governor by the Confederates during the war.)

About 1852 Rolfe Saunders married, near Columbia, Tenn., Eliza Anderson, a lovely woman, who lived but three years and left one child, James Caruthers Saunders, who now lives in Newport, R. I. In 1860 Colonel Saunders married Miss Billings, of Columbus, Ga. He was editing a paper in Knoxville, Tenn., at that time, and bought a large farm near that city, to which he moved a few years later. His second wife died in the early nineties, and in 1895 he was married to



COL. ROLFE S. SAUNDERS.

Mrs. R. V. Howard, of Athens, Ala., and made that town his home, though his business kept him much away. He had many friends in Athens, his adopted home.

Of the second union there were three daughters: Mary (Mrs. Lockwood), who died in Savannah, Ga., three years ago; Betty M., now Mrs. William Sample, whose husband is in the United States army and now stationed at Fort Wright, Spokane, Wash.; and Caroline, now Mrs. Withers Clay, of Birmingham, Ala.



## A FRIENDSHIP THAT ENDURES.

This little record of past events may be of interest to many readers of the *VETERAN* and perhaps find a parallel in the experiences of some other comrades:

Two Confederate soldiers were H. C. Hoggard, of Norfolk, Va., now having a real estate agency in that city, and Elijah S. Johnson, formerly of Albemarle County, Va., but for some years past a merchant of New Decatur, Ala.

H. C. Hoggard entered the cavalry service at less than



ELIJAH S. JOHNSON,  
15th Virginia Cavalry,  
New Decatur, Ala.

HORATIO C. HOGGARD,  
15th Virginia Cavalry,  
Norfolk, Va.

sixteen years of age at Norfolk during the winter of 1861-62, and served through the entire war in the 15th Virginia Regiment, Gen. W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps. E. S. Johnson served the first eighteen months of the war in the 18th Virginia Infantry, and the remainder of the war in the same regiment with Hoggard; and it was then that a strong friendship began and continued to grow stronger as time and circumstances went on.

On the 13th of September, 1863, during a severe cavalry and artillery fight, beginning near Brandy Station and extending over every inch of ground from there to Culpeper C. H., between our forces under Stuart, with two brigades numbering about 7,000, and Sheridan, with about 30,000 Federal troops, E. S. Johnson was struck twice by rifle balls, either of which would have caused his death had they not been intercepted—one by his diary, Testament, and a bunch of letters, the ball going through all and dropping into his breast pocket without breaking the skin; the other struck his belt buckle in the center and bent it in, leaving a large black spot on the flesh underneath, but not breaking the skin. The only effect from it was a very sick stomach. H. C. Hoggard in the same fight received quite a severe wound in the shoulder, and was in the Chimborazo Hospital, at Richmond, for several months.

Other experiences as related by Comrade Hoggard are:

"In the latter part of April, 1864, we began fighting Sheridan at Spottsylvania C. H. and in the Wilderness. Sheridan was relieved by an infantry force, and we had to fight it for several days until we were relieved by our infantry. Then began a series of battles between us and Sheridan all the way to Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, where our noble Stuart received his death wound, and where I was made a prisoner May 10, 1864. We fought every day for eighteen days. Our army consisted of two light batteries and about 6,000 men, and Sheridan's command was understood to comprise nearly 30,000. We prevented them from getting into

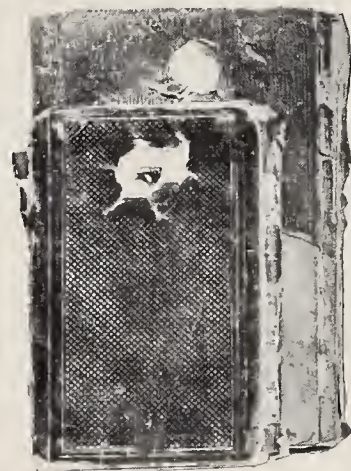
Richmond, but the fighting continued for seven days at Meadow Bridge and Gaines Mill. On the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, E. S. Johnson was made a prisoner also and brought to where some thirty of us were held. We were all taken first to Fortress Monroe, and a few days later to Point Lookout Prison, where we remained for over ten weary months. We had poor rations, bad water, and very bad treatment generally. Many times the negro guards were allowed to shoot into the crowd as we were going into the soup houses. Johnson and I became more and more attached to each other while in prison.

"I escaped during the last of March, 1865, and was carried on a steamer, along with about 1,300 other prisoners going to be exchanged, up the James River to a landing near Richmond, where we landed and made our way to the capital. My name was not among the 1,300. I simply worked my way out without detection, and reached Richmond with the others without being exchanged and without the Federals knowing of my presence. E. S. Johnson got out on a dead man's name a few days later and went to Richmond. In a few days Richmond was evacuated, and on the 9th of April the Confederacy was no more, so far as the Army of Northern Virginia was concerned.

"After the war every one had to scuffle for a living, and we two drifted apart. Up to the Reunion at New Orleans in 1906 each thought the other dead. It was then that I found out where Johnson was living, and a correspondence began and plans were made for a meeting. It was decided that Johnson should visit me and then the Jamestown Exposition; so, after a separation of over forty-two years, we had a reunion of our own. We greeted each other with a good, old-fashioned hug, and had our pictures taken together.

In the picture of the diary and Testament the diary was slipped down, so as to show that the ball went all the way through. The diary has been of much interest. In it is recorded: 'We have drawn no rations for three days, and I am hungry.' On the next day: 'No rations yet, four days, and I am awfully hungry.' Another date would say: 'I have had a fine dinner and saw some lovely girls.' Then the various fights were recorded, 'Picket posts, rabbit hunts, and no rabbit caught;' and for 'one pound of salt paid 87 cents;' for 'one pound of sugar, \$1;' for 'twelve pounds of bacon, \$4.25,' etc. And whenever on a raid or in a fight or on picket duty, you would always find recorded, 'Had a nice time with young ladies,' or 'Got a good dinner or breakfast.'

"The years which have intervened have made many changes as to age and color of hair, but the friendship continues just the same."



N. L. Poole, Cleburne, Tex., wishes to ascertain the company and regiment in which Emmett Collins and Boyd Collins served during the war. They were with the Texas troops captured at Arkansas Post. This is for the benefit of the widow of Emmett Collins. He was kept in Rock Island until the close of the war, and died at Jefferson, Tex.



*"RACIAL INTEGRITY: AND OTHER FEATURES OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM."*

Under the above title Prof. A. H. Shannon has brought together an array of facts and figures of the deepest interest to students of the negro problem. The census of 1870 returned 584,049 mulattoes; that of 1890, 1,132,060, an increase of almost one hundred per cent in twenty years, showing that amalgamation has made as great progress numerically in twenty years of freedom as in two hundred and forty years of slavery with the decade of the Civil War added. There are now nearly or quite 2,000,000 mulattoes. Among the causes producing this result, special attention is given to the prevalent suspension in our dealings with this race of moral and ethical principles, as is illustrated in politics, philanthropy, and in religious activities.

The chapter dealing with racial integrity contains the gist of the volume. Three other chapters are added, however, dealing respectively with the problem of the city, slavery, and the educational problem. The chapter dealing with the problem of the city is a discussion of the economic and moral problems incident to the herding of the negroes in the cities and towns. This leads to a discussion of the steps taken by the Southern States in dealing with the vagrancy problem.

The chapter dealing with slavery discusses the attitude of the civilized nations toward the institution at the time it was fastened upon America and earlier; also conditions existing in Africa, the slave trade, and the progress of the race under slavery. The chapter dealing with the educational problem is worthy of the most careful study. It takes up the physical basis for intellectual activity upon the part of the negro, reviews and criticises the efforts made in behalf of the race, discusses the needs of the race, and gives at some length conditions sure to obtain in the South if any large class of the negroes remain economically inefficient and morally degraded.

Professor Smith, in the color line, approaches this problem from the scientific standpoint. Professor Shannon approaches it from the standpoint of the moral and ethical principles involved, reaching conclusions which must help both races. The book is essentially a plea for the highest and best interests of both races.

This is a book which should possess an intense interest for all students of Southern sociological problems, but especially for students of the negro problem and for all veterans of the Civil War.

Order of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Price, postpaid, \$1.25.

*"ESCAPE AND SUICIDE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH."*—Like Banquo's ghost, the spirit of restless John Wilkes Booth still walks abroad, keeping alive doubt in the minds of many as to his fate after the assassination of Lincoln. That he did escape from his pursuers and lived many years in Texas and in the Territories is the story set forth in a late publication under the title of "Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by Finis L. Bates, of Memphis, Tenn., whose claim is to have known Booth in his later life under the name of John St. Helen while living in Texas, and later still to have known of him under other names in the West, and who tells of his suicide in 1903 at Enid, Okla. Mr. Bates brings forward some powerful proof in the identification of the picture of St. Helen as that of Booth by different people who had known the latter

in his early life, and he announces "as a physical fact that John Wilkes Booth was not killed on that 26th of April in 1865 at the Garrett home in Virginia." All this makes a very interesting story; and whether or not the proof is convincing, the statements are very plausible and show very clearly how his escape could have been accomplished. But it will be necessary to read the book to realize fully the strength of the proofs presented. Copies can be procured of the author for \$1.50.



PROF. A. H. SHANNON,  
Author of "Racial Integrity: And Other Features of the Negro Problem."

*GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.*

This full life-size painting by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, of Nashville, Tenn., so widely and highly approved, is a leading attraction at the Jamestown Exposition. Good photographs from the splendid canvas may still be had on cash order to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The prices are: Size 20x24 inches, \$3; size 12x15 inches, \$2. Mounted on best white cardboard, with wide margin ready for framing. The above was painted from a photo made at Washington College in 1868.

A patron of the VETERAN asks that something be published of Maj. Gen. Robert E. Rhodes, who was a native of Virginia, but commanded a brigade of Alabamians during the Peninsula campaign, and was killed in the battle of Winchester between Sheridan and Early in the autumn of 1864.



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THE EPWORTH ERA, Nashville, Tenn.

A good idea is secured from a correspondent who is collecting material for a memorial volume, for which she is securing articles, poems, etc., for use in celebrating a certain day. As we very often have requests for such material, it is thought well to suggest that each Chapter of Confederate Daughters have its Historian to make such a volume for use as occasion may require. It would also be well to set down in that all good suggestions for celebrating these memorial days, such as any good

programme that has been carried out elsewhere or any good ideas that may come from others. Such a volume would be of great value as a ready reference.

The sixth Reunion of the Northwest Division, U. C. V., was held in Bozeman, Mont., October 15, 1907, with a large attendance of veterans and friends, and an enthusiastic meeting was held. Officers elected for the following year were Paul A. Fusz, Major General

Commanding Northwest Division, and J. L. Kirby, Brigadier General of Montana Division. A cordial invitation was extended by J. W. Smith, a former Tennessean, to meet in Portland next year; so the next meeting will be held there, date to be selected later. The social features of this occasion were also very enjoyable.

At the annual Reunion of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., held in Los Angeles, Cal., in September, 1907, Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison was reelected Commander and Col. Victor Montgomery, of Santa Ana, was elected Brigadier General to command the California Brigade. It was decided to admit the sons and lineal descendants of Confederate veterans into the Camps as associate members. The attendance was large and the Reunion a success in every way.

WANTED.—Purchasers for the beautiful Southern picture, "From Manassas," designed by a Confederate veteran; size, 32x22. Lithographed in rich, appropriate colors, ready for framing. Unique in design. On right margin in battle array stand the boys in gray with peerless R. E. Lee; on left margin, also in battle array, stand the boys in blue with dauntless U. S. Grant. In the space between run three lines of rail fence, the rails being the staff on which is written the words of the old war song, "When this cruel war is over," the four stanzas being given beneath. Price, unframed, \$1; handsomely framed, \$3.50. Agents also wanted to sell this picture. Address Mrs. Belle Thompson, Box 28, Hasty, N. C.



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*Read the following extracts from letters from those who have received the likeness:*

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE: "I received the very handsome Photogravure of my father, for which accept my sincere thanks. It is the best full-face likeness of him, and though, of course, I possess many of him, I shall specially value THIS one. It will be, I am sure, much appreciated by the Robert E. Lee Camp and any other Southern society to which you may present it."

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE: "I have your Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, am glad to receive it; it is now framed and hangs over my desk, where I do all my work."

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT: "Accept my warm thanks for the proof copy of the photo of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which I shall value as an interesting likeness of that distinguished officer."

HON. JOHN S. WISE: "I think it is one of the best likenesses extant."

GEN. L. L. LOMAX: "It is decidedly the best likeness I have seen, and I intend to have it framed for my own home."

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON: "The picture is a splendid one."

GEN. WILLIAM L. CABELL: "It is a fine picture, and I shall have it framed and placed in my parlor, where the young people of my country can see it and call to mind his many virtues."

GEN. G. W. C. LEE: "Your picture is a good reproduction of the original, and I value it on this account."

GEN. SAMUEL G. FRENCH: "I think it the best one of him to be obtained, and the one fond memory recalls."

GEN. R. F. HOKE: "It is very good of him, and lifelike, and recalls him to me as of yesterday."

GEN. M. C. BUTLER: "It is unquestionably the best likeness of my distinguished Commander, as I knew him during the war, I have ever seen."

ROBERT E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, RICHMOND, VA.: "Members of this Camp consider it a splendid likeness of our old Commander and prize it very highly. We will frame it and place it upon our Camp wall, where, for all time that we may last, it will be a reminder of the noble face of that grand man loved by all."

GEN. ALEX. P. STEWART: "The picture seems to me an admirable one, certainly as good a one if not the very best of any I have ever seen."

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT: "I regard the Photogravure of Gen. Robert E. Lee which you sent me as one of the finest pictures of him which I have seen."

COMMANDER IN CHIEF (INDIA) LORD KITCHENER: "I am very much obliged to you for the striking likeness of Gen. Lee, which you have been good enough to send me and which I much value."

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AND OTHER AMERICAN FLAGS

BY PELEG D. HARRISON

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN says this book contains "a history of the flags which have figured in American history, their origin, development, etc., with army and navy regulations, salutes, and every other thing that is of interest. To Mr. Harrison is due much credit for his exhaustive research in compiling this data."

I was much interested in this valuable Flag book, particularly the part containing a history of the flags of our Southland.—*M. A. Jackson, Widow of Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.*

The standard text-book on the subject treated.—*John W. Gordon, Major Confederate States Army, and Chairman United Confederate Veterans, Richmond Reunion, 1907.*

With Eight Flag Illustrations in Color, 417 Large Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth  
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Dainty, and easily made at home. Just what you are looking for. Will please the giver as well as the one who receives them. We'll show them to you for a one-cent stamp. Colored Christmas post cards ready December 1—25 cents a dozen.

THE ARTS SHOP, Dept. C, Nashville, Tenn.

## THE OLD CONFED.

BY ALLIE STEDMAN, PARAGOULD, ARK.

Blessings on thee, old Confed,  
With wrinkled brow and snow-white  
head;

Your once bright eye is growing dim;  
Your brawny arm and sturdy limb  
That served you in the long ago  
On gory field against the foe  
Are growing weaker year by year;  
Your heart that never once knew fear  
Beats just as loyally to-day  
As when, in homespun coat of gray,  
A noble, brave, and earnest band,  
You fought for right and Dixieland.

Your ranks are thinning day by day—  
Another comrade turns away  
To answer to the drum and fife  
That call him from this weary life  
To peaceful sleep. His rest is sweet,  
And never more his tired feet  
Shall stumble on the march nor fall;  
He's answered to the last roll call.

You've left to us an honored name  
No prince of royal blood can claim,  
A truly noble heritage.  
And plainly written on the page  
Of memories that cannot die,  
Your valorous deeds shall ever lie;  
Your fame shall never fade away;  
'Twill live forever and a day  
And through the countless ages sound.  
For greater theme cannot be found.

O, how we love you, Old Confed!  
Blessings on that dear gray head!

## FOR SALE.

A \$5,000 Virginia farm for sale, half mile from depot on Tidewater and Western Railroad. One hundred and sixty acres of land, with a large six-room brick house, slate roof, basement, three porches, four halls, seven closets, cook room joining back porch. Land well watered by springs and creeks, and there are three lithia springs near the house, also a well of pure water in the yard. Twenty acres of original growth. Can give possession at once. Cause of sale, age and infirmities.

For other information address Hugh F. Goodman, Ballsville, Powhatan County, Va.

LOST.—While in transit from Selma, Ala., to Pilot Knob, Mo., in 1866 a sword, lettered on blade "St. J. O. H. Bumpass." Mrs. Benjamin Gum, Alton, Mo., a sister of Officer Bumpass, would like to get the sword.



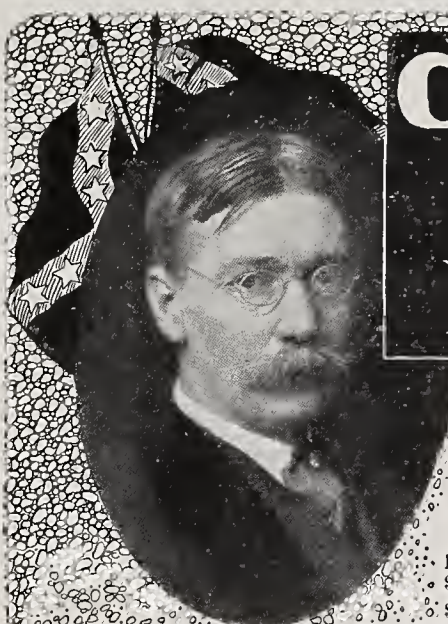
J. N. Downey, of Templeton, Cal., writes: "I have had a great desire ever since the occurrence to know how many men were in Fredericksburg a few weeks before the first battle when a squad of the 1st Indiana Cavalry forded the river at Falmouth and rode down through the city. I know there were some soldiers besides the Home Guards. Will some Johnny please tell me through the VETERAN or otherwise?"

A book of poems that should find ready sale in the South is "Lyrics of the Gray," by T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, who has contributed so much to the VETERAN in the last few years. He will pay a good commission to agents to sell this book, and it should be especially easy for young boys and girls to make some money in this way. Write to him for terms.

G. E. Ennis, of Comanche, Tex., requests any survivors of Company C, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, C. S. A., to write him, as he wishes to establish his record and secure a pension. Comrade Ennis is a worthy Confederate veteran, very destitute, and has not been able to furnish two living witnesses on his record, which the law requires. He will appreciate a response from any survivors who remember him.

Judge J. W. Currie writes from Bandera, Tex.: "John McCurdy was a member of Company I, 65th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Capt. Henry Smith under Col. W. G. Foster. He is making application for a pension, and wishes the address of some of his old comrades in arms. McCurdy is a resident of this county and a worthy old man."

Mrs. M. J. Byrom Mays, of Grimes, Okla., wishes to find some soldier, North or South, who can testify as to her service as matron in the Bragg Hospital. She was employed by Drs. Gore and Gamble, of Kentucky, and went into the hospital at Ringgold, Ga., in the spring of 1863, remaining in the service until the spring of 1865. Mrs. Mays is seventy-four years old. She has applied for a nurse's pension, and will be grateful for any assistance in that direction.



# Confederate War Pictures

BY GILBERT GAUL,

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

America's Greatest Painter of War Subjects

Price of full set in four colors, on heavy polychrome paper with leather portfolio, \$16.50; payable \$1.50 monthly. Cash price \$15.00. Individual pictures \$3.50 each.

The gray men of the sixties are to live again upon the canvases of perhaps America's greatest painter of war subjects, Mr. Gilbert Gaul, National Academician, whose splendid paintings hang in the most famous collections of the world. His strong brush has portrayed with much realism, not their bitterness and recriminations, but their magnificent motive, their magnanimous courage, their unmatched devotion. Thus some who love the real values of the Old South, have attempted to do a great thing—something which should appeal to every intelligent American, man or woman. A number of gentlemen of Nashville, Tenn., have organized a company, the object of which is to crystalize on canvas the magnificent deeds of daring love which distinguished the Confederate soldier. One by one they are going, and soon the papers will contain under black headlines the story of the last illness of the "man who wore the gray." Some who have understood have joined hands and said, "The vision of these men and their deeds must not perish from the Earth." So they placed it in the hands of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, and the result will be a heritage for the generations to come.

There are seven pictures 15x19 inches, reproducing every shade of tone and motif and embossed so as to give perfect canvas effect. Each one is a masterpiece, depicting the courage, sacrifice, heroism, sufferings and home life of the Southern soldier.

It is impossible with words to describe the beauty and pathos of these pictures. The first, "Leaving Home," is a typical Southern interior, and a lad telling the family good-bye. The second is a battle scene, as the name "Holding the Line at All Hazards," implies. "Waiting for Dawn," the third, depicts a moonlight scene on a battlefield, the soldiers sleeping among the stiff forms of yesterday's battle, while they wait for dawn and renewed hostilities. "The Forager" is a fresh faced young boy returning to camp with a load of fowls and bread. The sixth, "Playing Cards between the Lines" shows the boys in blue and gray, hostilities forgotten, having a social game, with stakes of Southern tobacco and Yankee coffee. The last of the seven is entitled "Tidings," and represents a pretty Southern girl reading news from the front.

These pictures are offered separately or in portfolio form, and at about half what they should be in comparison with similar work along this line. Write today for illustrated circular describing these masterpieces. Address

Southern Art Pub. Co. - 102 Arcade, Nashville, Tenn.

George Sibley, of Camp McIntosh, Lonoke, Ark., asks that any comrade who knew Henry Mueller in the army will kindly verify his service, so as to enable his widow, who is old, poor, and crippled, to obtain a pension. Comrade Mueller did not inform his family as to

what command he served in. He was a native of Saxony, Germany, and a scholarly man.

A correspondent asks for a poem in which a line runs thus: "Morgan the raider, and Morgan's men."





## Watch Charms

FOR

### Confederate Veterans

"JACKSON" CHARM as Illustrated, \$6.00. Write for illustrations of other styles. List No. 18. "Children of the Confederacy" pins, handsomely enameled, regulation pin, sterling silver, gold plated, 55c. each, postpaid.

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### REUNION AT RICHMOND.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, SOUTHERN BAPTIST  
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Men of the old gray guard,  
You who glorified arms  
In the heyday of youth,  
Nor faltered at war's alarms—  
From every mountain crest,  
From every verdant vale,  
Where comrades sleep in death—  
Virginia bids you "Hail!"

Ne'er shall your glory fade  
While moons shall wax and wane  
And Fame her vigils keep  
O'er thousands of your slain.  
Come, know good cheer these days  
At Richmond, on the James;  
Forgotten ne'er shall be  
Your glory-gilded names.

Beneath the tattered gray  
Beat hearts both brave and true,  
And now, when you are old,  
This one thing we will do:  
Through all the years to come  
Our proudest boast shall be,  
Our fathers fought and died,  
Led by Jackson and Lee.

No iron heel of war  
Doth now afflict our land;  
Peace with her victories  
Hath waved her magic wand.  
Through all the aisles of Time,  
Till dawns eternal day,  
Shall shine the deeds of men  
Who glorified the gray.

Archie Owens, of Chester, S. C. (R. F. D. No. 1, Box 34), asks information as to where his brother Jim was killed. He enlisted from Arkansas, going to Star City or Pine Bluff at the first of the war, and was killed in 1864; but it has never been known where or when. Comrade Owens will be thankful to hear from some comrade or friend.

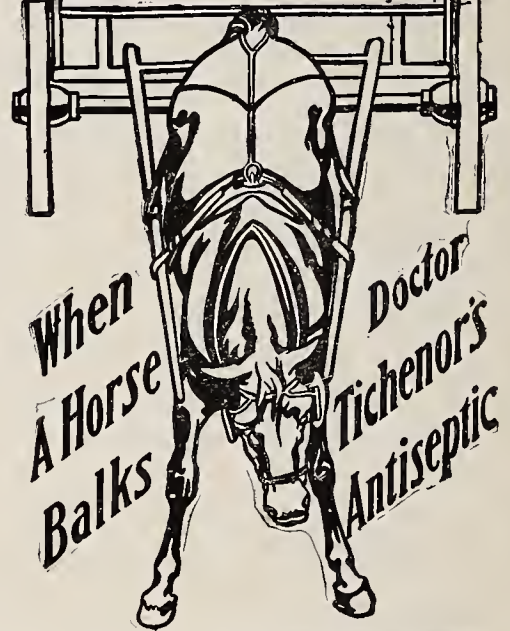
Any comrade who served with James H. Biggs, who enlisted at Norfolk, Va., in the spring of 1861 and died from wounds received during the summer of that year, will confer a favor by writing to Davis Biggs, Jefferson, Tex.

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SORE EYES USE DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

*It's not always  
temper—*

That causes a horse to balk. It may be a Sore Shoulder, a Bruise or a Strain—maybe Colic or Bots. Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic cures all of these troubles.

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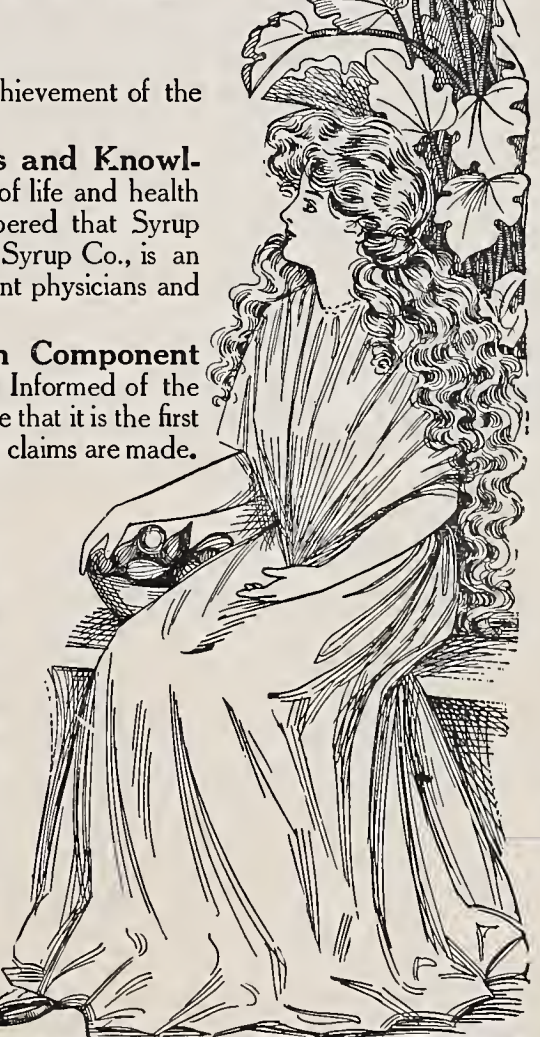
## The Well Informed of the World.

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

**A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products** are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physicians and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.



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**"I like this Coffee,"** he said, as he sipped the amber fluid which had been poured out by Mrs. John M. Gray, Jr., and handed to him by Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence.

**"This is the kind of stuff I like, 'i George, when I hunt bears."**

The above is an extract from the "Nashville Banner" of October 22, and relates to the coffee served President Roosevelt by the Ladies of the Hermitage Association during his recent visit to Andrew Jackson's old home. This was

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*L. P. Reynolds* stimulating and invigorating, heart cheering and satisfying.

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